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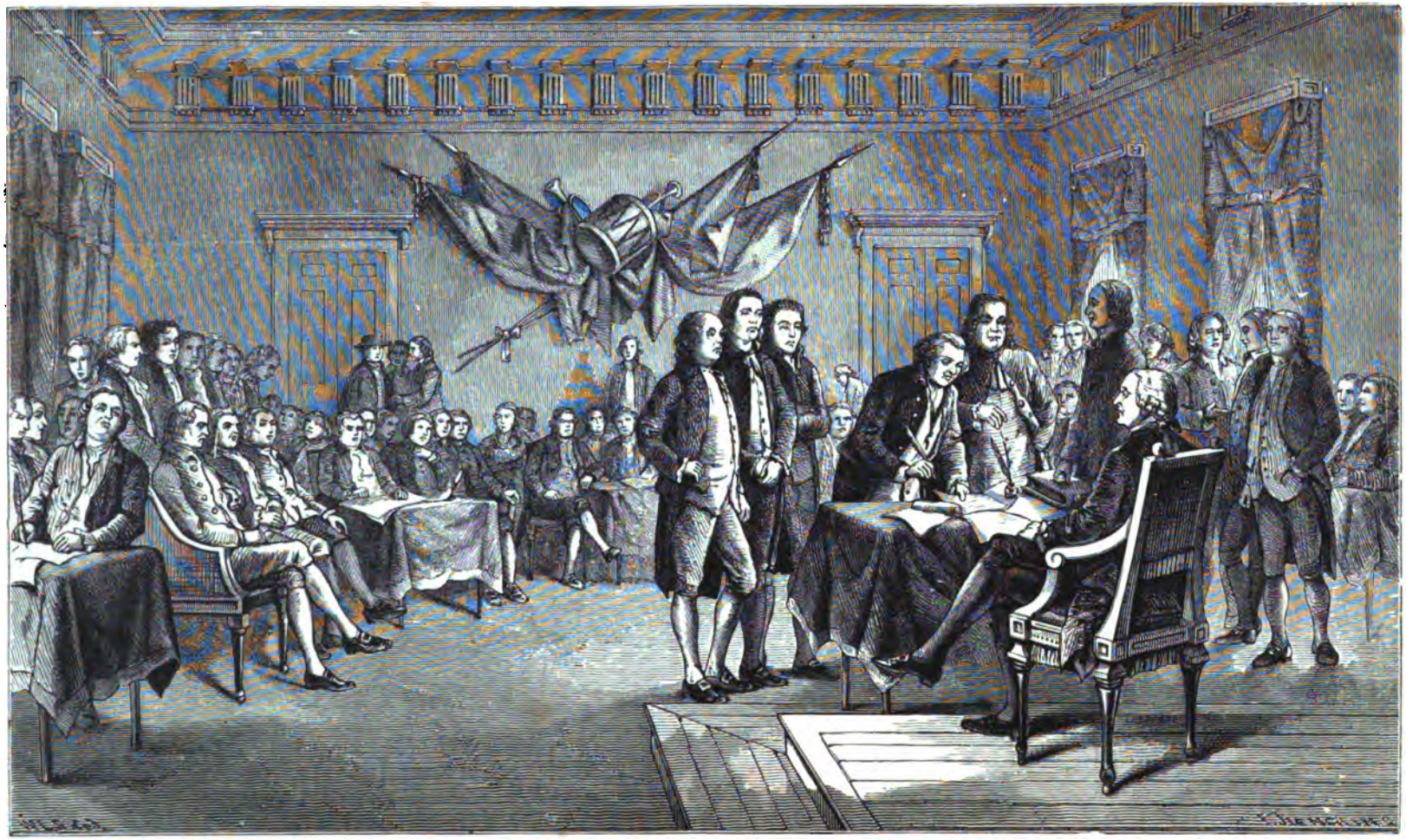

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BEING A

Popular Descriptive Portraiture

OF

THE GREAT EVENTS

OF OUR

PAST CENTURY.

Including also Delineations of all our Great Historic Characters in the most Striking Phases of their Career.

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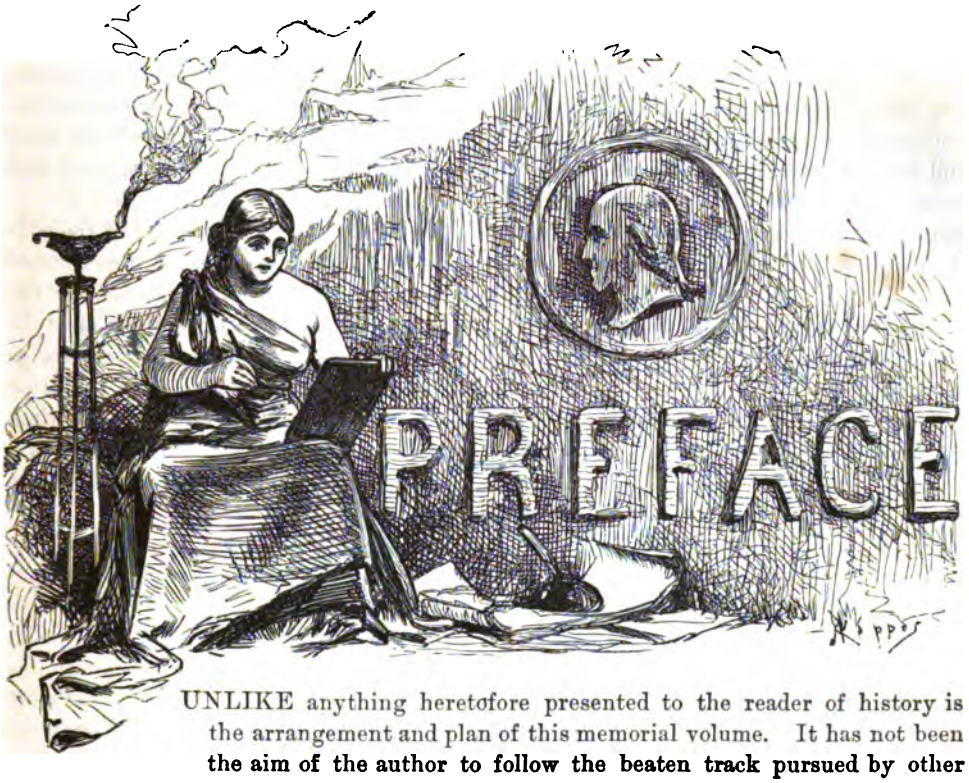

UNLIKE anything heretofore presented to the reader of history is the arrangement and plan of this memorial volume. It has not been the aim of the author to follow the beaten track pursued by other writers; but rather to present a work which would be found especially adapted to the wants and tastes of the age in which we live.

To describe the shifting conflicts of party, international complications, or the profound problems of public policy which have agitated the country since its very foundation, has not been attempted, except in those special features which admit of attractive narrative and the embodying of genial anecdote and pleasing memory. It is designed rather, to preserve and perpetuate those special events in the first century of our nation's existence, which have had a controlling influence in shaping the destiny and moulding the present greatness and grandeur of the American Republic—those events that have called forth the most intense interest, curiosity, admiration or terror on the part of the people; and also to illustrate and bring into striking relief, the prevailing spirit or excitement of the period marked by their occurrence. The character of the work is, in the fullest sense, *romantic, stimulating* and *instructive*—adapted in the highest degree to enlist the wrapt emotions and attention of the American citizen so long as the Republic shall endure.

That the reader of these pages may be assured of the fidelity and accuracy of the narrative in each of the scenes portrayed, we will say that eleven years have been industriously devoted to the preparation and completion of the volume. The teeming libraries of the country, both public and private, have been diligently searched—incidents and data have been taken from individuals who have been foremost participants in the scenes depicted; and authors, statesmen, military and other officials have given a hearty co-operation, and without which many items of interest could not have been obtained. In fact, the whole storehouse of history in every department has been

industriously explored, and its contents carefully examined and summarized, and has been made tributary to these pages. While there have been many pens to carry on the continued story of our country's history, it has been left to the author of this work to glean from the massive volumes of the past, and from other available and reliable sources, the momentous events around which the history of the United States as a nation centers, and to present them in descriptive portraiture, that each event in all its reality may be photographed, as it were, on the mind, and thus be individually impressed in the memory of the reader.

To the American citizen there can hardly be a more inviting and instructive topic in the whole field of historical research than the study of the Great Events which have been the key to that unexampled success which has made the American name the synonym for tireless energy and matchless industry, and which stand out like landmarks in the first century of our national existence.

For those advanced in years, and who may have been identified with many of the scenes here portrayed, this memoriam will be invaluable. It will bring freshly to their minds, those occurrences with which they were familiar in their younger days, and give them a pleasant reality which it is pleasant to enjoy.

For those who are just coming into the active duties of life it will be a reminder of the past,—graphically painting in words the deeds and heroic acts of men whose lives were most prominent in the building up of this Western Empire, and whose examples stand as a perpetual encouragement and incentive to morality, patriotism and industry.

To those whose means or time is limited, this book will indeed be valuable, as it is a library in itself, comprising every feature in the development of our country's history, each having its proper place,—Political, Military, Mechanical, Social, Scientific and Commercial. Here are skillfully grouped the triumphs of peace and of war, the triumphs of legislation and oratory; of invention and discovery; of justice and industry; of science and of religion. It will show what has been done, what has been suffered, what has been seen, and what has been felt in this youngest and most vigorous of the nations of the earth. It, in fact, records the most wonderful events of the most wonderful century.

While it is true that many of the subjects selected for this work are mentioned in one or other of the histories of the country, still from necessity they must be but brief and unsatisfactory sketches, as no single volume written after the usual form could be expected to give more than a passing glance, if mentioned at all, of a large portion of the subjects found in the present collection.

The Author has borne in mind the varied tastes of all classes and ages, and has labored to present a work which shall have an honored place in every family circle. The business man, with but a few minutes to spend, may find the subject that most interests him, and in that short time read and finish it. The professional man and public speaker will also find in it the best features of a History and Cyclopedia combined. To those who have but little taste for reading it will be specially beneficial; for while it carries the reader along with the fascination of a novel, it is still the very truth of history. Not being filled with dry discussions, or documentary array, it is not tedious, but restful and refreshing. To make it still more valuable, the Publishers have expended many thousands of dollars in illustrating the subjects, presenting views and portraits of each event, and their chief actors, by the best artists in the land, such as Granville Perkins, W. L. Sheppard, Thomas Moran and others, whose names stand at the head of their profession, thus giving specimens of those different schools of art. Numerous copies have also been taken from the masterpieces of Trumbull, Copley and Healy. Among the list will be found portraits and autographs so rare, that but for the kind

favor of correspondents, access to them would have been impossible.

To sum up then in a few words, there has been neither time nor money spared to make this book worthy alike of what it seeks to represent, and of the American people for whom it has been prepared. It is a marvelous record. No nation has had a grander or more wonderful growth and development than ours; so no other record so graphically and intelligently portrays the most notable features of our past progress and achievements, as does this volume, and in bringing it before the American public we feel that the labor and care bestowed upon it during the many years since its conception, will meet with that appreciation it so justly deserves. And now, relying on the merits of the work, we desire you also to be the judge, and therefore invite your attention to the Table of Contents (which every intelligent reader always scans), with the confident hope that you will find a rich and varied feast, and be amply rewarded for your most critical examination of its pages.

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CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION OF THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC.—Year of Jubilee, Festival, and Pageant, throughout the Land —Prosperity, Power, and Renown of the Nation.—A Union of Nearly Forty Great Commonwealths and Forty Million People.—Anticipations of the Coming Anniversary.—Legislation by Congress for its Patriotic Observance.—A Grand Exposition of the Century's Growth and Progress, the Principal Feature Decided Upon.—Vast Work of Preparation.—The Whole World at Peace, and all Countries and Climes in Sympathy with the Republic and its Auspicious Era.—Ushering in the Year's Ceremonials.—Every City, Town, and Village, Covered with Gay Streamers and Waving Flags.—Pomp, Parade, and Universal Fraternization. —Wondrous Microcosm of Civilization Concentrated at Philadelphia.—The Culminating Art and Skill of Sixty Centuries of Human Advancement, and the Products of Every Quarter of the Globe, Displayed in Their Richest Illustrations.—An Unprecedented Scene: President and Emperor Receiving the Salutations of the American People.—Oratory, Music, Poetry, Bells, Illuminations, Cannon, Regattas, Banners, Hallelujahs, and Huzzas.—The Beauty, Utility, and Magnificence of the Orient and Occident, in Boundless Combinations.—The "Glorious Fourth" All Over the Land.—Congratulatory Letter from the Emperor of Germany 652 1876

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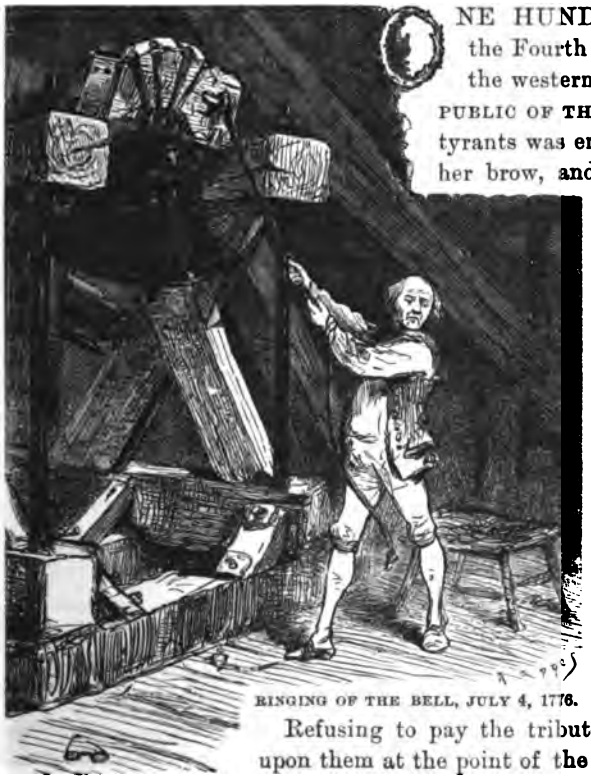
I.

BIRTH OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.—1776.

Declaration of American Independence and National Sovereignty, July Fourth, 1776.—The Gauntlet of Defiance thrown at the Feet of the British Empire by Her Youngest Colonies.—Vast Disparity, in Power and Resources, between the Contestants.—The whole World looks on Astonished.—Seven Years' Bloody and Desolating War.—The American Cause Triumphant.—Grandest Modern Event. America Resists Unjust Taxation.—Haughty Obstinacy of King George.—Burning Eloquence of Patrick Henry.—His Summons, "We Must Fight."—Washington Endorses this Sentiment.—Determination of the People.—War Preferred to Submission —Momentous Action by Congress.—Separation from England Decreed.—Effect of the Act in America.—Its Reception in England.—Excitement of the King and Court.—Lord Chatham, America's Advocate.—His Passionate Change of Views —Scorching Speech against the Colonies.—He is Struck Dead while Speaking.—Magnanimity of Burke and Fox. —Recognition from France Secured.—Her Timely Aid in the Struggle.—Victories over the British Armies.—England Gives Up the Contest.—World-wide Welcome to the New Nation.

"It will be celebrated by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forth, forevermore."—JOHN ADAMS.



RINGING OF THE BELL, JULY 4, 1776.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago, namely, on the Fourth of July, 1776, there was born in the western world a New Nation,—the REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES. Defiance to tyrants was emblazoned in empyreal light upon her brow, and Freedom and Justice were the frontlets between her eyes. Monarchs, crowned with kingly diadems, stood awed at the august manifesto, and at the solemn arraignment of King George before the judgment of mankind, and parliaments and cabinets started in dismay to their feet; but the People, as they descried the eagle of Liberty spreading her wings, and soaring proudly aloft, breathed freer and took stronger heart, as the clear ring of her voice sounded through the air, declaring, with grandly rounded enunciation, that "all men are created equal."

Refusing to pay the tribute of taxation arbitrarily imposed upon them at the point of the bayonet by the British crown,—

failing, too, to move the king and his ministers from their career of haughty and reckless obstinacy,—the thirteen American colonies found themselves reduced to the alternative of abject submission to their so-called royal masters, or of armed resistance. Already there had flashed throughout the country the electric words of Patrick Henry, "We must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us. I repeat it, sir, we must fight!" And as the blood of patriot hearts had now flowed freely and bravely at Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, Washington declared, in words of solemn emphasis and characteristic brevity, "Nothing short of INDEPENDENCE, it appears to me, can possibly do." He also warmly approved and commended Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense," written to this end. The sons of liberty shouted their responsive acclaim to this manly summons from the great American soldier—Washington—and, like the sound of many waters, the spirit of national independence which thus possessed the people came upon the continental congress, then in session in the state-house at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

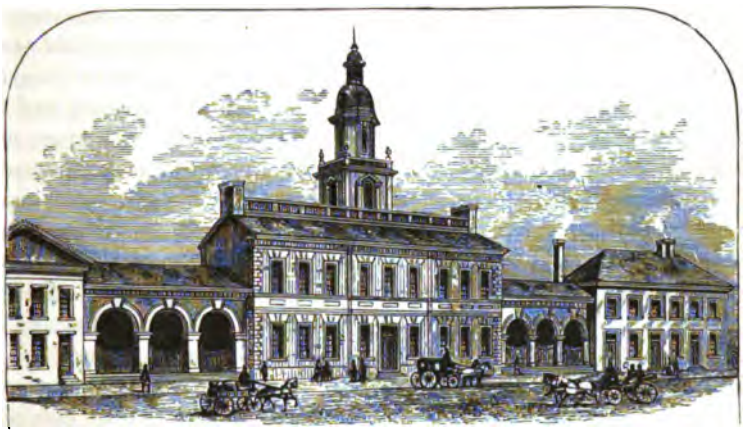
It was in this temple of freedom, wherein was sitting as noble and august a legislative body as the world ever saw, that Richard Henry Lee introduced a resolution, on the 7th of June, 1776, declaring, "That the United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States, and that their political connection with Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved." Upon this resolution there sprang up at once an earnest and powerful debate. It was opposed, principally, on the ground that it was premature. Some of the best and strongest advocates of colonial rights spoke and voted against the motion, which at last was adopted only by a vote of seven States in its favor to six against. Some of the delegates had not received definite instructions from their constituents, and others had been requested to vote against it. Its further consideration was accordingly postponed until there was a prospect of greater unanimity. On the eleventh of June, therefore, a committee was appointed to draft a formal Declaration; this committee consisting of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston.

On the twenty-eighth of June, the committee made their report, and presented the Declaration which they had drawn up. The first or original draft was penned by Mr. Jefferson, chairman of the committee. On the second of July, congress proceeded to the serious consideration of this momentous paper; the discussion, as to the tone and statements characterizing the document, and the propriety of adopting at that time a measure so decisive, lasted for nearly three days, and was extremely earnest. It was so powerfully opposed by some of the members, that Jefferson compared the opposition to "the ceaseless action of gravity, weighing upon us by night and by day." Its supporters, however, were the leading minds, and urged its adoption with masterly eloquence and ability. John Adams, Jefferson asserts, was "the colossus in that debate," and "fought fearlessly for every word of it." The bond which was formed between those two great men on this occasion seems never to have been completely severed, both of them finally expiring, with a sort of poetic justice, on the fiftieth anniversary of the act which constituted their chief glory.

Well and truly did the mighty patriot Adams characterize this event as the most memorable epoch in the history of America. "I am apt to believe," said he, "that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forth forevermore!" The result has equaled the great patriot's wishes. Tradition gives a dramatic effect to its announcement. It was known, throughout the city, that the great

event was to be determined that day, by the last formal acts; but the closed doors of congress excluded the populace from witnessing the august assembly or its proceedings, though thousands of anxious citizens had gathered around the building, eager to hear the words of national destiny soon to be officially proclaimed. From the hour when congress came together in the forenoon, all business was suspended throughout the city, and the old bellman steadily remained at his post in the steeple, prepared to sound forth to the waiting multitudes the expected glad tidings. He had even stationed a boy at the door of the hall below, to give immediate signal of the turn of events. This bell, manufactured in England, bore upon its ample curve the now prophetic inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Hours passed on, and fear began to take the place of hope in many a heart; even the venerable and always cheerful bellman was overheard in his despondent soliloquy, "They will never do it! they will never do it!" Finally, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the door of the mysterious hall swung open, and a voice exclaimed, "Passed!—it has passed!" The word was caught up by ten thousand glad mouths, and the watch-boy now clapped his hands and shouted, "Ring! Ring!" Seizing the iron tongue of the bell in which he had long felt such a professional pride, the electrified old patriot rung forth such a joyous peal as was never heard before, nor ceased to hurl it backward and forward, till every voice joined in its notes of gladness and triumph. The roar of cannon, and illuminations from every house and hill-top, added to these demonstrations of universal rejoicing.

And this was the type of that exultation which everywhere manifested itself, as the news spread with lightning rapidity from city to city and from State to State. Every American patriot regarded the declaration by congress as the noble performance of an act which had become inevitable; and the paper itself as the complete vindication of America before the bar of public opinion throughout the world. When it was read by the magistrates and other functionaries, in the cities and towns of the whole nation, it was greeted with shouts, bonfires, and processions. It was read to the troops, drawn up under arms, and to the congregations in churches by ministers from the pulpit. Washington hailed the declaration with joy. It is true, it was but a formal recognition of a state of things which had long existed, but it put an end to all those temporizing hopes of reconciliation which had clogged the military action of the country. On the ninth of July, therefore, Washington caused it to be read at six o'clock in the



HALL OF INDEPENDENCE, PHILADELPHIA, 1776.

evening, at the head of each brigade of the army. "The general hopes," said he in his orders, "that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier, to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a State, possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country." The troops listened to the reading of this with eager attention, and at its close broke forth in tumultuous applause.

The excitable populace of New York were not content with the ringing of bells and the other usual manifestations of public joy. There was a leaden equestrian statue of George the Third in the Bowling Green, in front of the fort. Around this kingly effigy the excited multitude, surging hither and thither, unitedly gathered, and pulling it down to the ground, broke it into fragments, which fragments were afterwards conveniently molded into bullets and made to do service against his majesty's troops. Some of the soldiers and officers of the American army having joined in this proceeding, Washington censured it, as having much the appearance of a riot and a want of discipline, and the army was ordered to abstain, in the future, from all irregularities of the kind.

In Boston, that citadel of radical insubordination to "his majesty," the public joy knew no bounds, and even the British prisoners were courteously summoned to witness the spirit with which a brave people, determined to be free, dared to defy the British throne. On the seventeenth of July the British officers on parole received each a card from the governor, requesting the honor of said officer's attendance at a specified hour on the morrow, in the town hall. As rumors were pretty well afloat, however, touching the decided step that had been taken at Philadelphia, the officers were not without a suspicion as to the purport of the meeting, and hesitated for a while as to the consistency of giving the sanction of their presence to a proceeding which they could not but regard as traitorous. Curiosity, however, got the better of these scruples, and it was resolved, after a brief consultation, that the invitation ought to be accepted.

On entering the hall, the king's officers found it occupied by 'rebellious' functionaries, military, civil, and ecclesiastical, and among whom the same good humor and excitement prevailed as among the throng out of doors. The British officials were received with great frankness and cordiality, and were allotted such stations as enabled them to witness the whole ceremony. Exactly as the clock struck one, Colonel Crafts, who occupied the chair, rose, and, silence being obtained, read aloud the declaration, which announced to the world that the tie of allegiance which had so long held Britain and her North American colonies together, was forever separated. This being finished, the gentlemen stood up, and each, repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold, at the sacrifice of life, the rights of his country. Meanwhile, the town clerk read from a balcony the solemn declaration to the collected multitude; at the close of which, a shout began in the hall and passed like an electric spark to the streets, which now rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry. The batteries on Fort Hill, Dorchester Neck, the castle, Nantasket, and Long Island, each saluted with thirteen guns, the artillery in the town fired thirteen rounds, and the infantry scattered into thirteen divisions, poured forth thirteen volleys, — all corresponding to the number of states which formed the Union. There was also a municipal banquet, at which speeches were made and toasts drank; and in the evening a brilliant illumination of the houses.

In Virginia, the proclamation of independence was greeted with that same ardor of enthusiasm which for so many years had characterized the people of that

ancient commonwealth, in the course of political freedom. In South Carolina, too, the declaration was read to the assembled multitudes, amid the greatest rejoicings,—public addresses, military and civic processions, bands of music, firing of cannon, and kindred demonstrations of popular favor. In all the colonies, indeed, the declaration was hailed as the passing away of the old world and the birth of the new.

But the declaration, though it thus solemnly inaugurated a new nation and made the colonies, for the time, the theater of patriotic jubilee, involved startling perils and imposed momentous duties; for it was a defiant challenge to combat thrown by a mere province in the face of the most colossal power in all christendom. This important paper commences with stating that, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal stations to which the laws of Nature, and of Nature's God, entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

The causes are then stated, and a long enumeration of the oppressions complained of by America is closed by saying that "a prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." History may be searched in vain for words so bold and scathing, used by a colony against a powerful sovereign.

The fruitless appeals which had been made to the people of Great Britain are also recounted, but "they too," concludes this declaration, "have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends." Then comes the portentous conclusion—

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things, which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

In the whole country, however, between New England and the Potomac, which was now to become the great theater of action, although a vast majority was in favor of independence, there existed an influential number, who not only refused to act with their countrymen, but were ready to give information and aid to the enemy. Most of these tories were wealthy and haughty, and rendered themselves extremely unpopular. Laws passed by the new State authorities had subjected these persons to fines and imprisonments, and their property to confiscation. They endured many outrages, and were treated to "tarrings and featherings" innumerable, by the more violent among the angry populace. To prevent these outrages, congress gave the supervision of tories to committees of inspection. Many of these obnoxious families finally left the country, and in course of time the tory element was eradicated or completely silenced.

Scarcely less interesting and important is the character of the reception which this remarkable document met on its arrival in England. Of the noble band of American patriots who had been chosen to deliberate and act for the best good of the

oppressed colonies, and who, preceding the final act of the declaration of independence, had sent forth the most magnanimous appeals to Britain's sense of justice, —of these men and their works, there had gone forth one of the grandest eulogies from the elder Pitt (Lord Chatham), the greatest of Britain's statesmen, who, in his place in parliament, dared to say—

"I must declare and avow that in all my reading and study—and it has been my favorite study; I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that, for solidity of reasoning, for force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general congress of Philadelphia."

But when, a few years after, it was proposed, by the British prime minister, to conciliate the exasperated colonies by treating them as a people possessing certain independent rights and powers, Pitt showed the exalted estimation in which he held the rebellious colonies as part of the British realm, by opposing such a course, in a speech of almost dramatic power and effect, and from which, owing to the exhaustion it produced in his own shattered system, the great peer and orator almost immediately died.

In France, the declaration of independence by the American colonies was greeted with secret satisfaction by the court and rulers, and aroused to universal gladness the popular heart. Reviewing the scene and its actors, one of the most brilliant and popular orators of that intrepid nation was led to say: "With what grandeur, with what enthusiasm, should I not speak of those generous men who erected this grand edifice by their patience, their wisdom, and their courage! Hancock, Franklin, the two Adamses, were the greatest actors in this affecting scene; but they were not the only ones. Posterity shall know them all. Their honored names shall be transmitted to it by a happier pen than mine. Brass and marble shall show them to remotest ages. In beholding them, shall the friend of freedom feel his heart palpitate with joy—feel his eyes float in delicious tears. Under the bust of one of them has been written, 'He wrested thunder from heaven and the scepter from tyrants.' Of the last words of this eulogy shall all of them partake." Still more pregnant were the words of the great Mirabeau, as, citing the grand principles of the American Declaration, from his place in the National Assembly, "I ask," he said, "if the powers who have formed alliances with the States have dared to read that manifesto, or to interrogate their consciences after the perusal? I ask whether there be at this day one government in Europe—the Helvetic and Batavian confederations and the British isles excepted —which, judged after the principles of the Declaration of Congress on the fourth of July, 1776, is not divested of its rights!"

For more than a year, commissioners from congress, at the head of whom was Dr. Franklin, resided at the court of France, urging upon that government to acknowledge the independence of the United States. But the success of the American struggle was regarded, as yet, too doubtful, for that country to embroil herself in a war with Great Britain. But that great event, the capture of the British army at Saratoga, seemed to increase the probability that the American arms would finally triumph, and decided France to espouse her cause. The aid which France now brought to the Americans was of great importance. It is even doubtful whether the colonies, without her contributions of money, navy, and troops, would have been able to resist Britain with final success; at least, the struggle must have been greatly prolonged. To this intervention, however, France was inclined, by her own hostility to England, whom she delighted to see humbled, especially by a people struggling for independence. Finally, after the surrender of Cornwallis to General Washington, the French court pressed upon congress the propriety of appointing commissioners for negotiating peace with Great Britain. In accordance

with this advice, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens, were appointed. The commissioners met Messrs. Fitzherbert and Oswald, on the part of Great Britain, at Paris, and provisional articles of peace between the two countries were there signed, November thirtieth, 1782; the definitive treaty being signed on the third of September, 1783. Holland acknowledged the independence of the United States in 1782; Sweden, in February, 1783; Denmark, in the same month; Spain, in March; Russia, in July. And thus, the REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA became an independent power among the nations of the earth.

It was not unknown to the wise and venerable enactors of the Declaration, that their signatures to such an instrument would be regarded in England as an act of treason, rendering them liable to the halter or the block. In the full appreciation of all this, every man of them placed his name upon the immortal parchment. The only signature which indicates a trembling hand, is that of Stephen Hopkins, but this was owing to a nervous affection; for, so resolute was he in congress, that, when some of the members suggested a hope of reconciliation, Mr. Hopkins replied, that "the time had come when the strongest arm and the longest sword must decide the contest, and those members who were not prepared for action had better go home." The boldest signature is that of John Hancock, he whom the British had excepted in their offers of pardon, as one "whose offenses are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment." The number who signed the Declaration was fifty-six; and the average length of their lives was about sixty-five years. Carpenters'Hall—or Independence Hall—in Philadelphia, where these tremendous scenes transpired, is still one of the places which every American looks upon with patriotic pride; for within that temple was born a Nation, in whose destiny were wrapped the interests of Liberty and Civilization to the end of time.

II.

FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL VICTORY.—1779.

John Paul Jones, Commanding the Bon Homme Richard, Fights and Captures King George's Powerful Ship-of-War, the Serapis, in British Waters.—Crowds of Spectators Line the English Coast.—The Most Sanguinary Battle Ever Fought Between Single Ships.—Jones is Hailed as "The Washington of the Seas."—World-wide Interest of this Combat.—Commodore Jones's Early Career.—Offers his Services to Congress.—Appointed a Naval Lieutenant.—Joins the Continental Fleet.—The First to Hoist its Ensign.—Style and Motto of the Flag.—Sails from France on a Cruise.—Terror Created by his Movements.—Characteristic Anecdotes.—Two British Frigates in Sight.—Jones Ready for Bloody Work.—The Ships Muzzle to Muzzle.—Superiority of the Serapis.—A Most Deadly Contest.—Both Vessels on Fire.— Jones Attacked by Another Foe.—One of his Vessels Treacherous.—Remarkable Scenes.—Britain's Flag Struck to America.—An Act Without Precedent.—Sinking of the Victorious Vessel.

"The most obstinate and bloody battle in the annals of naval warfare."—J. FENIMORE COOPER.

HOISTING FIRST NAVAL FLAG.

SUCH an exploit as that performed by John Paul Jones, in 1779, by which, in plain sight of the English coast, he flung to the breeze the gallant ensign of the United States, and, with Britons as witnesses of his daring, fought, victoriously, a battle which has always been spoken of as the most obstinate and sanguinary combat that ever occurred between single ships, can never be read of by Americans with other than the deepest and most enthusiastic interest. The victory came, too, at one of the darkest hours in the revolutionary campaign, and served to gladden and encourage, for the time being, the despondent hearts of honest patriots. The vaunted invincibleness of the British navy became a by-word of contumely, the world over, from the time Jones nailed his flag to the mast, and, under the calm sky and round harvest moon of September, dealt forth a storm of death and desolation upon the enemies of his adopted country. The action may well be pronounced one of the most terrible on record, from its unusual duration for a naval battle, from the ferocity which the combatants displayed, and from the proximity of the two vessels, the muzzles of the ships' batteries almost reaching into each other's port-holes.

John Paul was born in Scotland, on the sixth day of July, 1747, and the scenery and associations of his birthplace—Arbigland—and its vicinity, doubtless encouraged that restless spirit of adventure and love of change, as well as that ardent enthusiasm in the objects of his pursuit, which so strikingly characterized his career through life. At the age of twelve, he was apprenticed to a merchant of Whitehaven, who carried on a considerable trade with

the American colonies. His first voyage was made before he was thirteen years old, being to Virginia, where his elder brother was established as a planter. He was afterward engaged for a short time in the slave trade, which he left in disgust, and made a number of voyages to the West Indies.

In 1773, John Paul removed to Virginia, to attend to the affairs of his brother, who had died childless and intestate. He now, for some unknown reason, assumed the additional surname of Jones, and which he retained through life. At the commencement of the revolutionary conflict, his feelings became warmly enlisted in the cause of the colonies, and this spirit fully prepared him for the active part he soon undertook in their behalf. An offer of his services, which he made to the colonies, was accepted, and, on the twenty-second of December, 1775, by a resolution of congress, he was appointed lieutenant in the American navy.

It was Lieutenant Jones who hoisted, with his own hands, the first American naval flag on board the American frigate Alfred, the flag-ship, *the national ensign being thus for the first time displayed from a man-of-war.* The circumstances attending this interesting occasion are stated to have been as follows: The Alfred was anchored off the foot of Walnut street, Philadelphia. On a brilliant morning, early in February, 1776, gay streamers were seen fluttering from every mast-head and spar on the river Delaware. At nine o'clock, a full-manned barge thridded its way among the floating ice to the Alfred, bearing the commodore. He was greeted by the thunders of artillery and the shouts of a multitude. When he reached the deck of the flag-ship, Captain Salstonstall gave a signal, and Lieutenant Jones gallantly pulled the ropes which wafted the new flag masthead high. It was of yellow silk, bearing the figure of a pine tree, and the significant device of a rattlesnake in a field of thirteen stripes, with the ominous legend, "*Don't tread on me!*" This memorable act, it was Jones's high honor and privilege to perform when in his twenty-ninth year; an honor, too, of which, as events afterward proved, he was fully worthy.

On the fourteenth of August, 1779, Jones sailed from the roadstead of Groix, France, in command of a small squadron, consisting of the Bon Homme Richard, forty-two guns, the Alliance, thirty-six guns, the Pallas, thirty-two guns, the Cerf, twenty-eight guns, and the Vengeance, twelve guns. Two privateers afterwards joined them, but did not continue with them till the end of the cruise. The efficiency of the expedition was marred by a want of subordination on the part of some of the officers, who do not appear to have been willing to yield prompt obedience to orders. Captain Landais, of the Alliance, habitually disregarded the signals and orders, throughout the cruise, and, towards the close, committed acts of open hostility to his superior. But, notwithstanding the difficulties against which he had to contend, Jones inflicted great damage on the enemy; he coasted Ireland, England, and Scotland, making many prizes, and carrying terror wherever he appeared.

But the action which gave the most distinguishing renown to Jones's brilliant career, and which so early gave prestige to American prowess on the ocean, is that of which a detailed account is given below:

It was about noon, on the twenty-third of September, 1779, a fleet of over forty sail appeared off Flamborough Head, on the coast of Yorkshire, and Jones at once gave up the pursuit of a vessel in whose track he was just then following, with all possible speed, and made signals for a general chase. The sails in sight were a fleet of English merchantmen, under convoy of the ships-of-war Serapis and Scarborough, and as soon as they saw themselves pursued they ran in shore, while their convoys that protected them bore off from the land and prepared for an engagement. The Bon Homme Richard set every stitch of canvas, but did not come into fighting position toward the enemy until about seven o'clock in the evening, at which time, from the darkness having set in somewhat, objects on the water were dimly discerned,

though not with such difficulty as would have been the case had not the moon shone forth with great brightness, and the weather proved serene and beautiful. When within pistol-shot, the hail from the Serapis, "What ship is that?" was answered, "I can't hear you." Captain Pearson says the answer was, "The Princess Royal." A second hail was answered by a thundering broadside from the batteries of the Richard,—a signal that indicated a hot and bloody encounter at hand, as the sequel soon proved.

The American ship, it may here be remarked, was much inferior to her antagonist, being, in fact, an old vessel, clumsy, and unmanageable. She carried six eighteen-pounders on the lower gun deck, fourteen twelve-pounders and fourteen nine-pounders on the middle gun deck, two six-pounders on the quarter-gun deck, two six-pounders on the spar deck, one six-pounder in each gangway, and two six-pounders on the forecastle. She was manned by three hundred and eighty men and boys. The Serapis, on the other hand, was a new ship, built in the best manner, and with a much heavier armament. She mounted twenty eighteen-pounders on her lower gun deck, twenty nine-pounders on her upper gun deck, six six-pounders on her quarter deck, four six-pounders on the forecastle; and she had a crew of some three hundred and twenty men.

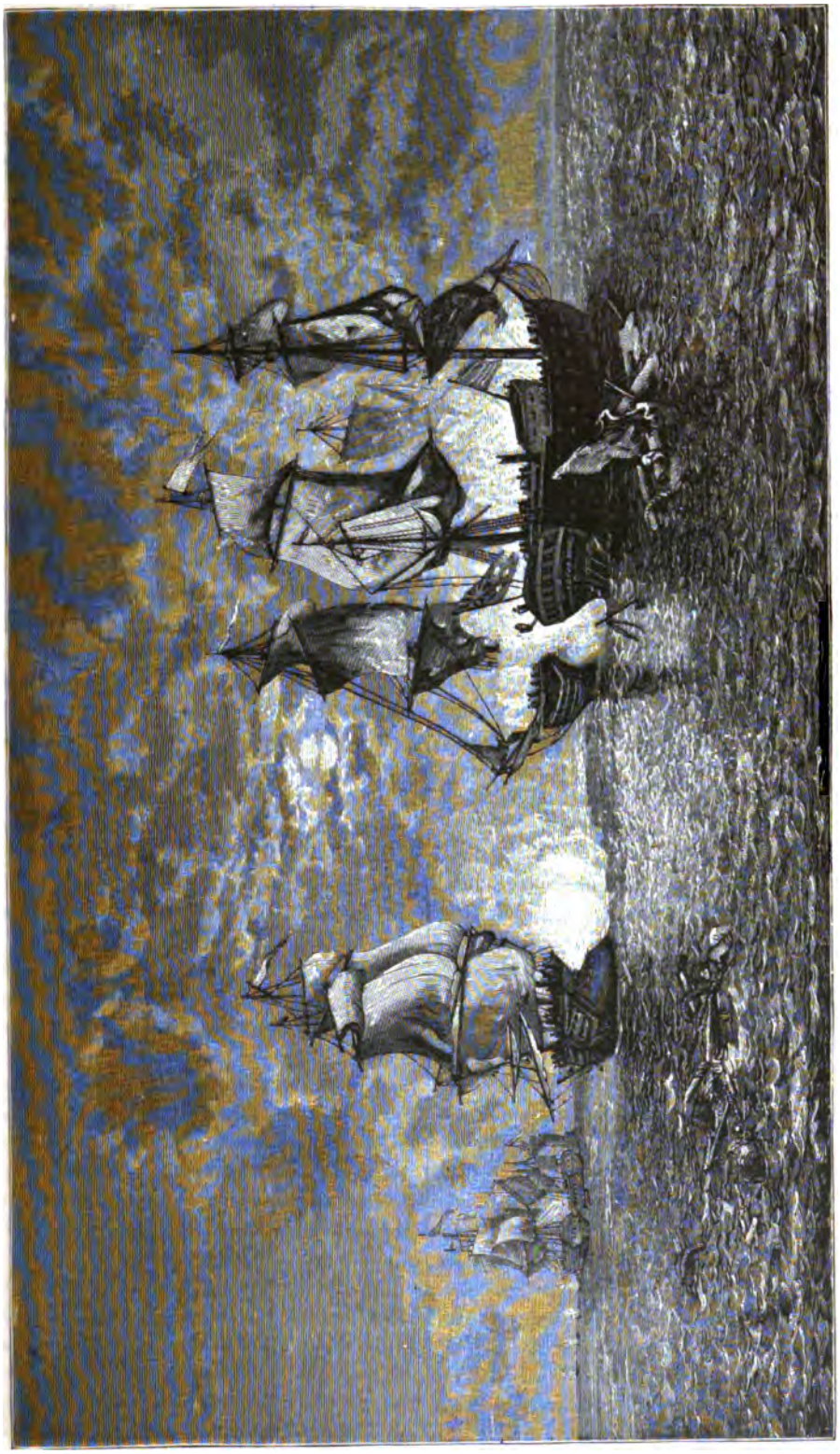
Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, engaged the Scarborough, and took her, after an hour's action, while the Bon Homme Richard engaged the Serapis.

In the earlier part of the action, the superior sailing qualities of the Serapis enabled her to take several advantageous positions, which the seamanship of Paul Jones, hampered by the unmanageable character of his craft, did not enable him to prevent. Thus he attempted to lay his ship athwart the enemy's bows, but the bowsprit of the Serapis sweeping over the Richard's poop, was grappled and lashed, and her stern swung round to the bow of the Bon Homme Richard by the action of the wind; the vessels lay yard-arm and yard-arm, the muzzles on either side actually touching the enemy. But long before this, many of the eighteen-pound shot of the Serapis had entered the Richard's hull below the water-mark, and she leaked in a threatening manner. Just before they closed, Commodore Pearson hailed his adversary: "Has your ship struck?" "*I haven't begun to fight yet!*" thundered forth the brave Jones, in reply.

A novelty in naval combats was now presented to many witnesses, but few admirers,—says Lieutenant Dale, who participated in the conflict,—the rammers being run into the respective ships to enable the men to load after the lower ports of the Serapis had been blown away, to

Yours Paul Jones

make room for running out their guns, and in this situation the ships remained until between ten and twelve o'clock, P. M. From the commencement to the termination of the action, there was not a man on board the Richard who was ignorant of the superiority of the Serapis, both in weight of metal, and in the qualities of the crew. The crew of that ship were picked seamen, and the ship itself had been only a few months off the stocks; whereas the crew of the Richard consisted of part Americans, English and French, and a part of Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays, these latter contributing by their want of naval skill and knowledge of the English language, to depress rather than encourage any reasonable hope of success in a combat under such circumstances.



FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL VICTORY.

One of the most disheartening facts in the early part of the action, was the silencing of the battery of twelve-pounders, on which Jones had placed his principal dependence.

Brave and dauntless sailor as he was, Jones stuck to his little battery, and stimulated his men with word and example. While one of the nine-pounders vomited double-headed shot against the mainmast of the Serapis, the two others swept her decks with grape and canister. The fire was so hot from the nine-pound battery and the tops, that not a man could live on the deck of the English ship. But all this while, her lower battery of eighteen-pounders was making an awful ruin of the Richard. The terror of the scene was also soon heightened beyond the power of language to depict, by both vessels taking fire, which required almost superhuman exertion to subdue, and, in the midst of all, Jones and his heroic men were horror stricken to see their consort, the Alliance, commanded by Captain Landais, come up and pour a full broadside into the Richard's stern! The evidence is regarded as most conclusive, that Captain L.'s conduct on this occasion was not due to any mistake on his part in supposing the Richard to be the Serapis, but to his personal hostility to Jones. With jealousy and treason in his heart, his plan was to kill Jones, and, capturing the Serapis, claim the victory as his. But the black-hearted Frenchman failed in his plot. A quantity of cartridges on board the Serapis was set fire to by a grenade from Jones's ship, and blew up, killing or wounding all the officers and men abaft the mainmast. But long after this the fight went on with fury.

At last, the mainmast of the Serapis began to totter to its fall—her fire slackened, and, about half-past ten o'clock, the British flag was struck, and Commodore Pearson surrendered his sword to his really weaker foe. In going through the formalities of this scene, Pearson displayed much irritability, and, addressing Jones as one who fought under no recognized flag, said:

"It is painful to deliver up my sword to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck."

"Sir," replied Jones, good humoredly, as he handed back the weapon, "you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

True enough, the gallant Pearson soon received from King George the dignity of knighthood as an acknowledgment of his bravery in this unparalleled battle,—hearing of which honor, Jones is said to have dryly remarked: "Well, he deserved it; and should I have the good fortune to meet with him again, I will make a *lord* of him!"

Another episode occurred in connection with a medical officer,—the surgeon of the Richard,—who ran up from the cock-pit, in great fright and trepidation, and hurriedly accosting the captain, said: "Are you not going to strike the colors? Is not the ship fast *sinking?*" "What! doctor," replied Jones, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Here, help me get this gun over!" The doctor, as though answering a sudden professional call, was soon retracing his steps to the cock-pit.

So terribly was the Richard cut to pieces (being an old ship), that it was found impossible, after the fight, to get her into port, and, the wounded being removed, she soon after sank.

Jones took his prizes to Holland, and it is no exaggeration to say that the whole world stood astonished at his bravery and success.

A most interesting account of this celebrated battle between the Serapis and Richard was given, soon after its occurrence, by Commodore Jones himself, a portion of which, describing in his own dramatic style, the principal scenes during the engagement, is given below:

On the morning of that day, September twenty-third, the brig from Holland not being in sight, we chased a brigantine that appeared laying to, to windward. About noon, we saw and chased a large ship that appeared coming round Flamborough Head from the northward, and at the same time

I manned and armed one of the pilot boats to send in pursuit of the brigantine, which now appeared to be the vessel that I had forced ashore. Soon after this, a fleet of forty-one sail appeared off Flamborough Head, bearing N. N. E. This induced me to abandon the single ship which had then anchored in Burlington Bay; I also called back the pilot boat, and hoisted a signal for a general chase. When the fleet discovered us bearing down, all the merchant ships crowded sail toward the shore. The two ships-of-war that protected the fleet at the same time steered from the land, and made the disposition for battle. In approaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the Alliance paid no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the commodore's ship until seven in the evening, being then within pistol-shot, when he hailed the Bon Homme Richard. We answered him by firing a whole broadside.

The battle being thus begun, was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practiced on both sides to gain an advantage and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the Bon Homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of maneuver. It was my intention to lay the Bon Homme Richard athwart the enemy's bow; but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the Bon Homme Richard's poop, by the mizzenmast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the Bon Homme Richard's bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's.

I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the mainmast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarter, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under-officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and I, having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten-pounders, was incessant; both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under-officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe, that the two first were slightly wounded, and, as the ship had received various shots under the water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop, without my knowledge, to strike the colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon-ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign-staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

All this time the Bon Homme Richard had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them fast to the Bon Homme Richard.

At last, at half-past nine o'clock, the Al-

liance appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme Richard. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon Homme Richard; yet they passed along the off side of the ship, and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the Bon Homme Richard, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction. Besides, it was then full moonlight. The Bon Homme Richard received various shots under water from the Alliance; the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospects became gloomy indeed. I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's mainmast began to shake, their firing decreased fast, ours rather increased, and the British colors were struck at half an hour past ten o'clock.

This prize proved to be the British ship-of-war, the Serapis, a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of eighteen-pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson.

WONDERFUL DARK DAY, MAY 19, 1780.

III.

THE WONDERFUL DARK DAY.—1780.

The Northern States wrapt in a Dense Black Atmosphere for Fifteen Hours.—The Day of Judgment Supposed to have Come.—Cessation of Labor.—Religious Devotions Resorted to.—The Herds Retire to their Stalls, the Fowls to their Roosts, and the Birds Sing their Evening Songs at Noonday.—Science at Loss to Account for the Mysterious Phenomenon.—One of Nature's Marvels.—Redness of the Sun and Moon.—Approach of a Thick Vapor.—Loud Peals of Thunder.—Sudden and Strange Darkness.—Alarm of the Inhabitants.—End of the World Looked For.—Dismay of the Brute Creation.—An Intensely Deep Gloom.—Difficulty in Attending to Business.—Lights Burning in the Houses.—Vast Extent of the Occurrence.—Condition of the Barometer.—Change in the Color of Objects.—Quick Motion of the Clouds.—Birds Suffocate and Die.—The Sun's Disc Seen in Some Places.—Oily Deposit on the Waters.—Impenetrable Darkness at Night.—Incidents and Anecdotes.—Ignorant Whims and Conjectures.—An Unsolved Mystery.

"The Dark Day in northern America was one of those wonderful phenomena of nature which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain."—HERSCHEL.

DIFFICULTY OF TRAVELING.

ALMOST, if not altogether alone, as the most mysterious and as yet unexplained phenomenon of its kind, in nature's diversified range of events, during the last century, stands the *Dark Day of May Nineteenth*, 1780,—a most unaccountable darkening of the whole visible heavens and atmosphere in New England,—which brought intense alarm and distress to multitudes of minds, as well as dismay to the brute creation, the fowls fleeing, bewildered, to their roosts, and the birds to their nests, and the cattle returning to their stalls. Indeed, thousands of the good people of that day became fully convinced that the end of all things terrestrial had come; many gave up, for the time, their secular pursuits, and betook themselves to religious devotions; while many others regarded the darkness as not only a token of God's indignation against the various iniquities and abominations of the age, but also as an omen of some future destruction that might overwhelm the land—as in the case of the countries mentioned in biblical history,—unless speedy repentance and

reformation took place. The ignorant indulged in vague and wild conjectures as to the cause of the phenomenon; and those profounder minds, even, that could "gauge the heavens and tell the stars," were about equally at loss for any rational explanation of the event. It is related that the Connecticut legislature was in session at this time, and that, so great was the darkness, the members became terrified, and thought that the day of judgment had come; a motion was consequently made to adjourn. At this, Mr. Davenport arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, —It is either the day of judgment, or it is not. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought, and that we proceed to business."

The time of the commencement of this extraordinary darkness was between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon of Friday, of the date already named; and it continued until the middle of the following night, but with different appearances at different places. As to the manner of its approach, it seemed to appear first of all in the south-west. The wind came from that quarter, and the darkness appeared to come on with the clouds that came in that direction. The degree to which the darkness arose varied in different localities. In most parts, it became so dense, that people were unable to read common print distinctly, or accurately determine the time of day by their clocks or watches, or dine, or manage their domestic affairs conveniently, without the light of candles. In some places, the degree of darkness was just about equal to preventing persons seeing to read ordinary print in the open air, for several hours together. The extent of this darkness was also very remarkable. It was observed at the most easterly regions of New England; westward, to the furthest parts of Connecticut, and at Albany; to the southward, it was observed all along the sea coasts; and to the north, as far as the American settlements extended. It probably far exceeded these boundaries, but the exact limits were never positively known. With regard to its duration, it continued in the neighborhood of Boston for at least fourteen or fifteen hours; but it was doubtless longer or shorter in some other places. The appearance and effects were such as tended to make the prospect extremely dull, gloomy, and unnatural. Candles were lighted up in the houses; the birds, in the midst of their blithesome forenoon enjoyments, stopped suddenly, and, singing their evening songs, disappeared, and became silent; the fowls retired to their roosts; the cocks were crowing in their accustomed manner at the break of day; objects could not be distinguished at a comparatively slight distance; and everything bore the aspect and gloom of night,—to say nothing of the effect upon the minds of the people, which, indeed, was quite indescribable.

The above general facts concerning this strange phenomenon were ascertained, after much painstaking inquiry, soon after its occurrence, by Prof. Williams, of Harvard College, who also collected together some of the more particular observations made in different parts of the country, relative to the remarkable event. From these data it appears that, with regard to the state of the atmosphere preceding this uncommon darkness, it was noticed in many sections, for several days before, that the air seemed to be of a smoky and vaporous character. The sun and the moon exhibited an unusual redness in their color, and divested of their usual brightness and lucid aspect; and this obscuration increased as they approached nearer to the horizon. This was ascertained to have been the case in almost all parts of the New England states, for four or five days preceding the nineteenth of May. The winds had been variable, but chiefly from the south-west and north-east. The thermometer indicated from forty to fifty-five degrees. The barometer showed a somewhat higher range than usual. The weather had been fair and cool for the season.

As to the state of the atmosphere when

the darkness came on, it was observable that the weight or gravity of it was gradually decreasing, the greater part of the day. According to the observations made at Cambridge, Mass., the mercury in the barometer was found, at twelve o'clock, to stand at twenty-nine inches, seventy; in half an hour after, the mercury had fallen the one-hundredth part of an inch; at one o'clock, it was twenty-nine inches, sixty-seven; at three o'clock, it was at twenty-nine inches, sixty-five; at eight minutes past eight, it was at twenty-nine inches, sixty-four. A similar course of barometrical observations made, at the same time, in another part of the state, showed as follows: at six o'clock in the morning, the mercury in the barometer was found to be at twenty-nine inches, eighty-two; as soon as the darkness began to appear uncommon, that is, at ten minutes past ten, the mercury was found at twenty-nine inches, sixty-eight; at quarter before eleven—the time of the greatest degree of darkness in that part of the country—the mercury was at twenty-nine inches, sixty-seven, the darkness continuing in the same degree for an hour and a half; at fifteen minutes past twelve, the mercury had fallen to twenty-nine inches, sixty-five, and, in a few minutes after this, the darkness began to abate; the mercury remained in this state during the whole evening, without any sensible alteration. At half-past eight, it seemed to have fallen a little, but so small was the alteration, that it was attended with some uncertainty, nor did it appear to stand any lower three hours later.

From these observations, it is certain that, on the day when the darkness took place, the weight or gravity of the atmosphere was gradually decreasing through the whole day. Both of the barometers in use were instruments of superior workmanship, and consequently to be depended on as to the accuracy of their indications.

The color of objects that day, is another point of interest. It is mentioned, in the record of observations made with reference to this feature of the phenomenon, that the complexion of the clouds was compounded of a faint red, yellow and brown, —that, during the darkness, objects which commonly appear green, were of the deepest green, verging to blue,—and that those which appear white, were highly tinged with yellow. This was the character of the observations, as given by almost every one who made any record of the day's appearance. But Prof. Williams states that, to him, almost every object appeared tinged with yellow, rather than with any other color; and this, whether the thing was near, or remote from the eye.

Another element of peculiarity, in this remarkable scene, was the nature and appearance of the vapors that were then in the atmosphere. Early in the morning, the weather was cloudy; the sun was but just visible through the clouds, and appeared of a deep red, as it had for several days before. In most places thunder was heard a number of times in the morning. The clouds soon began to rise from the south-west, with a gentle breeze, and there were several small showers before eight o'clock; in some places there were showers at other hours, throughout the day. The water that fell was found to have an unusual character, being thick, dark, and sooty. One observer, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, states, in this connection, that the strange appearance and smell of the rain-water which people had saved in tubs, was the subject of universal and wondering remark. On examining the water, there was found a light scum upon it, which, on being rubbed between the thumb and finger, seemed to resemble the black ashes of burnt leaves; the water also gave the same strong, sooty smell, which characterized the air. A similar appearance, in this respect, manifested itself in other localities; it was especially exhibited on the Merrimac river, large quantities of black scum being seen floating upon the surface of that stream, during the day. In the night, the wind veered round to the north-east, and drove this substance towards the south shore; when the tide fell, the matter lay for

many miles along the shore, the width of the deposit being some four or five inches. An examination of a considerable quantity of this substance, in several places, failed to show anything of a sulphurous nature, either in its taste, color, or smell. Prof. Williams states that, being apprehensive as to whether there was not some uncommon ingredient in the air that day, he put out several sheets of clean paper in the air and rain. When they had been out four or five hours, he dried them by the fire. They were much sullied, and became dark in their color, and felt as if they had been rubbed with oil or grease; but, upon burning them, there could not be detected any sulphurous or nitrous particles.

The motion and situation of the currents or bodies of vapor in the atmosphere likewise exhibited some striking peculiarities. In most places, it was very evident that the vapors were descending from the higher parts of the atmosphere towards the surface of the earth. A gentleman who made some special observations bearing upon this point, mentions a very curious circumstance, as to their ascent and situation, namely, that at about nine o'clock in the morning, after a shower, the vapors rose from the springs in the low lands, in great abundance. Notice was taken of one large column that ascended, with great rapidity, to a considerable height above the highest hills, and soon spread into a large cloud, then moved off a little to the westward. A second cloud was formed in the same manner, from the same springs, but did not ascend so high as the first; and a third was formed from the same places, in less than a quarter of an hour after the second. About three-quarters of an hour after nine o'clock, these clouds exhibited a very striking appearance. The upper cloud wore a peculiar reddish hue; the second showed in some places or parts a green, in others a blue, and in others an indigo color; while the surface of the third cloud was almost white.

Of a somewhat singular nature, also, is the fact, as related by another, that, while the darkness continued, the clouds were in quick motion, interrupted, skirted one over another, so as to form—at least to the eye of the beholder—a considerable number of strata, the lower stratum being of an uniform height as far as visible; but this height was conceived to be very slight, from the small extent of the horizon that could be seen, and from this circumstance observed in the evening. A lighted torch, held by a person passing along the street, occasioned a reflection of a faint red or copper-tinged light—similar to a faint aurora borealis,—the apparent height at which the reflection was made, being some twenty to thirty feet. And it was generally remarked, that the hills might be seen at a distance in some directions, while the intermediate spaces were greatly obscured or darkened.

It would thus appear, from the statements now cited, as if the vapors, in some places, were ascending; in most, descending; and, in all, very near to the surface of the earth. To this it may be added, that, during the darkness, objects seemingly cast a shade in every direction, and, in many instances, there were various appearances or corruscations in the atmosphere, not unlike the aurora borealis,—though it is not stated that any uncommon exhibitions of the electric fire were witnessed during the day. In some accounts, however, it is mentioned that a number of small birds were found suffocated by the vapor; some were found dead, and some flew affrighted, or stupefied, into the houses.

In New Haven, Conn., there was a shower of rain, with some lightning and thunder, about daybreak in the morning, the rain continuing, with intervals, until after sunrise. The morning was cloudy and darkish; and the sun, rising towards the zenith, gave no increase of light, as usual, but, on the contrary, the darkness continued to increase until between eleven and twelve o'clock, at which time there was the greatest obscurity in that place. What little motion of the air there was just at this period, was nearly from the

south; though the atmosphere was as calm as the blandest summer morning. There was something more of a luminous appearance in the horizon, than in the hemisphere in general; also, a most marked liveliness of tint to the grass and other green vegetation; and a very noticeable yellowness in the atmosphere, which made clean silver nearly resemble the color of brass. At about twelve o'clock, noon, the singular obscuration ceased; the greatest darkness, at any particular time, was at least as dense as what is commonly called 'candlelighting,' in the evening. In the town of Hartford, and the neighboring villages, the phenomenon was observed with all its distinctive peculiarities; and, by some persons, the disc of the sun was seen, at the time of the greatest deficiency of light.

such buildings. At twelve, the darkness was greatest, and a little rain fell; in the street, the aspect was like that at the beginning of evening, as lights were seen burning in all the houses. The clouds were thinnest at the north; at the northeast, the clouds were very thick, and so low that hills could not be seen at the distance of half a mile; south-westerly, hills might be clearly seen at the distance of twenty miles, though the intermediate space was so shaded that it was impossible to distinguish woodland from pasture. At half-past twelve, the clouds, having been hitherto detached, began to concentrate at such an height, that all the hills became visible, and the country around exhibited a most beautiful tinted verdure; at one, the clouds became uniformly spread, and the darkness was not greater

CHANGE OF SCENE AFTER THE DARK DAY.

In Middlesex county, Mass., the peals of thunder were loud and frequent at six o'clock in the morning, attended with heavy rain; at seven o'clock, the rain and thunder had ceased, but the sky continued cloudy. Between nine and ten o'clock, the clouds were observed to thicken, and to receive continual accessions from the low lands. Before ten, the darkness had sensibly increased, till it became difficult to read an almanac in a room having two windows; at eleven o'clock, candles were lighted, and at half-past eleven the darkness was so great in the meeting-house, where a court was then sitting, that it was difficult to distinguish countenances at the smallest distance, notwithstanding the large number of windows usual in

than is usual on a cloudy day. The same weather continued through the whole afternoon, except that the sun was seen for a few minutes, in some places, about three o'clock. At eight in the evening, the darkness was so impenetrably thick, as to render traveling positively impracticable; and, although the moon rose nearly full about nine o'clock, yet it did not give light enough to enable a person to distinguish between the heavens and the earth.

In the account of this phenomenon given by Dr. Tenney, of New Hampshire, an intelligent observer and writer, are some interesting details, gathered by him while on a journey to Pennsylvania, from the east. He repeats and confirms the state-

ment made by others, that, previously to the commencement of the darkness, the sky was overcast with the common kind of clouds, from which there was, in some places, a moderate fall of rain. Between these and the earth, there intervened another stratum, apparently of great thickness; as this stratum advanced, the darkness commenced, and increased with its progress till it came to its height, which did not take place till the hemisphere was a second time overspread—the uncommon thickness of this second stratum being probably occasioned by two strong currents of wind from the southward and westward, condensing the vapors and drawing them to the north-east.

The result of Dr. Tenney's journey,—during which he made the best use of his opportunities for information,—was, that the darkness appeared to be most gross in Essex county, Massachusetts, the lower part of the state of New Hampshire, and in portions of what was then the province of Maine. In Rhode Island and Connecticut it was not so great, and still less in New York; in New Jersey, the second stratum of clouds was observed, but it was not of any great thickness, nor was the darkness very uncommon; in the lower parts of Pennsylvania, no extraordinary scene was noticed.

Through the whole extent of country referred to, the lower cloud-stratum had an uncommon brassy hue, while the earth and trees were adorned with so enchanting a verdure as could not escape notice, even amidst the unusual atmospheric gloom that accompanied it. The darkness of the following evening was probably as deep and dense as ever had been observed since the Almighty fiat gave birth to light; it wanted only palpability to render it as extraordinary as that which overspread the land of Egypt, in the days of Moses. If every luminous body in the universe had been shrouded in impenetrable shades, or struck out of existence, it was thought the darkness could not have been more complete. A sheet of white paper, held within a few inches of the eyes, was equally invisible with the blackest velvet. And, considering the small quantity of light that was transmitted by the clouds, during the day, it is not surprising that, at night, a sufficient quantity of rays should not be able to penetrate the same strata, brought back by the shifting of the winds, to afford the most obscure prospect even of the best reflecting bodies. The denseness of this evening darkness was a fact universally observed and recorded.

In view of all the information contained in the various accounts of this day, it appears very certain that the atmosphere was charged with an unprecedented quantity of vapor,—from what primary cause has never been satisfactorily determined; and as the weather had been clear, the air heavy, and the winds small and variable for many days, the vapors, instead of dispersing, must have been constantly rising and collecting in the air, until the atmosphere became highly charged with them.

A large quantity of the vapors, thus collected in the atmosphere, on the day in question, was floating near the surface of the earth. Wheresoever the specific gravity of any vapor is less than the specific gravity of the air, such a vapor will, by the law of fluids, ascend in the air; where the specific gravity of a vapor, in the atmosphere, is greater than that of the air, such a vapor will descend; and where the specific gravity of the vapor and air are the same, the vapor will then be at rest,—floating or swimming in the atmosphere, without ascending or descending. From the barometrical observations, it appears that the weight or gravity of the atmosphere was gradually growing less, from the morning of the nineteenth of May, until the evening; and hence the vapors, in most places, were descending from the higher parts of the atmosphere, towards the surface of the earth. According to one of the observations cited, the vapors were noticed to ascend, until they rose to a height where the air was of the same specific gravity—a height not much above the adjacent hills,—and here they in-

stantly spread, and floated in the atmosphere. From these data, the conclusion is drawn, that the place where the vapors were balanced must have been very near the surface of the earth.

Reasoning from the premises thus set forth, Prof. Williams was of the opinion that such a large quantity of vapor, floating in the atmosphere, near the earth's surface, might be sufficient to produce all the phenomena that made the nineteenth of May, 1780, so memorable. Thus, the direction in which the darkness came on would be determined by the direction of the wind, and this was known to be from the south-west; the degree of the darkness would depend on the density, color, and situation of the clouds and vapor, and the manner in which they would transmit, reflect, refract, or absorb the rays of light; the extent of the darkness would be as great as the extent of the vapor; and the duration of it would continue until the gravity of the air became so altered that the vapors would change their situation, by an ascent or descent;—all of which particulars, it is claimed, agree with the observations that have been mentioned. Nor does the effect of the vapors, in darkening terrestrial objects, when they lay near the surface of the earth, appear to have been greater than it was in darkening the sun and moon, when their situation was higher in the atmosphere.

It being thus evident that the atmosphere was, from some peculiar cause (perhaps great fires in distant woods) charged, in a high degree, with vapors, and that these vapors were of different densities and occupied different heights,—the deduction is, that by this means the rays of light falling on them must have suffered a variety of refractions and reflections, and thereby become weakened, absorbed, or so reflected, as not to fall upon objects on the earth in the usual manner; and as the different vapors were adapted by their nature, situation, or density, to absorb or transmit the different kind of rays, so the colors of objects would appear to be affected by the mixture or prevalency of those rays which were transmitted through so uncommon a medium. This was the explanation suggested by Prof. Williams, though not to the exclusion of other theories.

But there were not wanting those—and a large number they were too—who gave play, in their minds, to the most strange opinions concerning the cause of so marvelous an appearance. It was imagined by some persons, that an eclipse of the sun, produced of course by an interposition of the moon, was the cause of the darkness—others attributed it to a transit of Venus or Mercury upon the disc of the sun—others imputed it to a blazing star, which they thought came between the earth and the sun. So whimsical, indeed, were some of the opinions which possessed men's minds at this time, that even so bare a vagary as that a great mountain obstructed the rays of the sun's light during that day, obtained advocates! Whether they thought that a new mountain was created and placed between the earth and the sun, or that a mountain from this globe had taken flight and perched upon that great luminary, does not appear.

That this darkness was not caused by an eclipse, is manifest by the various positions of the planetary bodies at that time, for the moon was more than one hundred and fifty degrees from the sun all that day, and, according to the accurate calculations made by the most celebrated astronomers, there could not, in the order of nature, be any transit of the planet Venus or Mercury upon the disc of the sun that year; nor could it be a blazing star—much less a mountain,—that darkened the atmosphere, for this would still leave unexplained the deep darkness of the following night. Nor would such excessive nocturnal darkness follow an eclipse of the sun; and as to the moon, she was at that time more than forty hours' motion past her opposition.

One of the theories, looking to a solution of the mysterious occurrence, which found defenders, was as follows: The heat of the sun causes an ascent of numerous particles

which consist of different qualities, such as aqueous, sulphurous, bituminous, salinous, etc.; hence the waters of the seas, rivers, and ponds; the fumes of burning volcanoes, caused by subterraneous veins of liquid fire; all the other kinds of smoke—fat, combustibles, oily matter from various kinds of earth, the juice of trees, plants and herbs; salinous and nitrous particles from salt, snow water, and kindred sources; —these are exhaled into the regions of the air, where their positions are subject to various mutations or changes by reason of the motion and compression of the air, causing them to be sometimes rarefied and sometimes condensed. It was (according to this theory,) a vast collection of such particles that caused the day of darkness; that is, the particles, after being exhaled, were driven together by certain winds from opposite points of the compass, and condensed to such a degree by the weight of the earth's atmosphere, that they obstructed the appearance of the rays of the sun by day, and those of the moon by night.

Having thus presented the facts and circumstances pertaining to this notable day in the history of the New England or northern states, it may not be amiss to add, that a similar day of mysterious darkness occurred on October 21, 1716; the day was so dark, that people were forced to light candles to dine by,—a darkness which could not proceed from any eclipse, a solar eclipse having taken place on the fourth of that month. There was also a remarkable darkness at Detroit and vicinity, October 19, 1762, being almost total for the greater part of the day. It was dark at day-break, and this continued until nine o'clock, when it cleared up a little, and, for the space of about a quarter of an hour, the body of the sun was visible, it appearing as red as blood, and more than three times as large as usual. The air, all this time, was of a dingy yellowish color. At half-past one o'clock, it was so dark as to necessitate the lighting of candles, in order to attend to domestic duties. At about three in the afternoon, the darkness became more dense, increasing in intensity until half-past three, when the wind breezed up from the southwest and brought on a slight fall of rain, accompanied with a profuse quantity of fine black particles, in appearance much like sulphur, both in smell and quality. A sheet of clean paper, held out in this rain, was rendered quite black wherever the drops fell upon it; but, when held near the fire, it turned to a yellow color, and, when burned, it fizzed on the paper, like wet powder. So black did these powdery particles turn everything upon which they fell, that even the river was covered with a black froth, which, when skimmed off the surface, resembled the lather of soap, with this difference, that it was more greasy, and its color as black as ink. At seven, in the evening, the air was more clear. This phenomenon was observed throughout a vast region of country; and, though various conjectures were indulged in, as to the cause of so extraordinary an occurrence, the same degree of mystery attaches to it as to that of 1780,—confounding the wisdom even of the most learned philosophers and men of science.

It may easily be imagined, that, as the deep and mysterious darkness which covered the land on the memorable nineteenth of May filled all hearts with wonder—and multitudes with fear,—so, the return, at last, of that brightness and beauty characteristic of the month and of the season, brought gladness again to the faces of the young, and composure to the hearts of the aged; for never before did nature appear clothed in so charming an attire of sunshine, sky and verdure.

IV.

TREASON OF MAJOR-GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD.—1780.

Darkest Page in American Revolutionary History.—Plot to Deliver West Point, the Gibraltar of America, Over to the British.—Movements of the Guilty Parties.—Discovery and Frustration of the Crime.—Major Andre, the British Spy, is Captured, and Swings from a Gibbet.—Escape of Arnold to the Enemy.—Is Spurned and Isolated in England.—Arnold's Unquestioned Bravery.—Commended by General Washington.—Infamous Personal Transactions.—Reprimanded by his Chief.—Determines on Revenge.—Correspondence with the Foe.—Ingratiates Washington's Favor Again.—Obtains Command of West Point.—Midnight Conference with Andre.—Andre Seized while Returning.—Astounding Evidence Against Him.—Attempts to Bribe His Captors.—Carried to American Head-Quarters.—Arnold Apprised of the Event.—A Hurried Farewell to His Wife.—Quick Pursuit of the Traitor.—He Reaches a British Man-of-War.—Washington's Exclamation at the News.—His Call on Mrs. Arnold.—Andre's Trial and Conviction.—Arnold's Reward for His Crime.—His Unlamented Death.

"Providence, which has so often and so remarkably interposed in our favor, never manifested itself more conspicuously than in the timely discovery of Arnold's horrid intention to surrender the post and garrison of West Point to the enemy."—WASHINGTON.

PRICE OF ARNOLD'S TREASON.

DARK and tragical, indeed, is that page in the history of the American revolutionary war, which records Benedict Arnold's atrocious scheme of treason against his native land, in its struggle against British oppression. Equally strange and startling is the story which narrates the discovery and frustration of so perfidious a plot. Around the memory of the unfortunate Andre, pity still wreathes her romantic chaplet; while the name of Arnold will, to the end of time, transfix every patriotic mind, as that of the blackest among modern criminals. The treacherous deed was committed, too, in a year of deep depression on the part of the Americans.

Of Arnold, personally and professionally, it may be remarked, that he was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1740, and began his business career at an early age, as a horse-dealer, and not over-scrupulous. He was also for a time a druggist and bookseller in New Haven. At the beginning of the war of the Revolution he placed himself at the head of a volunteer company, and soon distinguished himself; was associated also with General Montgomery in the expedition against Quebec. In this latter most disastrous affair, undertaken in severe weather, his illustrious colleague lost his life, and Arnold, who was severely wounded in the leg, displayed the highest abilities as a commander and the greatest gallantry as a soldier, eliciting Washington's warmest esteem and admiration. But, licentious and rapacious as he was brave and intelligent, he plundered Montreal in his retreat, and by his misconduct exasperated the minds of the Canadians, who previously were not hostile to the Revolution. After exhibiting great courage and skill on Lake Champlain, at Fort Schuyler, and the battle of Stillwater, his leg was shattered by a ball on the seventh of October, 1777, in a daring assault on

the English lines, which he penetrated, and but for his wound would have carried. Being thus unfitted for active service, he was appointed commander of the garrison at Philadelphia, but his dissipation, extortion, and peculation, at last subjected him to a trial by court martial, and to a reprimand from Washington, at the beginning of 1779. This sentence was approved by Congress, and carried into execution by General Washington. Embarrassed in his circumstances, disappointed in his expectations, and exasperated by disgrace, he formed the design of retrieving his misfortunes and satisfying his revenge, by betraying his country. It was in this wise:

While the British army was in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1778, a grand parting entertainment was given by the royalists to Sir William Howe, the British commander-in-chief. Major Andre, made Adjutant-General of the army by Howe's successor, was one of the chief managers of the affair. Miss Shippen, a Philadelphia belle (and who subsequently became Mrs. Arnold), figured conspicuously among the actors of the entertainment, and she and Andre kept up a correspondence afterward. Through this channel Arnold saw, after his marriage with Miss Shippen, an opportunity for communicating with Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York. In other words, he determined to betray his country,—being, in this respect, an almost solitary instance, Dr. Benjamin Church, of Massachusetts, surgeon-general, being the other principal offender.

Under fictitious names, and in the disguise of mercantile business, Arnold was even now in treacherous correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, through Major Andre. To him the British general committed the maturing of Arnold's treason, and, to facilitate measures for its execution, the sloop of war Vulture moved up the North river, and took a station convenient for the purpose, but not so near as to excite suspicion. An interview was agreed on, and in the night of September twenty-first, 1780, he was taken in a boat, which was dispatched for the purpose, and carried to the beach, without the posts of both armies, under a pass for John Anderson. He met General Arnold at the house of a Mr. Smith.

Yielding with reluctance to the urgent representations of Arnold, Andre laid aside his regimentals, which he had hitherto worn under a surtout, putting on a suit of ordinary clothes instead; and now, receiving a pass from the American general, authorizing him, under the feigned name of John Anderson, to "proceed on the public service to the White Plains, or lower if he thought proper," he set out on his return in the evening of the twenty-second, accompanied by Joshua Smith, and passed the night at Crompond. The next morning he crossed the Hudson to King's Ferry on the east side. A little beyond the Croton, Smith deeming him safe, bade him adieu. Alone, and without having excited the least suspicion, Andre passed the American guards, and was silently congratulating himself that he had passed all danger, when, coming to a place where a small stream crossed the road and ran into a woody dell, a man stepped out from the trees, leveled a musket, and brought him to a stand, while two other men, similarly armed, showed themselves prepared to second their comrades. The man who at first stepped out wore a refugee uniform. At sight of it, Andre's heart leapt, and he felt himself secure. Losing all caution, he exclaimed eagerly:

"Gentlemen, where do you belong? I hope to our party!"

"*What* party?" was their immediate inquiry in response; the trio consisting of scouting militiamen, named Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart.

"The party below,"—meaning New York, was the answer.

"We do," was the shrewd reply of the three, as they now seized the bridle of the unfortunate man's horse, and challenged his business in that place.

Seeing, beyond all doubt, the hands he had fallen into, Andre quickly shifted his tactics by jocosely remarking that what he

had first represented himself to be was merely by way of badinage, and that he was in reality a Continental officer, going down to Dobbs Ferry to get information from below; so saying, he drew forth and showed them the pass from General Arnold. This in the first place would have sufficed, but his strange conduct and imprudent speech had so thoroughly betrayed him, that the three militiamen insisted on searching his person. They therefore obliged him to take off his coat and vest, and found on him eighty dollars in Continental money, but nothing to warrant suspicion of anything sinister, and were about to let him proceed, when one of them—

marks on the works; also other important documents.

While dressing again, Andre endeavored to ransom himself from his captors. He would give any sum of money, if they would let him go; would give his horse, saddle, bridle, gold watch, and one hundred guineas, and would send them to any place that might be fixed upon.

Williams asked, ironically, whether he would not give more than all that.

Andre replied, that he would give any reward they might name either in goods or money, and would remain with two of their party while one went to New York to get it.

CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

Paulding, a stout-hearted youngster—exclaimed:

"Boys, I am not satisfied—his boots must come off."

At this Andre changed color. His boots, he said, came off with difficulty, and he begged he might not be subjected to the inconvenience and delay. His remonstrances were in vain. He was compelled to sit down; his boots were drawn off and the concealed papers discovered. Hastily scanning them, Paulding exclaimed—

"*My God! He is a spy!*"

The papers, which were in the handwriting of Arnold, contained exact returns of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defenses of West Point, with critical re-

Here Paulding broke in and declared with an oath, that if he would give ten thousand guineas he should not stir one step.

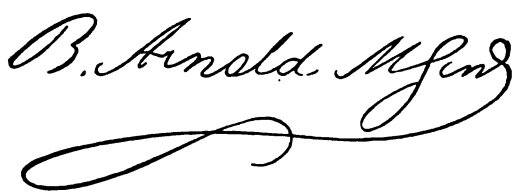
On the morning of the twenty-eighth of September, Andre, in charge of Major Tallmadge, was conveyed in a barge to King's Ferry. Being both young, of equal rank, and prepossessing manners, a frank and cordial intercourse grew up between them. By a cartel, mutually agreed upon, each might put to the other any question not involving a third person. They were passing below the rocky heights of West Point and in full view of the frowning fortress, when Tallmadge asked Andre whether he would have taken an active

part in the attack on it, should Arnold's plan have succeeded.

Andre promptly answered this question in the affirmative; pointed out a table of land on the west shore, where he would have landed a select corps, described the route he would have taken up the mountain to a height in the rear of Fort Putnam, overlooking the whole parade of West Point—"and this he did," writes Tallmadge, "with much greater exactness than I could have done. This eminence he would have reached without difficulty, as Arnold would have disposed of the garrison in such manner as to be capable of little or no opposition—and then *the key of the country would have been in his hands*, and he would have had the glory of the splendid achievement." Tallmadge ventured to ask Andre what was to have been his reward had he succeeded. To this the reply was: "Military glory was all I sought The thanks of my general and the approbation of my king would have been a rich reward for such an undertaking." Tallmadge also adds: "I think he further remarked, that, if he had succeeded, he was to have been promoted to the rank of a brigadier-general."

The news of Andre's arrest and Arnold's treason fell like a thunderbolt upon the public ear, and all hearts turned for relief to the wisdom of Washington. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, Andre asked permission of Colonel Jameson, as soon as he was taken to the latter's custody, to write to General Arnold, to inform him that 'Anderson' was detained. Not knowing the rank of his prisoner nor the magnitude of the plot, the letter was allowed by Jameson to be sent, and Arnold, being thus apprised, escaped. Colonel Jameson also forwarded to General Washington the papers found on the prisoner, and a statement of the manner in which he was taken.

The papers sent to Washington missed



him, as he did not return by the road he went, but took the northern route to Fishkill, where, September twenty-fourth, he arrived late in the afternoon, the very day after Andre's capture,—of which event and of Arnold's treason he was wholly unconscious. Stopping at Fishkill only a short time, he pushed on for the quarters of his brave general, Arnold, some eighteen miles distant. He had gone, however, but a mile or two, before he met the French minister, Chevalier Luzerne, on his way to Newport, to visit Rochambeau, the French naval commander. The latter prevailed on him to return to Fishkill for the night,

as he had matters of importance to communicate.

The next morning, Washington was early in the saddle, having sent word beforehand to Arnold that he would breakfast with him. It was a bright autumnal morning, and the whole party in high spirits pushed rapidly forward through the gorges of the Highlands. As they came opposite West Point, Washington, instead of continuing on to Arnold's quarters, which were on the same side, turned his horse down a narrow road toward the river. Lafayette observing this, exclaimed—

"General, you are going in the wrong direction; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us, and that road will take us out of the way."

Jameson, commanding at North Castle, announcing the capture of Andre, and who had been brought in to Jameson's post, by three militiamen, Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, his captors, whom the gallant but unfortunate man vainly endeavored to bribe, in order to his release. They knew him to be a spy, but were ignorant of his military rank.

Merely remarking that his presence at West Point was necessary, Arnold requested the aids to say to Washington on his arrival that he was unexpectedly called over the river, and would be back soon. Repairing to his wife's chamber, he sent for her at the breakfast table, and told her that he must instantly leave her and his country forever, for death was his certain doom if he did not reach the enemy before

WEST POINT IN 1780.

"Ah!" replied Washington, laughingly, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, and will be there in a short time."

The officers preferring not to proceed without him, two aids were dispatched to tell Arnold not to wait breakfast. The latter, therefore, with his family and the two aids sat down to the table. While they were conversing on indifferent topics, a messenger entered and handed a letter to Arnold, who opened and read it in presence of the company, without, of course, divulging its contents. It was from Colonel

he was detected. Paralyzed by the sudden blow, she fell senseless at his feet. Not daring to call for help, Arnold left her in that state, and rapidly descending to the door, mounted one of the horses belonging to Washington's aids, and taking a by-way pushed for the river, where his barge was moored. Jumping in, he ordered his six oarsmen to pull for Teller's Point. Stimulating them to greater efforts by the promise of two gallons of rum, he swept rapidly past Verplanck's Point, and as he approached the British ship Vulture, waved a white handkerchief, and was soon on board. In the meantime, Washington, having finished his survey, rode on to Arnold's house. Taking a hasty breakfast, and being informed that

Mrs. Arnold was in her room, unwell, he said he would not wait for Arnold to return, but cross over to West Point and meet him there. As the boat swept over the water, he remarked—

"Well, gentlemen, I am glad on the whole that General Arnold has gone before us, for we shall now have a salute, and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among these mountains."

At this moment an officer was seen coming down the rocky hill-side, to meet the barge. It was Colonel Lamb, who looked confounded on seeing the commander-in-chief. He commenced an apology, declaring that he was wholly ignorant of his excellency's intention to visit West Point.

"How is this, sir," broke in Washington, "is not General Arnold here?"

"No, sir," replied the colonel, "he has not been here these two days, nor have I heard from him in that time."

"This is extraordinary," replied Washington; "he left word that he had crossed the river. However, our visit must not be in vain. Since we have come, we must look around and see in what state things are with you."

And now it was that Hamilton broke the astounding news to his chief. The latter, stunned and bewildered, ordered Hamilton to mount a horse and ride as for life to Verplanck's Point, and stop Arnold, if possible; he called in Knox and Lafayette, and told them what had occurred, merely remarking at the close, "*Whom can we trust now?*" His countenance was calm as ever, and being informed that Arnold's wife was in a state bordering on insanity, he went up to her room to soothe her. In her frenzy she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when these disclosures of Arnold's treason and Andre's capture were made to Washington, and, an hour later, dinner being announced, he said—

"Come, gentlemen, since Mrs. Arnold is unwell and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony."

No one at the table but Knox and Lafayette knew what had transpired, nor did Washington exhibit any change of demeanor, except that he was more than usually stern in his voice and manner. But his mind, oppressed with nameless fears, wandered far away from that dinner table, and no sooner was the quiet repast over than he addressed himself to the task before him. He wrote rapidly, and couriers were soon seen galloping in every direction. He announced the treason to Colonel Wade, commanding at West Point, in the absence of Colonel Lamb, in the single sentence, "*General Arnold is gone to the enemy.*" Having done all he could to arrest the tremendous evils that threatened to overwhelm him, Washington retired late at night to his bed, fearful that the sound of the enemy's cannon, under the auspices of Arnold's treacherous schemes, would awake him before daylight. It happily did not prove so.

GENERAL ARNOLD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

A court-martial, having condemned Andre as a spy, Sir Henry Clinton, the British general, put forth every effort to avert the dreadful fate of his officer. He sent three commissioners to reason and remonstrate with the officers of the court. He appealed to Washington, while Arnold wrote him a threatening letter, declaring if Andre was hung he would revenge his death on every American prisoner that fell into his hands. Washington deigned no reply to the letter, but tenderly forwarded

Mrs. Arnold and her baggage over to the British side.

Washington, though his heart was filled with the keenest sorrow for the fate of one so universally beloved, and possessed of such noble qualities of heart and mind, refused to arrest the course of justice. As in all cases where great trouble came upon him, so in this, he said but little, but sternly and silently wrestled with it alone. Arnold was made brigadier-general in the British service, and put on an official level with honorable men, who scorned, however, to associate with him. What golden reward he was to have received had he succeeded in delivering West Point to the enemy, is not known; £30,000, most probably.

V.

CORNWALLIS SURRENDERS HIS SPLENDID ARMY TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.—1781.

Final Catastrophe to British Arms in America.—Consternation and Despair in the Cabinet of King George.—Their Vaunted Wager of Battle Returns to Them with the Loss of their Fairest Possession.—Washington's Countrymen Everywhere Hail and Extol Him as their Deliverer.—Last Act in the Military Drama.—Cornwallis Halts at Yorktown.—Makes it His Defensive Post.—Decoy Letter Sent by Washington.—The British Strongly Fortified.—American and French Forces United.—Their Advance on the Enemy.—Furious Bombardment.—Redoubts Stormed by Lafayette.—Both Sides Confident of Triumph.—British Efforts to Retreat.—Cornwallis Prefers Death to Defeat.—Reckless Bravery of Washington.—Ardor and Exultation of His Troops.—Cornwallis Fails of Re-enforcements.—He Asks a Cessation of Hostilities.—Forced to Yield the Struggle.—Universal Rejoicing of Americans.—Mortification of the English.—Eloquence of Burke, Fox, and Pitt.—They Demand that the War Cease.—The Voice of Parliament.—Commemorative Action by Congress.

"Oh, God! It is all over—it is all over!"—LORD NORTH, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND, ON HEARING OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER.

THE HOUSE WHERE CORNWALLIS SURRENDERED.

AT the head of a powerful army, with which he had just established himself in Virginia, Lord Cornwallis vauntingly wrote to General Clinton, his superior, as follows:—

"I have ventured, these last two days, to look General Washington's whole force in the face, in the position on the outside of my works, and have the pleasure to assure your Excellency that there is but one wish throughout the army, which is, *that the enemy would advance.*"

Scarcely did Cornwallis have time to awake from his day-dream of security, when a courier was thundering at the doors of the Continental Congress, with the following dispatch from General Washington: "I have the honor to inform congress that a reduction of the British army, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, is most happily effected. The unremitted ardor, which actuated every officer and soldier in the combined army on this occasion, has principally led to this important event, at an earlier period than my most sanguine hopes had induced me to expect. The singular spirit of emulation, which animated the whole army from the first commencement of our operations, has filled my mind with the

highest pleasure and satisfaction, and had given me the happiest presages of success."

A glorious event, one eliciting the most unbounded demonstrations of joy throughout the United States, and which completely destroyed British military power at the south, thus setting the seal of American success upon the contest with the mother country,—was the capture, as announced in the above dispatch, of Lord Cornwallis and his splendid army, at Yorktown, Virginia, in October, 1781, by the combined American and French forces under General Washington and Counts de Rochambeau and Grasse.

In the summer of 1781, Cornwallis had taken possession of several places in the south, and, in the latter part of July, desirous of establishing himself firmly in Virginia, he accordingly selected Yorktown as a suitable defensive post and capable of protecting ships of the line. Little did he think, as he began leisurely to fortify the place, that it was a net which would entangle him in crushed hopes and ruined fortunes. Yorktown is situated at the narrowest part of the peninsula formed by the York and James rivers, where the distance across is but eight miles. By placing his troops, therefore, around the village, and drawing about them a range of outer redoubts and field works calculated to command this peninsula, Cornwallis had, as he thought, established himself well.

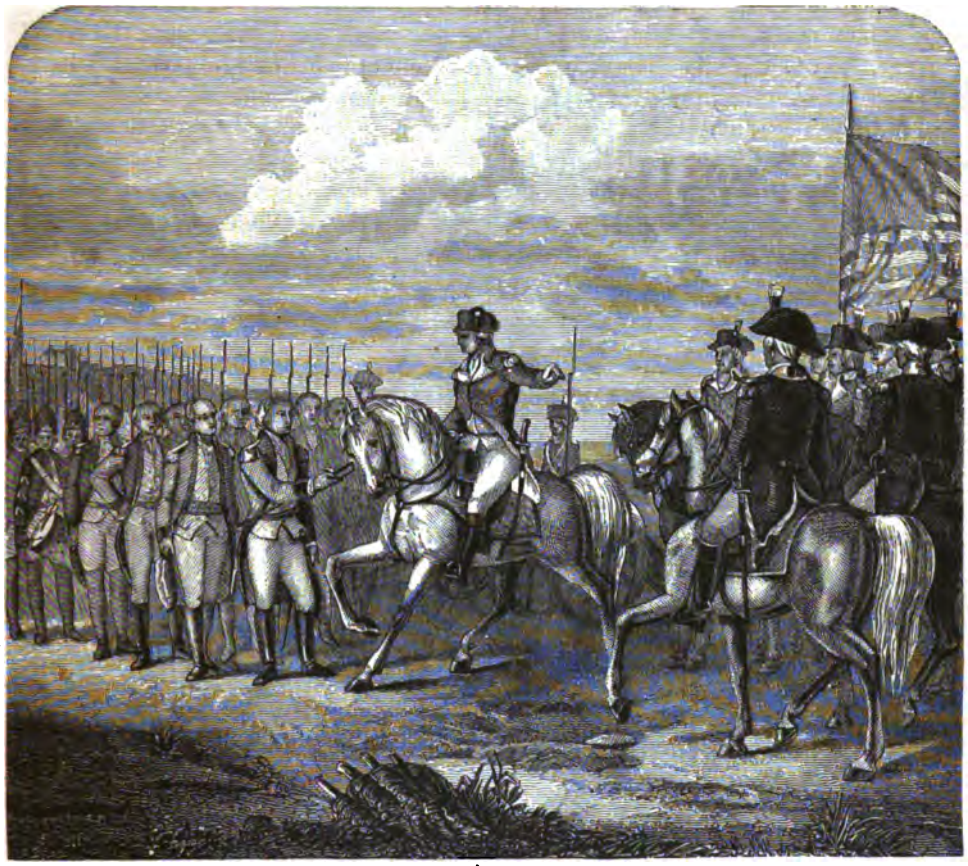
Lafayette, with an inferior number of troops, was at this time at Williamsburg, but was unable to make successful engagements with the superior force of the British. Seeing, at once, the importance of putting some check upon the progress of Cornwallis at the south, Washington determined to unite the American and French forces, then in the neighborhood of New York, and join Lafayette at Williamsburg. This junction was effected on the fourteenth of September, Washington being at the head of the American troops, and the Count de Rochambeau at the head of the French forces. At the same time the Count de Grasse, with his fleet, entered the Chesapeake, after a slight engagement with Admiral Graves off the capes, and was joined by the squadron of the Count de Barras from Newport. Three thousand men, under the Marquis St. Simon, were also added to the troops under Lafayette's command; and these combined forces then moved toward Yorktown and Gloucester, where Corwallis was stationed.

The British general had been expecting aid from Sir Henry Clinton at the north, but so adroitly had Washington withdrawn his troops, that Sir Henry scarcely suspected his design, till it was too late to frustrate it. On the thirteenth of September, the allied army occupied the outer lines of Cornwallis, which that general had abandoned without a struggle. Yorktown was in a short time completely invested; the American army occupying the right, and the French the left, forming a semi-circle with each wing resting upon the river. On the night of the sixth of October the besieging army broke ground within six hundred yards of the British lines; and the first parallel was completed with little loss. On the ninth and tenth, guns were mounted on the works, and the batteries began to play, with visible effect, on the lines of the enemy. Many of their guns were soon silenced, and their works damaged. By the eleventh, the enemy scarcely returned a shot. The shells and red-hot balls of the besiegers reached the shipping in the harbor, and set the Charon frigate of forty-four guns, and several large transports on fire, which were entirely consumed. On the night of the eleventh, the second parallel was begun within three hundred yards of the British lines. The working parties were not discovered until day-light, when the trenches were in a situation to cover the men.

But there were two redoubts in particular, in front of the British lines and which flanked the second parallel of the Americans, that gave great annoyance to the latter, and it was deemed necessary to carry them by storm. To prevent national jealousy, however, and to keep alive the

spirit of emulation which animated the co-operating armies, the attack of one was assigned to the American troops, and that of the other to the French. Lafayette commanded the American detachment, and the Baron de Viominet the French. Colonel Hamilton, who through this campaign commanded a battalion of light infantry, led the advanced corps of the Americans to the assault, while Colonel Laurens turned the redoubt and attacked in the rear, to prevent the retreat of the garrison. Without giving time for the abattis to be removed, and without firing a gun, the Americans gallantly assaulted, and instantly carried the works, with a small loss of men on either side. The redoubt attacked by the French being more strongly garrisoned made greater resistance, and was overcome with a much heavier loss. The success of these movements was a stunning blow to Cornwallis, who, in his confidence of triumph had so recently written to his superior, Sir Henry Clinton.

Having failed in his sortie, and knowing that his position had become untenable, the British general took the desperate resolution of crossing over to Gloucester Point in the night, and cutting his way through the blockading force there—then, mounting his men on whatever horses he could seize, make a rapid march northward and join Sir Henry Clinton! By this movement he would abandon his sick and baggage; but he would save himself the disgrace of a surrender. Boats were secretly procured, and the first embarkation reached the point safely and unperceived; but, at this juncture, a violent storm arose, which drove the boats down the river. The tempest continuing until day-light, the enterprise was necessarily given up, and the troops that had passed over gladly re-crossed to the southern field.



CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER.

In the mortification and anguish of his soul, Cornwallis shed tears, and expressed his preference for death rather than the ignominy of a surrender. But there was no resource—the handwriting on the wall was against him—the fate of war must be accepted. The siege had continued close for more than two weeks, and, notwithstanding the losses in killed, wounded, and missing, that had been sustained, the British army showed a handsome force of between seven and eight thousand trained fighting men, of unquestioned bravery, but who were soon to capitulate to the besieging forces, numbering, in all, some sixteen thousand men, less disciplined, perhaps, but determined and indomitable.

Of Washington, the central character and actor in this great drama, every American heart engrossingly thinks. Knowing that Sir Henry Clinton had written to Cornwallis, bidding him to strengthen his position at Yorktown, and promising him the immediate aid of both land and naval forces, Washington had, seasonably and with shrewd forecast, written a letter to Lafayette, then in Virginia, which he *caused to be intercepted.* In this letter he remarked that he was pleased with the probability that Earl Cornwallis would fortify either Portsmouth or Old Point Comfort, *for, were he to fix upon Yorktown,* from its great capabilities of defense, he might remain there snugly and unharmed, until a superior British fleet would relieve him with strong re-enforcements, or embark him altogether.

This decoy letter quieted the apprehensions of the British commander-in-chief as to the danger of Cornwallis, and produced those delays in the operations of Sir Henry, which, as will have been seen, tended so materially to the success of the allies and the surrender of Yorktown. Thus it was that Washington by his pen, laid the train of success so well. Nor less so with his sword. In the simultaneous attack upon the redoubts, made by the combined American and French army, Washington was an intensely-excited spectator. He had dismounted from his horse—the magnificent charger, named Nelson,—and put him in the care of a servant, while the general himself took his stand in the grand battery with his two chief generals, Lincoln and Knox, and their aids, and here he exposed himself to every danger.

When all was over, at this critical juncture,—the redoubts being taken, and Washington's intense anxiety so happily relieved,—the general drew a long breath, and looking at Knox with an expression of extreme satisfaction, remarked, briefly, "The work is done, and *well* done!" Motioning to his faithful servant, who was quickly in his presence, he said, "William, bring me my horse,"—mounting which, the chieftain proceeded to make sure that the success which had attended the first parallel was followed up energetically until no loop-hole was left, through which Cornwallis might escape. No such loop-hole was afforded, and Cornwallis's doom was sealed.

It was a proud day for the war-worn troops of America to see so fine an army not only within their grasp, but, to all intents and purposes, completely at their disposal,—waiting only those last formalities which give solemn dignity to the decrees already made by the sword,—and they saw, in the coming event, the final catastrophe of British rule in America,—the close of the Revolutionary drama,—the establishment of a free and independent republic. As already remarked, Cornwallis had hoped for succor to the last, but the slaughter of his men became too serious to be any longer endured, and finally the loud beat of the *chamade* was heard in the intervals of the explosions of cannon, and the firing ceased. Cornwallis then sent a flag of truce requesting a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, to arrange the terms of capitulation. To this Washington would not consent, fearing that the arrival of the English fleet in the meantime might alter the aspect of affairs, and allowed him but two hours in which to transmit his proposals. The full surrender took place the next day, October 19, 1781, the articles of capitulation being

signed by Cornwallis at the house of a Mr. Moore.

At about 12 o'clock of that day, the combined continental army was drawn up in two lines more than a mile in length, the Americans on the right side of the road, and their French allies on the left. Washington, mounted on a noble steed, and attended by his staff, was in front of the former; the Count de Rochambeau and his suite, of the latter. The French troops, in complete uniform, and well equipped, made a brilliant appearance, and had marched to the ground with a band of music playing, which was a novelty in the American service. The American troops, but part in uniform, and all in garments much the worse for wear, yet had a spirited soldier-like air, and were not the worse in the eyes of their countrymen for bearing the marks of hard service and great privations. The concourse of spectators drawn from all the neighboring country to witness a scene so thrilling and momentous, was almost equal in number to the military, but silence and order prevailed unbroken.

The enthusiasm throughout the country, on the surrender of Cornwallis, was unbounded. "*Cornwallis is taken!*" was the message which sped itself with the wings of the wind to every city, town and village, and was shouted by every mouth. But the mortification of Cornwallis was intense, and the British cabinet, on hearing the news, turned pale with despair. Lords Germain, Walsingham, and Stormount, proceeded to Lord North's house, and there, at midnight, announced to him the portentous dispatch. The haughty premier was astounded and humbled. In the words of Lord Germain, in answer to the inquiry how Lord North received the news?—"As he would have received a ball in his breast; for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly as he paced up and down the apartment, '*Oh God! It is all over—it is all over!*'" King George III. was at Kew, and the intelligence was forwarded to him at that place. He exhibited no loss of self-control, it is said, notwithstanding the hopes which had been centered in Cornwallis and his army, to give triumph to the British arms.

It is well known that, during the month of November, the accounts received by the British government, of Lord Cornwallis's embarrassments, gave great anxiety to the cabinet. Lord George Germain, in particular, conscious that on the prosperous or adverse result of Cornwallis's movements hinged the result of the whole American contest, as well as his own political fate—and probably the duration of the ministry itself,—expressed to his friends the strongest uneasiness on the subject. The meeting of parliament stood fixed for the 27th of that month. On the 25th, the official intelligence of the unconditional surrender of the British forces of Yorktown, arrived at Lord Germain's house. Lord Walsingham, who, previous to his father, Sir William de Grey's elevation to the peerage, had been under-secretary of state in that department, and who was to second the address in the house of lords, happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any unofficial person, Lord George, for the purpose of dispatch, immediately got with him into a hackney-coach, and drove to Lord Stormount's residence in Portland Place. Having imparted the disastrous information to him, they determined, after a short consultation, to lay the intelligence themselves in person before Lord North, with what result has already been stated on the authority of a writer in Blackwood's Magazine.

The next picture is that of a cabinet council in terror. When the first agitation had subsided, the four ministers discussed the question, whether it might not be expedient to prorogue the meeting of parliament for a few days; but as scarcely an interval of forty-eight hours remained before the appointed time of meeting, and as many members of both houses had arrived in London, or were on their way, the proposition was abandoned. It became, however, indispensable to alter, and almost remodel, the king's speech. This was done without delay, and at the same time

Lord George, as secretary for the American department, sent off a dispatch to the king, then at Kew, acquainting him with Cornwallis's fate.

One who was intimate in the circle of court actors and secrets at that time says: —I dined that day at Lord George's, and although the information which had reached London in the course of the morning from France, as well as from the official report, was of a nature not to admit of long concealment, yet it had not been communicated to me or any other individual of the company when I got to Pall Mall, between five and six o'clock. Lord Walsingham, who also dined there, was then the only person, except Lord George, officially knowing to the fact. The party, nine in number, sat down to the table. I thought the master of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no discomposure. Before dinner was over, a letter was brought from the king, by the messenger who had been dispatched to him with the startling intelligence. Lord Walsingham simply indulged in the observation: "The king writes just as he always does, except that I perceive he has neglected to mark the hour and minute of his writing with his usual precision." This remark, though calculated to awaken some interest, excited no comment; and while the ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, all manifestation of curiosity was repressed. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George having communicated the fact that information had just arrived from Paris of the old Count Maurepas, first minister of the French cabinet, lying at the point of death, the remark was made by one of the party—

"It would grieve me to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I first minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America."

"He *has* survived to see that event," at once replied Lord George Germain, with some agitation.

The conversation was continued, until, on the more particular mention of the Virginia campaign, the minister disclosed the full bearing of the intelligence he had received, saying—

"The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper."

The paper was taken from his pocket, and read to the company. The next question was one of rather an obtrusive kind, to learn what the king thought on the subject. In reply to this, the minister's remark did the highest credit to his majesty's firmness, fortitude and consistency. The minister even allowed the king's billet to be read, and it was as follows:—

'I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germain has made to me, of the unfortunate result of the operations to Virginia. I particularly lament it, on account of the consequences connected with it and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord Germain, nor any other member of the cabinet, will suppose that it makes the smallest alteration in those principles of my conduct, which have directed me in the past time, which will always continue to animate me under every event, in the prosecution of the present contest.'

The cabinet, strengthened by the royal determination, now recovered courage; they met parliament at the appointed time, and fought their battle there with unusual vigor. Perhaps in all the annals of senatorial struggle, there never was a crisis which more powerfully displayed the talents of the Commons. Burke, Fox, and Pitt, were at once seen pouring down the whole fiery torrent of declamation on the government.

But at all events, the success of the siege of Yorktown, it is generally understood, decided the revolutionary war. "The infant Hercules," said Dr. Franklin, "has now strangled the two serpents, that attacked him in his cradle." All the world agree that no expedition was ever better planned or better executed. For the

"great glory and advantage" of Cornwallis's subjection, Washington afterwards acknowledged himself chiefly indebted to the French alliance. And in the proceedings of congress upon the matter, it was amongst other things: 'Resolved, that congress cause to be erected at Yorktown a marble column, adorned with emblems of the alliance between the United States and France, and inscribed with a succinct narrative of the siege, and capitulation.' Special thanks were also tendered by that body's vote, to each commander engaged in the siege; and to Washington were presented two stands of colors taken from the enemy, and two pieces of field ordnance to Counts Rochambeau and de Grasse.

The next day after the surrender was the Sabbath, and Washington ordered special divine service in each of the brigades of the American army. He also by public proclamation congratulated the allied armies on the auspicious victory, awarding high praise to the officers and troops, both French and American, for their conduct during the siege, and specifying by name several of the generals and other officers who had especially distinguished themselves. All those of his army who were under arrest were pardoned and set free.

News of this glorious victory sped like lightning over the land. Washington dispatched at once one of his aids, Colonel Tilghman, to congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. The swift rider dashed on a gallop into the city at midnight—the clatter of his horse's hoofs the only sound that broke the silence of the deserted streets, as he pressed straight for the house of McKean, then president of congress. Thundering at the door as though he would force an entrance, he roused the sleeping president, saying, "Cornwallis is taken!" The watchmen caught the words, and when they called "One o'clock," they added, "and Cornwallis is taken!" As they moved slowly on their nightly rounds, windows were flung open and eager countenances were everywhere scanning the streets. A hum, like that of an awakening hive, immediately pervaded the city. The inhabitants went pouring into the streets, while shout after shout rose on the midnight air. The old bellman was roused from his slumbers, and soon the iron tongue of the bell at the state-house rang out, as of old, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." The dawn was greeted with the booming of cannon; and salvos of artillery, and shouts of joy, and tears of thanksgiving,

Cornwallis

accompanied the glad news as it traveled exultingly over the length and breadth of the land. Every voice was loud in its praise of General Washington, and of his gallant ally, the Count de Rochambeau.

It is stated as an interesting fact in the history of this great event and the character of the two chief commanders, that, on the day after the surrender, Cornwallis went in person to pay his respects to General Washington and await his orders. The captive chief was received with all the courtesy due to a gallant and unfortunate foe. The elegant manners, together with the manly, frank, and soldierly bearing of Cornwallis, soon made him a prime favorite at head-quarters, and he often formed part of the suite of the commander-in-chief in his rides to inspect the leveling of the works previous to the retirement of the combined American and French armies from before Yorktown. At the grand dinner given at the head-quarters to the officers of the three armies, Washington filled his glass, and, after his favorite toast, whether in peace or war, of "All our

friends," gave "The British army," with some complimentary remarks upon its chief, his proud career in arms, and his gallant defense of Yorktown. When it came to Cornwallis's turn, he prefaced his toast by saying that the war was virtually at an end, and the contending parties would soon embrace as friends; there might be affairs of posts, but nothing on a more enlarged scale, as it was scarcely to be expected that the ministry would send another army to America. Then turning to Washington, his lordship continued—

"And when the illustrious part that your excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your brightest laurels rather from the banks of the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake."

VI.

ADIEU TO THE ARMY BY WASHINGTON.—1783.

Affecting Interviews and Parting Words between the Great Chieftain and His Comrades-in-Arms.—Solemn Farewell Audience with Congress.—In Its Presence He Voluntarily Divests Himself of His Supreme Authority, Returns His Victorious Sword, and Becomes a Private Citizen.—History of the Election of a Military Leader.—America's Destiny in His Hands.—Appointment of George Washington.—The Army at Cambridge, Mass.—He Immediately Takes Command.—Is Enthusiastically Greeted.—Leads Its Fortunes Seven Years.—Record of His Generalship.—Ends the War in Triumph.—Scheme to Make Him King.—Indignantly Rebukes the Proposal.—Last Review of His Troops.—His Strong Attachment for Them.—Intention to Leave Public Life.—Congress Informed of this Fact.—Embarkation from New York.—Homage Paid Him Everywhere.—Arrival at Annapolis.—Proceeds to the Halls of Congress.—Impressive Ceremonial There.—Rare Event in Human History.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the theater of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."—WASHINGTON'S RETIREMENT AS REVOLUTIONARY LEADER.

WASHINGTON'S SWORD.

WHAT momentous object for which the War of Independence was for seven long years waged, under the supreme leadership of General Washington, having been achieved by the unconditional acknowledgment of that independence on the part of Great Britain, a cessation of hostilities was formally announced by congress to a rejoicing people. Washington's military course having thus honorably and successfully terminated, he, Cincinnatus-like, sheathed his sword, and surrendered his high commission to that power which had invested him with its authority. It will, therefore, not only be appropriate, but of peculiar interest, to link together, in one narrative, the circumstances attending his appointment to the responsible office of commander-in-chief of the revolutionary army, and that last great act—the Return of his Commission—in the stupendous drama of which he was the central figure.

To that sterling old patriot, John Adams, the credit of the wisdom of selecting Washington as military chieftain principally belongs. It was a question, on the decision of which hung the fate of the revolutionary cause; and in all parts of the country, among the people at large as well as in the more immediate circles of congress, by whom the great question was finally to be determined, the discussion as to who should be chosen as the nation's leader in the councils of war and on the battle-field, was universal. Mr. Adams states that in regard to this election, there was in congress a southern party against a northern, and a jealousy against a New England army under the command of a

New England general; but whether this jealousy was sincere, or whether it was mere pride and ambition—the ambition of furnishing a southern general to command the northern army,—was a matter of doubt. The intention, however, was very visible that Colonel Washington was their object.

The military ability which had been displayed, on different occasions, by Colonel Washington, were well understood, and, from the conspicuous positions in which he had thus been placed, and the sagacious judgment which was known to have characterized him in important emergencies, he had, for a long time past, enjoyed a fine reputation throughout the colonies, as a gallant and successful officer. He was only in a moderate sense a partisan, in the difficulties and discussions which had arisen between his own and the mother country; but, from the very first, he exhibited sufficient repugnance to any attitude of vassalage, on the part of his countrymen, to show that he would be no willing subject of coercion, should the pretensions of the British be attempted to be carried out by threats, or by recourse to arms.

When congress had assembled, Mr. John Adams arose in his place, and in as short a speech as the subject would admit represented the state of the colonies, the uncertainty in the minds of the people, their great expectation and anxiety, the distresses of the army, the danger of its dissolution, the difficulty of collecting another; and the probability that the British army would take advantage of these delays, march out of Boston, and spread desolation as far as they could go. He concluded with a motion, in form, that congress would adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a general; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a general, yet as there existed reasons for believing this to be the greatest difficulty, he had no hesitation to declare that there was but one gentleman in his mind for that important office, and that was a gentleman from Virginia—one of their own number, and well known to them all,—a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent general character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union.

Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard this allusion to himself, with his usual modesty, darted into the library room.

The subject came under debate, and several gentlemen declared themselves against the appointment of Mr. Washington, not on account of any personal objection against him, but because the army were all from New England, had a general of their own, appeared to be satisfied with him, and had proved themselves able to imprison the British army in Boston. Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, and Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, were very explicit in declaring this opinion. Mr. Cushing and others more faintly expressed their opposition, and their fears of discontent in the army and in New England. Mr. Paine expressed a great opinion of General Ward, and a strong friendship for him, having been his classmate at college, or, at least, his contemporary; but gave no opinion on the question. The subject was postponed to a future day. In the meantime, pains were taken out of doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were generally so clearly in favor of Washington, that the dissenting members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition, and Mr. Washington was nominated by Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, unanimously elected, and the army adopted.

His official commission was at once drawn up and presented to him; a copy of which most interesting document is given below:—

"*In Congress.* We the delegates of the United Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New Castle, Kent, and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina,

To George Washington, Esquire:

We, reposing special trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct, and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be GENERAL and COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the army of the United Colonies, and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them, and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their services and join the said army for the defense of American liberty, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof. And you are hereby invested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service.

And we do hereby strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders, and diligent in the exercise of their several duties.

And we do also enjoin and require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing strict discipline and order to be observed in the army, and that the soldiers are duly exercised and provided with all convenient necessaries.

And you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war, (as herewith given you,) and punctually to observe and follow such directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the said United Colonies, or a Committee of Congress for that purpose appointed.

This commission to continue in force till revoked by this or a future Congress.

By order of Congress.

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

Dated, Philadelphia, June 19, 1775.

Attest, CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary."

On the second day of July, 1775, Washington arrived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, accompanied by Major-General Lee, his next in command, and other officers, establishing his head-quarters at the mansion subsequently occupied by Longfellow, the elegant scholar and poet. At about nine o'clock on the morning of the next day, Washington, attended by a suitable escort, proceeded from his head-quarters to a great elm tree—one of the majestic natives of the forest,—near Harvard College, and where the continental forces were drawn up in military order. Under the shadow of that wide-spreading tree, Washington, moving forward a few paces, drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the American army, declaring that it should

THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

never be sheathed until the liberties of his country were established. The record of his services is the history of the whole war. Joining the army in July, 1775, he compelled the British to evacuate Boston in March, 1776; he then followed the British to New York, fighting the battle of Long Island on the twenty-seventh of August, and that of White Plains on the twenty-eighth of October. On the twenty-fifth of December he made the memorable passage of the Delaware, and soon gained the victories of Trenton and Princeton. The battle of Brandywine was fought on the eleventh of September, 1777, and that of Germantown, October fourth. February twenty-eighth, 1778, witnessed his "glorious and happy day," as he himself termed it, at Monmouth. In 1779 and 1780 he conducted the military operations in the vicinity of New York; after which, in 1781, he marched to Virginia to watch the movements of Lord Cornwallis, whom he forced to surrender at Yorktown, in October, by which great achievement he put an end to the active operations of the revolutionary struggle, and secured peace and independence to his country.

With the return of peace, and the achievement of independent nationality,

the wisdom and patriotism of Washington were to be severely tested, and in a most unexpected manner, in connection with the form of government to be adopted by the United States. The English government was regarded by many of the strongest American minds as, in most respects, a model one; and by many persons the English form of a constitutional monarchy was decided, especially by some of the army officers, to be the most promising, and thus far the most successful, experiment in government, and the one most

WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION.

likely to be adopted by America upon due deliberation. Universal dissatisfaction was felt with the proceedings and conduct of congress as a governing power, and therefore some agency superior to that, and of controlling prerogative, was proposed,—a head, like the English sovereign, with proper safeguards against usurpation. Circumstances, of course, indicated Washington as that head, and the next question naturally arose—under what official title should such a head rule? The officers around Newburgh who were associated in this scheme called a secret meeting, and finally determined on the title of KING, and Washington was informed of the fact. He spurned the gilded bribe of a king's crown, and promptly and sternly rebuked the abettors of the scheme in the following letter addressed to their leader:

"*Sir*,—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of this war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of

myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more serious wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and, as far as my power and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."

In perfect keeping with the spirit in which Washington treated the dazzling offer thus so unexpectedly set before him, was the simplicity of his conduct in bidding adieu to his comrades-in-arms, and then presenting himself before congress, there to deliver up his sword, and voluntarily divest himself of the supreme command;—in the serene and thoughtful phraseology of his own words, "to address himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United States, however widely dispersed the individuals who compose them may be, and to bid them an affectionate and a long farewell."

For the last time, he assembled them at Newburgh, when he rode out on the field, and gave them one of those paternal addresses which so eminently characterized his relationship with his army. To the tune of "Roslin Castle,"—the soldier's dirge,—his brave comrades passed slowly by their great leader, and filed away to their respective homes. It was a thrilling scene. There were gray-headed soldiers, who had grown old by hardships and exposures, and too old to begin life anew; tears coursed freely the furrowed cheeks of these veterans. Among the thousands passing in review before him were those, also, who had done valorous service when the destiny of the country hung tremblingly in the balance. As Washington looked upon them for the last time, he said, "I am growing old in my country's service, and losing my sight; but I never doubted its justice or gratitude." Even on the rudest and roughest of the soldiery, the effect of his parting language was irresistible.

On the fourth of December, 1783, by Washington's request, his officers, in full uniform, assembled in Fraunces's tavern, New York, to take a final leave of their commander-in-chief. On entering the room, and finding himself surrounded by his old companions-in-arms, who had shared with him so many scenes of hardship, difficulty, and danger, his agitated feelings overcame his usual self-command. Every man arose with eyes turned towards him. Filling a glass of wine, and lifting it to his lips, he rested his benignant but saddened countenance upon them, and said,—

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous as your former ones have been honorable and glorious." Having drunk, he added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand." A profound silence followed, as each officer gazed on the countenance of their leader, while the eyes of all were wet with tears. He then expressed again his desire that each of them should come and take him by the hand. The first, being nearest to him, was General Knox, who grasped his hand in silence, and both embraced each other without uttering a word. One after another followed, receiving and returning the affectionate adieu of their commander, after which he left the room in silence, followed by his officers in procession, to embark in the barge that was to convey him to Paulus's Hook, now Jersey City. As he was passing through the light infantry drawn up on either side to receive him, an old soldier, who was by his side on the terrible night of his march to Trenton, stepped out from the ranks, and reaching out his arms, exclaimed, "*Farewell, my dear general, farewell!*" Washington seized his hand most heartily, when

the soldiers forgot all discipline, rushed towards their chief, and bathed him with their tears. The scene was like that of a good patriarch taking leave of his children, and going on a long journey, from whence he might return no more.

Having entered the barge, he turned to the weeping company upon the wharf, and waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. They stood with heads uncovered, until the barge was hidden from their view, when, in silent and solemn procession, they returned to the place where they had assembled. Congress was at this time in session at Annapolis, Maryland, to which place Washington now proceeded, greeted along his whole route with enthusiastic homage, for the purpose of formally resigning his commission. He arrived on the nineteenth of December, 1783, and the next day he informed congress of the purpose for which he had come, and requested to know whether it would be their pleasure that he should offer his resignation in writing, or at an audience. A committee was appointed by congress, and it was decided that on Tuesday, December twenty-third, the ceremonial should take place as follows:—

The president and members are to be seated and covered, and the secretary to be standing by the side of the president; the arrival of the general to be announced by the messenger to the secretary, who is thereupon to introduce the general, attended by his aids, into the hall of congress; the general, being conducted to a chair by the secretary, is to be seated, with an aid on each side standing, and the secretary is to resume his place. After a proper time for the arrangement of spectators, silence is to be ordered by the secretary, if necessary, and the president is to address the general in the following words: "*Sir*,—The United States in congress assembled are prepared to receive your communications." Whereupon the general is to arise and address congress; after which he is to deliver his commission and a copy of his address to the president. The general having resumed his place, the president is to deliver the answer of congress, which the general is to receive standing; the president having finished, the secretary is to deliver the general a copy of the answer, and the general is then to take his leave. When the general rises to make his address, and also when he retires, he is to bow to congress, which they are to return by uncovering without bowing.

When the hour arrived, the president, General Mifflin, informed him that that body was prepared to receive his communications. With a native dignity, heightened by the solemnity of the occasion, the general rose. In a brief and appropriate speech he offered his congratulations on the termination of the war, and having alluded to his object in appearing thus in that presence,—that he might resign into the hands of congress the trust committed to him, and claim the indulgence of retiring from the public service,—he concluded with those affecting words, which drew tears from the eyes of all in that vast assembly:

"I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them, to his holy keeping. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the theater of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

After advancing to the chair, and delivering his commission to the president, he returned to his place, and remained standing, while General Mifflin replied, reviewing the great career thus brought to a close, and saying, in conclusion:

"The glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate the remotest ages. We join with you in commending the interests of our country to Almighty God, beseeching Him to dispose the hearts and

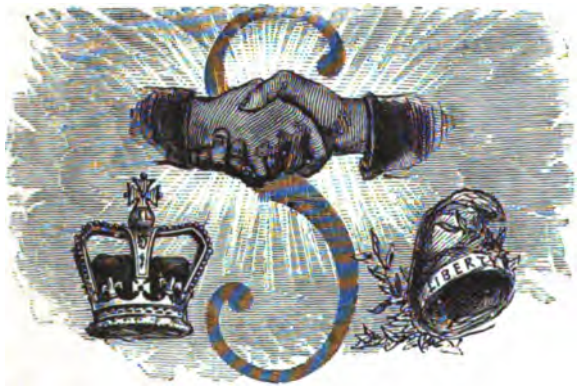
minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you, we address to Him our warmest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all His care, that your days may be as happy as they have been illustrious, and that He will finally give you that reward which this world cannot bestow."

VII.

APPOINTMENT OF THE FIRST MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY, FROM THE NEW REPUBLIC TO THE ENGLISH COURT.—1785.

John Adams, America's Sturdiest Patriot, and the Foremost Enemy of British Tyranny, Fills this High Office.—Interview between Him and King George, His Late Sovereign.—Their Addresses, Temper, Personal Bearing, and Humorous Conversation.—The Two Men Rightly Matched Against Each Other.—Old Animosities Unhealed.—Mutual Charges of False Dealing.—Settlement Demanded by the United States.—What Adams's Mission Involved.—Dismemberment of the British Realm.—Loss of the Fairest Possession.—Bitter Pill for the King.—His Obstinacy Forced to Yield.—Humiliation of the Proud Monarch.—All Europe Watches the Event.—Mr. Adams Presented at Court.—Patriot and King Face to Face.—Official Address by the Minister.—Reply of King George.—His Visible Agitation.—Adams's Presence of Mind.—Pays His Homage to the Queen.—Her Majesty's Response.—Civilities by the Royal Family.—Results of this Embassy.—Pitiable Position of George the Third.—Fatal Error of Great Britain.

"I must avow to your majesty, I have no attachment but to my own country."—JOHN ADAMS TO KING GEORGE.
"An honest man will have no other."—THE KING'S INSTANT REPLY.



AMITY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

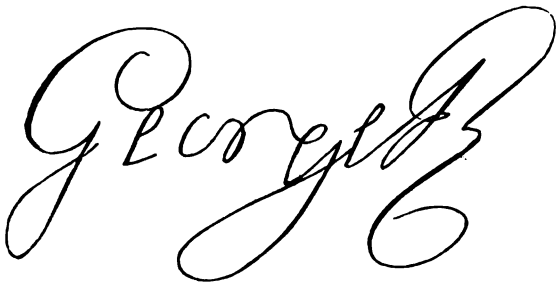
SO deep-seated and festering were the old animosities between America and the mother country, that, scarcely had the war of the revolution terminated, when the two nations reciprocally charged each other with violating the treaty of peace. The United States were accused of having infringed those articles which contained agreements respecting the payment of debts, the confiscation of property, and prosecution of individuals for the part taken by them during the war. On the other hand, the English were charged with violating that article which stipulated against the destruction or carrying away of any description of American property; the king was also complained of, for still retaining possession of the posts on the American side of the great lakes, thus influencing the Indian tribes to hostility; and, above all other sources and causes of complaint, in the conduct of Great Britain, was her rigorous and restrictive commercial system.

These growing misunderstandings between the two countries, discussed with such angry vehemence on both sides, threatened such serious consequences should their adjustment be much longer delayed, that congress determined upon the important step of

appointing, after the manner of independent nations, *a Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Great Britain!*

In February, 1785, John Adams was duly accredited ambassador, to represent the United States at that court.

That George the Third was as obstinate a man as ever ruled a kingdom, no historian has ever questioned. Having struck at the rights and liberties of America, in order to add to the riches of his coffers, nothing could turn him from his determin-



ation to rule, or to ruin and destroy. To the suggestion that the king's rule over the colonies might be slightly softened or modified, Lord North despairingly replied: "It is to no purpose the making objections, for the king will have it so." But in no more forcible phrase could the king's arbitrary temper concerning his colonies be shown, that in that which fell from his own lips, in the presence of the new envoy, namely, "*I was the last man in the kingdom, sir, to consent to the independence of America.*"

Of all the opponents of British misrule, in the western world, John Adams was the earliest, ablest, most intrepid and untiring. It was John Adams, who, in 1775, in the memorable continental congress, at Philadelphia, suggested George Washington as commander-in-chief of the army that was to wage war against Great Britain—and, even before this crowning act, had sent across the Atlantic, ringing into the ears of the haughty monarch, the epithets *tyrant* and *usurper*.

The kingly ceremony of acknowledging the colonies independent took place, in conformity with previous arrangements, on the fifth of December, 1782, in the house of lords. The scene was one which drew together an immense and wondering crowd of spectators, conspicuous among whom was the celebrated admiral Lord Howe, who had just returned from a successful relief of Gibraltar, and who had now elbowed himself exactly in front of the throne, to listen, sadly, to his country's humiliation. The ladies of the nobility occupied the lords' seats on the woolsacks, so called, as an emblem of the power and wealth of old England, because it had been mainly derived from wool. The lords were standing here and there promiscuously. It was a dark and foggy day, and the windows being elevated and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond-cut panes of glass, augmented the gloom. The walls were also hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the great Spanish armada. The celebrated American painters, West and Copley, were in the throng, with some American ladies, also a number of dejected-looking American royalists. After a tedious suspense of nearly two hours, the approach of the king was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself in the chair of state, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting on a stool. He was clothed in the magnificent robes of British majesty. Evidently agitated, he drew slowly from his pocket a scroll containing his humbling speech. The commons were

summoned, and, after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, the thrilling moment arrived, when the speech was to be read. After some general remarks, usual on public occasions, he said:

"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures, in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the power vested in me, and therefore I now declare them"—here he paused, in evident agitation, either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very natural emotion, but, recovering himself in a moment by a strong convulsive movement, he added—"*free and independent states.* In thus admitting their separation from the crown of this kingdom, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own, to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

It was universally remarked of King George, that, though celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, composed, and impressive manner, he was on this occasion painfully lacking in his usual self-possession; he hesitated, choked, and executed the high but humbling duties of the occasion, in a manner which showed that he was deeply mortified.

Mr. Adams was at Paris when he received information of his appointment, in 1785, to confront his late king and royal master. In an account given by Mr. Adams himself, of his movements at this time, he says: At Versailles, the Count de Vergennes said he had many felicitations to give me upon my appointment to England. I answered that I did not know but it merited compassion more than felicitation. "Ay, why?" "Because, as you know, it is a species of degradation, in the eyes of Europe, after having been accredited to the king of France, to be sent to any other court."

"But permit me to say," replies the count, "it *is a great thing to be the first ambassador from your country to the country you sprang from.* It is a mark."

One of the foreign ambassadors said to me—

"You have been often in England."

"Never, but once in November and December, 1783."

"You have relations in England, no doubt."

"None at all."

"None, how can that be? you are of English extraction."

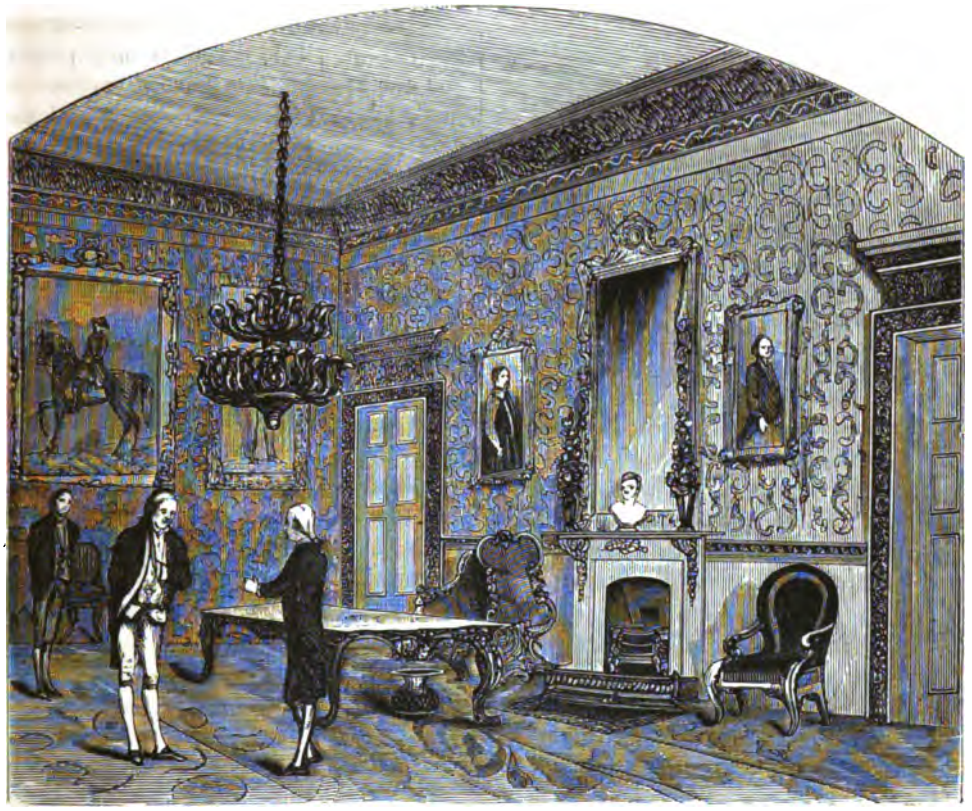
"Neither my father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, great grandfather or great grandmother, nor any other relation that I know of, or care a farthing for, has been in England these one hundred and fifty years; so that you see I have not one drop of blood in my veins but what is American."

"Ay, we have seen *proof enough of that.*"

In the month of May, Mr. Adams transferred himself and family to the other side of the channel, prepared to undertake the new duties to which he had been appointed. The first thing to be done was to go through the ceremony of presentation to the sovereign; to stand face to face with the man whom he had for the first forty years of his life habitually regarded as his master, and who never ceased to regard him, and the rest of his countrymen, as no better than successful rebels

against his legitimate authority. In his dispatch to Mr. Jay, then American secretary of foreign affairs, Mr. Adams gave the following very interesting account of this meeting:—

At one o'clock on Wednesday, the first of June, 1785, the master of ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the secretary of state's office, in Cleveland Row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received and introduced me to Mr. Frazier, his under secretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office, through all the changes in administration, for thirty years. After a short conversation, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to court. When we arrived in the ante-chamber, the master of ceremonies introduced him, and attended me while the secretary of state went to take the commands of the king. While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of ceremonies, the room was very full of ministers of state, bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the king's bed-chamber. You may well suppose I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me and entertained me with a very agreeable conversation during the whole time. Some other gentlemen, whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments to me, until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned and desired me to go with him to his majesty. I went with his lordship through the levee room into the king's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his majesty and the secretary of state alone. I made the three reverences: one at the door, another about halfway, and another before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe, and



FIRST MINISTER TO ENGLAND. RECEPTION OF JOHN ADAMS.

then I addressed myself to his majesty in the following words:

"SIRE: The United States have appointed me minister plenipotentiary to your majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obe-

John Adams

dience to their express commands, that I have the honor to assure your majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your family.

The appointment of a minister from the United States to your majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character, and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection; or, in better words, 'the old good nature and the good old humor,' between people who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood. I beg your majesty's permission to add, that, although I have sometimes before been instructed by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself."

The king listened to every word I said, with dignity, it is true, but with apparent emotion. Whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said—

"SIR: The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but I am glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed my people. I will be frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having become inevitable, I have always said, as I now say, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural, full effect."

The king then asked me whether I came last from France; upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and, smiling, or rather laughing, said—

"There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France."

"That opinion, sir, is not mistaken; *I must avow to your majesty, I have no attachment but to my own country.*"

The king replied as quick as lightning—

"*An honest man will have no other.*"

The king then said a word or two to the secretary of state, which, being between them, I did not hear, and then turned round and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes when they give the signal to retire. I retreated, stepping backwards, as is the etiquette, and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber.

Mr. Adams was yet to pay his first court of homage to the queen. He was presented to her on the ninth of June, by Lord Allesbury, her lord-chamberlain,—having first been attended to his lordship and introduced to him by the master of the ceremonies. The queen was accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting, and Mr. Adams made his compliments to her majesty in the following words:

"MADAM,—Among the many circumstances which have rendered my mission to his majesty desirable to me, I have ever considered it a principal one, that I should have an opportunity of paying my court to a great queen, whose royal virtues and talents have ever been acknowledged and admired in America, as well as in all the nations of Europe, as an example to princesses and the glory of her sex.

Permit me, madam, to recommend to your majesty's royal goodness a rising empire and an infant virgin world.

Another Europe, madam, is rising in America. To a philosophical mind, like your majesty's, there cannot be a more pleasing contemplation, than the prospect of doubling the human species, and augmenting, at the same time, their prosperity and happiness. It will, in future ages, be the glory of these kingdoms to have peopled that country, and to have sown there those seeds of science, of liberty, of virtue, and permit me, madam, to add, of piety, which alone constitute the prosperity of nations and the happiness of the human race.

After venturing upon such high insinuations to your majesty, it seems to be descending too far, to ask, as I do, your majesty's royal indulgence to a person who is indeed unqualified for courts, and who owes his elevation to this distinguished honor of standing before your majesty, not to any circumstances of illustrious birth, fortune, or abilities, but merely to an ardent devotion to his native country, and some little industry and perseverance in her service."

To this address of Mr. Adams, the queen answered, in the accustomed royal brevity, as follows:

"I thank you, sir, for your civilities to me and my family, and am glad to see you in this country."

The queen then asked Mr. Adams if he had provided himself with a house, to which question answer was made that he had agreed for one that morning. She then made her courtesy, and the envoy made his reverence, retiring at once into the drawing-room, where the king, queen, princess royal, and the younger princess, her sister, all spoke to the new minister very courteously.

But, notwithstanding the memorable historical bearings of this mission of the great American statesman, as first ambassador of the new-born republic, to his late august sovereign,—a mission which riveted the attention of the civilized world,—and although George the Third had submitted with dignity to the painful necessity of such a meeting, the embassy was attended with no permanently favorable result either to America or to Mr. Adams. Indeed, of the many humiliations which befell the unhappy George, perhaps few were felt so bitterly as this almost compulsory interview with the representative of a people, once his subjects, afterwards rebels, and now free.

Well and truthfully has the historian said, that, in the conduct of the king, on this occasion, the obvious wisdom of conciliating the young and rising nation on the western side of the Atlantic was forgotten, and the error of supercilious neglect was preferred. Throughout the whole political history of Great Britain

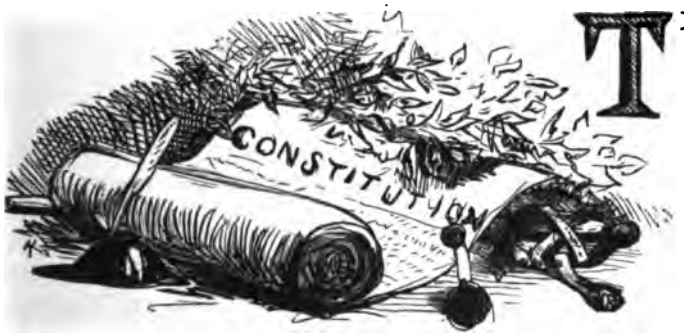
this marked fault may be traced in its relations with foreign nations, but it never showed itself in more striking colors than during the first half century after the independence of the United States. The effects of the mistake then committed have been perceptible ever since.

VIII.

FORMATION AND ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.—1787.

The United States no Longer a People Without a Government.—Establishment of the Republic on a Permanent Foundation of Unity, Organic Law and National Polity.—Dignity, Learning, and Eloquence of the Delegates.—Sublime Scene on Signing the Instrument.—Extraordinary Character of the Whole Transaction.—State of Things After the War.—Financial Embarrassment.—Despondency of the People.—Grave Crisis in Public Affairs.—A Grand Movement Initiated.—Plan of Government to be Framed.—All the States in Convention.—Washington Chosen to Preside.—Statesmen and Sages in Council.—The Old Compact Abrogated.—New Basis of Union Proposed.—Various Schemes Discussed.—Jealousy of the Smaller States.—Angry Debates, Sectional Threats.—Bad Prospects of the Convention.—Its Dissolution Imminent.—Franklin's Impressive Appeal.—Compromise and Conciliation.—Final System Agreed Upon.—Patriotism Rules all Hearts.—Ratification by the States.—National Joy at the Decision.

"Should the states reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again be offered to cancel another in peace—the next will be drawn in blood."—REMARK OF WASHINGTON ON SIGNING THE CONSTITUTION.



ENROLLING THE CONSTITUTION.

THOUGH the close of the war of independence resulted in the establishment of a free nationality, it nevertheless brought anxious solicitude to every patriot's mind, and this state of apprehension and disquietude increased with each succeeding year. The state debts which had been incurred in anticipation of prosperous times, operated severely, after a while, on all classes in the community; to meet the payment of these debts, at maturity, was impossible, and every relief-act only added to the difficulty. This, and kindred troubles, financial and governmental, impressed the people with the gloomy conviction that the great work of independence, as contemplated in the revolutionary struggle, was only half done. It was felt that, above all things, a definite and organic form of government—reflecting the will of the people—should be fixed upon, to give energy to national power, and success to individual and public enterprise. So portentous a crisis as this formed another epoch for the display of the intellectual and political attainments of American statesmen, and the ordeal was one through which they passed with the highest honor, and with ever-enduring fame, at home and abroad. New men appeared on the stage of legislative council and action, and it was found that the quan-

tity of talent and information necessary in the formation period of a new republic had greatly increased in the various states. But, in especial, the great minds that achieved the revolution beheld with deep concern their country impoverished and distracted at home, and of no consideration among the family of nations.

A change was now to be wrought, the grandeur of which would be acknowledged throughout all lands, and its importance reach forward to the setting of the sun of time. The same hall which had resounded with words of patriotic defiance that shook the throne of King George and proclaimed to an astonished world the Declaration of Independence,—that same hall in which congress had continued to sit during the greater part of the momentous period intervening,—in the state house at Philadelphia, was soon to witness the assembling of such a body of men as, in point of intellectual talent, personal integrity, and lofty purpose, had perhaps never before been brought together. The curious student of this page in modern history has sometimes plausibly but speciously attributed to mere chance—instead of to that Providence which rules in the affairs of men—this timely and grand event. Thus, General Washington, having contemplated with great interest a plan for uniting the Potomac and the Ohio rivers, and by this means connecting the eastern and western waters, made a journey of six hundred and eighty miles on horseback, taking minute notes of everything which could be subservient to this project. His influence, and the real importance of the design, induced the legislatures of Virginia and Maryland to send commissioners to Alexandria to deliberate on the subject. They met in March, 1785, and having spent some time at Mount Vernon, determined to recommend another commission, which might establish a general tariff on imports. The Virginia legislature not only agreed, but invited the other states to send deputies to meet at Annapolis. In September, 1786, they had arrived from five only, and with too limited powers. A number of able statesmen, however, were thus assembled, who, feeling deeply the depressed and distracted state of the country, became sensible that something on a much greater scale was necessary to raise her to prosperity, and give her a due place among the nations. They therefore drew up a report and address to all the states, strongly representing the inefficiency of the present federal government, and earnestly urging them to send delegates to meet at Philadelphia in May, 1787. Congress responded to this proceeding in February, by the passage of resolutions recommending the proposed measure,—but of which, perhaps, they did not then contemplate all the momentous results.

On the day appointed for the meeting of the convention, May fourteenth, 1787, only a small number of the delegates had arrived in Philadelphia. The deliberations did not commence, therefore, until May twenty-fifth, when there were present twenty-nine members, representing nine states. Others soon after came in, till the whole number amounted to fifty-five. Never, perhaps, had any body of men combined for so great a purpose—to form a constitution which was to rule so numerous a people, and probably during so many generations. The members, consisting of the very ablest men in America, were not unworthy of, nor unequal to, so high a trust.

Towering above all these men of might, in his world-wide fame and in the genius of his personal ascendency, was Washington, intrusted by the commonwealth of Virginia with the work of cementing together the sisterhood of states in one indissoluble bond of mutual interest, co-operation, and renown. And there was Rufus King, from Massachusetts, young in years, but mature in wisdom and brilliant in oratory; Langdon, from New Hampshire, strong in his understanding and readily mastering the most intricate details; Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, exhibiting the utmost zeal and fidelity in the performance of his official duties; Caleb Strong, from the same state, plain in his

CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA, 1787.

appearance, but calm, firm, intelligent, and well-balanced; Ellsworth, from Connecticut, elegant in his manners, and distinguished for his energy of mind, clear reasoning powers, and effective eloquence; Sherman, his colleague, a statesman and jurist whose fame has extended far beyond the western world; Hamilton, from New York, spare and fragile in person, but keen, active, laborious, transcendent in his abilities and of unsullied integrity; Livingston, from New Jersey, of scholarly tastes, uncompromisingly republican in his politics, and fearless in the expression of his opinions; Franklin, from Pennsylvania, one of the profoundest philosophers in the world, and, though now rising of fourscore years, capable of grasping and throwing light upon the most recondite questions relating to the science of government; Robert Morris, from Pennsylvania, the great financier, of whom it has been said, and with much truth, that 'the Americans owed, and still owe, as much acknowledgment to the financial operations of Robert Morris, as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin, or even to the arms of George Washington;' Gouverneur Morris, from the same state, conspicuous for his accomplishments in learning, his fluent conversation, and sterling abilities in debate; Clymer, distinguished among the sons of Pennsylvania, as one of the first to raise a defiant voice against the arbitrary acts of the mother country; Mifflin, another delegate from the land of Penn, ardent almost beyond discretion, in zeal for his country's rights and liberties; Dickinson, from New Jersey, a patriot, who, though the only member of the continental congress opposed to the Declaration of Independence, on the ground of its being premature, was nevertheless the only member of that body who immediately shouldered his musket and went forth to face the enemy; Wythe, from Virginia, wise, grave, deeply versed in the law, and undaunted in the defense of liberty for the the people; Madison, also from Virginia, talented, thoughtful, penetrating, one of the brightest ornaments of his state and nation; Martin, from Maryland, a jurist

of vast attainments and commanding powers; Davie, from North Carolina, of splendid physique, one of the master-minds of the country; Rutledge, from South Carolina, pronounced by Washington to be the finest orator in the continental congress; Pinckney, from the same state, a soldier and lawyer of unrivaled abilities;—and thus the record might go on, until it embraced all the names of this eminent assemblage of America's noblest patriots and most illustrious historic characters, "all, all, honorable men."

On proceeding with the organization of the convention, George Washington was nominated by Robert Morris to preside over its deliberations, and was unanimously elected. The standing rules were then adopted, one of these being that nothing spoken in the house be printed or otherwise published, or made known in any manner, without special permission. And in this connection, the following little episode, which has come to light, will doubtless be read as a refreshing reminiscence of the "secret" doings among those grave old worthies:

One of the members of the Georgia delegation was Mr. ——, a gentleman, the zeal of whose legislative mind and efforts sometimes quite ate up his attention to mere extraneous matters. Like all the rest of his associates in the assembly, he had been furnished with a schedule of the principal points of debate, or subjects of consideration, which were to be brought before the convention as constituting its business, and, in accordance with the parliamentary usage of secrecy, this programme of the convention's duties and deliberations was with especial care to be kept from disclosure during the period of its sittings. It happened, however, that one of the delegates unfortunately lost his copy of this official schedule or orders of the day. General Mifflin, one of the delegates from Pennsylvania, by good chance discovered the stray document, and, explaining the circumstances to Washington, placed it in the latter's hands, who, in silence and gravity, deposited it among his own papers. At the close of that day's proceedings, and just previously to the convention's rising, Washington, as presiding officer, called the attention of the assembly to the matter in question, in the following characteristic remarks:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to find that some one member of this body has been so neglectful of the secrets of this convention, as to drop in the state house a copy of their proceedings—which, by accident, was picked up and delivered to me this morning. I must entreat gentlemen to be more careful, lest our transactions get into the newspapers, and disturb the public repose by premature speculations. I know not whose paper it is, but there it is (throwing it down on the table); let him who owns it take it."

But to proceed with the historical sketch of this most august body of modern legislators.

They had been appointed merely with a view to the revision or improvement of the old articles of confederation, which still held them precariously together as a nation; yet they had not deliberated long, when they determined that the existing compact or system of government must be swept away. The question, however, as to what should be substituted in its place, was one of extreme difficulty. Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, opened the great discussion by a speech in which he laid bare the defects of the confederation, and then submitted a series of resolutions embodying the substance of a plan of government—the same, in character, as that contained in letters written by Mr. Madison to Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Randolph, and General Washington, a few months previous.

The plan in question proposed the formation of a general government, constituted as follows: The national legislature to consist of two branches—the members of the first branch to be elected by the people of the several states, and the members of the second branch to be elected by the first branch, out of a proper number nominated by the state legislatures; the national legislature to have a negative on

all the state laws contravening the articles of union, and to have power to legislate in all cases where the states were incompetent; the right of suffrage in the legislature to be proportioned to the quota of contribution, or to the number of free inhabitants; a national executive to be chosen by the national legislature; a national judiciary, to consist of one or more supreme tribunals and inferior ones, the judges to be chosen by the national legislature; the executive, and a convenient number of the national judiciary, to com-

FRANKLIN PLEADING FOR PACIFICATION.

pose a council of revision to examine every act of the national legislature before it should operate, and every act of a particular legislature before a negative thereon should be final; provision to be made for the admission of new states to the Union; a republican form of government to be administered in each state; provision to be made for amendments to the articles of union; the legislative, executive, and judiciary powers, or officials, of the several states, to be bound by oath to support the articles of union.

A good degree of favor was shown to Mr. Randolph's plan, but not sufficient to prevent other projects, conspicuous among these being one by Mr. Patterson, of New Jersey, and another by Alexander Hamilton, from being brought forward and urged by their respective friends,—all of these being republican in their general features, but differing in their details.

For some days, angry debates occurred which, but for *the timely and healing wisdom of Dr. Franklin*, the Mentor of the convention, would have ended in the breaking up of the body. As soon as there was an opening for him to speak, the doctor rose, and in a most impressive manner, said, among other things:

"It is to be feared that the members of this convention are not in a temper, at this moment, to approach the subject on which we differ, in a candid spirit. I would therefore propose, Mr. President, that, without proceeding further in this business at this time, the convention shall adjourn for three days, in order to let the present ferment pass off, and to afford time for a more full, free, and dispassionate investigation of the subject; and I would earnestly recommend to the members of this convention, that they spend the time of this recess, not in associating with their own party, and devising new arguments to fortify themselves in their old opinions, but that they mix with members of opposite sentiments, lend a patient ear to their reasonings, and candidly allow them all the weight to which they may be entitled; and when we assemble again, I hope it will be with a determination to form a constitution; if not such an one as we can individually, and in all respects, approve, yet the best which, under existing circumstances, can be obtained." (Here the countenance of Washington brightened, and a cheering ray seemed to break in upon the gloom of the assembly.) The doctor continued:

"Before I sit down, Mr. President, I will suggest another matter; and I am really surprised that it has not been proposed by some other member, at an earlier period of our deliberations. I will suggest, Mr. President, the propriety of nominating and appointing, before we separate, a chaplain to this convention, whose duty it shall be uniformly to assemble with us, and introduce the business of each day by imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing upon our deliberations."

The doctor sat down, and never did a countenance appear at once so dignified and so delighted as that of Washington, at the close of this address. The motion for appointing a chaplain was instantly seconded and carried. The convention also chose a committee, by ballot, consisting of one from each state, to sit during the recess, and then adjourned for three days.

The three days were spent in the manner advised by Doctor Franklin. On re-assembling, the chaplain appeared and led the devotions of the assembly, and the minutes of the last sitting were read. All eyes were now turned to the venerable doctor. He rose, and in a few words stated, that during the recess he had listened attentively to all the arguments, *pro* and *con*, which had been urged by both sides of the house; that he had himself said much, and thought more, on the subject; he saw difficulties and objections, which might be urged by individual states, against every scheme which had been proposed; and he was now, more than ever, convinced that the constitution which they were about to form, in order to be just and equal, must be formed on the basis of compromise and mutual concession. With such views and feelings, he would now move a reconsideration of the vote last taken on the organization of the senate. The motion was seconded, the vote carried, the former vote rescinded, and by a successive motion and resolution, the senate was organized on the present plan.

On the seventeenth of September, the final debate closed, the last amendment was adopted, and the result of the convention's labors was the formation of a constitution establishing a national government on the following prescribed principles: That the affairs of the people of the United States were thenceforth to be administered, not by a confederacy, or mere league of friendship between the sovereign states, but by a government, distributed into the three great departments — legislative, judicial, and executive; that the powers of government should be limited to concerns pertaining to the whole people, leaving the internal administration of each state, in time of peace, to its own constitution and laws, provided that they should be republican, and interfering with them as little as possible in case of war; that the legislative power of this government should be divided between the two assemblies, one representing directly the people of the separate states, and the other their legislatures; that the executive power of this government should be vested in one person chosen for four years, with certain qualifications of age and nativity, and invested with a qualified negative upon the enactment of the laws; and that the judicial power should consist of tribunals inferior and supreme, to be instituted and organized by congress, the judges removable only by impeachment.

Thus, finally amended, the constitution was signed by all the members present, except by Messrs. Randolph and Mason, of Virginia, and Gerry, of Massachusetts. The scene is described as one of historic solemnity, rising almost to the sublime. When Washington, whose turn came first, was about to sign the instrument ordained to be henceforth—if ratified by the several states—the palladium of his country's national existence, and the formation of which he had watched over with such anxious solicitude, he rose from his seat, and holding the pen in his hand, after a short pause, pronounced these words:

"Should the states reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again be offered to cancel another in peace—the next will be drawn in blood."

And when, following the example of their illustrious leader, the other members of the convention appended their signatures, Doctor Franklin, with his eye fixed upon the presiding officer's seat, in the rear of which was the picture of a halo or sun, made the characteristic remark:

"I have often and often, in the course of the session, and in the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the president, without being able to tell whether it was rising or sinking; at length I have the happiness to know it is a rising and not a setting sun."

The convention, however, which framed the constitution, was not clothed with legislative power, nor was the congress of the confederation competent to accept it or reject the new form of government. It was referred by them to the several states, represented by conventions of the people; and it was provided in the instrument itself, that it should become the supreme law of the land, when adopted by nine states. It was not till the summer of 1788 that the ratification of nine states was obtained, beginning with Delaware, some by large, and some by very small majorities. The violence of the opposition party was in some sections very great, resulting, in New York, in tumultuous riots. Of the thirteen original states, Rhode Island was the last to accept the constitution, which she did in May, 1790.

The year of suspense, while the American people were debating the great question whether to accept or reject the constitution offered them by Washington and his associate compatriots, was, on the announcement of the result, succeeded by a national jubilee.

IX.

FIRST ELECTION AND INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—1789.

Washington, "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen," the Nation's Spontaneous, Unanimous Choice.—His Triumphal Progress from Home, and Solemn Induction into Office.—Jubilee throughout the Republic, over the August Event.—Auspicious Commencement of the National Executive Government.—Requirements of the Constitution.—A President to be Chosen. —Four Years the Term of Service.—All Eyes Fixed Upon Washington.—His Reluctance to Accept. —Reasons Given for this Course.—Urgent Appeals to Him.—The Result of the Election.—One Voice and One Mind.—He Bows to the People's Will.—Joy Produced by His Decision.—Departs at Once from Mount Vernon.—Farewell Visits to His Mother.—Inauguration Appointed for March Fourth.—Postponement to April Thirtieth.—Order of Ceremonies.—New Spectacle in the Western World.—Distinguished Celebrities Present.—Washington's Elegant Appearance.—Dignity when Taking the Oath.—Reverentially Kisses the Bible.—Curious Customs Initiated.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION BIBLE.

"Where shall the eye rest, weary of gazing on the great, where find a glory that is not criminal, a pomp that is not contemptible? Yes, there is a man, the first, the last, the best of all, the Cincinnatus of the West, whom envy itself does not hate. The name of Washington is bequeathed to us to make humanity blush that such a man is alone in history."—LORD BYRON.

ACCORDING to the terms of the new federal constitution, which had now been assented to and ratified by the requisite number of states, a President of the United States was required to be elected for a term of four years; and, amidst all the discordances of political opinion respecting the merits of the constitution itself, there was but one sentiment throughout the country as to the man who should administer the affairs of the government. *All eyes were directed to* WASHINGTON, and at an early period his correspondents endeavored to prepare his mind to gratify the expectations of the people. Mr. Johnson, a distinguished patriot of Maryland, wrote him, "We can not do without you." Indeed, he alone was believed to fill so pre-eminent a place in the public esteem, that he might be called to the head of the nation without exciting envy; and he alone possessed in so unlimited a degree the confidence of the masses, that, under his auspices, the friends of the new political system might hope to see it introduced with a degree of firmness which would enable it to resist the open assaults and secret plots of its many enemies.

By almost all who were on terms of intimacy with Washington, fears were entertained that his earnest desire for private life and the improvement of his vast and long-neglected plantations, would prevail over the wishes of the public,—an acquiescence in which wishes was believed to be absolutely essential to the completion of that great work, the Constitution, on which the grandeur and happiness of America was deemed to

depend. The struggle, on his part, between inclination and duty, was long and severe, as is evident by the letters which he wrote on the subject, in response to the appeals and importunities constantly made by his friends. Colonel Lee, then a distinguished member of congress, communicating to Washington the measures which that body were adopting to introduce the government just ordained, thus alludes to the presidency: "Without you, the government can have but little chance of success; and the people, of that happiness which its prosperity must yield." So, also, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, a patriot who had been one of the most valuable members of congress during a great part of the war, and who had performed a splendid part in the general convention, wrote: "I have ever thought, and have ever said that you must be the president; no other man can fill that office." The great Hamilton likewise urged him to accept the office, and thus yield to the general call of the country in relation to its new and untried government. "You will permit me to say," wrote Hamilton, "that it is indispensable you should lend yourself to its first operations. It is to little purpose to have introduced a system, if the weightiest influence is not given to its firm establishment at the outset." Such arguments and entreaties as these poured in upon Washington from all quarters of the broad land, that he should consent to assume the presidential chair.

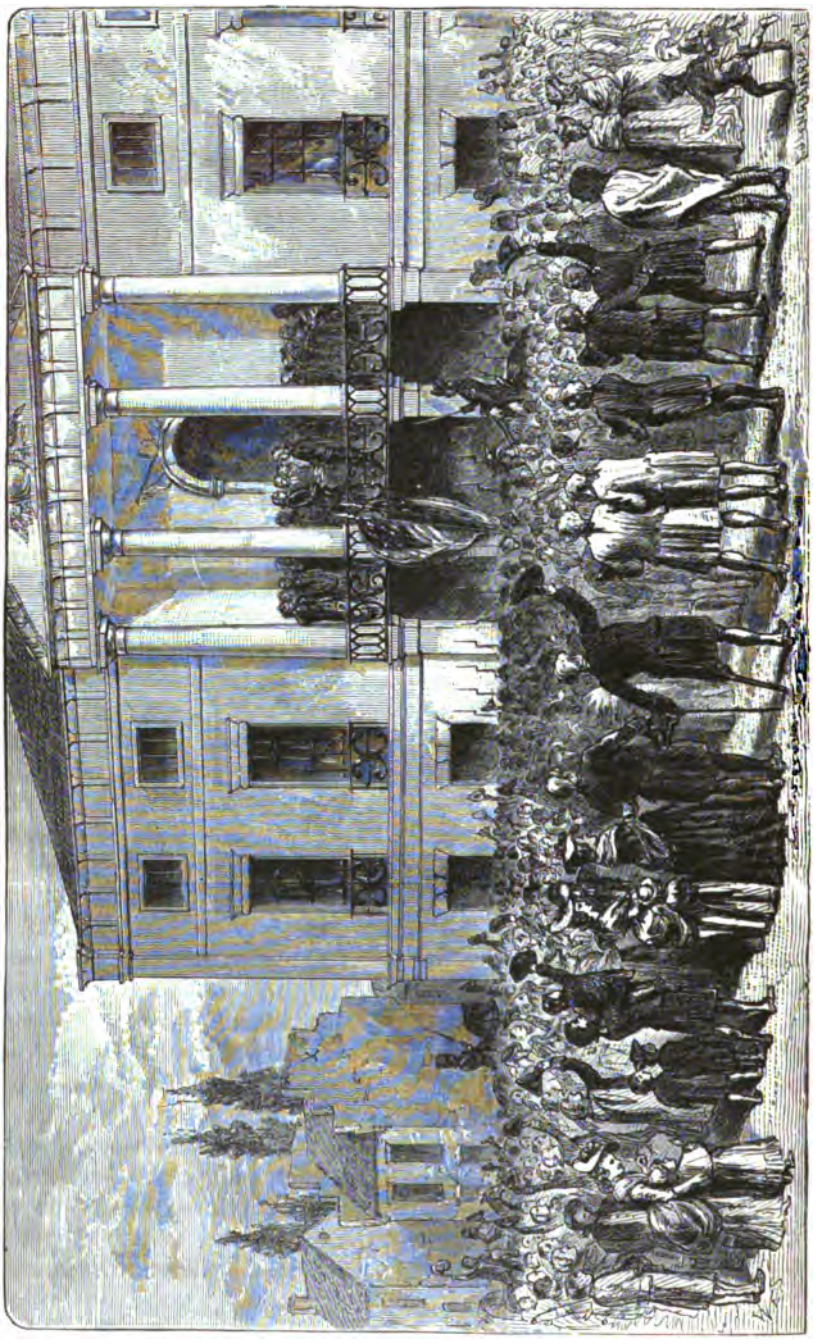
But the election had taken place, in obedience to the fundamental law; and at length, the votes for the president and vice-president of the United States were, as prescribed in the constitution, opened and counted in the senate. The result showed, that neither the animosity of parties, nor the activity of the enemies of the newly-formed government, could deprive General Washington of a single vote in the electoral college. By the voluntary and spontaneous voice of a great people, he was called to the chief magistracy of the nation. The second number of votes was given to Mr. John Adams, of Massachusetts. George Washington and John Adams were therefore declared to be duly elected president and vice-president of the United States, to serve for four years from the fourth of March, 1789.

At Mount Vernon, on the fourteenth of April, 1789, the appointment of General Washington as supreme executive of the republic was officially announced to him. This commission was performed by Mr. Charles Thomson, secretary of the late congress, who presented to him a certificate signed by John Langdon, president *pro tempore* of the senate, stating that he was unanimously elected.

Accustomed to respect the wishes of his fellow-citizens, Washington did not think himself at liberty to decline an office conferred upon him by the unsought suffrage of an entire people. His acceptance of it, and the expressions of gratitude he indulged in for this fresh proof of the esteem and confidence of his country, were mingled with declarations of extreme diffidence in himself. "I wish," he said, "that there may not be reason for regretting the choice, for, indeed, all I can promise is, to accomplish that which can be done by an honest zeal." In this spirit of devoted self-sacrifice, and realizing that the urgency of public affairs must require the immediate attendance of the president at the seat of government, he hastened his departure; on the sixteenth of April, therefore,—the second day after receiving the certificate of his election,—he bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and, in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, proceeded to New York, where congress was then in session, to assume the administration of the new government. But, notwithstanding the weight of anxiety upon his mind concerning the public business, he did not omit to pay a parting visit to his venerable mother. Embracing his mother, Washington bowed his head upon her shoulder and wept, murmuring at the same time something of a hope that they should meet again. "No, George," she replied, "this is our last parting; my

days to come are few. But go, fulfill your high duties, and may God bless and keep you." She was then afflicted with a cancer, of which she died in her eighty-second year.

Leaving Alexandria, he was accompanied by a throng of citizens to Georgetown, where the whole population turned out to do him honor. And thus it was, that, notwithstanding Washington wished to make a private journey, his desire could not be gratified. The public feelings were too strong to be suppressed. Crowds flocked around him enthusiastically wher-



FIRST INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT.

ever he stopped; and corps of militia, and processions of citizens, attended him through their respective states. At Philadelphia, he was received by a concourse of the most distinguished personages of the city and state, and followed by thousands of people to a grand banquet, prepared for the occasion, where addresses and sentiments were interchanged, while the air was filled with the shouts of popular exultation, and with one universal acclaim, invoking blessings upon him. As he crossed the Schuylkill, a civic crown of laurel was, unperceived by him, let down upon his head by a youth who was concealed in the arch of evergreen which decorated the bridge. At night, the whole town was brilliantly illuminated, and all classes and ages spontaneously united in the happy festivities.

The next day, at Trenton, he was welcomed in a manner exceedingly novel and touching. In addition to the usual demonstrations of respect and attachment, which were given by the discharge of cannon, by military corps, and by private persons of distinction, the gentler sex prepared, in their own taste, a most unique tribute of their regard, indicative of the grateful recollection in which they held their deliverance twelve years before from an insulting enemy. On the bridge extending across the stream which passes through the town,—the place where Washington, at one time, made so gallant a surprise on the enemy of his country, and at another, so important a stand, and a retreat worth more than a victory,—a triumphal arch was erected, with evergreen and floral adornments, and supported by thirteen pillars similarly enwreathed. On the front was inscribed, in large golden letters: 'THE DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS WILL BE THE PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS.' Over this, in the center of the arch, above the inscription, was a dome or cupola of evergreens and flowers encircling the dates of two memorable events, one of these being the bold and judicious stand made by the American troops, by which the progress of the British army was arrested on the evening preceding the battle of Princeton; the other was the date of Washington's glorious victory at Trenton, when nine hundred Hessians were made prisoners, and the horizon of American affairs was illumined by a radiance which never again wholly forsook it. On the summit of the arch a large sun-flower, as always pointing to the sun, was designed to express this motto,—'TO YOU ALONE.' The ladies had arranged themselves on the side of the street, between the arch and the town, with their daughters in front, to a very considerable number, all dressed in white, and decorated with floral wreaths and chaplets. Six of these held baskets of flowers in their hands, and, as soon as the general had passed under the arch, the beautiful choristers advanced, singing a sonnet composed for the occasion; as they sung the last lines they strewed the flowers before the general.

At Brunswick, he was joined by Governor William Livingston, of New Jersey, who accompanied him to Elizabethtown Point. On the road, the committee of congress received and attended him with much military parade to the point where he was to embark for New York. The embarkation took place in a magnificently-decorated barge, manned and rowed by thirteen branch pilots, attired in white. There were also other barges, filled with eminent dignitaries from all parts of the land.

Arriving at New York, the president was received by the governor of the state, and by an immense concourse of citizens, headed by the military. Multitudes of his old and faithful officers and fellow-patriots pressed around him to offer their congratulations, and to express the joy which glowed in their bosoms at seeing the man in whom all confided, at the head of the nation's affairs.

Thus it appears that the president's first arrival at the seat of government was a national ovation which showed, by its spontaneousness, enthusiasm, and unanimity, that all hearts and voices were united

in his favor. It was an occasion which excited the great heart of the people beyond all powers of description; the hand of industry was suspended, and the various pleasures of the capital were centered in a single and universal enjoyment. Many aged patriots were heard to say that they should now die contented, having had a sight of the Father of his Country.

PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, 1789.

The fourth of March was the day which had been appointed for the new national government to commence operations, but so many impediments occurred that it was not until the thirtieth of April that this took place.

Vice-president Adams arrived in New York, escorted by a troop of horse, on the twenty-first of April, and, two days before Washington's arrival, took his seat as the constitutional presiding officer of the senate. On doing this, he addressed that body in a dignified speech adapted to the occasion, and warmly eulogistic of the new-born republic and its illustrious chief magistrate.

On Thursday, the thirtieth of April, 1789, the ceremony of Inaugurating the First President of the United States took place in New York, which at that time was the federal capital. Long before the hour arrived, the town swarmed with people; every tavern and boarding-house was full, and private residences teemed with guests and lodgers. Many persons are said to have slept in tents on 'the Common.' The Hudson was studded with boats bearing visitors, and long caravans of carts began to arrive before daybreak, from Westchester, Long Island, and the Jerseys. The ceremony of the day was ushered in by a salute fired from the battery. This was about six o'clock in the morning, and, even at this early hour, the streets were fast filling up. At nine, the church bells rang out a merry peal; at ten they summoned the worshipers to church, each pastor devoting the occasion to imploring Heaven's blessing upon the nation and the first president. General Washington had now been in the city a week, having arrived on the twenty-third. He was living in a private house, the property of Mr. Osgood, on the corner of Cherry street and Franklin square; but his household arrangements had not yet been perfected, as Mrs. Washington did not arrive for some little time, remaining at Mount Vernon until affairs were in a state of readiness for her presence at the new presidential mansion.

At eight o'clock, on this memorable morning, the sky was overcast, and the appearance was that of a gathering storm. Everybody noticed, however, that the moment the bells began to ring the sky cleared, and by the close of divine service the weather was serene and beautiful. At noon, the procession that was to conduct the president to Federal hall assembled in due style opposite his residence in Cherry street. There were the usual military companies—a troop of horse, one or two companies of grenadiers, a company of Highlanders, in kilts,—all the chief municipal officers, the congressional commit-

PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, 1876.

tees, and the new cabinet,—multitudes of distinguished citizens bringing up the rear. By this assemblage the new president was escorted to Federal hall, which stood at the head of Broad street, in Wall,

where the custom-house was subsequently built. The old building had been put in repair at a considerable expense, but it was still so rickety that cautious persons looked forward to the ceremony with uneasiness. The procession having arrived, and the hall occupied according to the programme, nothing remained but to proceed with the solemn formalities; and, when it is remembered that there was no precedent in history for the inauguration of a republican president, one can not but admire the striking dignity which characterized the whole occasion. At the door of the senate chamber, to which the eyes of the whole vast multitude were intensely directed, the vice-president met General Washington, and with consummate but unaffected ease and grace of manner said—

"*Sir, the senate and house of representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered to you by the chancellor of the state of New York.*"

"*I am ready to proceed,*" was Washington's reply, made with his accustomed elegant dignity.

The vice-president now led the way to the outside gallery; the president followed, with as many of the high functionaries as could find room, and all were presently gathered on the balcony fronting on Wall street. Of the group, perhaps the most striking person was Chancellor Livingston, in a full suit of black, and, like Washington, one of the finest-looking men anywhere to be seen. Secretary Otis carried the Bible on a crimson cushion, and near him were Generals Knox and St. Clair, Roger Sherman, Hamilton, and other noted persons of revolutionary fame. At the proper moment, the chancellor administered the oath, with great deliberation and emphasis, to Washington, who, bowing down, seized the book, kissed it, and exclaimed, with closed eyes and much emotion—

"*I swear, so help me God!*"

"*It is done,*" the chancellor declared, and, turning to the crowd exclaimed, "*Long live George Washington, President of the United States!*"

This last-named declaration, on the part of the chancellor, was in imitation of monarchical custom. The error of this practice was, however, soon exposed and abandoned; but at this time, the crowd thought of nothing but the exciting solemnity of the scene, and many who demonstratively waved their hats were too overcome by emotion to join in the huzzas.

Of course, Washington was the observed of all observers in that mighty crowd, and his grandly-commanding figure made this both natural and easy, and so too did the construction of the balcony, conspicuously fronting the edifice, where the remarkable ceremony was performed. He was dressed in a complete suit of dark brown broadcloth, of American production, white silk long stockings, silver shoe-buckles upon his polished shoes, a steel-hilted dress sword, and his hair dressed and powdered according to the style then in vogue, and gathered up in a bag. This attire, it may be remarked, was Washington's personal choice. On the occasion of his second inauguration, however, Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in Lord Lansdowne's full-length portrait—in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee-buckles, and square silver buckles set upon shoes japanned with the most scrupulous neatness, black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and wrists, a light dress-sword; his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag, ornamented with a large rose of black ribbon. He held his cocked hat, which had a large black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, while standing, but laid it on the table when he sat down.

Washington, on taking the oath, as administered by Chancellor Livingston, is said to have laid his hand upon that page of the Bible containing the fiftieth chapter of Genesis, opposite to which were two illustrations of the text, one being a picture of 'The Blessing of Zebulon,' and the

other of 'The Prophecy of Issachar.' That memorable volume, of such peculiar historical associations, now belongs to one of the masonic lodges in New York. Upon each of the two outside surfaces of the volume, there is engraved in golden letters a commemorative record of the interesting circumstances attaching to it; and on the inside, beautifully written upon parchment, in ornamental style, surmounted by an engraved portrait of Washington, is the following statement:

'On this Sacred Volume, on the 30th day of April, 1789, in the city of New York, was administered to GEORGE WASHINGTON the first President of the United States of America, the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. This important ceremony was performed by the Most Worshipful Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of the state of New York, the Honorable Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the state.'

The inaugural address delivered by Washington, and which, like all the early inaugurals, possessed the merit of brevity, was pronounced in the senate chamber. It was considered, in those days, a speech to congress and not to the people; and both houses felt it incumbent on them—following the usage of monarchies,—to present replies to the president, at his residence.

From the senate chamber, the president was escorted to St. Paul's church, where he heard an appropriate religious service, conducted by Dr. Prevost; and thence home to his house. In the evening the whole city was one blaze of illumination, all classes participating in this attractive feature of the general jubilee. Many of the illuminations were very beautiful—none more so than those of the French and Spanish ministers, who both lived in Broadway, near the Bowling Green; and the whole scene was unique, animated, and enchanting. General Washington himself went 'down town,' that is to say, toward the Battery, to see the spectacle, of which he expressed the warmest admiration; returning about ten o'clock on foot, the crowd being too dense for a carriage to pass.

As the supreme head of the nation, President Washington at once endeavored to acquaint himself fully with the state of public affairs, and for this purpose, he called upon those who had been the heads of departments under the confederation, to report to him the situation of their respective concerns. He also, having consulted with his friends, adopted a system for the order of his own household, for the regulation of his hours of business, and of intercourse with those who, in a formal manner, visited him as the chief magistrate of the nation. But he publicly announced that neither visits of business nor of ceremony would be expected on Sunday, as he wished to reserve that day sacredly to himself. One of the most important and delicate of the president's duties was to fill those departments which congress at an early day had established to aid the executive in the administration of the government. His judgment and prudence were consistently exhibited in this respect, by his selecting such able men for his cabinet.

X.

GREATEST DEFEAT AND VICTORY OF AMERICAN ARMS IN THE INDIAN WARS.—1791.

Headlong Flight and Destruction of St. Clair's Army, in 1791, Before the Trained Warriors of "Little Turtle."—This Mortifying Disaster Retrieved by Wayne's Overwhelming Triumph in 1794.—Final and Crushing Blow Dealt by Jackson, in 1814.—The Question of Power Between the Two Races Forever settled in Favor of the Whites.—Old Feuds Between the Races.—Harmer's Expedition to the North-west.—Powerless in Ambush Warfare.—Repeated and Bloody Reverses.—St. Clair put in Command.—Warning Words of Washington.—Sudden Attack by the Miamis.—Terrible Slaughter of the Whites.—Overthrow of the Whole Campaign.—Washington's Reception of the News.—His Appalling Wrath.—Sketch of St. Clair's Conqueror.—His Fame at Home and Abroad.—General Wayne Sent to the Field.—Unsuccessfully Proffers Peace.—Instantly Prepares for Battle.—Great Army of Indian Warriors.—Their Sagacious Choice of Position.—Desperate Fury of the Conflict.—Wayne's Prowess Irresistible.—Death Knell of the Savages.—Their Confederacy Shattered.

"Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair."

TREATING WITH THE INDIANS.

ALL historians agree in declaring that the defeat of General St. Clair, in 1791, by the Indians of the north-west territory,

was the most signal and disastrous ever sustained by the American army, in its battles with the warriors of the forest.

On the other hand, this defeat—the news of which fell like a thunderbolt upon the then struggling and distracted government,—was retrieved by a most complete and decisive victory, under General Wayne, over these same tribes, collected together in a vast and powerful horde, at the rapids of the Maumee, in 1794; a victory which, taken in connection with the subsequent overwhelming triumph of General Jackson, in his campaign against the Creeks, gave the finishing stroke to the power of the Indian race in North America,—settling forever the long struggle that had been carried on between the white man and the red man, in favor of the former, though the warlike propensities of the savages occasionally broke out in subsequent years, as in 1811, under Tecumseh; the Creek war, of 1814, under Weatherford; the terrible Seminole campaign; the Cherokee contest; the hostilities of the Sacs, Foxes, and Winnebagoes, under Black Hawk; the renowned Florida war, of 1835, under Micanopy and Osceola; etc. These later wars tasked, to the utmost, the military skill of such trained soldiers as Jackson, Harrison, Worth, Harney, Jessup, Clinch, Thompson, Dade, Atkinson, Gaines, Taylor. Red Jacket, and Cornplanter, were prominent chieftains in the wars of the Senecas.

In the month of September, 1790, General Harmer was intrusted with the important duty of looking after the fierce tribes on the Miami and Wabash, between whom and the Kentuckians there had long waged a relentless war. The general went forward with a body of three hundred and twenty regulars, who, being re-enforced by the militia of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, formed a corps of one thousand four hundred and fifty-three men. The Indians, on his approach, set fire to their villages; but this was nothing, unless they could be brought to an engagement. Harmer, however, instead of advancing himself, with the main body, sent forward Colonel Hardin, with two hundred and ten men, of whom only thirty were regulars. They were attacked; the militia fled; the others were nearly cut off. The general then sent forward Hardin, with three hundred men, who speedily encountered another large body. After a brave contest, in which this party lost nearly half their number, they retreated on the main body. Thus disaster followed disaster, and the nation became sore and mortified under such repeated humiliations.

One of the last measures, therefore, adopted by the United States congress, the ensuing year, 1791, was to augment the national military force, to a suitable degree of power, and to place in the hands of President Washington more ample means for the protection of the frontier, as the Indians on the north-west side of the Ohio still continued their hostilities. A new expedition against the belligerent tribes had, in consequence, been projected; and General St. Clair, then governor of the territory west of the Ohio, was appointed commander of the forces to be employed. Washington had been deeply chagrined by the mortifying disasters of General Harmer's expedition to the Wabash, resulting from Indian ambushes. In taking leave, therefore, of his old military comrade, St. Clair, he wished him success and honor, and added this solemn warning:

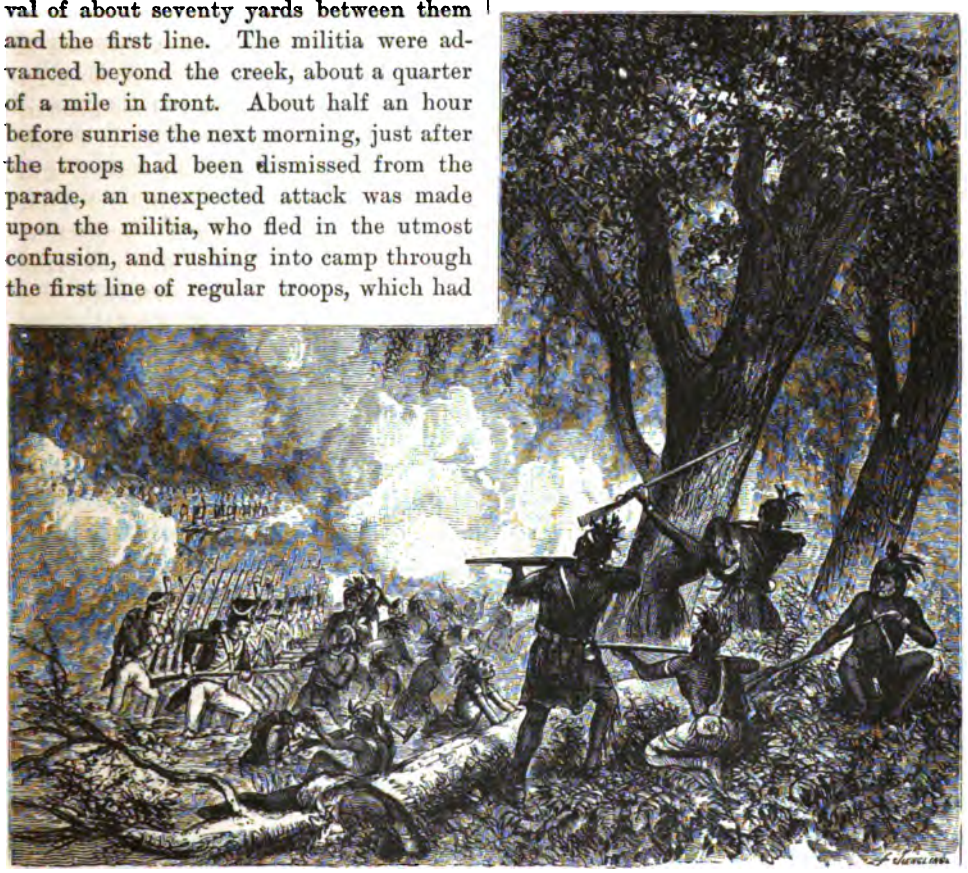
"You have your instructions from the secretary of war. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word,—Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it—*Beware of a surprise!*"

With these warning words sounding in his ear, fresh with Washington's awful emphasis, St. Clair departed.

On the fourth of November, while the main body of St. Clair's army were encamped in two lines on rising ground, some fifteen miles south of the Miami villages on one of the tributaries of the Wabash, and the militia upon a high flat on the other side of the stream, they were surprised and terribly attacked by an In-

dian force which lay concealed in the woods. General St. Clair, who was suffering severely from gout, was unable to mount his horse, and had to be carried about in a litter, from which he gave his orders with discretion and the most perfect coolness. The battle raged fearfully for nearly three hours, and after nearly half of his army had been slaughtered, St. Clair beat a headlong retreat. Thus were all the plans, hopes and labors of President Washington, congress, and the cabinet, in reference to the Indian campaign, utterly and deplorably overthrown in a single day! This result is stated to have arisen thus: On the third of November, St. Clair formed his force into two lines; the first, under the command of General Butler, composed the right wing, and lay with a creek immediately in their front. The left wing, commanded by Colonel Darke, formed the second, and lay with an interval of about seventy yards between them and the first line. The militia were advanced beyond the creek, about a quarter of a mile in front. About half an hour before sunrise the next morning, just after the troops had been dismissed from the parade, an unexpected attack was made upon the militia, who fled in the utmost confusion, and rushing into camp through the first line of regular troops, which had been formed the instant the first gun was discharged, threw them too into disorder. Such was the panic, and so rapid and irregular the flight, that the exertions of the officers to recall the men to their senses and to duty were quite unavailing.

It was soon perceived that the American fire could produce, on a concealed enemy, no considerable effect, and that the only hope of victory was in the bayonet. At the head of the second regiment, which formed the left of the left wing, Darke made an impetuous charge upon the enemy, forced them from their ground with some loss, and drove them about four hundred yards. He was followed by that whole wing; but the want of a sufficient number of riflemen to press this advantage, deprived him of its benefit, and, as soon as he gave over the pursuit, the Indians renewed the attack. In the meantime, General Butler was mortally



WAYNE'S DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS.

wounded, the left of the right wing was broken, the artillerists almost to a man killed, the guns seized, and the camp penetrated by the enemy. Orders were given to again charge with the bayonet; this was done with spirit and momentary success, the Indians being driven out of the camp, and the artillery recovered.

To save the remnant of the army was all that now remained to be done; and, about half-past nine in the morning, General St. Clair ordered Colonel Darke, with the second regiment, to charge a body of Indians who intercepted their retreat, and to gain the road. Major Clarke, with his battalion, was directed to cover the rear. These orders were executed, and then a disorderly flight commenced. The pursuit was kept up about four miles, when, fortunately for the surviving Americans, the victorious savages, eager for plunder, stopped at the camp of their vanquished foes, to divide the spoils. The routed troops continued their flight to Fort Jefferson — some thirty miles, — throwing away their arms along the road. At this place they met the detached regiment, and leaving their wounded at Fort Jefferson, the army continued its retreat to Fort Washington, the site of the present city of Cincinnati.

Poor St. Clair's defeat has been aptly paralleled with that of Braddock. No doubt, when he realized the terrible havoc that had been made, he thought sadly of Washington's parting words, "Beware of a surprise!" The manner in which the news of this disaster affected Washington is thus described by Mr. Rush:—

Towards the close of a winter's day, in December, an officer in uniform was seen to dismount in front of the president's house in Philadelphia, and, giving the bridle to his servant, knock at the door of the mansion. Learning from the porter that the president was at dinner, he said he was on public business, having dispatches which he could deliver only to the commander-in-chief. A servant was sent into the dining-room to give the information to Mr. Lear, the president's private secretary, who left the table and went into the hall, where the officer repeated what he had said. Mr. Lear replied that, as the president's secretary, he would take charge of the dispatches and deliver them at the proper time. The officer made answer that he had just arrived from the western army, and his orders were explicit to deliver them with all promptitude, and to the president in person; but that he would wait his directions. Mr. Lear returned, and in a whisper imparted to the president what had passed. General Washington rose from the table and went to the officer. He was back in a short time, made a word of apology for his absence, but no allusion to the cause of it. He had company that day. Everything went on as usual. Dinner over, the gentlemen passed to the drawing-room of Mrs. Washington, which was open in the evening. The general spoke courteously to every lady in the room, as was his custom. His hours were early, and by ten o'clock all the company had gone. Soon Mrs. Washington left the room, and the general and Mr. Lear remained. The chief now paced the room in hurried strides, and without speaking, for several minutes. Then he sat down on a sofa by the fire, telling Mr. Lear to sit down. He rose again, and, as he walked backward and forward, Mr. Lear saw a storm gathering. In the agony of his emotion, he struck his clenched hands with fearful force against his forehead, and in a paroxysm of anguish exclaimed—

"It's all over! St. Clair's defeated—routed; the officers nearly all killed—the men by wholesale—that brave army cut to pieces—the rout complete! too shocking to think of—and a *surprise* in the bargain!"

He uttered all this with great vehemence. Then he paused, and walked about the room several times, agitated, but saying nothing. Near the door he stopped short and stood still a few seconds; then, turning to the secretary, who stood amazed at the spectacle of Washington in all his terrors, the general, in his wrath, again broke out, saying,

"*Yes, sir,* HERE, in this very room, *on this very spot,* I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions,' I said, 'from the secretary of war; I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—beware of a surprise! I repeat it—beware of a *surprise!* You know how the Indians fight us.' He went off with that as my last solemn warning thrown into his ears. And yet, to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against! O God! O God! he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!"

This torrent came out in tone appalling. His very frame shook. "It was awful!"

said Mr. Lear. More than once he threw his hands up as he hurled imprecations upon St. Clair. Mr. Lear remained speechless—awed into breathless silence. Presently the roused chief sat down on the sofa once more. He seemed conscious of his passion, and uncomfortable. He was silent; his wrath began to subside. He at length said, in an altered voice,

"This must not go beyond this room."

Another pause followed—a longer one—when he said, in a tone quite low,

"General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches—saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice; yes, long, faithful, and meritorious services have their claims."

Washington was now perfectly calm. Half an hour had gone by; the storm of indignation and passion was over, and no sign of it was afterward seen in his conduct or heard in his conversation. His wrath on this occasion was perhaps never before aroused to so great a pitch, except when he confronted Lee, when the latter was retreating at the battle of Monmouth.

St. Clair was succeeded by the brave General Wayne, whose successes retrieved the misfortunes of his predecessor, as the following stirring record will show. It will be interesting, however, to have some account of the character and personal appearance of Michikiniqua, or "Little Turtle," the Missesago chief, who conquered St. Clair, for in no recorded battle did the sons of the forest ever show themselves better warriors, or achieve more renown at home and abroad.

Notwithstanding his name, Little Turtle was at this time at least six feet high, strong, muscular, and remarkably dignified in his manners, though of a very sour and morose countenance, and apparently very crafty and subtle. He was the son of a Miami chief, and was forty-five years of age when he led his warriors against poor St. Clair. His warlike training was of that stern and hardening kind which was never omitted in his nation.

It was on the banks of the Miami, or Maumee, in 1794, that General Anthony Wayne, the successor of St. Clair in the command of the American army in the Miami country, dealt a retributive and staggering blow to the power of the Indians in that vast and magnificent region, —a blow from which they never recovered.

Realizing the terrible shock which the nation received by the defeat of St. Clair,

the brave Wayne—"mad Anthony," as he was commonly called, on account of his reckless courage,—at once made the best of his way to the theater of action, for it was easy to foresee, what indeed immediately ensued, that, under the encouragement of the successes against Harmer and St. Clair, all the treaties would be dissolved, and a general savage confederacy formed against the United States.

On the eighth of August, 1794, Wayne had reached the confluence of the Au Glaize and the Miamis of the lakes, without opposition. The richest and most extensive settlements of the western Indians were here. Halting at this place, a few days, the Americans threw up some works of defense. A fort had also been built on the St. Mary, twenty-four miles in advance of Fort Recovery.

Unwilling to lose time, or to be in any way outwitted, Wayne moved forward on the fifteenth of August, and on the sixteenth met his messenger returning from the Indians, and bearing word from them, that, if the Americans would wait ten days at Glaize, they, the Indians, would decide for peace or war. Wayne's only notice of this evasive message was to march straight on, arriving, on the eighteenth, at the rapids; here they halted, and labored the next day in erecting works for the protection of their baggage. At eight, on the morning of the twentieth, the American army moved down the north bank of the Maumee; Wayne's legion was on the right, its flank covered by the Maumee; one brigade of mounted volunteers was on the left, under Brigadier-General Todd; and the other was in the rear, under Brigadier-General Barbee. A selected battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, so as to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would choose peace or war.

Wayne says, in his official dispatch, that, after advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat. The legion was immediately formed into two lines, principally in a close thick wood, which extended for miles on the left, and for a very considerable distance in front; the ground was covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending for nearly two miles at right angles with the river. Wayne soon discovered, from the weight of the fire and the extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn the American left flank. He therefore gave orders for the second line to advance and support the first, and directed Major-General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route; at the same time, the front line was ordered to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again.

All these orders were obeyed with spirit

and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from their coverts in so short a time, that, although every possible exertion was used

LITTLE TURTLE.

by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd, and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, only a part of each could get up in season to participate in the action,—the enemy being driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles, through the thick woods, by less than one-half their numbers. Thus did this powerful horde of savages, who had assumed to dictate terms and throw down the gauntlet to the American nation, abandon themselves to flight, and flee in terror and dismay, before Wayne and his victorious army. They were compelled to sue for peace on the conqueror's own terms; their confederacy was shattered into fragments; their power was forever annihilated. On the return of Wayne to Philadelphia, then the nation's capital, there was a cessation of all business, as on some great holiday; the military turned out in legions to meet him; the bells rang out their merriest peals, cannon boomed from every hill-top, and the plaudits of the multitude attended him at every step. General Harrison's defeat of the Indians under Tecumseh, at Tippecanoe, in 1811, was another victory of similar brilliancy and importance, deserving of mention here.

It only remains to add to this chapter, General Jackson's crowning achievement in the work of grinding to powder the military prestige of the Indian race in North America. The Creeks and Seminoles had long disputed the intrusion of the white race, and, though dreadfully cut to pieces in the battles of Talluschatches, Talladega, Emuckfaw, Enotochopco, and others, determined to make one more great and final struggle in the field. Accordingly, with consummate sagacity and skill, they selected a position at the great bend of the Tallapoosa, called by them Tohopeka, and by the whites Horseshoe Bend. Here, strongly fortified, were collected together the proudest, fiercest, most victorious warriors, of all that race and region. On the 27th of March, 1814, Jackson advanced and attacked them with tremendous energy, the troops leaping over the walls of the fort, and engaging in a hand-to-hand combat with the savages, the latter fighting with characteristic fury and desperation. Of the nine hundred warriors,—the flower of their tribes,—who defended the fort, seven hundred and fifty were killed or drowned; for, seeing no chance of escape, and scorning to surrender, they fought with bloody energy until nearly all were slain.

XI.

WHITNEY'S EXTRAORDINARY COTTON-GIN INVENTION.—1793.

Amazing Impetus Given to the Culture, Uses and Consumption of Cotton.—Revolution in the Industrial Prospects and Political Power of the South.—How Cotton Became "King."—Its Relation to the Great Themes and Events in American History.—Ingratitude to Whitney.—His Brilliant Change of Fortune in Another Sphere.—Whitney's Obscure Circumstances.—His Early Mechanical Genius.—Determined to Get an Education.—Goes to the South as a Teacher.—Change of Pursuits.—Befriended by General Greene's Widow.—Amateur Inventive Efforts.—Low State of Southern Industry.—Objection to Cotton-Raising.—Mrs. Greene's Apt Suggestion.—Whitney's Characteristic Resolve.—Secret and Persevering Toil.—Exciting Rumors as to His Purpose.—Great Expectations Entertained.—Triumphant Success.—Enthusiasm of the Cotton-Growers.—His Machine Stolen from Him.—Infringements upon His Patent.—Law-Suits, but no Redress for Him.—His Pathetic Letter to Fulton.—He Invents a Valuable Firearm.—Southern Strides in Wealth.

RESULTS OF THE COTTON-GIN.

"What Peter the Great did to make Russia dominant, Eli Whitney's invention of the Cotton-Gin has more than equaled in its relation to the progress and power of the United States."—LORD MACAULAY.

BEYOND all doubt or question, the invention of the cotton-gin, just at the close of the eighteenth century, was an event which most wonderfully accelerated the high career of the United States, in an industrial point of view, and, indeed, revolutionized, by an extraordinary impetus, the manufactures and commerce of the world. It may be regarded, in a word, as the first key which was applied to the unlocking of those wondrous natural capabilities of the new-born republic, the continued development of which has given her such a foremost place, in respect to material and political power, among the nations of the earth. So direct is its identity with the facts and causes which have led to the country's prodigious progress during the hundred years of its national history, that he who would trace to their primary source—with even ordinary philosophical acuteness of judgment—those momentous events, whether material, political, military, or social, which have distinguished the greater part of that century, may well pause longest and take his latitude at this point. Such, indeed, is the great national consequence accorded by historians to this machine, that, of

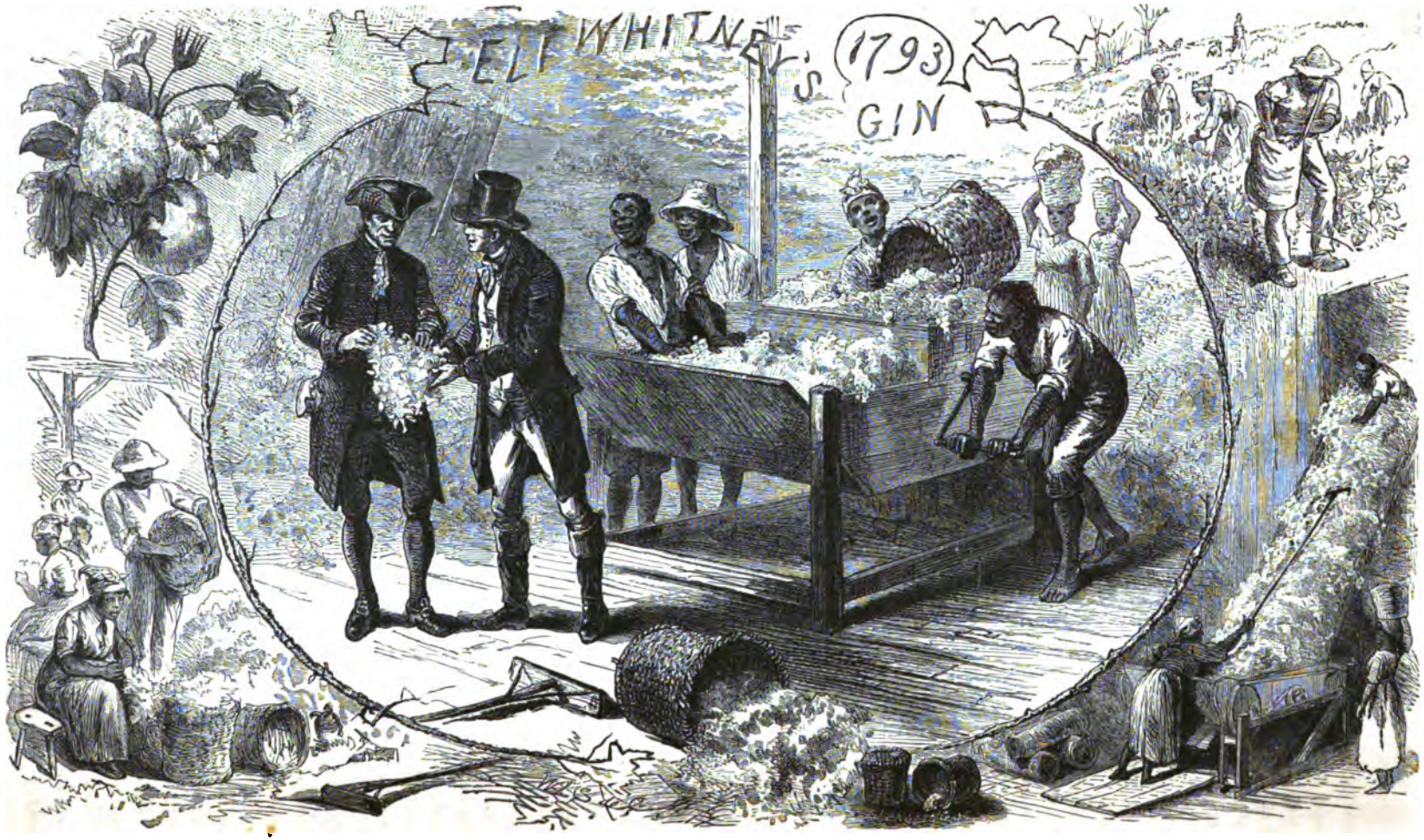
the thousands upon thousands of inventions and discoveries recorded in the patent office at Washington, many of them, of course, of almost incalculable value, only some half a dozen, or less, are comprised in the 'chronology of important dates,' in the New American Cyclopedia,—that marvelous portrayal of man and civilization during the known ages. First among the triumphs of American ingenuity thus made conspicuously historical, is the invention and introduction of the cotton-gin, in 1793, which is the subject of this article. That it should have a place among the few of its kind capable of coming within the plan and scope of this volume, will be at once apparent.

Before entering into the more elaborate details pertaining to this remarkable machine and its bearing upon American industry and commerce, it may be useful to give, in the first place, a sketch in brief of the career of Eli Whitney, whose genius gave to his country, and to mankind, this great boon. At an early age, he gave indications of that mechanical and inventive talent, for which he was afterwards so greatly celebrated. His father was a farmer in Westborough, Massachusetts, a village where only the ordinary advantages of a common-school education were available. But Mr. Whitney was desirous of the benefits of a more complete course of instruction, and at the age of twenty-three entered the college in New Haven. He received the honors of this institution in 1792, and soon after went to Georgia, in the expectation of opening a private school, and devoting himself to that profession. In this expectation he was disappointed, for, on arriving at the place of his destination, he was informed that another tutor was already filling the station he expected to occupy.

Having traveled from the north, to Savannah, in company with Mrs. Greene, the widow of the revolutionary general and hero of that name, he received from that lady a courteous invitation to make her house his home, while engaged in his course of studies preparatory to entering the legal profession. This most favorable offer, so timely in view of his shattered health and scanty means, he gratefully availed himself of.

It was on the occasion of a social gathering of some neighbors and others, one afternoon, at the residence of Mrs. Greene, —a party including several planters of distinction, a few of whom had served as officers under General Greene's command, —that Whitney first resolved to rouse his genius to its utmost accomplishment. Among other remarks made by the gentlemen present, on the occasion referred to, was one in regard to the depressed condition of the agricultural interests of Georgia, namely, that since all the lands in that region, not suitable for the cultivation of rice, were eminently favorable for the production of heavy cotton-crops, it was exceedingly to be regretted that no means existed of cleansing the green seed-cotton, or of separating it from its seed, in a manner sufficiently thorough to make it profitable,—it being almost useless, in the absence of such a method or contrivance, to undertake to grow cotton-crops for sale, because only a pound of this green seed-cotton could be cleaned and made merchantable, per day, by a single laborer, and the price obtainable for it, when thus prepared, was but a few cents per pound.

In response to these suggestions, Mrs. Greene, with true womanly perceptions, and knowing Whitney's ingenious turn of mind in the sphere of mechanics, naively remarked, "Well, gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney,—he can make anything;" and, suiting the action to the word, she led them into the room where her tambour or embroidery-frame was kept, together with some other ingenious contrivances, and exhibited them to the company as evidences of Whitney's singular skill. On being introduced to these gentlemen, and entering into conversation with them on the subject, Mr. Whitney was obliged to inform them that he had never seen cotton nor cotton-seed in his life!


ELI WHITNEY'S
1793
GIN

In a few months, he had advanced so far and so successfully with his machine, as to leave no doubt of his having achieved a complete triumph. In acknowledgment of Mrs. Greene's many and valued attentions to him during his labors, and her steadfast interest in his fortunes, the gratifying privilege was accorded her, on a day duly appointed, of exhibiting to an invited assembly of guests, principally planters, a model of the saw-gin that was to produce such a mighty change. Their astonishment was almost unbounded, when, on examining the principle and working of the instrument, they found that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day by the labor of a single hand, than could be done, in the usual manner, in many months. Enthusiasm over such a result, and in view of such a prospect, was very natural.

The report of Mr. Whitney's invention spread very rapidly throughout the South, exciting intense interest, and the planters in especial were eager to see a machine that promised such incalculable benefits to themselves and to the nation. For a time, however, Whitney declined showing the gin, as it was not entirely perfected, and because it might be imitated by others, and he be deprived in that way of his right to a patent. But, so great was the excitement to which the people had been wrought up, and so tempting was the chance which presented itself to the unprincipled, to appropriate to themselves the fruits of other men's toils, that the building in which Whitney carried on his labors was actually broken into, one night, by a party of lawless individuals, and the instrument secretly carried off. Thus it was that several machines were constructed on the basis of Whitney's invention, and indeed varying but little from the original, though it was artfully attempted to have the deviation sufficiently obvious to escape the penalties of imitation.

It may well be supposed that the various lawsuits growing out of the infringements upon his rights, was an exhausting draft upon Mr. Whitney's funds. But, in addition to this drawback upon his enterprise, there befell him the successive calamities of prolonged sickness, the destruction of his manufacturing establishment by fire, and, worse than all, the assertion on the part of certain unfriendly persons, that the use of the machine ought to be abandoned, because it greatly injured the fiber of the cotton. The testimony of some of the British manufacturers was industriously circulated, to the effect that the old roller-gin, which ground the seed to impalpability, was preferable to that which separated the seed from the staple, at the sacrifice of its quality! And here it may be of interest to state, that, in order to overcome the difficulty of separating the seed from the wool by hand, a rude hand-mill, or roller-gin, was at an early period substituted, in some parts of India and China, by which from forty to sixty-five pounds could be cleaned in a day. After this, the cotton was further cleaned from dirt and knots by 'bowing.' A large bow being placed in a heap of cotton, the string was made to vibrate powerfully, thus dispersing and cleaning the heap. These means, employed from remote times in eastern countries, were also formerly used by American growers. Much of the sea-island cotton is still separated from its seeds by rollers constructed on a large scale, and worked by horses, steam, or water. These rollers are of wood, and revolve rapidly in contact with each other; as they do so, a sort of comb with iron teeth acts on the cotton as it passes between them, and detaches the seeds, which fly off like sparks in all directions. Particles of seeds which escape and pass through with the cotton, are removed by hand. The cotton is then whisked about in a light wheel, and, when well winnowed, it is conveyed to the packing-house, and forced into bags by means of screws, until each bag contains the requisite number of pounds. But short-stapled cotton cannot be properly cleaned by this process; the seeds are so firmly attached to the wool, that a more powerful machine is needed,—*and here the utilty of the saw-*

gin over the roller-contrivance is manifest. The cotton is put into a long and narrow hopper, one side of which is formed by a grating of strong parallel wires, one-eighth of an inch apart. Close to the hopper is a roller set with circular saws, an inch and a half apart. These, as they revolve, pass within the grating of the hopper to a certain depth, and seize by their teeth on the locks of cotton, dragging them through the wires, which are not wide enough apart to allow the seeds to pass also. The cotton is afterwards swept from the saws by a revolving cylindrical brush. Thus the separation is effected in a cheap, easy, and rapid manner. At first, Whitney used bent wires or teeth, like those of the common card, but much larger and stronger, and these were placed in rows on a revolving cylinder. The cotton was separated from this cylinder by a frame of parallel wires; as the cylinder revolved, the teeth extending through the wire-frame caught the cotton and drew it through the grating, but the seeds being too large to pass between the wires, were of course separated from the fiber. These teeth, however, being found too weak to pull the cotton from the seed without becoming bent or broken, Whitney substituted a circular saw in their place. The teeth of the saw being large, and shaped like the beak of a bird, had more strength and were equally effective.

So serious an objection as that brought by the British manufacturers, namely, that the operation of this machine injured the quality of the cotton, was a most disheartening one to Mr. Whitney and his partner, Mr. Miller, for, on its truth or falsity, their fortune and fate depended. For a time, the process of patent ginning was quite at a stand; and, indeed, little was heard of it by the originators, except the condolence of a few real friends, who expressed their regret that so promising an invention had entirely failed. Of the inventor's state of mind, as well as the condition of his purse, at this time, some idea may be formed from a letter written by Whitney, in the autumn of 1797, in which he says: 'The extreme embarrassments which have for a long time been accumulating upon me are now become so great that it will be impossible for me to struggle against them many days longer. It has required my utmost exertions *to exist,*

without making the least progress in our business. I have labored hard against the strong current of disappointment, which has been threatening to carry us down the cataract; but I have labored with a shattered oar, and struggled in vain, unless some speedy relief is obtained. Life is but short, at best, and six or seven years out of the midst of it is, to him who makes it, an immense sacrifice. My most unremitted attention has been directed to our business. I have sacrificed to it other objects, from which, before this time, I might certainly have gained twenty or thirty thousand dollars. My whole prospects have been embarked in it, with the expectation that I should, before this time, have realized something from it.' Against all opposition, the machine finally became appreciated according to its merits, and, though the country was flooded with imitations,—against the manufacturers of which, it seemed almost impossible to obtain any redress or protection in the courts of law,—a large demand set in, and

Whitney's golden visions appeared likely to be realized.

At the suggestion made to them by some of their business friends, Miller and Whitney were induced, in view of the public benefit that would accrue to the cotton-growing states, by the general and inexpensive introduction of the saw-gin, to offer the exclusive disposal of the machine in South Carolina to the legislature of that state, which offer was finally accepted; the sum paid to the inventors, for this privilege, being fifty thousand dollars. Though this sum was only one-half of that which had originally been fixed upon by the patentees, it seems to have given quite a zest to Mr. Whitney's feelings and anticipations, for he wrote in relation to the new arrangement: 'The use of the machine here (in South Carolina) is amazingly extensive, and the value of it beyond all calculation. It may, without exaggeration, be said to have raised the value of seven-eighths of all the three southern states from fifty to one hundred per cent. We get but a song for it in comparison with the worth of the thing; but it is *securing* something. It will enable Miller and Whitney to pay all their debts, and divide something between them. It establishes a precedent that will be valuable as respects our collections in other states, and I think there is now a fair prospect that I shall in the event realize property enough to render me comfortable, and, in some measure, independent.' It was not, however, without much trouble and litigation, that Whitney realized the fulfillment of this contract.

But the expense involved in numerous suits at law against the encroachers upon his patent, was more than the profits yielded by the sales, and these struggles and expenditures, and constantly-recurring discouragements, sent Mr. Miller to a premature grave, at the close of 1803. In the year 1812, Mr. Whitney applied to congress for a renewal of his patent, in the hope of still receiving some substantial benefit from his invention. But the southern delegation generally — though with some honorable exceptions—were opposed to it; which was of course the more unexpected, as well as wounding, in view of the immense advantage of the machine to that part of the United States. In regard to this last-mentioned point, no testimony could be more weighty or emphatic in the affirmative than that by Judge Johnson, an eminent South Carolinian, and, at the time of speaking, a judge of the United States supreme court:—'The whole interior of the southern states (these are the words of Judge Johnson, as judicially uttered) was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating for want of some object to engage their attention, and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age, it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty, and sunk in idleness, have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off. Our capitals have increased, and our lands trebled themselves in value. We cannot express the weight of the obligation which the country owes to this invention. The extent of it cannot now be seen. Some faint presentiment may be formed from the reflection that cotton is rapidly supplanting wool, flax, silk, and even furs, in manufactures, and may one day profitably supply the use of specie in our East India trade. Our sister states also participate in the benefits of this invention; for, beside affording the raw material for their manufacturers, the bulkiness and quantity of the article afford a valuable employment for their shipping.'

Such was the testimony borne by the highest possible authority, in regard to the wonderful value and effect of this invention. And yet, though full a dozen years had elapsed since Whitney had staked his all upon the machine, and was even now pleading for redress against the piracies committed upon his rights and property, he was actually a poor man, struggling against remorseless fate. Mr.

Whitney, in a letter almost pathetic in its rehearsal of his wrongs, addressed to Robert Fulton, the inventor of the first successful steamboat, remarks, that 'the difficulties with which he had to contend originated, principally, in the want of a disposition in mankind to do justice. The invention was new and distinct from every other; it stood alone. It was not interwoven with anything before known; and it can seldom happen that an invention is so strongly marked, and can be so clearly and specifically identified; and I have always believed that I should have had no difficulty in causing my rights to be respected, if it had been less valuable, and been used only by a small portion of the community. But the use of this machine being immensely profitable to almost every planter in the cotton districts, all were interested in trespassing upon the patent right, and each kept the other in countenance. Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentation and unfounded clamors, both against the right, and the law made for its protection. Hence there arose associations and combinations to oppose both. At one time, few men in Georgia dared to come into court and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge, relative to the use of the machine. In one instance, I had great difficulty in proving that the machine *had been used in Georgia*, although, at the same moment, there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion within fifty yards of the building in which the court sat, and all so near that the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the court-house.' Surely, few men of genius have rendered so great benefits to their country, by means of an invention, who have been so heartlessly treated and so poorly remunerated. Despairing of ever realizing an adequate return, therefore, for his cotton-gin, Whitney applied his inventive skill to the improved manufacture of firearms, in which he was very successful, and, having obtained valuable contracts from the government for his improved muskets, he ultimately acquired a fortune,—a strange but most deserved sequel to his hitherto checkered career.

The progress and value of the cotton production in the United States, under the impetus given to it by Whitney's invention, may be characterized as simply prodigious; and, in the mind of the philosophic statesman and student, the story of the cotton-gin will forever weave itself, most intimately and wonderfully, with those great themes and events which make up the nation's history.

XII.

THE FAMOUS WHISKEY INSURRECTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.—1794.

Violent Resistance to the United States Excise Laws.—Monster Meetings and Inflammatory Appeals —Officials and Loyal Citizens Whipped, Branded, Tarred, and Feathered.—Intense Excitement in all the States.—Washington Declares that the Union is in Peril and Heads an Army to Meet the Crisis. —Precipitate Flight of the Armed Rebels.—Congressional Tax on Spirits.—Cry of "Tyranny!" from Distillers.—Western Pennsylvania in a Blaze.—Extent of her Whiskey Interests.—Ambitious Politicians at Work.—A Revolt Incited by Them.—Bradford the Chief Desperado.—Reign of Terror Inaugurated.—Tax-Collectors Roughly Handled.—The Incendiary's Torch.—"Tom the Tinker's" Ruffianism.—Fury of the Factionists.—Firm Courage of Loyal Men.—Perplexity of the United States Government.—Presidential Proclamation.—Law and Order to be Maintained.—Troops Summoned into Service.—Prompt and Patriotic Response.—The Olive Branch *vs.* the Sword.—Bradford Scorns Conciliation.—Washington's Mind Made Up.—Prevents the Effusion of Blood.

"Here's to your fery good health,
And tamn te whusky duty!"—SONG OF THE TIMES.

CAUSES OF THE WHISKEY INSURRECTION IN PENN.

THE year 1794 is distinguished in American history by a remarkable revolt among a portion of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, and which is known as the Whiskey Insurrection. In 1791, congress had enacted laws laying excise duties upon spirits distilled within the United States. This tax excited great and general opposition, but nowhere else was such violence exhibited in resisting the execution of the law, as in the western counties of Pennsylvania, where the crops of grain were so over-abundant, that, in the absence of an adequate market for its sale, an immense quantity of the cereal was distilled into whiskey,—the far-famed "Monongahela," so called from the name of the principal river of the region where the manufacture was carried on. It was insisted upon, by these people, that an article produced so exclusively, by an isolated community, as their sole and necessary dependence, ought not to be taxed for the support of the federal government; and this opinion they adhered to—as the following pages will be found to show—with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, notwithstanding the day of temperance societies had not then dawned.

Public meetings were held in all the chief towns, at which the action of congress was loudly denounced as oppression to be battled against to the very last extremity;

FAMOUS WHISKEY INSURRECTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

declaring, too, that any person who had accepted or might accept an office under government, in order to carry the law into effect, should be regarded as an enemy of his country, to be treated with contempt and total non-intercourse, official and personal. The federal government was scoffed at, its coercive authority disavowed; thus, with the motto, "*Liberty and No Excise!*" the ball of rebellion rolled on.

It was at this stage in the progress of affairs, and only one day preceding the assembling of an important meeting of malcontents of Pittsburg, that the tax collector for the counties of Alleghany and Washington made his appearance. Aware of his business, a party of men, armed and disguised, waylaid him at a place on Pigeon Creek, in Washington county, seized, tarred and feathered him, cut off his hair, and deprived him of his horse, obliging him to decamp on foot in that ludicrous and painful condition. In attempting to serve legal processes upon the perpetrators of this outrage, the marshal's deputy was also seized, whipped, tarred and feathered; and, after having his money and horse taken from him, the ruffians blindfolded and led him into the depths of the forest, where he was tied and left to his fate. He was fortunately discovered in season, and rescued, by some friends.

Not long after, a person of the name of Roseberry underwent the humiliating punishment of tarring and feathering, with some attendant aggravations, for having in conversation hazarded the very natural and just, but unpalatable remark, that the inhabitants of a county could not reasonably expect protection from a government whose laws they so strenuously opposed. So great, too, was the audacity of the perpetrators of these outrages, that an armed banditti of them ventured to seize and carry off two persons who were witnesses against the rioters in the case of Wilson, in order to prevent their giving testimony in a court then sitting, or about to sit.

On the part of the executive, such open defiance of the laws, and of the authority of the government, was believed to imperiously require that the strength and efficiency of those laws should be tried, by the governing power. Accordingly, Washington issued his proclamation, emphatically condemning the lawless acts and proceedings, warning all to return at once to their allegiance, and assuring them that the laws should be executed at any hazard. Against the leaders in some of the outrages which had been committed, bills of indictment were found in a court of the United States, upon which process was directed to issue, and, at the same time, process was also issued against a great number of non-complying distillers.

This proclamation not producing the desired effect, President Washington next endeavored to prevent the necessity of having recourse to active military measures, by making it the *interest* of the distillers to pay the duty. To this end, in addition to the prosecutions instituted against delinquents, the spirits distilled in the counties opposing the law were ordered to be seized on their way to market, by the officers of the revenue, and the contractors for the army were directed to purchase only the spirits on which the duties had been paid. But, whatever were the inclinations of the distillers—or some of them,—the fear of an infuriated populace prevented a compliance with these orders; and the factionists continued to take encouragement from the lenity of the executive, in the expectation of ultimate success. By violent threats they still kept the marshal from serving his precepts, committed numerous outrages upon the friends of government, and perfected their organization into military bands, to resist any force that might be sent to subject them to the laws. They styled their acts, "*mending the still.*"

It is not to be doubted that this inflamed state of the public mind was greatly aggravated by the ambitious designs and intemperate speeches of a few leading men. Conspicuous among the friends of the malcontents were Bradford, Marshall, Smilie, Brackenridge, Husbands, Findley, and Gallatin. The first-named, David Bradford, was the chief agitator, and led in person the desperate bands, in their career of violence. He was an old settler in Washington county, had accumulated a large fortune, and, being bold and unscrupulous in his politics, wielded a powerful influence over a certain class. Those associated with him were men of decided ability, being of Scotch or Irish birth, and possessing their dominant characteristics of nationality.

In the early part of 1794, the hostility of the law-breakers seemed to become more implacable and demonstrative. William Richmond, who had given information against some of the rioters, in the affair of Wilson, had his barn burnt, with all its valuable contents; and the same thing happened to Robert Shawan, a distiller, who had been among the first to comply with the law, and who had always spoken favorably of it. These instances were multiplied. The law-abiding inhabitants were dogged and pursued by disorderly persons, their houses and distilleries broken into, property destroyed, conflagrations kindled, machinery disabled, life threatened.

June being the month for receiving annual entries for stills, endeavors were used to open offices in Westmoreland and Washington, where it had hitherto been

found impracticable. With much pains and difficulty, places were at last procured for the purpose.

That in Westmoreland was repeatedly attacked by armed men, in the night, who frequently fired upon it; but it was defended with so much determination and perseverance, as to have been maintained during the remainder of the month. That in Washington, after repeated attempts, was suppressed.

Charging himself with the service of the processes officially intrusted to him, the marshal repaired in person to the country which was the scene of these disorders. He continued unmolested in the performance of this duty, until, being seen in company with General John Neville, inspector of the county and a zealous advocate of the tax, they were assaulted on the road by a body of armed men, who fired, but without doing any injury. Early the next morning, a party attacked the house of General Neville, the inspector, but he defended himself bravely and successfully.

Apprehending, however, that the business would not terminate here, Neville made application by letter to the judges, generals of militia, and sheriff of the county, for protection. A reply to his application, from John Wilkins, Jr., and John Gibson, magistrates and militia-officers, informed him that the laws could not be executed, so as to afford him the protection to which he was entitled, owing to the too general combination of the people in that part of Pennsylvania to oppose the revenue law; adding, that they would take every step in their power to bring the rioters to justice, and would be glad to receive information relative to the individuals concerned in the attack on his house, that prosecutions might be commenced against them—at the same time expressing regret that, should the citizens of the county be ordered out, in support of the civil authority, very few could be gotten who were not of the party of the rioters.

The day following, the insurgents reassembled with a considerable augmentation of numbers, amounting to at least five hundred, and, on the seventeenth of July, renewed their attack upon the house of the inspector, who, in the interval, had taken the precaution of calling to his aid a small detachment from the garrison of Fort Pitt, which, at the time of the attack, consisted of eleven men, who had been joined by Major Abraham Kirkpatrick, a friend and connection of the inspector. The leader of the insurgents was a desperado named John Holcroft, or "*Tom the Tinker,*" as he was familiarly called.

There being scarcely a prospect of effectual defense against so large a number as then appeared, and as the inspector had everything to apprehend for his person, if taken, it was judged advisable that he should withdraw from the house to a place of concealment; Major Kirkpatrick generously agreeing to remain with the eleven, intending, if practicable, to make a capitulation in favor of the property, or, if unsuccessful, to defend it as long as possible.

A parley took place, under cover of a flag, which was sent by the insurgents to the house, with a demand that the inspector should come forth, renounce his office, and stipulate never again to accept an office under the same laws. To this it was replied, that the inspector had left the house upon their first approach, and that the place to which he had retired was unknown. They then declared that they must have whatever related to his office; to which, answer was made they might send persons, not exceeding six, to search the house, and take away whatever papers they could find, pertaining to the office. But, not satisfied with this, they insisted, unconditionally, that the armed men who were in the house for its defense, should march out and ground their arms. Major Kirkpatrick peremptorily refused, considering it and representing it to them as a proof of a design to destroy the property; and this refusal put an end to the parley.

Brisk firing now took place between the insurgents and the party in the house, lasting for about an hour, till the assailants, having set fire to the neighboring and adjacent buildings, eight in number,

the intenseness of the heat, and the danger of an immediate communication of fire to the house, obliged the brave Kirkpatrick and his small party to come out and surrender themselves.

Desirous of ascertaining their full strength, and also to discover any secret enemies that might remain unsuspected in the midst of these treasonable movements, Bradford and his comrades proceeded with a high and unsparing hand. Monster meetings of friends and sympathizers were

DAVID BRADFORD.

appointed, to determine the first question; and, to obtain satisfaction in regard to the second, the mail between Pittsburg and Philadelphia was stopped by armed men, who cut it open, and took out the letters which it contained. In some of these letters, a direct disapprobation of the violent measures which had been adopted was openly avowed. Upon acquiring thus the names of their opponents, messengers were sent to Pittsburg, where the writers of the offensive letters resided, demanding the banishment of the offenders. A prompt obedience to these demands was unavoidable. Another plan was, for seizing the United States military stores at Pittsburg, and using them in carrying on the revolt. In order to accomplish this, a mammoth gathering of the anarchists was appointed to be held on Braddock's field, August first. This call was made in the form usual for militia musters, and all were notified to come armed and equipped. *Seven thousand men answered to this call*, and Bradford, assuming the office of major-general, reviewed the dense mass of troops. The main purpose, however, of this assemblage, namely, to march upon Pittsburg, take possession of Fort Pitt and the United States arsenal, and then form an independent state, or sovereignty, composed of the counties west of the Alleghany range, had been divulged to few, and, upon farther consultation, it was found that the desperation of some of the leaders failed them at this point, and the project was abandoned. But it was determined to march to Pittsburg at any rate,—a march that was attended by a wholesale intimidation of the disaffected, the robbing of houses, and the burning of buildings. But the greatest popular demonstration made of the law-breakers' strength, was the meeting at Parkinson's Ferry, where there assembled representatives of the whole vast region in insurrection, and, in the mad enthusiasm of the hour, *pledged themselves to follow, sixteen thousand strong, under the banner of Bradford*, in resisting and overturning the government. There were at this meeting many able men, but the attendant throng was of a far different class.

The president had now, for three years, patiently awaited the effect of conciliatory measures, but these had only continued to render the opposition more desperate. He therefore had only to choose between the alternative of permitting the prostration of the government, or to call out its force in support of the laws. It was not in the nature of Washington to allow the former.

The subject, in all its momentous consequences, was laid by President Washington before the cabinet, for final action, and General Mifflin, the governor of Pennsylvania, was on this occasion called into the council. Their unanimous desire was to avoid, if possible, a resort to arms and bloodshed, and they therefore advised that commissioners should be sent to the insurgents to warn them of their danger, and to offer a pardon of past offenses, on condition of future obedience to the laws. It was also advised that a proclamation should be issued, in conformity to the act of congress, commanding the insurgents to disperse by a given day. All agreed that a crisis had arrived which was testing

the strength and practicability of republican institutions.

The president did not hesitate to do his duty. He could no longer see the laws prostrated, and the authority of the United States defied, without exerting the means of prevention. He resolved, therefore, to issue the proclamation, which, by law, was to precede the employment of force. This proclamation, issued August seventh, contained a brief but distinct recapitulation of the measures which had been adopted by the government, as well as the proceedings on the part of the insurgents, and the preparatory steps which had been taken to authorize the executive to employ coercion — and which, though with the deepest regret, he had determined to do, in the interests of national preservation and social order; and commanding all persons being in the position of insurgents, and all others whom it might concern, on or before the first day of the ensuing month of September, to disperse and retire peaceably to their homes.

On the same day of this proclamation, a requisition was made on the governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, for their several quotas of militia to compose an army of twelve or fifteen thousand men, who were to be immediately organized and prepared to march at a minute's warning.

While the necessary steps were being taken to bring this force into the field, a last attempt was made to render its employment unnecessary. To this end, the attorney-general of the United States, who was also a citizen of Pennsylvania, together with Judge Yates, of the superior court, and Senator Ross of Pennsylvania, who was particularly popular in the western section, were deputed by the government to be the bearers of a general amnesty for past offenses, on the sole condition of future obedience to the laws.

It having been deemed advisable that the executive of the state in which the insurrection was rampant should act in concert with that of the United States, a proclamation, similar in tone and spirit to that of the president, was now issued by Governor Mifflin, and commissioners were appointed by him to unite with those of the general government.

But Bradford, whose sway over his followers was well nigh despotic, inspiring them with slavish terror, laughed at the government proclamation and measures, claimed that he could marshal an army that would scatter the federal force to the four winds, and, under the banner of *"Liberty and No Excise—No Asylum for Cowards and Traitors!"* the insurgent spirit waxed fiercer and more bold. Attempts were made to embark the adjacent counties of Virginia in their cause, and their violence was extended to Morgantown, at which place an inspector resided, who only saved himself by flight, and protected his property by advertising, on his own door, that he had resigned his office. Similar excursions were made into the eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

The great convention of malcontents at Parkinson's Ferry had, under the advice of Brackenridge, Marshall, Gallatin, and some others, appointed a committee of safety, of sixty members, who chose fifteen of their body to confer with the commissioners of the United States, and of Pennsylvania. This committee was to receive proposals, but neither offer nor accept terms of settlement.

In their report of the conference thus held, the committee expressed themselves in favor of accepting the accommodation offered by the government. But, though many of the insurgents, trembling at the extent of the conflagration they had kindled, were now disposed to yield, a vast number still continued, under Bradford's fiery lead, to go on in their revolutionary violence, and so the last door to reconciliation was shut. Meanwhile, the president's call for troops was being responded to in overwhelming numbers, under the patriotic lead of Governor Mifflin.

The president issued a second proclamation, September 25, describing in terms of great energy the obstinate and perverse spirit with which the government's lenient

propositions had been received, and declaring his fixed determination, in virtue of the high and imperative duty imposed upon him by the constitution to "*take care that the laws be faithfully executed,*" to reduce the refractory to obedience.

On every side, the signals of war were now displayed! The troops of New Jersey and Pennsylvania were directed to rendezvous at Bedford, and those of Maryland and Virginia at Cumberland, on the Potomac. The command of the expedition was given to General Henry Lee, of Virginia; and the governors of New Jersey and Pennsylvania commanded, under him, the militia of their respective states. The president, in person, pushed on for Philadelphia, through deep roads and a three days' drenching rain, visiting, as commander-in-chief, each of the two grand divisions into which he had divided the forces. He had intended to continue to lead the army solely himself; but, ascertaining that this would not be called for, and feeling confident that the force employed must break down all resistance, he left General Hamilton, as his deputy, giving directions to Lee to march each division across the Alleghany mountains, meet on the other side, and act against the insurgents as circumstances might require. But, as had been sagaciously foreseen, the

GEN. HENRY LEE.

greatness of the force prevented the effusion of blood. The rebellious hordes fled before such a demonstration, the clemency of the government was solicited, and submission to every law freely promised. Some of the more evil disposed were arrested and tried, but pardon was ultimately extended to all. Bradford escaped to Spanish territory. And thus, in the words of Washington, was decided "the contest, whether a small proportion of the United States shall dictate to the whole Union."

XIII.

FOUNDING AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—1799.

Bitter Sectional Contest in Deciding the Location.—First "Compromise" in Congress between the North and the South.—Final Removal of the Government and its Archives to Washington.—Official Observance of the Event.—Magnificent Site and Plan of the City.—Splendor of its Public Buildings.—Congress First Sits in Philadelphia.—Need of a Permanent Capital.—National Dignity Involved.—Violent Agitation of the Subject.—Philadelphia and New York Proposed.—They are Objected to by the South.—Northern Disunion Threats.—Schemes of Conciliation.—How the Question was Settled.—Sweetening Two Bitter Pills.—Jefferson's Graphic Account.—General Washington's Preference.—His Site on the Potomac Adopted.—Some Rather Personal Anecdotes.—Work of Laying Out the City.—Its Original Aspect and Condition.—Early Trials of the President's Wife.—Construction of the Capitol.—Its Corner-Stone Laid by Washington.—Congress in its New Halls.—Growth of the Metropolis.—The New Corner-Stone of 1851.

"Where peered the hut the palace towers;
Where skimmed the bark the war-ship lowers;
Joy gaily carols where was silence rude;
And cultured thousands throng the solitude.

NEXT in importance to the founding of a free and independent nationality, and the inauguration of a supreme legislative and executive government, was the act of establishing a permanent capital,—one on a scale, and of a character, commensurate with the dignity and prospects of the new republic. Indeed, from as early a period as June, 1783, when congress was virtually driven from its halls in Philadelphia by the mutiny of a part of the Pennsylvania line, the necessity was very evident of some place being fixed upon where the government of the Union might at least be secure from violence and insult. As this remarkable and untoward circumstance was, perhaps, one of the most notable in its bearing upon subsequent events, in this connection, it may be worth while to recite some of its chief features. While the patriot army, encamped under the eye of Washington, bore their hardships and privations without flinching, and, at the close of the struggle, in 1783, returned quietly, though poor and unpaid, to their homes, some of the newly-recruited soldiers of Pennsylvania, stationed at Lancaster, suddenly mutinied and set off in a body for Philadelphia, to demand redress of fancied grievances from the legislature of the state. Arriving at that city, they were joined by a force from the barracks, and proceeded on the second of June with beat of drum and fixed bayonets to the state house, where congress and the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania were both holding their sessions. After placing sentinels at all the doors, they sent in a written message, threatening the president and the council of the state to let loose an enraged soldiery upon them, if their demands were not acceded to in twenty minutes. Although the resentments of this banditti were not directed par-

ticularly against congress, the government of the Union was grossly insulted, and those who administered it were blockaded for several hours in the discharge of their duties, by an armed band. Fearing lest the authorities of Pennsylvania might not be able to furnish adequate protection, it adjourned to meet within a few days at Princeton,—sending information, in the meantime, to Washington, of this outbreak. The latter immediately sent fifteen hundred men under General Howe to suppress the mutiny; but before the detachment could reach Philadelphia, the mutiny was in a great degree subdued, and fortunately without bloodshed.

When once the subject of definitely fixing upon a location for the seat of government was before congress and the people, the question seemed to overshadow all others. Being in session at Princeton, under the circumstances above narrated, it was resolved by congress that a building for the national legislature be erected near the Falls of the Delaware.

The commissioners to lay out a town on the Delaware reported their proceedings to congress, but no further steps were taken to carry the resolution into effect. Some were very strenuous for New York, others proposed some convenient place on the banks of the Susquehanna. To the latter proposition, southern members, among whom was Mr. Madison, were unalterably opposed. All admitted the importance of the step to be taken, involving, perhaps, the perpetuity of the government itself.

At length, a compact respecting the temporary and permanent seat of government was entered into between the friends of Philadelphia, and the Potomac, whereby it was stipulated that congress should hold its sessions in Philadelphia, for ten years, during which time, buildings for the accommodation of the government should be erected at some place, to be selected, on the Potomac, and which latter should become, on the expiration of the ten years, the permanent capital of the nation. This compromise having united the representatives of Pennsylvania and Delaware with the friends of the Potomac, in favor both of the temporary and permanent locality which had been mutually agreed on between them, a majority was thus finally secured in favor of the project, and a bill which was brought into the senate in conformity with this arrangement, passed both houses by small majorities, though, according to Judge Marshall, these majorities would have been larger, if necessary.

But, as the final compromise briefly recorded above shows, the die *was* cast, at last, to mutual satisfaction. How this was brought about, Jefferson's graphic, and, it may be, highly-colored portraiture of the closing hour and result of the struggle will give some idea: 'The eastern members particularly, who, with Smith from South Carolina, were the principal gamblers in these scenes, threatened *secession and dissolution.* Hamilton was in despair. As I was going to the president's, one day, I met him in the street. He walked me backwards and forwards before the president's door for half an hour. He painted pathetically the temper into which the legislature had been wrought; the disgust of those who were called the creditor states; the danger of the secession of their members, and the separation of the states. He observed that the members of the administration ought to act in concert; that though this question was not of my department, yet a common duty should make it a common concern; that the president was the center on which all administration questions ultimately rested, and that all of us should rally around him, and support, with joint efforts, measures approved by him; and that the question having been lost by a small majority only, it was probable that an appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of some of my friends, might effect a change in the vote, and the machine of government, now suspended, might be again set into motion. I told him that I was really a stranger to the whole subject; that not having yet informed myself of the system of finance adopted, I

knew not how far this was a necessary sequence; that undoubtedly, if its rejection endangered a dissolution of our Union at this incipient stage, I should deem that the most unfortunate of all consequences, to avert which all partial and temporary evils should be yielded. I proposed to him, however, to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, bring them into conference together, and I thought it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion, to form a compromise which was to save the Union. The discussion took place. I could take no part in it but an exhortatory one, because I was a stranger to the circumstances which should govern it. But it was finally agreed, that whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and of concord among the states, was more important, and that, therefore, it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded, to effect which some members should change their votes. But it was observed that this pill would be peculiarly *bitter* to the southern states, and that some concomitant measure should be adopted to *sweeten* it a little to them. There had before been projects to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia, or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought that, by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. So two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point. In doing this, the influence he had established over the eastern members, with the agency of Robert Morris with those of the middle states, effected his side of the engagement.' Thus it was that the assumption-bill was passed, and thus it was that the far more important measure was enacted, which provided—

"That a district of territory on the river Potomac, at some place between the mouths of the eastern branch and the Connogocheague, be, and the same is hereby, accepted, for the permanent seat of the government of the United States." In enduring honor of the father of his country, the name given to the projected city was WASHINGTON.

From the beginning, General Washington advocated the site which was finally fixed upon, and its establishment there was due in a large measure to his counsels and influence. It is related, though somewhat questionable, that during the hot and angry discussion on the subject, in congress, pending the determination of a locality, a person who was in company with Washington remarked, one day,—

"I know very well where the federal city ought to be."

"Where then would you put it, sir?" was the serene inquiry of Washington.

"It ought to be located in Philadelphia," was the reply.

"Why are you sure it should be there?"

"For the most satisfactory of all reasons," was the sinister answer; "because nearly the whole of my property lies there and in the neighborhood."

In stern silence did Washington fasten his eye upon the man who thus dared the insolent insinuation that the president favored the location of the capital in its present site because it was near his Mount Vernon estates; and the offender soon vanished out of sight.

Another little anecdote in this connection will be here given, as showing that "no sea is free from ripples." It was for many years traditional in the federal capital, that one man was found not awed by the presence of the great founder of that city. While the president was procuring the ground which was to be the seat of government, he had but little difficulty in obtaining the necessary releases, except in one instance. Mr. James Byrnes was the owner of a lot or tract which it was advisable should be included in the plan. The general had various conferences with Mr.

Byrnes, who was especially obstinate, and, highly prizing, as he did, the tract in question, flatly resisted all the reasonings and persuasions of the great man. Unused to opposition, Washington at last turned upon him and said, as only he could say it,—

"Mr. James Byrnes! what would your land have been worth if I had not placed this city on the Potomac?"

Byrnes was not at all crushed by this peculiar flanking argument on the part of the general; but, undismayed, coolly turned to him and said,—

"George Washington, what would *you* have been worth if you had not married the widow Custis?"

It will not do to judge of the nation's metropolis at that day by what it is now. At that time it was desolate in the extreme, with its long unimproved avenues and streets, its deep morasses, and its vast area covered with trees instead of houses. Mrs. Adams, the wife of President John Adams, who first occupied the White House, in writing to a friend regarding the city and the presidential mansion at that period, says: 'In the city are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate congress and those attached to it, but as they are, I see no great comfort in them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I can see the vessels as they pass and re-pass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the president's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to the parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all we can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do, or how to do. If they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself anywhere three months, but surrounded by forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people can not be found to cut and cart it? Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we can not get grates made and set. We have indeed come into a *new country*.' These and kindred inconveniences were naturally incident to the new order of things; they were only temporary.

As has already appeared, it was reserved to Washington's immediate successor in the presidential office, to be the first occupant of the executive mansion. Nevertheless, the superintending mind and hand of Washington are broadly identified with the conception not only of that elegant building, but of the capitol and other government structures. On the fifteenth day of April, 1791, the Hon. Daniel Carroll and Dr. David Stewart superintended the fixing of the first corner-stone of the District of Columbia, at Jones's Point, near Alexandria; it was laid with all the usual masonic ceremonies, an address being also delivered on the occasion by Rev. James Muir. "May this stone," said the orator, "long commemorate the goodness of God in those uncommon events which have given America a name among nations. Under this stone may jealousy and selfishness be forever buried. From this stone may a superstructure arise whose glory, whose magnificence, whose stability, shall astonish the world." The south-east corner-stone of the capitol was laid by President Washington, September eighteenth, 1793, with appropriate services, principal among which was the act of the commissioners, in their official capacity,

WASHINGTON, D. C., IN 1876.

when they delivered to President Washington, who deposited it in the stone, a silver plate, inscribed as follows:—

"This south-east corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the eighteenth year of American Independence, in the first year of the second term of the presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been as conspicuous and beneficial as his military valor and prudence have been useful in establishing her liberties, and in the year of Masonry 5793, by the President of the United States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22 from Alexandria, Virginia."

In the summer of 1800, the archives of the government were removed from Philadelphia to Washington, and, the ensuing November, the north wing of the capitol was ready for the first sitting of congress in the new metropolis. John Cotton Smith, a distinguished member of this congress from Connecticut, speaking of the new city on his arrival there, says: 'I can not sufficiently express my admiration of its local position.'

It was at this session that formal recognition was made of the great national event of the founding and establishment of the national capital, by mutual congratulatory addresses between the chief magistrate of the republic on the one part, and the senate and house of representatives on the other.

A more beautiful site for a large city could scarcely have been selected. On a level plain some three miles in length, and varying from a quarter to two miles wide, and extending from the banks of the Potomac to a range of hills bounding the plain on the east, the new city was laid out. The idea of General Washington was that the capitol should be the center of the city, and that avenues should radiate from it at equi-distant points. To complete his plan, the metropolis should have a million of inhabitants, instead of

its present very moderate fraction of that number. Though not a seven-hilled city, Washington has, as well as Rome, its Capitoline Hill, commanding views scarcely

NATIONAL CAPITOL IN 1876.

less striking than those of the Eternal City. The general altitude of the city-plot is forty feet above the river, but this is diversified by irregular elevations, which serve to give variety and commanding sites for the public buildings. The plot is slightly amphitheatrical, the president's house on the west standing on one of the sides, and the capitol on the other, while the space between verges towards a point near the river. The president's house and the capitol stand centrally with regard to the whole, though situated at the distance of one mile from each other, the former forty-four feet above the Potomac, and the latter seventy-two feet. All the public buildings are on a scale of magnificence worthy of a great nation; and the munificence of congress in this respect, as well as in regard to all that pertains to the city, as the seat of government of the United States, is evident on every side. This is as it should be, and betokens the destined splendor, in point of architecture, avenues and parks, institutions of art, science and education, of the federal capital.

Starting from the capitol, the streets run from north to south and from east to west, their width varying from ninety to one hundred and ten feet. There are beside twenty avenues, named after the older states of the Union, which cross the streets at various angles and connect the most important points of the city, forming at their intersection with the streets and with each other numerous open spaces. These grand avenues are from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty feet uniform width; the principal of these is called in honor of the state of Pennsylvania, and extends from Georgetown to the Anacostia, a distance of four miles. It forms the main avenue of communication between the capitol and the president's house and the chief offices of government. The capitol commands Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maine, and Missouri avenues; the president's house, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, and Connecticut avenues. The effect of this arrangement, taken in connection with the natural advantages of the site, is exceedingly fine—one of the finest in the world, for a city. From the hill, in especial, on which stands the capitol, the

SYMBOLIC STATUE OF AMERICA SURMOUNTING THE U. S. CAPITOL.

most noble view presents itself to the eye of the beholder that the imagination can conceive. On the fourth of July, 1851,

the corner-stone of that magnificent extension of the capitol which has rendered it the most superb structure of its kind in the world, was laid with splendid ceremonial, including a commemorative oration by President Fillmore, assisted by Daniel Webster, secretary of state. In the stone was also deposited a record of the event, with the following impressive statement and invocation:—

"If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the union of the United States of America stands firm, that their Constitution still exists unimpaired and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayer that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure forever! GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!"

XIV.

DEATH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.—1799.

His Sudden and Brief Illness, Last Hours, and Dying Words.—Fortitude and Serenity Through all His Sufferings.—He Calmly Announces His Approaching Dissolution Without a Murmur.—The Whole World Does Honor, by Eulogy and Lamentations, to His Exalted Worth and Immortal Fame.—He Anticipated an Early Death.—His Invariably Good Health.—Exposure in a Snow-Storm.—Takes a Fatal Cold.—Last Letter Written by His Hand.—Reads the Papers in the Evening.—Characteristic Reply to His Wife.—Passes a Restless Night.—Alarming Condition the Next Day.—Medical Treatment of no Avail.—Calls for His Two Wills, Burns One.—Affecting Scene at His Bedside.—Last Words, "'Tis Well!"—Only One Day's Sickness.—Acute Laryngitis His Disease.—Burial in the Old Family Vault.—Tidings of His Death.—Tributes from Peoples and Kings.—A Man Without a Parallel.—Last Page in His Journal.—Re-entombment in 1837.—Appearance of His Remains.

"Posterity will talk of Washington with reverence, as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution."—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WASHINGTON is dead!" were the appalling words which, with the fading out of the eighteenth century, brought home to every American heart the solemn lesson of the flight of time, and that "*all* men are mortal." Totally unprepared as was his idolizing country for such an event,—no intelligence of the slightest illness of the great chieftain having preceded the bald announcement of his death and burial,—the tidings moved the nation's heart to profound amazement and sorrow, and deep answered unto deep, in the universal wail of a bereaved and stricken republic. If a nation's prayers could have prevailed, Washington—Columbia's most honored, venerated, and renowned son,—would have been immortal on earth. But the ordinance of divine wisdom is, that the great boon of immortality shall be attained by man only through the portals of the grave, and to this decree the illustrious and the humble are alike subject. Thus it was that Washington, the great Christian warrior and statesman—the greatest of good men and the best of great men—paid the debt of nature when he had scarcely reached the allotted period of three-score years and ten.

The last end of so illustrious a personage as Washington, is fraught with an interest so profound and memorable, as never to lose its freshness and value to successive generations. It appeared to be the will of heaven that, so soon as the circumstances of his country enabled it to dispense with the services of the man who, above all others, was its founder and leading head, he should be summoned away from the scenes of earth. That he was one who was accustomed to consider the brevity of life and the uncertainty of human affairs, is evident from the tenor of his conduct and conversation, and from occasional passages in his correspondence. Thus, to the Hon. James M'Henry, secretary of war, he wrote, but a few months prior to his decease: "My greatest anxiety is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct

form, that no reproach may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits." He had also been making arrangements, just before the attack of illness which terminated in his death, for the construction of an improved family tomb, and in speaking of his plans to a relative at his side, he remarked, "This change, I shall make the first of all, for I may require it before the rest." He had also been heard to say, "I am of a short-lived family, and cannot expect to remain very long upon the earth."

The month of December, 1799, found him in the enjoyment of excellent health. Indeed, Major Lewis, his nephew, writing of him as he appeared to himself and a friend at that time, says, "The clear and healthy flush on his cheek and his sprightly manner brought the remark from both of us, that we had never seen the general look so well." On the tenth of December, he completed the draught of an elaborate plan for the management of his lands, laying down the rotation of the crops for a succession of years in advance. The morning of that day was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day, the eleventh, was blustering and rainy; and at night, as Washington recorded in his diary, "there was a large circle round the moon." The morning of the twelfth was overcast. Washington's last letter was written that morning—it was to Hamilton, and principally on the subject of a military academy. The events of that day, and of the two days following, are most minutely narrated by an eye-witness—Mr. Tobias Lear,—who was Washington's private secretary as well as valued friend; and with Mr. Lear's statement, are incorporated some facts from the pen of Washington's favorite kinsman, Mr. Custis:—

On Thursday, December twelfth, the general rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three. Soon after he went out, the weather became very bad, rain, hail, snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in, I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post-office in the evening. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening. I observed to him, that I was afraid he had got wet. He said, No, his great coat had kept him dry. But his neck appeared to be wet, and the snow was hanging upon his hair. He came to dinner, which had been waiting for him, without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual.

A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the general from riding out as usual. He had taken cold, undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before, and complained of a sore throat. He, however, went out in the afternoon into the ground between the house and the river to mark some trees, which were to be cut down in the improvement of that spot. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked the ground. He had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it.

Between two and three o'clock, on Saturday morning, December fourteenth, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and told her that he was very unwell, and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak,

Mrs. Washington

and breathed with difficulty, and would have got up to call a servant. But he would not permit her, lest she should take a cold. As soon as the day appeared, the

woman (Caroline) went into the room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible, and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being ill as before stated. I found the general breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. He desired Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I dispatched a servant instantly for Rawlins, and another for Dr. Craik, and returned again to the general's chamber, where I found him in the same situation as I had left him.

A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter, was prepared, to try its effects in the throat; but he could not swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it, he appeared to be distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready, the general, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak, "Don't be afraid." And when the incision was made, he observed, "The orifice is not large enough." However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the general's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it; but, when I was about to untie the string, the general put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, he said, "More, more." Mrs. Washington being still very uneasy, lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with *sal volatile*, which was done, and in the operation, which was with the hand, and in the gentlest manner, he observed, "It is very sore." A piece of flannel dipped in *sal volatile* was put around his neck, and his feet bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

In the meantime, before Dr. Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Dr. Brown, of Port Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called, if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming.

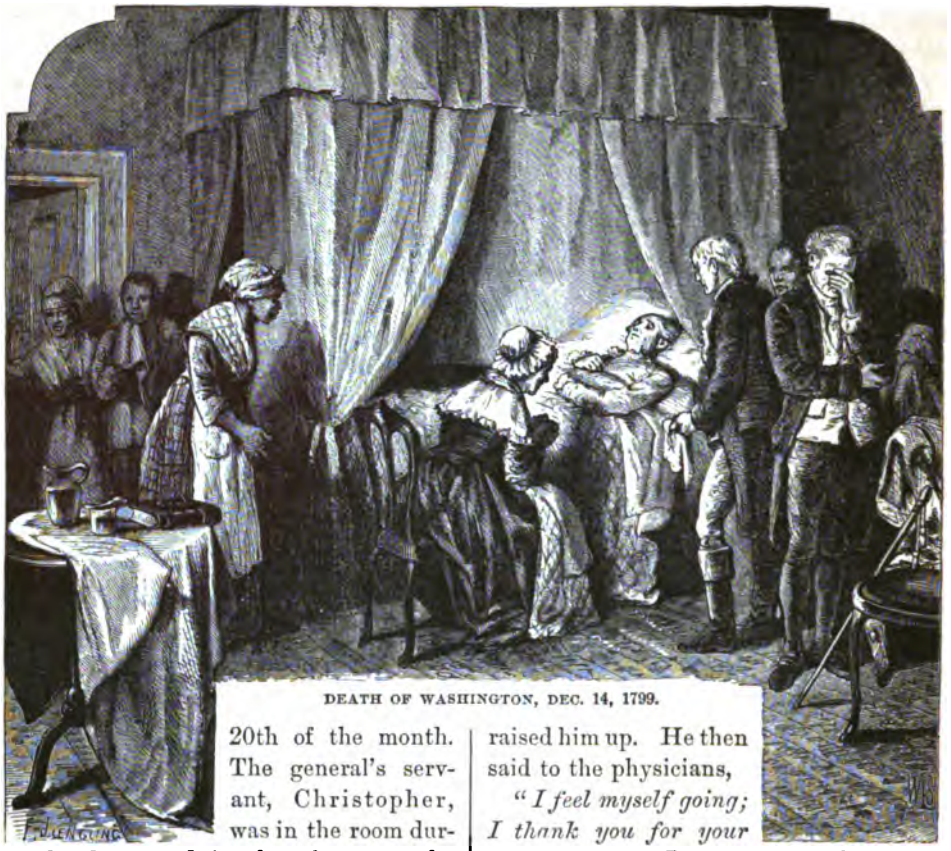
Dr. Dick came about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon Dr. Dick's seeing the general, and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik, he was bled again. The blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber soon after, and upon feeling the general's pulse, the physicians went out together. Dr. Craik returned soon after, The general could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered, but without any effect.

The weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered, "I am very ill." To Mrs. Washington he said, "Go to my desk, and in the private drawer you will find two papers — bring them to me." They were brought. Upon looking at them he observed, "These are my wills— preserve this one and burn the other;" which was accordingly done.

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress, from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed and endeavored to raise him, and turn him with as much ease as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, and often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much;" and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him ease, he replied,

"Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope, when you want aid of this kind, you will find it."

He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington Custis would return. (They were then in New Kent.) I told him about the



DEATH OF WASHINGTON, DEC. 14, 1799.

20th of the month. The general's servant, Christopher, was in the room during the day; and in the afternoon, the general directed him to sit down, as he had been standing almost the whole day. He did so. About eight o'clock in the morning, he had expressed a desire to get up. His clothes were put on, and he was led to a chair by the fire; he found no relief from that position, and lay down again about ten o'clock. About five o'clock, Dr. Craik came again into the room, and, upon going to the bedside, the general said to him,

"Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it. My breath can not last long."

The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief. Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed, when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed. He held out his hand, and I raised him up. He then said to the physicians,

"*I feel myself going; I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.*"

About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said,

"I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said,

"Do you understand me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"'Tis WELL," said he; the last words which he ever uttered on earth.

With surprising self-possession he prepared to die—composing his form at full length, and folding his arms on his bosom.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock Saturday evening), his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse.

I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh, December fourteenth, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, after an illness of twenty-four hours.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. "'Tis well," said she, in the same voice, "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

The disease of which Washington died was what is now technically called "acute laryngitis," a disease of very rare occurrence.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, AS COLONEL.

About twelve o'clock, the body was carried down stairs, and laid out in the large drawing-room; the burial taking place the next Wednesday, December 18th, his mortal remains being deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon. The sudden tidings of his death fell like a domestic sorrow upon the hearts of the people; lamentations and solemn obsequies filled the land,—and, throughout the whole world, the event was heard with the deepest emotion.

Nearly forty years after Washington's death and burial, his remains, together with those of his wife, were re-entombed, in order to their being placed in the marble coffins which had been generously offered for that purpose by a patriotic citizen of Philadelphia, to the legal representatives of the departed chieftain. This was in 1837. At the time of Washington's interment, December 18, 1799, his body was placed in a mahogany coffin lined with lead, soldered at the joints, with a cover of lead to be soldered on after the body should be in the vault. The coffin was put into a case, lined and covered with black cloth.

On entering the tomb and examining the coffin, on the occasion in question, it was found that the lid had become displaced and broken, and the silver shield which had originally surmounted the lid had dropped down into the case. At the request of Major Lewis, who was one of the family group to witness the re-entombment, the fractured part of the lid was turned over on the lower part, exposing to view a head and breast of large dimensions, which appeared, by the dim light of the candles, to have suffered but little from the effects of time. The eye-sockets were large and deep, and the breadth across the temples, together with the forehead, appeared of unusual size. There was no appearance of grave-clothes; the chest was broad, the color was dark, and there was the appearance of dried flesh and skin adhering closely to the bones.

The ancient family vault, in which Washington's remains first reposed, was situated under the shade of a small grove of forest trees, a short distance from the family mansion of Mount Vernon, and near the brow of the precipitous bank of the Potomac. Diminutive and unadorned, this humble sepulchre stood in a most romantic and picturesque spot, and, on account of its prominent locality, could be distinctly seen by travelers, as they passed in steamboats up and down the river.

But the ashes of the father of his country were in course of time removed from that place, to a lot near the corner of a

beautiful enclosure, where the river is concealed from view. This site was selected by Washington himself, in the later years of his life, for a tomb.

It is scarcely necessary to cite the opinions held by the illustrious men of America concerning Washington. Those opinions, held and shared by all, from the highest to the humblest citizen, may all be summed up in that grand apotheosis of eulogy, namely, that he was "FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN." It will be of interest, however, in this place, to glance at the estimate of Washington held by some of the great historic characters of the old world,—kings, queens, nobles, and orators.

When Napoleon was about to embark for Egypt, some American gentlemen who happened to be at Toulon, being anxious for an interview with the mighty Corsican, obtained an introduction to him. Scarcely were the customary salutations exchanged, when he eagerly asked—

"How fares your countryman, the great Washington?"

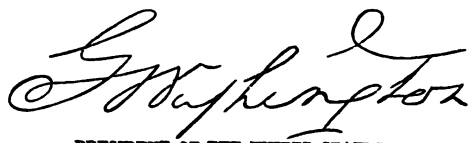
"He was very well, general, when we left America," replied the travelers.

"Ah, gentlemen," rejoined the man of destiny, "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of his fame

GEORGE WASHINGTON, GENERAL U. S. A.

is full. Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions."

Marie Antoinette, queen of France, was a great admirer of the heroism and personal character of Washington, though not in sympathy with his political principles. Wishing to send to him a royal



PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

gift in token of her appreciation of his great merits, she consulted Lafayette as to the form of presentation, citing the terms used on similar occasions, in addressing kings and other monarchs. Lafayette mildly objected to those terms, as being not altogether suitable in the present case, saying: "They, madam, were only kings. Washington is the General of a free nation,"—a sentiment to which the gentle-mannered queen at once yielded a most gracious assent, in deference to the acknowledged pre-eminence of Washington.

Lord Erskine, in writing to Washington from London, said: "I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which is to be found in a book I send you. I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men; but you are the only human being for whom I have ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant you a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world."

In the year 1780, Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, presented General Washington with a picture of his majesty taken to the life, and inscribed underneath with the words—

"*From the oldest general in Europe, to the greatest general on earth.*"

Charles James Fox, the renowned British premier, declared of Washington, in the presence of parliament: "How infinitely wiser must appear the spirit and principles manifested in his late addresses to congress than the policy of modern European courts! Illustrious man! deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe—excepting the members of our own royal family—become little and contemptible. I can not, indeed, help admiring the wisdom and fortune of this great man. A character, of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, is hardly to be found on the pages of history. For him it has been reserved to run the race of glory, without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career."

When the news of Washington's death reached France, Napoleon announced the event to his army, and ordered black crape to be suspended from all the flags and standards in the French service for ten days; and, on the eighth of February, 1800, M. DeFontanes, by direction of Napoleon, pronounced a funeral oration in honor of Washington, in the presence of Bonaparte and the great dignitaries of the realm, in which oration the illustrious deceased was declared to be "a character worthy the best days of antiquity."

Of Washington's personal appearance, little further need be remarked than that it comported entirely with the solid grandeur of his character. In respect to *physique*, no man could have been better formed for command. A stature somewhat exceeding six feet, a full but admirably-proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength and abates active exertion, displayed bodily power of no mean standard. A light gray eye and full, firm forehead, Roman nose; his mouth was peculiar of its

TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

class—the lips firm, and the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still. It was Washington's habit to fasten his eyes calmly and steadily upon those who were ushered into his presence, whether friend or foe, nor was it a slight ordeal thus to meet his penetrating gaze. His limbs were long, large, and sinewy, and his frame was of equal breadth from the shoulders to the hips; his joints were large, as were also his feet, and the great size of his hand never failed to attract attention. His gait and tread was that of a practiced soldier; his deportment invariably grave and reserved; his speech sparing and deliberate. At home he wore the usual dress of a citizen; on state occasions, he dressed in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee-buckles, and square silver buckles set

upon shoes japanned with the most scrupulous neatness, black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and wrists, a light dress sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag, ornamented with a large rose of black ribbon. In the prime of life, Washington stood six feet two inches, and weighed nearly two hundred and twenty pounds; he measured precisely six feet when attired for the grave.

XV.

FATAL DUEL BETWEEN MR. BURR AND GENERAL ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—1804.

Fall of Hamilton at First Fire.—His Death in Thirty Hours.—Profound Sensation and Solemn Obsequies in all Parts of the Land.—Mourned as one of the Founders of the Republic.—Indictment of the Assassin for the Crime of Murder.—Hamilton's Brilliant Public Life.—Washington's Right-hand Man.—Champion of the Federalists.—Burr's Career in the Revolution.—His Notorious Debauchery.—Finally Dismissed by Washington.—Becomes Vice-President in 1800.—Deadly Personal Hatreds.—Criticisms on Burr by His Opponents.—Challenge Sent to Hamilton.—Pacific Explanations Spurned.—Forced to Meet Burr.—Makes His Will in Anticipation.—Sings at a Banquet the Day Before.—Arrival of the Fatal Hour.—Hamilton's Mortal Wound.—What He Said of the Event.—Conversation Before Dying.—Partakes of the Communion.—His Testimony Against Dueling.—Heartless Conduct of Burr.—A Fugitive and an Outlaw.

Cæsar to Antony: "Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge."—ANT. & CLEO., ACT. 4, SC. 1.

MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

BY far the most exciting personal transaction that occurred among the first generation of American statesmen and politicians, was the duel fought in July, 1804, between Colonel Aaron Burr, at that time vice-president of the United States, and General Alexander Hamilton, formerly secretary of the treasury, during the administration of Washington; and in which duel Hamilton fell mortally wounded, his country being thus deprived of its most brilliant ornament.

Of transcendent abilities and unsullied official integrity, it may be said of the victim in this murderous tragedy, that no one labored more efficiently than he, in the organization of the present federal government. At the age of nineteen he entered the revolutionary army, and in 1777 was appointed aid-de-camp of General Washington, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In this capacity he served during the remainder of the war, and at the siege of Yorktown led in person the detachment that carried by assault one of the British outworks. When his military services were no longer required, he commenced the study of the law, entered into its prac-

tice in New York, and soon rose to distinction. In 1782, he was chosen a member of congress; in 1787, a member of the convention that framed the federal constitution. Of this work, as profound as any, and more generally intelligible than most, that have been written on the science of government, the larger portion proceeded from the pen of Hamilton. In political life, he was one of the strongest champions of the party which had Washington at its head. In 1789, he was placed in the cabinet, as secretary of the treasury, and while in this position rendered the most efficient service to his country, by the establishment of an admirable system of national finance. During the insurrection in Pennsylvania, when the people of the western counties took up arms against the general government, Hamilton was placed at the head of the government force destined to act against them; the disturbances being quelled without bloodshed, he resigned his post. His last appearance in military character was again by the side

of Washington, in 1798, as second in command of the army, which was to be called into service in case of hostilities with France.

Aaron Burr was one year the senior of Hamilton, in point of age. His father was the Rev. Aaron Burr, the learned and devout president of Princeton college, and

his mother the daughter of that eminent divine, Jonathan Edwards. Before Burr had reached his third year, however, he was an orphan. When twelve years of age he entered college, graduating at sixteen with the highest reputation. In 1775, while a student of law, he joined the American army under Washington, and such was his ardor in his country's cause, that he joined Arnold as a volunteer in the expedition against Quebec. After his arrival there he was appointed aid-de-camp to Montgomery, and was by the side of that brave officer when he fell. Subsequently, in 1776, he was received by Washington as one of his military family, but was soon cast off by that stern moralist in consequence of his debauchery. This act of Washington, Burr never forgave. His unquestioned military talents, however, secured for him the high position of lieutenant-colonel in 1777, which he retained until 1779, when he was obliged to relinquish it on account of ill-health. Devoting himself to law, he early became one of the greatest lawyers in New York, of which state he was made attorney-general in 1789. From 1791 to 1797, he was a United States senator. In 1800, he was a

candidate for the presidency, and received the same number of votes as Thomas Jefferson; the choice thus went to congress, which, on the thirty-sixth ballot, elected Jefferson president and Burr vice-president. In his personal appearance, Burr is described as having been, in the prime of his manhood, a small but well-formed, fair-complexioned, fascinating man; his face was handsome, by some described as striking, and eyes jet-black and uncommonly brilliant and piercing. In public he had an air of eminent authority, but in the drawing-room his manner was singularly graceful, gentle, and winning. He was a wit, a beau, a good scholar, a polished gentleman, an unscrupulous lawyer and politician, and a libertine in morals. But whoever would read, in all its varied detail, the life of this wonderful man, must consult the biographies of him by Parton and Davis.

The animosity between Burr and Hamilton, as the leaders, respectively, of the two great political parties, was very bitter. The history of this quarrel, in its immediate bearing upon the fatal rencontre in which it finally culminated, is somewhat differently characterized by various biographers, and perhaps not always impartially. Reviewing the matter from the date of Washington's death, the fact is brought to notice, that such was the number of seceders from the federal party after that unlooked-for event, that their opponents resolved to adopt the bold policy of running two presidential candidates, in order thus to secure at least the election of a vice-president, and in this way, although a choice by the electoral colleges was not effected, the two candidates of the democratic party were brought before the house of representatives with claims apparently equal. In the vote of this body by states, it soon appeared that the federal members had it in their power to determine which of the two, Jefferson or Burr, should be president. Many violent federal partisans were inclined to throw a brand of discord into the republican party, by conferring the dignity on Burr; and he is accused of intriguing with them for the purpose.

It is believed that Burr, from this time forth, became Hamilton's mortal foe, and watched for an occasion to get rid of such a rival. In the careful account given by Hildreth, of the subsequent progress of this feud,—a portion of which is here cited,—he mentions, primarily, the two well-known letters written by Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan, in one of which it is alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as a dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government. In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper added that he could detail a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton had expressed of Mr. Burr.

Upon this latter passage, the historian asserts, Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans, and not less dark, designing, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter, and a note from Burr, insisting upon a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant Cooper's assertions.

Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered; but added that he never would consent to be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said anything in the course of fifteen years of political competition to justify inferences which others might have drawn, thus exposing his candor and sincerity to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have misapprehended him.

"More than this," said Hamilton in the conclusion of his letter to Burr, "can not fitly be expected of me; especially, it can not be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanations upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can

only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequences."

Burr's curt, rude, and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was greatly deficient in that sincerity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been affixed to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly, or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from this letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton, of any intention, in any conversation he might ever have held, to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr. Desirous to deprive Burr of any possible excuse for persisting in his murderous designs, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowal as to any other particular and specific conversation concerning which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge,—since he never could have expected the general disavowal he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and evasive; and again, a second time, disavowing in the same breath the charge made against him of predetermined hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge.

The eleventh of July, at seven in the morning, was the time mutually agreed upon for the duel; the place, Weehawken, New Jersey, opposite the city of New York; the weapons to be pistols, and the distance ten paces. In the meantime, Hamilton and Burr met once more at the convivial board, namely, at the annual banquet of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which Hamilton was president and Burr a member. It is related that on this occasion Hamilton was cheerful, and at times merry. He was urged, as the feast wore away, to sing the only song he ever sang or knew, the famous old ballad of "The Drum." It was thought afterward, that he was more reluctant than usual to comply with the company's request; but after some delay, he said, "Well, you shall have it," and sang it in his best manner, greatly to the delight of the old soldiers by whom he was surrounded. Burr, on the contrary, was reserved, and mingled little with the company, and held no intercourse whatever with the president. He was never a fluent man, and was generally, in the society of men, more a listener than a talker. On this occasion, his silence was, therefore, the less remarked; yet it was remarked. It was observed, too, that he paid no attention to Hamilton's conversation, nor, indeed, looked toward him, until he struck up his song, when Burr turned toward him, and, leaning upon the table, looked at the singer until the song was done.

The fatal morning came. Colonel Burr arrived first on the ground, as had been previously agreed. He deliberately took off his coat, surveyed the ground, and then cleared away the bushes, limbs of trees, etc. When General Hamilton arrived, the parties exchanged salutations, and the seconds proceeded to make their arrangements. They measured the distance, full ten paces, and cast lots for the choice of position, as also to determine by whom the word should be given, both of which fell to the seconds of Hamilton. They then proceeded to load the pistols in each other's presence, after which the parties took their stations.

The gentleman who was to give the word now explained to the parties the rules which were to govern them in firing,

SCENE OF THE BURR AND HAMILTON DUEL, WEEHAWKEN.

which were as follows: 'The parties being placed at their stations, the second who gives the word shall ask them whether they are ready; being answered in the affirmative, he shall say *Present;* after this, the parties shall present and fire *when they please.* If one fires before the other, the opposite second shall say, One, two, three, fire;—and he shall then fire, or lose his fire.' He then asked if they were prepared; being answered in the affirmative, he gave the word *Present,* as had been agreed on, and both parties presented and fired in succession. The fire of Burr took effect; Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement, reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment he involuntarily discharged his pistol, and then fell headlong upon his face, and remained motionless upon the ground. His ball rustled among the branches, seven feet above the head of his antagonist, and four feet wide of him. Burr heard it, looked up, and saw where it had severed a twig. Looking at Hamilton, he beheld him falling, and advanced towards him with a manner and gesture that appeared to be expressive of regret, but without speaking turned about and withdrew, being urged from the field by his friend. No further communication took place between the principals, and the barge that

carried Colonel Burr immediately left the Jersey shore for New York.

Hamilton was at once borne away tenderly in the arms of Pendleton, and his necessities ministered to by Dr. Hosack. He had, at this moment, just strength enough to say, "This is a mortal wound, doctor;" when he sank away, and became to all appearance lifeless. "My vision is indistinct," were his first words. Soon after recovering his sight, he happened to cast his eye upon the case of pistols, and observing the one he had used lying on the outside, he said:

"Take care of that pistol; it is undischarged, and still cocked; it may go off and do harm;—Pendleton knows (attempting to turn his head towards him) that I did not intend to fire at him."

"Yes, I have already made Dr. Hosack acquainted with your determination as to that," replied Pendleton.

On approaching the shore, he said, "Let Mrs. Hamilton be immediately sent for; let the event be gradually broken to her; but give her hopes." His friend, Mr. Bayard, stood on the wharf in great agitation, and, on seeing Hamilton lying in the bottom of the boat, he threw up his arms and burst into a flood of tears and lamentation. Hamilton alone appeared tranquil and composed. On being put to bed, a consultation of physicians was held, who united in the opinion that there was no chance of his recovery. General Key, the French consul, also had the goodness to invite the surgeons of the French frigates then in New York harbor, as they had had much experience in gun-shot wounds, to render their assistance. They immediately came, but their opinion was unanimous as to the hopelessness of the case. The ball had struck the second or third false rib, and fractured it about the middle; it then passed through the liver and the diaphragm, and as far as was subsequently ascertained, lodged in the first or second lumbar vertebra, the latter being considerably splintered, so that the spiculæ were perceptible to the touch of the finger.

The news of Hamilton's fall, and probably speedy death, by a duel with the vice-president of the United States, paralyzed the whole nation, as the shocking intelligence sped itself over the country. In New York, especially, bulletins, hourly changed, kept the city in agitation. All the circumstances of the catastrophe were told, and re-told, at every corner. The thrilling scenes that were passing at the bedside of the dying man, the consultation of the physicians, the arrival of the stricken family, Mrs. Hamilton's overwhelming sorrow, the resignation and calm dignity of the illustrious sufferer, his broken slumbers during the night, the piteous spectacle of the seven children entering together the awful apartment,—all these produced an impression on the public that can only be imagined.

At General Hamilton's request, Bishop Moore and Rev. Dr. Mason visited him at his bedside. To the former he said: "My dear sir, you perceive my unfortunate situation, and no doubt have been made acquainted with the circumstances which led to it. It is my desire to receive the communion at your hands. I hope you will not conceive there is any impropriety in my request. It has for some time past been the wish of my heart, and it was my intention to take an early opportunity of uniting myself to the church by the reception of that holy ordinance." Bishop Moore observed to him, that he must be very sensible of the delicate and trying situation in which, as a minister, he was then placed; that however desirous he might be to afford consolation to a fellow mortal in distress, still it was his duty as an ambassador of the gospel, to hold up the law of God as paramount to all other law, and that, therefore, he must unequivocally condemn the practice which had brought him to his present unhappy condition. Hamilton acknowledged the propriety of these sentiments, and added, "*I have no ill-will against Colonel Burr. I met him with a fixed determination to do him no harm. I forgive all that happened.*" After some other religious conversation

incident to the occasion, he received the sacrament with great devotion, expressing strong confidence in divine mercy. In his interview with Dr. Mason, he exhibited the same spiritual conviction, and repeated the emphatic testimony he had given to Bishop Moore, against the barbarous custom of dueling.

The next day, Thursday, at eleven o'clock, being about thirty hours after receiving the fatal wound, Hamilton embraced his wife for the last time, then calmly composed himself to die, and expired without a shudder or a groan, in the prime of his manhood, being forty-seven years of age.

The death of this most illustrious statesman was universally deplored, as a national calamity second only to the death of Washington himself; and, indeed, on account of the tragical circumstances under which the great patriot was brought to his end, the excitement produced throughout the country was, if possible, more startling and profound than that which followed the announcement of Washington's decease. In the city of New York, the most imposing funeral ceremony ever witnessed in America revealed the unexampled grief that burdened the public mind. All business was suspended, the bells tolled in solemn requiem, public meetings of the various societies were held, the ships in the harbor hoisted their flags at half-mast, and sorrow was depicted on every countenance.

The indignation against Burr knew no bounds. His fixed determination to bring Hamilton within range of his pistol, feeling "sure of being able to kill him," caused his act to be branded as willful murder, and an indictment was duly found against him; but in a few days he fled, an outlaw and an outcast, and thus eluded justice. Burr's execrable heartlessness may be judged of, by the note written by him to Mr. Allston, his son-in-law, in which he said: "General Hamilton died yesterday. The malignant federalists or tories, and the embittered Clintonians, unite in endeavoring to excite public sympathy in his favor and indignation against his antagonist. Thousands of absurd falsehoods are circulated with industry. The most illiberal means are practiced in order to produce excitement, and for the moment with effect."

One week before the time fixed upon for the duel, Hamilton prepared a letter to his wife, to be handed to her in case of his death. In this affecting epistle, he assures her that he had striven by all honorable means to avoid the meeting, and expects to fall in it; he entreats her forgiveness for the calamity his death would bring upon her, and conjures her to meet the blow in calm submission to providence.

Hamilton's widow, a woman of rare excellence and dignity, survived him some fifty years. Once only did she see her husband's murderer, the circumstances of this occasion being related as follows: In the year 1822, she was traveling from New York to Albany, on one of the boats plying the Hudson. The company had been summoned to dinner. When Mrs. Hamilton had almost reached her seat in the dining-saloon, on raising her eyes she perceived Aaron Burr standing directly opposite to her, with only the narrow width of the table between them. The shock was too much for her system,—she uttered a loud scream, fell, and was carried in a fainting state from the apartment. As soon as she recovered, she insisted on being set on shore at the first landing-place, refusing to journey further in the same vessel with Burr. It is said, that, after the removal of Mrs. Hamilton from the dining saloon, Burr deliberately sat down and ate a hearty dinner with the utmost composure. This story, however, wears an air of improbability.

XVI.

TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE AT MID-DAY.—1806.

The Darkness of Night Falls upon the Earth.—Stars and Planets in Full Radiance.—Magnificent Spectacle of the Glittering Corona around the Moon and the Brilliant Rosy Protuberances Flaming from the Sun.—Splendor of the Returning Night.—Similar Eclipse in 1869.—Millions of Faces Turned Upward.—The Phenomenon Viewed with Curiosity, Wonder, and Absorbed Delight.—Remarkably Fine Weather.—Serene and Cloudless Heavens.—Business Pursuits Abandoned.—The Moon Crossing the Sun.—Distinctness of the Lunar Orb.—Grand, Dark, Majestic, Mighty.—Total Obscurity Some Five Minutes.—Appearance of Nature.—Sensations Produced in the Mind.—Involuntary Exclamations.—Effect on Birds and Animals.—Triumphs of Astronomical Science.—Exquisitely-Constructed Instruments.—Revelations of the Spectroscope.—Great Thermometrical Changes.—Spots on the Sun Examined.—Openings in the Moon.—Peculiar Color of that Body.—Its Dark and Dismal Shadows.—Search for New Stars.—Meteors 'mid Earth and Moon.—Climax of the Impressive Scene.

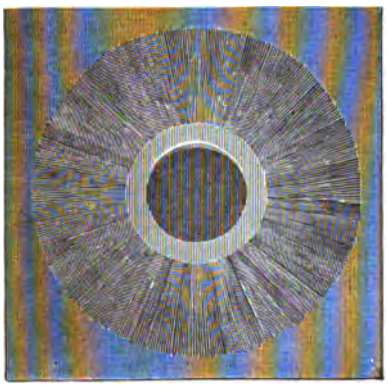
"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out!
With one stride comes the dark!"—COLERIDGE.

SIMPLE and well known though the fact may be, according to the explanations of astronomical science, that a solar eclipse is caused by the intervention of the moon between the sun and the earth during the daytime, and that the effect of such interposition is to obstruct the sun's rays—the light being turned into darkness while the phenomenon lasts—a *total* solar eclipse is, without doubt, the most sublime and awe-inspiring spectacle upon which the eye of man is permitted to gaze. By far the most remarkable exhibition of this kind, was that which occurred June 16, 1806, when the sun in the northern states was totally eclipsed nearly five minutes, about half an hour before noon, the width of the moon's shadow being about one hundred and fifty miles, or about seventy-five on each side of the central line. Since 1806, only one total eclipse of the sun occurred in the Atlantic States, namely in South Carolina and Georgia, November 30, 1834; but the eclipse of June 16, 1806, is regarded by astronomers as the most memorable ever known in the United States,—that of August 7, 1869, being the next in grandeur and interest.

The accounts given by Chancellor De Witt, of New York, Dr. Bowditch, of Massachusetts, and others, of the phenomenon of 1806, show that its approach was most anxiously watched, and, as it was to be seen all over Europe and North America, the gaze of the people of both hemispheres was, on that day, simultaneously directed toward the great luminary and center of the physical system. Some of the most remarkable observations made by Dr. Bowditch, of Salem, Mass., will here be given.

Fortunately for the interests of science, the day was one of remarkably fine weather, scarcely a cloud being visible in any part of the heavens. An assistant was seated

near the doctor, who counted the seconds from the chronometer, thus enabling Dr. Bowditch to mark down with a pencil the time when the first impression was made on the sun's limb, without taking his eye from the telescope till four or five seconds had elapsed, and the eclipse had sensibly increased. As the eclipse advanced, there did not appear to be so great a diminution of the light as was generally expected, and it was not until the sun was nearly covered, that the darkness was very sensible. At thirty-seven minutes and thirty seconds past eleven o'olock, the sun's surface was wholly covered. The last ray of light from the sun's limb disappeared instantaneously. The whole of the moon was then seen surrounded by a luminous appearance of considerable extent, such as had generally been noticed in total eclipses of the sun. This luminosity, with a twilight brightness round the horizon, prevented the darkness from being any greater than it was, during the time that the sun's surface remained wholly covered. The degree of light can be estimated, on such an occasion, by the number of stars visible to the naked eye; those noticed at this time were Capella, Aldebaran, Sirius, Procyon, the three bright stars in the belt of Orion,



TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE IN 1806.

and the star α in its shoulder. Venus and Mars were also visible. A candle had been provided to assist in reading off the seconds from the chronometer, but, though it was not found necessary in the garden where these observations were made, it would have been in the house adjoining. As the time drew near for witnessing the end of the total darkness, there was noticed a visible increase of light in the atmosphere for about two seconds before any part of the sun's limb was visible in the telescope; but at thirty-two minutes and eighteen seconds past eleven o'clock—the time noted as that of the end of total darkness,—the light burst forth with great splendor. After this, the light appeared to increase much faster than it had decreased, and in a short time it was as light as in a common cloudy day, the degree of light continually increasing, of course, as the eclipse drew to a close.

The impressions made by such an exhibition, upon different minds, are not the least interesting points, in a narrative like this. Mr. Cooper, the novelist, though but a youth at the time of the eclipse, was so enthusiastic an observer of the spectacle, that, twenty-five years after the event, he wrote a minute account of what he saw and how he felt during the wonderful occurrence. Mr. Cooper states that, as he and the other spectators in his company first discerned, through their glasses, the oval form of the moon darkening the sun's light, an exclamation of delight, almost triumphant, burst involuntarily from the lips of all. Gradually, and at first quite imperceptibly to the sight, that dark and mysterious sphere gained upon the orb of light. As yet (continues Mr. Cooper), there was no change perceptible in the sunlight falling upon lake and mountain; the familiar scene wore its usual smiling aspect, bright and glowing as on other days of June. The people, however, were now crowding into the streets,—their usual labors were abandoned —forgotten for the moment,—and all faces were turned upward. Gradually a fifth, and even a fourth, of the sun's disc became obscured, and still the unguarded eye could not endure the flood of light. The noonday heat, however, began to lessen, and something of the coolness of early morning returned to the valley. Soon, a somber, yellowish, unnatural color-

ing was shed over the country. A great change had taken place. The trees on the distant heights had lost their verdure and their airy character, and were taking the outline of dark pictures graven upon an unfamiliar sky.

The startling effect of such an abnormal transition in nature, upon animals and

PROGRESS OF THE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

fowls, and even upon human beings, has sometimes been described in such a manner as to excite well-grounded suspicions of exaggeration, in the minds of those persons to whom has been denied the opportunity of personal observation. But Mr. Cooper states that "all living creatures seemed thrown into a state of agitation. The birds were fluttering to and fro, in great excitement; they seemed to mistrust that this was not the gradual approach of evening, and were undecided in their movements. Even the dogs became uneasy, and drew closer to their masters. The eager, joyous look of interest and curiosity, which earlier in the morning had appeared in almost every countenance, was now changed to an expression of wonder, or anxiety, or thoughtfulness, according to the individual character. Every house now gave up its tenants. As the light failed more and more with every passing second, the children came flocking about their mothers in terror. The women themselves were looking about uneasily for their husbands. The men were very generally silent and grave. Many a laborer left his employment to be near his wife and children, as the dimness and darkness increased. It was one of those entirely unclouded days, less rare in America than in Europe. The steadily-waning light, the gradual approach of darkness, became the more impressive as we observed this absolutely transparent state of the heavens. The birds, which a quarter of an hour earlier had been fluttering about in great agitation, seemed now to be convinced that night was at hand. Swallows were dimly seen dropping into the chimneys, the martins returned to their little boxes, the pigeons flew home to their dove-cots, and through the open door of a small barn we saw the fowls going to roost. The usual flood of sunlight had now become so much weakened, that we could look upward long, and steadily, without the least pain. The sun appeared like a young moon of three or four days old, though of course with a larger and more brilliant crescent. One after another, the stars came into view, more rapidly than in the evening twilight, until perhaps fifty stars appeared to us, in a broad dark zone of the heavens, crowning the pines on the western mountain. This wonderful vision of the stars, during the noontide hours of day, filled the spirit with singular sensations. Suddenly, one of my brothers shouted aloud, "The moon!" Quicker than thought, my eye turned eastward again, and there floated the moon, distinctly apparent, to a degree that was almost fearful. The spherical form, the character, the dignity, the substance of the planet, were clearly revealed, as I have never beheld them before, or since. It looked grand, dark, majestic, and mighty. Darkness like that of early night now fell upon the village. A few cows, believing that night had overtaken them, were coming homeward from the wild open pastures; the dew was falling perceptibly, and the thermometer must have fallen many degrees from the great heat of the morning. The lake, the hills, and the buildings of the little town, were swallowed up in the darkness. All labor had ceased. The plaintive note of the whippowil was distinctly heard. A bat came flitting about our heads. Many stars

were now visible. At twelve minutes past eleven, the moon stood revealed in its greatest distinctness—a vast black orb, so nearly obscuring the sun that the face of the great luminary was entirely and absolutely darkened, though a corona of rays of light appeared beyond. The gloom of night was upon us. A breathless intensity of interest was felt by all. A group of silent, dusky forms stood near me; one emotion appeared to govern all. Three minutes of darkness, all but absolute, elapsed. They appeared strangely lengthened by the intensity of feeling, and the flood of overpowering thought which filled the mind." Mr. Cooper concludes this record of his pleasing recollections, by stating some of the appearances accompanying the restoration of light, and the joyous manifestations on the part of those who witnessed it.

The calculations made and recorded by Bowditch, show that the beginning of the eclipse was at six minutes and twenty-four seconds past ten o'clock; the beginning of total darkness was at twenty-five minutes and twenty-six seconds past eleven, and it ended at thirty minutes and fourteen seconds past eleven; the eclipse ended at fifty minutes and forty-two seconds past twelve; duration of the eclipse, two hours, forty-four minutes, eighteen seconds; duration of the total darkness, four minutes and forty-eight seconds. In the engraved representation of this magnificent and solemn spectacle, the luminous ring round the moon is exactly as it appeared in the middle of the eclipse. The edge of the moon was strongly illuminated, exhibiting the brilliancy of polished silver.

But, though the eclipse of 1806 was, at least in the duration of its totality, memorable above all precedent, to American observers, the total eclipse of August seventh, 1869, was destined to be more important in a scientific point of view, and to fill a more prominent place in history, on account of the great progress in astronomical knowledge and the corresponding improvement in all the instruments of telescopic observation, characterizing the lapse of more than three-score years.

Beginning in the Pacific ocean, just east of Yeddo, the capital of Japan, at sunrise there, the shadow's central point first struck the earth in the Altair mountain range in Russian Asia, one hundred and sixty-five and a half degrees west from Washington, then passing in a northward curve still, entered United States territory in Alaska, near Prince William's sound, at the hour of noon. Thence it rapidly traversed British Columbia, hit the center of Montana's northern line, struck the Mississippi river near Sioux City, Iowa, passed through Illinois just north of Springfield, shaded segments of Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina, and ended its totality in mid-ocean. The course of the eclipse was in the form of an ellipse, and the extreme limits of the obscuration embraced nearly one-half the earth's circumference; while the central circular patch of darkness was about one hundred and fifty-six miles in diameter.

Never were more extensive preparations made by governments and men of science, to have thorough observations of a solar

TOTAL ECLIPSE IN 1869.

eclipse, than at this time, and never was the weather more propitious for such an event to be noted, in all its phenomena.

At Springfield, Illinois, one of the most available spots for observation, Professor Peirce, of Harvard College, was in attendance. When the total obscuration took place, the heavens and earth presented a

scene of awful sublimity. A brilliant amber-colored corona appeared around the sun and moon, shooting rays of light outward in all directions, when the whole horizon was illuminated with light of the same color. The planets Mercury and Venus, and a number of fixed stars, were distinctly visible, but no planetary orbs between Mercury and the sun were discovered. A brilliant rose-colored flame, or protuberance, was noticed on the western limb of the sun during the period of total obscuration. The phenomenon, known as Bailey's beads, was also distinctly witnessed. According to Prof. Peirce, the last-named appearance is occasioned by the refraction of light, and the corona, or halo, at the time of totality, by the sun's atmosphere.

Des Moines, Iowa, afforded another most favorable locality for the presence of astronomers, a slight haze only interfering to prevent satisfactory search for the planets supposed to exist inside the orbit of Mercury. Professor Safford's observations showed that the first contact occurred at three o'clock, forty-three minutes, forty-three seconds; the commencement of the total obscurity was at four o'clock, forty-five minutes, thirty seconds, and its end was at four o'clock, forty-eight minutes, twenty-two seconds; the last contact was at five o'clock, forty-five minutes, eleven seconds.

The points of time thus noted by Professor Safford, were from six to twenty-two seconds later than calculated, according to Washington; E. P. Himenas and Professor Hillyard observing it. A discrepancy was also noticed between the calculation and observation of the corona. It was nearly rhomboidal in form, and very distinct and extended, at some points half a degree beyond the edge of the sun's disc. The rose-colored protuberances appeared to the number of five or six, the greatest being on the sun's south-western quarter. Professor Harkness's observations of the protuberances, in the spectroscope, showed a different spectra for each. But a single band was thrown by the corona. Professor Eastman's observations of the thermometer showed a fall of thirteen degrees in the temperature, during the progress of the eclipse. Venus and Mercury could be plainly seen, and the darkness exceeded that of the night. But the most interesting feature in the aspect of the sun was the protuberances or beads. The largest one was semi-circular in shape, with a finger extending about one-eighth part of the sun's diameter, directly downward as one looked. Another right limb was shaped much like two horns of an antelope. The greatest length of the corona was in the direction of the elliptic. Valuable observations were also made here by Professors Peters, Fraser, Rogers, Norton, and Lane.

Professors Hough and Murray made some valuable observations at Mattoon, Illinois, one of their instruments being provided with means for accurately measuring the diversions of the protuberances on the sun or corona. When the sun became totally obscured, the darkness was equal to that of a moonlight night, and the temperature was forty-two degrees cooler than one hour before. Six spots were visible on the surface of the sun before the eclipse, two of which were very prominent, and the others much less. The cusps on the moon had a ragged and blurred appearance, and, near them, Bailey's beads were seen by all observers, extending through an arc of fifty degrees. The moment the eclipse became total, the flame-like protuberances were seen with wonderful distinctness, one very large on the lower limb of the sun, and three nearly as large on the upper limbs, while at least seven or eight of them in all were visible. The one on the right hand, or lower limb, had somewhat the appearance of a full-rigged ship with sails set. In its part nearest the moon were two or three jet black spots. To the naked eye, it seemed as though there were openings in the moon, two on the east side and one on the south-west side. Just after the total obscurity, through the openings, the lurid glow of the sun was plainly visible. The corona was not, as generally described, a halo of light surrounding the

moon, but appeared in the shape of five forked prongs on the upper circumference of the moon. These points presented a radiant appearance. The generally-received theory regarding this corona—that it is the atmosphere of the sun—did not seem to be sustained by the observations made at this point. Although search was made, no planetary bodies were observed between Mercury and the sun. During the totality phase, Mercury, Venus, Regulus, Mars, Saturn, Denebata, and other stars, appeared in full view. The temperature in the shade, at the beginning of the eclipse, was seventy-seven degrees; during the totality, forty-five degrees; and at the end of the eclipse, it had risen to seventy degrees. At three o'clock and forty minutes, in the sun, on the grass, the thermometer was at one hundred degrees. At a few minutes after four, it rose to one hundred and two degrees, while during the totality it fell to sixty, but subsequently rose to eighty.

Dr. B. A. Gould and Professor Coffin had charge of the observations made at Burlington, Iowa, by direction of the United States government, with whom were also associated Professors Morton, Mayer, Hines, Watson, Merriman, Van Fleck, Johnson, and others, either as observers or visitors. Two points were paid special attention to at this place, namely, a search for those planets which Leverrier supposed to exist between the sun and Mercury, and the character of the corona.

For this purpose, a telescope of peculiar construction was employed, being of the least magnifying power combined with the greatest intensity of light possible. The attempts at measuring the corona were necessarily vague, but its height above the edge of the moon was computed at full sixteen minutes,—some four hundred and forty thousand miles,—while the streamers, or longer projections of its light, extended some thirty minutes beyond the surface, the whole diameter of the sun being thirty-two minutes. The color of the moon during the total obscuration was observed, and decided to be not jet black, as represented by some, but a dark slate color. The corona was an exquisitely pure white, which, as it faded into the dark background of the sky, became gray. It was visible one minute and twenty-six seconds before totality, and one minute after, and was extremely variable in symmetry of form. Three sketches were taken in less than three minutes of the duration, in which the corona showed marked change of outline. The protuberances commonly called rosy, by observers at other places, here looked white to the naked eye, with an opera-glass slightly roseate, and with the telescope red. At the moment of totality, the planets were visible, ranged in perfect brilliancy; Mercury, ruddy as Mars, and Arcturus and Regulus, fixed stars of the first magnitude, were plain to the unassisted eye. The right protuberance on the sun's lower limb had a cellular or honey-combed appearance, not like a flame.

In the search made at Burlington for intra-mercurial planets, the light was shut off of the corona by means of occulting circles, and the region was carefully studied. Search was made for the star Pi Leonis, a fixed star of five and eight-tenths magnitude, fifty minutes distance from the sun, and it was actually seen, yet so faint, that, if it had not been known to be there, it could not have been discovered. If there were any star of the fifth or sixth magnitude there, it would have been observed; but no such star could be detected.

Great preparations were made at Shelbyville, Kentucky, for a complete observance of the phenomenon. One of the most interesting discoveries made here, by Professor Winlock, at the spectroscope, was that of eleven bright lines in the spectrum of the protuberances of the sun, instead of the smaller number hitherto determined. He also observed a shower of meteors between the earth and moon. The beautiful protuberances appeared as red flames, and were seen by the naked eye. Bailey's beads, as well as the dark and dismal shadows of the moon, sailing

away through the air, were noted. Mr. Searle, whose specialty it was to search for intra-mercurial planets, did not succeed in finding any, reporting nothing fainter than Regulus near the sun. Some moments before the total phase, the usual phenomena of distraction among the birds of the air and the cattle occurred. Six minutes before totality, a deathly ashen hue overspread the countenances of all,

ECLIPSE, AS SEEN IN BRAZIL.

and for a while the faint-hearted were almost terrified. The general phenomena at all the places where the eclipse was complete, or nearly so, were the vacillation of the wind, the deep, strange shadow, the yellowish pink atmosphere in the west, the flickering and wavy appearance of the sun's rays when the eclipse was at its height, the chilly feeling, the disturbance among the birds and fowls, and the sight of certain planets with the naked eye.'

At Newbern, North Carolina, the thermometer fell ten and one-half degrees, during the time from first contact to total obscuration. The sky was intensely blue, at totality, and studded with glittering stars, while the north-west glowed with a deep crimson orange hue. Around the black body of the moon glowed a ring of molten silver, whence radiated the corona, an immense halo; and, just as the last rays of the sun disappeared, this halo, with prominent projections like a huge star, burst out all around the disc of the moon, forming a most impressive climax to the whole phenomenon; directly at the bottom, glowed with intense brilliancy a rose-colored projection, visible to the naked eye; a few seconds more, and another glittered at the extreme right—and then another, and, successively, six or more pale ruby brilliants burned with dazzling effulgence in their silver setting; a second or two more, and the silvering on the right melted into golden beads; another, and the glorious sunlight flashed forth. The corona disappeared. The northern sky was radiant with a new day-break at six o'clock in the afternoon, the dark shadow of the moon swept southward, and the chilly gloominess rolled away into the southern sky. The small amount of light that fell upon the trees and buildings, just before and after the total obscuration, lighted them up with a brilliancy most peculiar; the light was more diffusive than moonlight, and the shadows were more distinctly marked and visible. It was a pale golden light; the edges of the distant woods were more apparent than in the full sunlight, each tree seeming to stand out by itself,—the nearest approach to such a light being that known as the calcium, the latter, however, being white instead of pale golden. At the instant of complete obscuration, when the corona flashed around the dark disc of the moon, there also flashed into view the larger stars and planets. Venus, twice an evening star in one day, hung half-way down from the zenith; near the sun glistened a star of the first magnitude, Regulus; while overhead the intense blue sky was full of them.

Much scientific interest centered around the expedition sent by government to the new and distant territory of Alaska. This expedition left Sitka, July 15th, in an open boat, for the Chilkah river, but, in consequence of bad weather, it was eleven days in reaching the positions selected—only twenty miles from the central path of totality. It was found impracticable to carry the instruments and provisions over Iron Mountain range, for the determination of the latitude and longitude and the magnetic variation obtained, before the date of the eclipse. The seventh of

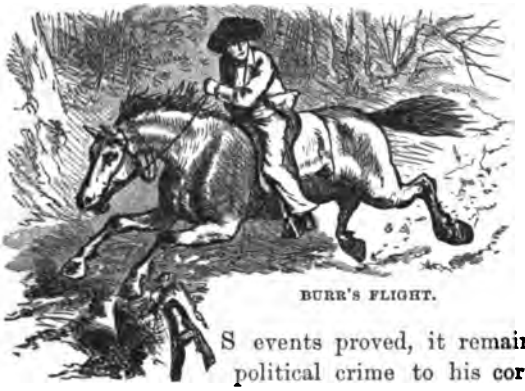
August was the cloudiest day experienced, but breaks in the clouds enabled the party to watch different phases, and the beginning of totality was accurately noted. Instantly after obscuration, rose-colored flames were visible to the unassisted eye, and their extent, position, elevation, and approximity, measured on the south-east and south-west parts of the sun's limb. The corona was visible over a part of the limb only. The end of the eclipse was not seen, but the whole picture was magnificent. The phenomena of coming darkness and growing light were very marked along the course of the valley. The Hon. W. H. Seward, and his accompanying tourists, visited Professor Davidson's camp, and watched with intense interest and solemn delight the phases of the eclipse, particularly the rose-colored flames and corona. A party at the mouth of the river had the best view of the totality; the clouds broke, and a large clear space enabled them to see the flames and corona, in their marvelous beauty, also the planet Mercury, and stars of the fourth magnitude. At Sitka, the eclipse was watched through broken clouds. The Indians were fearfully alarmed, and hid themselves in their houses, or took to the bushes.

As usual, on the occurrence of such a wonderful sight, some strange incidents transpired. In his account of the observations made by Professor Watson, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Professor Tyler narrates the case of a good man who went round the town for days beforehand, and denounced the impiety of the scientific proceedings going on—that the astronomers were profanely attempting to pry into God's secrets, and that he had veiled his sun in order to baffle them. The cloudy weather which continued up to the last day seemed to give some support to his declarations; but, notwithstanding his assertion that God would keep his rain a-going, and prevent the use of their irreligious telescopes, the day cleared off with the utmost splendor. Another local prophet announced that the eclipse was a judgment upon the world for its abominations, and that the path of its shadow over the earth would be marked by utter blight. But these deluded prophets of evil were, indeed, rare exceptions; millions of mankind watched, with reverential and delighted satisfaction, the obedience of the two great luminaries to the eternal laws which govern their existence; and Science, the hand-maid and interpreter of Nature, gave new assurance of her sublime and beneficent mission.

XVII.

CONSPIRACY AND TRIAL OF AARON BURR.—1806.

Lawless Scheme of Conquest and Dominion at the South-west. — A New Empire Contemplated, with Burr as Sovereign. — Seizure of His Flotilla and Dispersion of His Men when Ready to Embark, by the Federal Forces. — Capture and Arraignment of Burr for High Treason. — Reckless Character of Burr.—His Unscrupulous Ambitions. — Enlists Blennerhassett in His Plans. — Their Expedition Arranged — Mexico the Ultimate Point. — Discovery of the Whole Plot. — Its Complete Frustration. — Burr Flees in Disguise.—Scene at His Arrest.—Attempt to Escape. — The Iron-hearted Man in Tears. — His Social Fascination. — Preparations for the Trial.—Its Legal and Forensic Interest —Acquittal on Technical Grounds.—Shunned as a Man of Infamy.—Devotion of His Daughter Theodosia.—Lifelong and Unalterable Love.—Her Mysterious Fate.—Burr's Anguish and Agony.—A Moral Wreck and Warning.



BURR'S FLIGHT.

"His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame."

AS events proved, it remained for Aaron Burr to add one more political crime to his corrupt career as a public man, and one more dark chapter to his country's history. Staggering under the weight of obloquy and disgrace brought down upon him by his cold-blooded disposal of Alexander Hamilton, on the fatal plains of Weehawken, he still sought some means of triumphing over his enemies and attaining distinction and power. Strong and resolute in the operations of his ever-active mind, his ambition was equally restless and far-reaching. Abandoned by his once-admiring political associates, he became an exile, in one of the then far-off western states, his brain teeming with schemes of wealth, conquest, and dominion.

In the autumn of 1806, President Jefferson learned that mysterious proceedings were going on along the Ohio: boats preparing, stores of provisions collecting, and a number of suspicious characters in movement. A confidential agent sent by the government authorities to the spot, warned the president that Burr was the prime mover; and General Wilkinson, who commanded near New Orleans, intimated that propositions of a daring and dangerous import had been transmitted to him by that personage. The ostensible pretext was, the forming of a large agricultural settlement on the banks of the Washita in Louisiana, a tributary of the Mississippi; but the various preparations, the engagement for six months only, the purchase and building of boats, the provision of muskets and bayonets, pointed to something of a very different character—either the formation of the western territory into a separate government, or an expedition against Mexico, sought to be justified by a

boundary difference that had arisen with Spain. In fact, the erection of a new empire, with Burr at its head.

Burr's chief associate in the plans which he had thus formed was Harman Blennerhassett, and the story of their acquaintance, friendship and confederation, borders strongly on the romantic. Blennerhassett was one of the Irish patriots who were compelled to flee from Ireland after their attempt to liberate themselves from the thralldom of England, and was the classmate and friend of the celebrated Thomas Addis Emmett. He was possessed of a large amount of property, the greater part of which he was fortunate enough to render available in money before his departure. Disgusted with the corruption of courts, and glad to escape the turmoil of politics, he sought retirement in the western wilderness, on a beautiful island in the Ohio, then on the borders of civilization. Here he built a princely mansion, and embellished it in a most costly manner. Situated on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, he had access to very refined society, with which it was his custom constantly to intermingle and exchange civilities. His hospitality was unbounded; and, dealt out as it was by his own chivalric courtesy and the grace of his beautiful wife, his island became the general resort for all the country around, and it is even yet celebrated for the splendid revelries and entertainments of which it was once the scene.

Blennerhassett was a fine sample of a polished Irish gentleman, and rendered himself a very affectionate object of regard, by the amenity of his manners and his disposition. His lady was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, which were heightened by a pure and unimpeachable character. She reigned the queen of this beautiful kingdom of taste and refinement which Blennerhassett had created on the Ohio; and, according to contemporary accounts, she deported herself with an elegance and dignity that might have become a throne. She was also a woman of high spirit and ambition, and when Burr, aware of her commanding influence over her husband, confidentially intrusted her with his plans, she was fired with the boldness and intrepidity of his enterprise, and immediately determined to engage her husband as an associate. Blennerhassett, being a man of ductile temper, was easily induced by the dazzling representations of prospective glory and honor which were set before him, to become a participator with Burr. He was, moreover, a liberalist of the French school, of which fact Aaron Burr was well aware; and it would seem that the gorgeous picture which Burr held up to him, of Mexico redeemed from tyranny by their united efforts, inspired his whole nature, as he entered with enthusiasm into what he was led to regard an honorable and humane undertaking.

When once pledged to Burr, under the mastering genius of his wife, the exiled patriot actively engaged in enlisting men, building boats, and preparing the essentials of his expedition. Many of the most respectable citizens of the neighboring country, being influenced by the flattering promises held out, were induced to contribute funds, and connect themselves with the affair. The entertainments on the island were, with the progress of events, broken up, and its shores echoed only to the muffled oar of the conspirators, as they crossed from the adjacent banks, or to the tramp of bold adventurers, as they congregated on the beach to resolve and discuss their plans.

Though somewhat anticipating the thread of the narrative, it may here be stated, as illustrating the character of a truly brave woman and devoted wife, that a large number of flat-boats had been built on the Muskingum, and sent over to the island, and everything was ripe for a movement, when the plot became known to the public authorities. Blennerhassett was very speedily deserted by his followers; and Buell, who commanded the government militia, went over with a small detachment to arrest Burr's great accomplice. He had hardly set his foot on the

island, before he was met by Mrs. Blennerhassett, whose spirit seemed to rise with the increasing desperation of her fortunes. She had seen the party coming, and, snatching up a pair of her husband's pistols, she ran from the house to meet them. Just as the militia-major stepped out of the boat, she seized him by the shoulder, and, thrusting him back, presented two formidable pistols full in his face, cocked and primed, saying in the most positive tone,—

"*One step farther, and I will send you into eternity; it is easier for me to do than to say it!*"

Her splendid figure, drawn up to its full height, her eye fixed with a strong and determined gaze, her hands clenching firmly the weapons which she held at arm's length,—these told the militia-major, in language not to be mistaken, the terms on which he might advance. It is no disparagement of his military or manly qualities to say, that the old soldier quailed before the courageous woman and her tragical determination, and was forced to turn without his victim.

The frustration of Burr's scheme was largely due to the revelations made by General Wilkinson, in whom Burr had confided so far as to communicate quite fully the character and mode of the proposed expedition. The tenor of this communication was, that he, Burr, had obtained funds, and had actually commenced the enterprise, detachments from different points and under different pretenses being ready to rendezvous on the Ohio by the first of November, to meet on the Mississippi,—Wilkinson to be second in command to Burr only, and to dictate the rank and promotion of the officers. Burr was to proceed westward with his daughter, whose husband would follow in October, with a company of choice spirits. Wilkinson was also asked to send an intelligent and confidential friend to confer with Burr,—bringing a list of all persons known to the general, west of the mountains, likely to prove useful,—together with four or five commissions of Wilkinson's officers, to be borrowed upon some pretense, and duly to be returned. To this was added the assurance, that already had orders been given to the contractor, to forward six months' provisions to points Wilkinson should name—this not to be used until the last moment, and then under proper injunctions. Burr stated his plan of operations to be as follows: To move down rapidly from the Falls on the fifteenth of November, with the first five hundred or one thousand men in light boats, to be at Natchez between the fifth and fifteenth of December, there to meet Wilkinson and determine as to the expediency of seizing on or passing by Baton Rouge; that the people of the country to which the movement was directed were ready to extend a cordial welcome, their agents then with Burr declaring that, if he would protect their religion and not subject them to a foreign power, in three weeks all would be settled. In concluding his letter to Wilkinson, Burr in glowing rhapsody said:

"*The gods invite to glory and fortune!* It remains to be seen whether we deserve the boon. The bearer of this goes express to you; he will hand a formal letter of introduction to you from Burr. He is a man of inviolable honor and perfect discretion, formed to execute rather than to project, capable of relating facts with fidelity and incapable of relating them otherwise; he is thoroughly informed of the plans and intentions of Burr, and will disclose to you as far as you inquire, and no farther. He has imbibed a reverence for your character, and may be embarrassed in your presence; put him at ease and he will satisfy you."

It appeared to be Burr's plan, to make Blennerhassett's island, in the Ohio river, the place of rendezvous; there to fit out boats furnished with armed men, and send them down the river.

Burr had counted too confidently upon Wilkinson's becoming an accessory and participant. The latter instantly resolved, after reading the cipher-letter, to avail himself of the reference it made to the

bearer, Mr. Swartwout, and, in the course of some days, drew from him the following disclosure:—That he had been dispatched by Colonel Burr from Philadelphia; had passed through the states of Ohio and Kentucky, and proceeded from Louisville for St. Louis, expecting there to find Wilkinson; but discovering that Wilkinson had descended the river, he procured a skiff, hired hands, and followed the general down the Mississippi to Fort Adams, and from thence set out for Natchitoches, in company with Captains Spark and Hooke, under the pretense of a disposition to take part in the campaign against the Spaniards, then pending. That Colonel Burr, with the support of a powerful association extending from New York to New Orleans, was levying an armed body of seven thousand men from the western states and territories, with a view to carry an expedition against the provinces of Mexico, and that five hundred men, under the command of Colonel Swartwout and a Colonel or Major Tyler, were to descend the Alleghany, for whose accommodation light-boats had been built and were ready.

In reply to Wilkinson's inquiry, as to what course was to be pursued, answer was made that the territory would be revolutionized, where the people were ready to join them; that there would be some seizing, probably, at New Orleans; that they expected to be ready to march or embark about the first of February, intending to land at Vera Cruz, and to march from thence to Mexico. General Wilkinson now remarked, "*There are several millions of dollars in the bank of this place;*" to which reply was made, "*We know it full well.*" On the general's further observing that he presumed they certainly did not mean to violate private property, Burr's agent said that they meant to borrow, and would return it; that they must equip themselves in New Orleans, that they expected naval protection from Great Britain; that the captains and officers of the American navy were so disgusted with the government, that they were ready to join; that similar disgusts prevailed throughout the western country, where the people were zealous in favor of the enterprise, and that pilot-boat built schooners had been contracted for along the southern coast for their service.

Though determined to deceive him, if possible, General Wilkinson avers—notwithstanding the charge which has been brought against him of at one time favoring and subsequently turning his back upon Burr's scheme—that he replied that he could never dishonor his commission; that he also duped the agent by expressing admiration of the plan, and by observing, that, although he could not join the expedition, the engagements which the Spaniards had prepared for him at the front might prevent his opposing it. Yet, as soon as General Wilkinson had fully deciphered the letter, he declared his intention to oppose the lawless enterprise with all the force at his command, and immediately informed President Jefferson. With the exception of the attack on the frigate Chesapeake, Commodore Barron, by the British frigate Leopard, and the embargo and non-intercourse measures against England, few occurrences caused greater anxiety to the president, during his eight years' official term, than this of Burr.

Government spies had for some time been on Burr's track, and, in view of his supposed design to attempt a separation of the western states from the federal union, the governor of Ohio was authorized by the legislature to proceed in such a manner as he deemed best to check and break up the movement. Accordingly, by the middle of December, ten boats with stores were arrested on the Muskingum, and in a short time after, four more were seized by the troops at Marietta. Blennerhassett, Tyler, and about forty others, left the island on the night of December tenth, and sailed down the river, barely escaping arrest by the military authorities of Ohio. On the sixteenth, this party united with one commanded by Davis Floyd, at the Falls, and, ten days after, the whole force joined Burr at the mouth of the Cumber-

BREAKING-UP OF BURR'S EXPEDITION.

BURR AND HIS DELUDED FOLLOWERS.

land; on the twenty-ninth, the adventurers passed Fort Massac.

In the meantime, the United States government had not been inactive. President Jefferson's proclamation cautioned all citizens against joining the enterprise, and orders were issued to the United States troops, then stationed along the Ohio and Mississippi, to capture the boats and make prisoners all on board of them, including, of course, the chief conspirator. Ample precaution had likewise been taken by General Wilkinson, for the protection and defense of New Orleans. On the fourth of January, Burr was at Fort Pickering, Chickasaw Bluffs; and soon after at Bayou Pierre. But as he approached New Orleans, he found such a state of things in respect to public sentiment and military equipment, as to completely baffle his plans. He accordingly proceeded to the Tombigbee, on his way to Florida, having landed with a single companion on the banks of the Mississippi, in the middle of January.

Close pursuit was made of Burr by Lieutenant Edmund P. Gaines, at the head of a file of mounted soldiers, and in a short time they encountered the object of their search, with his traveling companion. Gaines rode forward, and accosting one of the strangers, whom he suspected to be the leader-in-chief, remarked—

"I presume, sir, that I have the honor of addressing Colonel Burr."

"I am a traveler," answered Burr, "and in a strange land, and do not recognize your right to ask such a question."

"*I arrest you,*" responded Gaines, "*at the instance of the United States.*"

"By what authority do you arrest me, a stranger, on the highway, on my own private business?"

"I am an officer of the United States army, and hold in my hand the proclamation of the president, as well as that of the governor of the Mississippi territory, directing your arrest."

"But you are a young man, and perhaps not aware of the responsibility of thus arresting a traveler."

"I am perfectly aware of my duties, in the premises, and shall endeavor to perform them."

Burr now broke out in a stream of vehement denunciation of the proclamations,

and warning Gaines that, in carrying out their illegal requisitions, he would be incurring the most serious liabilities. His manner was firm, his tone imperious, his words keen and forcible; but the resolute young officer told him his mind was made up,—the prisoner must accompany him to his quarters, where he would be treated with all the respect due the ex-vice-president of the United States, so long as he made no attempt to escape. He was then conducted to Fort Stoddart, and thence was conveyed on horseback, in charge of Captain Perkins, to Richmond, Virginia, to be tried by the United States on a charge of high treason, before Chief-Justice Marshall, of the supreme federal court.

Strange and rapid were Burr's vicissitudes. From being vice-president of the republic, the idol of a powerful and dominant party, he had become the slayer of America's greatest statesman, and then a bold and disowned adventurer. Defeated and pursued, he was indeed a hopeless fugitive. When he fled from the authorities in the Mississippi territory, he disguised himself in a boatman's dress; his pantaloons were of coarse, copperas-dyed cloth, with a roundabout of inferior drab; his hat, a flapping, wide-brim beaver, had, in times long past, been white, but now gave evidence of having encountered much rough weather. He finally found himself a prisoner, on his way to be arraigned before a jury of his country, for high crimes and misdemeanors. Yet his fascinating power over men's minds was not yet extinguished. On being placed under guard, to be conveyed to Richmond, it was thought necessary by the directing officer, to take every man composing the squad aside, and obtain the most solemn pledges that, upon the whole route, they would hold no interviews with Burr, nor suffer him to escape alive. His power of fascinating and making strong impressions upon the human mind, and attaching men to him by association, could allow of no familiarity.

A characteristic incident occurred on the route to Richmond. On reaching the confines of South Carolina, Captain Perkins watched Burr more closely than ever; for, in this state lived the son-in-law of Burr, Colonel Allston, a gentleman of talents, wealth and influence, and afterwards governor of the state. Upon entering the frontiers of Georgia, Perkins endeavored to convey his prisoner in by-roads, to avoid the towns, lest he should be rescued. The plan was attended with difficulty; they were often lost—the march impeded—the highway again resumed. Before entering the town of Chester, in South Carolina, the party halted. Two men were placed before Burr, two on either side, and two behind, and, in this manner, they passed near a tavern on the street, where many persons were standing, and music and dancing were heard in the house. Burr conceived it a favorable opportunity for escape, and, suddenly dismounting, exclaimed—

"I am Aaron Burr, under military arrest, and claim protection of the civil authorities!"

Perkins leaped from his horse, with several of his men, and ordered him instantly to re-mount.

"*I will not!*" replied Burr.

Not wishing to shoot him, Perkins threw down his pistols, and, being a man of prodigious strength, and the prisoner rather small, seized him around the waist and placed him in his saddle, as though he was a child. One of the guards now caught the reins of the bridle, slipped them over the horse's head, and led him rapidly on. The astonished citizens had seen a party enter their village with a prisoner; had heard him appeal to them for protection; had witnessed the feat of Perkins; and the party vanished, before they had time to recover from their confusion—for, when Burr dismounted, the guards cocked their pistols, and the people ran within the piazza to escape from danger. Far off in the outskirts of the village, the party again halted. Burr was intensely agitated; the hitherto iron-hearted man was in tears! It was the

first time any one had ever seen Aaron Burr unmanned.

On trial, at last, the whole United States waited the result with profoundest interest. It was one of the most memorable state occasions, in the history of human governments. Upon the bench sat the venerated Marshall, calm, dignified, learned. For the prosecution, there appeared District Attorney Hay and the renowned William Wirt. For the defendant, Luther Martin, Edmund Randolph, John Wickham, Benjamin Botts, and, rivaling all the rest, Burr himself. On the jury were such men as John Randolph and Littleton W. Tazewell. Among the spectators were Commodore Truxton, Generals Eaton and Jackson, Washington Irving, Winfield Scott, William B. Giles, John Taylor. Burr was of course the central figure in this master scene. After a trial lasting three or four weeks in midsummer, during which the legal exertions and forensic talent and power displayed on both sides were indeed prodigious, the jury returned a verdict, "that Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty, under the indictment, by any evidence submitted to us; we, therefore, find him not guilty." The prosecution failed and broke down in its legal proofs, and consequently the indictments against the other conspirators were never pursued.

Blennerhassett found himself stripped of his possessions, because of what he had embarked in this calamitous expedition. He went to England, in quest of an appointment to office, and to Ireland, to look after some reversionary claims, but unsuccessfully in both cases, and, bankrupt and broken-hearted, he removed to the isle of Guernsey, and there died in 1831. Mrs. Blennerhassett died, a few years after, in New York, in the most abject poverty, and was buried by some Irish females.

Burr, without friends or fortune, became an exile in Europe, where he lived in extreme penury, and everywhere shunned as a felon and outlaw. He was peremptorily ordered by the government of England to quit that realm, being regarded as a spy, and, on going to France, was there kept under the closest police surveillance. Returning after some years of this kind of life, to his native land, he resumed the profession of the law, but the ban of society rested upon him, and he was, as he himself expressed it, severed from the rest of mankind.

Yet there was one in the wide world who never ceased to pour upon Aaron Burr the richest treasures of woman's adoring love. This was his daughter Theodosia, the beautiful and accomplished wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina. As has been truly said, by one of the many eulogists of this marvelous woman, her love for her father partook of the purity of a better world,—akin, indeed, to the affection which a celestial spirit might be supposed to entertain for a parent cast down from heaven, for sharing in the sin of the 'Son of the Morning.' Thus it was, that, when in the midst of his deepest obloquy, and when the whole world, as it were, looked upon him, abhorrently, as a depraved monster, the loving and beloved Theodosia could write:

Theodosia

"I witness your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting upon this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated

above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such enthusiasm does your character excite in me. When I afterward revert to myself, how insignificant do my best qualities appear. My vanity would be greater, if I had not been placed so near you; and yet my pride is our relationship. I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

Never had the worthiest and most virtuous of fathers so touching a tribute of love and reverence from a child, as this from the beautiful and gifted Theodosia, to a parent whose very name was regarded by men as the synonym of dishonor and pollution. His love for her, too, was constant and unbounded,—a mutual, fervent, enthusiastic love, between the two, that almost passes belief, and which no description could adequately characterize. Yet it was the destiny of this man to have torn and swept from him the last and only tie that kept him in sympathy with his kind. Returning from his exile in Europe, to the land where he was still regarded as little else than a fiend in human shape, his heart was buoyed with the expectation of soon clasping to his arms her in whom his earthly all-in-all centered. Alas! he was yet to drain the cup of its nether dregs. Hastening to meet her father on his arrival at New York, Theodosia took passage from Charleston, on the 30th of December, in 1812, in the small pilot schooner Patriot, just from a privateering cruise. But, though a fine sailer, with the best of officers, the vessel was never seen, nor heard from, after leaving port. Whether the vessel took fire and was thus destroyed with all on board, or foundered in the gale which occurred soon after she left Charleston, or was taken by the pirates then infesting the high seas, is unknown to this day. It was a blow which brought indescribable dismay and agony to Burr. Utterly bereft and alone, shunned as a murderer, and despised as a plotter against his country, his wretched existence was prolonged to past four-score years, when he went down in loneliness to the grave, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Of his accomplished and affectionate daughter, all tongues and pens have unitedly spoken as "*Theodosia the beloved.*"

XVIII.

FULTON'S TRIUMPHANT APPLICATION OF STEAM TO NAVIGATION.—1807.

First Steam-boat Voyage on American Waters Under His Direction.—Astonishment Produced by the Exhibition.—Great Era in National Development.—The World at Large Indebted to American Ingenuity and Enterprise for this Mighty Revolutionary Agent in Human Progress and Power.—The Whole Scale of Civilization Enlarged.—Fulton's Early Mechanisms.—His Inventive Projects Abroad.—Steam Propulsion the End Sought.—Various Experiments and Trials.—Livingston's Valued Co-operation.—Studying the Principle Involved.—Its Discovery at Last.—Legislative Encouragement Asked.—Public Ridicule of the Scheme.—Construction of a Steamboat.—The "Queer-Looking Craft."—Incidents at the Launch.—Undaunted Confidence of Fulton.—Sailing of the "New-Fangled Craft."—Demonstrations Along the Route.—Complete Success of the Trip.—First Passage-Money.—That Bottle of Wine.—Opposition Lines, and Racing.—First Steam-boat at the West.—Amazing Subsequent Increase.—Fulton's Checkered Fortunes.

"It is to the undaunted perseverance and exertions of the American FULTON that is due the everlasting honor of having produced this revolution, both in naval architecture and navigation."—JURY REPORT OF THE EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS, LONDON, 1851.

FIRST STEAM-BOAT ON THE HUDSON.

STEAM, in its application to the purposes of navigation, was first successfully employed by Robert Fulton, a native of Little Britain, Pennsylvania. His peculiar genius manifested itself at an early age, in an irrepressible taste for producing drawings and various mechanisms. At the age of twenty-one he was intimate with Franklin. He had previously painted portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, and derived considerable profit from the occupation. He subsequently sailed for England, with the view of seeking Mr. West's aid in the prosecution of his art. That great painter took him into his family, at once. In 1793, Mr. Fulton was actively engaged in a project to improve inland navigation. Even at that time he had conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam. In 1804 he had acquired much valuable information upon the subject, and written it down, as well as much concerning his own life, and sent many manuscripts from Paris to this country, but the vessel was wrecked and most of the papers destroyed. About this period, the subject of canals seems to have been the principal object of his attention, although not exclusively. In 1806, Mr. Fulton left Europe for New York, and on his arrival in this country, he immediately commenced his arduous exertions in the cause of practical science. The fertility of his mind in this direction may be understood, when it is stated that, in 1794, he had been engaged by the Duke of Bridgewater in

canal projects, had adopted and patented the system of inclined planes as a substitute for locks, and had written a treatise on canals. He also invented a mill for sawing marble, patented several methods of spinning flax and making ropes, and constructed a torpedo to be used in war, for the destruction of an enemy's vessels.

At what time Mr. Fulton's mind was first directed to steam navigation, is not definitely known; but even in 1793, he had matured a plan in which he reposed great confidence. No one, previously to Mr. Fulton, had constructed a steam-boat

Robert Fulton

in any other way, or with any other result, than as an unsuccessful experiment; and although many have disputed his right to the honor of the discovery, none have done so with any semblance of justice. Miller's experiments, which simply proved the practicability of the principle of propelling vessels by steam, were made in 1787, in Scotland; but Fulton's boat, which began to navigate the Hudson in 1807, was certainly the first practical demonstration of this application of steam, being five years prior to the success of Henry Bell on the Clyde, and nearly ten years preceding the first attempts on the Thames river, under Brunel's direction. The incompleteness of Fitch's plan is matter of history, though his inventive ingenuity was very great.

Among those of Fulton's own countrymen who had previously made unsuccessful attempts to render the force of steam subservient to practical and useful purposes, was Chancellor Livingston, of New York. As early as 1798, he believed that he had accomplished his object, and represented to the legislature of the state of New York, that he possessed a mode of applying the steam engine so as to propel a boat on new and advantageous principles; but he was deterred from carrying it into effect, by the uncertainty and hazard of a very expensive experiment, unless he could be assured of an exclusive advantage from it, should it be found successful.

The legislature in March, 1798, passed an act vesting Mr. Livingston with the exclusive right and privilege of navigating all kinds of boats which might be propelled by the force of fire or steam, on all the waters within the territory or jurisdiction of the state of New York, for a term of twenty years from the passing of the act, —upon condition that he should within a twelvemonth build such a boat, the mean of whose progress should not be less than four miles an hour.

The bill was introduced into the house of assembly by Dr. Mitchell, upon which occasion the wags and the lawyers united their powers in opposition to the bill in such a manner that the good doctor had to encounter all their jokes, and parry all their blows.

According to Mr. Livingston's own account of these most interesting circumstances, it appears that, when residing as minister plenipotentiary of the United States in France, he there met with Mr. Fulton, and they formed that friendship and connection with each other, to which a similarity of pursuits naturally gives birth. He communicated to Mr. Fulton his views of the importance of steam-boats to their common country; informed him of what had been attempted in America, and of his resolution to resume the pursuit on

his return; and advised him to turn his attention to the subject. It was agreed between them to embark in the enterprise, and immediately to make such experiments as would enable them to determine how far, in spite of former failures, the object was attainable. The principal direction of these experiments was left to Mr. Fulton.

On the arrival at New York of Mr. Fulton, which was not till 1806, they immediately engaged in building a boat of—as was then thought—very considerable dimensions, for navigating the Hudson. This boat, named the Clermont, was of one hundred and sixty tons burden, one hundred and thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and seven feet deep. The diameter of the paddle-wheels was fifteen feet, the boards four feet long and dipping two feet in the water. She was a queer-looking craft, and, while on the stocks, excited much attention and no small amount of ridicule. When she was launched, and the steam engine placed in her, that also was looked upon as being of a piece with the boat built to float it. A few had seen one at work raising the Manhattan water into the reservoir back of the almshouse; but, to the people at large, the whole thing was a hidden mystery. Curiosity was greatly excited. Nor will the reader be at all surprised at the statement made by an eye-witness and narrator of these events, that, when it was announced in the New York papers that the boat would start from Cortlandt street at six and a half o'clock on Friday morning, the fourth of August, and take passengers to Albany, there was a broad smile on every face, as the inquiry was made, if any one would be fool enough to go? One friend was heard to accost another in the street with—

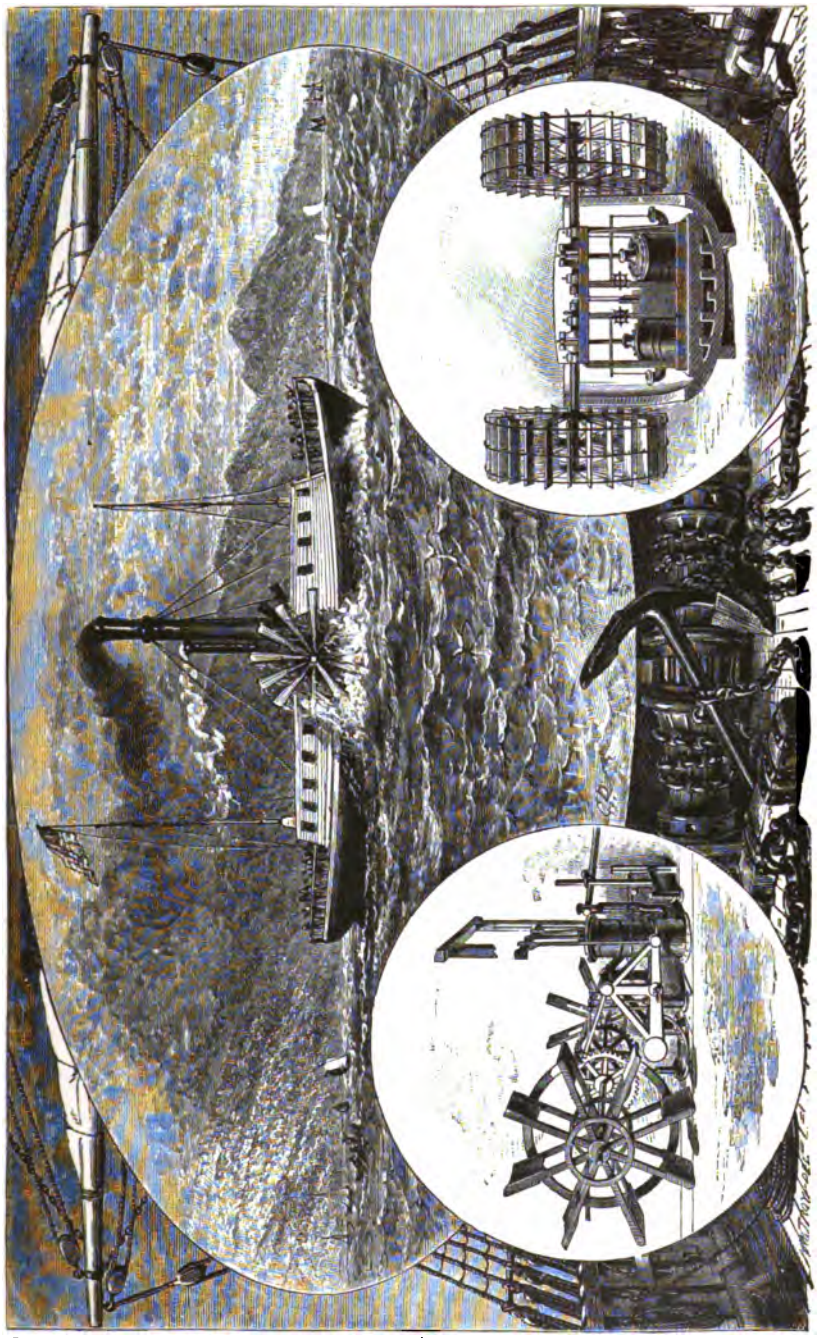
"John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee she is the most fearful wild fowl living, and thy father ought to restrain thee!"

When Friday morning came, the wharves, piers, house-tops, and every '*coigne de vantage*' from which a sight could be obtained, was filled with spectators. There were twelve berths, and every one was taken through to Albany. The fare was seven dollars. All the machinery was uncovered and exposed to view. The periphery of the balance-wheels, of cast iron, some four or more inches square, ran just clear of the water. There were no outside guards, the balance-wheels being supported by their respective shafts, which projected over the sides of the boat. The forward part was covered by a deck, which afforded shelter to the hands. The after-part was fitted up, in a rough manner, for passengers. The entrance into the cabin was from the stern, in front of the steersman, who worked a tiller, as in an ordinary sloop. Black smoke issued from the chimney; steam issued from every ill-fitted valve and crevice of the engine. Fulton himself was there. His remarkably clear and sharp voice was heard above the hum of the multitude and the noise of the engine; his step was confident and decided; he heeded not the fearfulness, doubts, or sarcasm of those by whom he was surrounded. The whole scene combined had in it an individuality, as well as an interest, which comes but once and is remembered forever.

Everything being ready, the engine was set in motion, and the boat moved steadily but slowly from the wharf: as she turned up the river, and was fairly under way, there arose such a huzza as ten thousand throats never gave before. The passengers returned the cheer, but Fulton stood upon the deck, his eyes flashing with an unusual brilliancy as he surveyed the crowd. He felt that the magic wand of success was waving over him, and he was silent.

As the boat sailed or steamed by West Point, the whole garrison was out, and cheered most lustily. At Newburg, it seemed as if all Orange county was collected there; the whole side-hill city seemed animated with life. Every sail-boat and water-craft was out. The ferry-boat from Fishkill was filled with ladies, but Fulton was engaged in seeing a passenger landed, and did not observe the

boat until she bore up nearly alongside; the flapping of a sail arrested his attention, and, as he turned, the waving of so many handkerchiefs, and the smiles of so many bright and happy faces, struck him with surprise, and, raising his hat, he exclaimed, "That is the finest sight we have seen yet."



FULTON'S FIRST STEAM-BOAT.

In a letter to his friend and patron, Mr. Barlow, Fulton says of this Clermont trial trip: "My steam-boat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorable than I had calculated. The distance to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles. I ran up in thirty-two hours and down in thirty. The latter is just five

miles an hour. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails, and this voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to the windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor." Such was the modest description of this greatest of modern inventions.

Of peculiar interest and entertainment is the following narrative connected with this historic voyage, from the graphic pen of one who was a personal actor in the scene described:—

I chanced to be at Albany on business when Fulton arrived there in his unheard-of craft, which everybody felt so much anxiety to see. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was going to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and there found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York, with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have a passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

I inquired the amount to be paid, and, after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount, in coin, I laid in his open hand, and, with his eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless, that I supposed it might be a miscount, and said to him, "Is that right, sir?" This question roused him as from a kind of reverie, and, as he looked up, the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said—

"Excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I should gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor even for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again, when this will not be the case."

Some four years after this (continues the writer of this agreeable reminiscence), when the Clermont had been greatly improved and her name changed to the North River, and when two other boats, viz., the Car of Neptune and the Paragon had been built, making Mr. Fulton's fleet consist of three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage upon one of these for the latter city. The cabin in that day was below; and, as I walked its length to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but, without disclosing this, I continued my walk. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and, eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed—

"I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and, although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that *bottle* now!"

It was ordered; and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidly, but vividly, over his experiences of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments, and difficulties, that were scattered through his whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had arrived at last. And in reviewing all these matters, he said—

"I have again and again recalled the occasion, and the incident, of our first interview at Albany; and never have I done so without renewing in my mind the vivid emotion it originally caused. That seemed, and does still seem, to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow-men."

Even at this early period in the employment of so dangerous and slightly understood a motive power as steam, the rivalry and diversion of racing was indulged in. It was in the month of September, 1809,

that the exciting and criminal scene of a steam-boat race was first enacted. A company from Albany had been formed for the purpose of competing with Fulton. The first vessel of this opposition line was advertised to leave Albany at the same time as Fulton's. Parties ran high in the hotels of Albany. The partisans of Fulton were enrolled under Professor Kemp, of Columbia College; those of the opposition under Jacob Stout. The victory was long in suspense; and it was not until after the thirtieth hour of a hard struggle that the result was proclaimed by Dr. Kemp, on the taffrail of Fulton's vessel, and holding out, in derision, a coil of rope to Captain Stout, for the purpose, as he remarked in so doing, of "towing him into port." When the age, high standing, and sedate character of these two gentlemen are considered, it is not surprising that, in course of time, women at the West learned to devote their bacon to feeding the furnace fires of rival steam-boats.

The complete success attending steam navigation on the Hudson and the neighboring waters, previous to the year 1809, turned the attention of the principal projectors to the idea of its application on the western waters; and in the month of April of that year, Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, pursuant to an agreement with Chancellor Livingston and Mr. Fulton, visited those rivers, with the purpose of forming an opinion whether they admitted of steam navigation or not. Mr. Roosevelt surveyed the rivers from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and, as his report was favorable, it was decided to build a boat at the former place. This was done under his direction, and in the year 1811 the first boat was launched on the waters of the Ohio. It was called the New Orleans.

Late at night, on the fourth day after quitting Pittsburg, they arrived in safety at Louisville, having been seventy hours descending a distance of somewhat more than seven hundred miles. The novel appearance of the vessel, and the fearful rapidity—as it was then regarded—with which it made its passage, excited a mixture of terror and surprise among many of the settlers on the banks, whom the rumor of such an invention had never reached.

Mr. Livingston's former associate in his experiments with applying steam to this purpose was Mr. John Stevens, of New Jersey, who persevered independently of Fulton and his patron, in various attempts to construct steam-boats. In this enterprise he was aided by his son, and his prospects of success had become so flattering, that he refused to renew his partnership with Livingston, and resolved to trust to his own exertions. Fulton's boat, however, was first ready, and thus secured the grant of the exclusive privilege of the state of New York. The Stevenses were but a few days later in moving a boat with the required velocity. Being shut out of the waters of the state of New York, by the priority of Livingston and Fulton, Stevens conceived the bold design of conveying his boat to the Delaware by sea; and this boat, which was so near reaping the honor of first success, was the first to navigate the ocean by steam. One of the most efficient advocates of the new mode of navigation by steam was DeWitt Clinton.

From the date of Fulton's triumph in 1807, steam navigation became a fixed fact in the United States, and went on extending with astonishing rapidity. Nor could a different result have been rationally expected in such a country as America.

In person, Mr. Fulton was about six feet high, slender form, but finely proportioned. Nature had made him a gentleman, and bestowed upon him ease and gracefulness. A modest confidence in his own worth and talents, gave him an unembarrassed deportment in all his social intercourse. He expressed himself with energy, fluency, and correctness, and, as he owed more to his own experience and reflections than to books, his sentiments were often interesting from their originality. But what was most conspicuous in his character, was his calm constancy, his industry, and that indefatigable patience and perseverance, which always enabled him to overcome difficulties.

XIX.

EXTENSIVE AND CALAMITOUS EARTHQUAKE AT THE WEST.—1811.

Its Convulsive Force Felt all Over the Valley of the Mississippi and to the Atlantic Coast.—The Earth Suddenly Bursts Open and a Vast Region of Country is Sunk and Lost.—Awful Chasms and Upheavals.—Ruin and Desolation Brought Upon the Inhabitants.—Humboldt's Interesting Opinion of the Western Earthquake.—Its Central Point of Violence.—Terrible Consternation Produced.—The Ground Swellings and Crackings.—Great Agitation of the Waters.—Houses Buried, Boats Wrecked.—Giant Forests Crushed.—Purple Tinge of the Atmosphere.—Thunder, Lightning, Flood, Etc.—A Mighty Struggle.—Hills and Islands Disappear.—Burial Grounds Engulfed.—Nature's Secrets Unbosomed.—Lakes Drained, New Ones Formed.—Present Aspect of the Country.—Account of the More Recent Earthquakes in California, their Characteristics and Destructiveness.—Most Serious in San Francisco.—Lives and Property Lost.—Women and Children Panic-Struck.—Direction of the Shocks.—Indications of their Approach.—Effect in the Harbor and Bay.

"Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly winds
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shake the old beldame Earth, and topple down
Steeples and moss-grown towers."

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

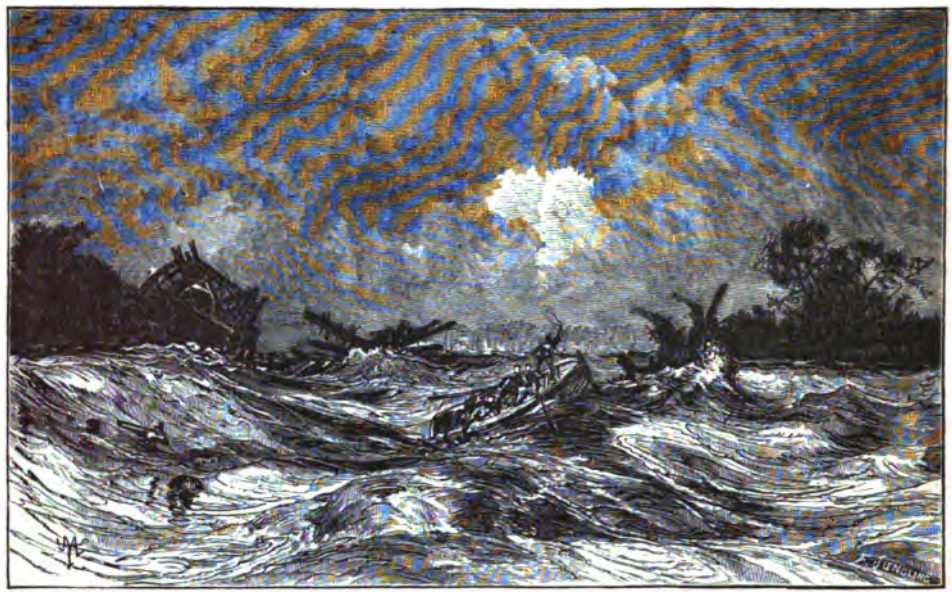
EARTHQUAKES in the United States have been of comparatively rare occurrence, so far as any extensive destruction of life and property has been involved. By far the most important of these, prior to the disastrous California earthquakes in 1865 and 1868, was that which took place at New Madrid, in Missouri, below St. Louis, on the Mississippi, in 1811, and which is always spoken of, in that section, as "the great earthquake." Over a region of country three hundred miles in length, from the mouth of the Ohio to that of the St. Francis, the ground rose and sank in great undulations, and lakes were formed, and again drained. Humboldt remarks that it presents one of the few examples of an incessant quaking of the ground for successive months far from any volcano.

The central point of violence in this remarkable earthquake was thought to be near the Little Prairie, twenty-five or thirty miles below New Madrid; the vibra-

tions from which were felt all over the valley of the Ohio, as high up as Pittsburg. The first shock was felt on the night of December sixteenth, 1811, and was repeated at intervals, with decreasing severity, into February following. New Madrid, having suffered more than any other town on the Mississippi from its effects, was considered as situated near the focus from whence the undulations proceeded.

The water of the river, which the day before was tolerably clear, being rather low, changed to a reddish hue, and became thick with mud thrown up from its bottom, while the surface, lashed vehemently by the convulsion of the earth beneath, was covered with foam, which, gathering into masses the size of a barrel, floated along on the trembling surface. The earth on the shores opened in wide fissures, and, closing again, threw the water, sand and mud, in huge jets, higher than the tops of the trees. The atmosphere was filled with a thick vapor or gas, to which the light imparted a purple tinge, altogether different in appearance from the autumnal haze of an Indian summer, or that of smoke. From the temporary check to the current, by the heaving up of the bottom, the sinking of the banks and sand-bars into the bed of the stream, the river rose in a few minutes five or six feet; and, impatient of the restraint, again rushed forward with redoubled impetuosity, hurrying along the boats, now set loose by the panic-stricken boatmen, as in less danger on the water than at the shore, where the banks threatened every moment to destroy them by the falling earth, or carry them down in the vortices of the sinking masses. Many boats were overwhelmed in this manner, and their crews perished with them. Numerous boats were wrecked on the snags and old trees thrown up from the bottom of the Mississippi, where they had quietly rested for ages, while others were sunk or stranded on the sand-bars and islands. At New Madrid, several boats were carried by the reflux of the current into a small stream that puts into the river just above the town, and left on the ground by the returning water a very considerable distance from the Mississippi.

It is an interesting coincidence, that, at this precise period, the first steam-boat voyage ever made in western waters, added the novelty of its occurrence to the convulsions of nature in this region. The name of the steam-boat in question was the New Orleans, commanded by Mr. Roosevelt. On arriving about five miles above the Yellow Banks, near New Madrid, they moored opposite to a vein of coal on the Indiana side, the coal having been purchased some time previously for the steamer's use. They found a large quantity already quarried to their hand and conveyed to the shore by depredators, who, however, had not means to carry it off; and with this they commenced loading. While thus engaged, the voyagers were accosted in great alarm by the squatters in the neighborhood, who inquired if they had not heard strange noises on the river and in the woods in the course of the preceding day, and perceived the shores shake—insisting that they had repeatedly heard the earth tremble. Hitherto, however, nothing remarkable had been perceived, and the following day they continued their monotonous voyage in those vast solitudes. The weather was oppressively hot; the air misty, still and dull; and though the sun was visible, like an immense and glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them became evident, for they ever and anon heard a rushing sound and violent splash, and finally saw large portions of the shore tearing away from the land and lapsing into the watery abyss. An eye-witness says: "It was a startling scene—one could have heard a pin drop on deck. The crew spoke but little; they noticed, too, that the comet, for some time visible in the heavens, had suddenly disappeared, and every one on board was thunderstruck."



SCENE OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN THE WEST.

The second day after leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun rose over the forests, the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, heavy, and oppressive, as before. The portentous signs of this terrible natural convulsion increased. Alarmed and confused, the pilot affirmed he was lost—as he found the channel everywhere altered; and where he had hitherto known deep water, there lay numberless trees with their roots upward. The trees that still remained were seen waving and nodding on the banks, without a wind. The adventurers had of course no choice but to continue their route as best they could, but towards evening they were at a loss for a place of shelter. They had usually brought to, under the shore, but at all points they saw the high banks disappearing, overwhelming many an unfortunate craft, from which the owners had landed, in the hope of effecting their escape. A large island in mid-channel, which had been selected by the pilot as the better alternative, was sought for in vain, having totally disappeared, and thousands of acres constituting the surrounding country, were found to have been swallowed up, with their gigantic growth of forest and cane.

Thus, in doubt and terror, they proceeded hour after hour, until dark, when they found a small island, and rounded to, mooring at the foot of it. Here they lay, keeping watch on deck, during the long night, listening to the sound of the waters which roared and whirled wildly around them—hearing, also, from time to time, the rushing earth slide from the shore, and the commotion of the falling mass as it became engulfed in the river. The lady of the party was frequently awakened from her restless slumber, by the jar of the furniture and loose articles in the cabin, as in the course of the night the shock of the passing earthquake was communicated to the bows of the vessel. The morning dawned and showed they were near the mouth of the Ohio. The shores and channel were now equally unrecognizable—everything seemed changed. About noon that day they reached New Madrid. Here the inhabitants were in the greatest consternation and distress. Part of the population had fled for their lives to the higher grounds; others prayed to be taken on board the steamer, as the earth was opening in fissures on every side, and their houses hourly falling around them. Proceeding thence they found the Mississippi,

at all times a fearful stream, unusually swollen, turbid, and full of trees, and after many days of extreme danger, finally reached Natchez.

After shaking the valley of the Mississippi to its center, the earthquake vibrated along the courses of the rivers and valleys, and, passing the primitive mountain barriers, died away along the shores of the Atlantic ocean. In the region of its greatest force, and pending the tremendous elemental strife which finally ensued, the current of the Mississippi was driven back from its source with appalling velocity for several hours, in consequence of an elevation of its bed. But the noble river was not thus to be stayed in its course. Its accumulated waters came booming on, and, overtopping the barrier thus suddenly raised, carried every thing before them with resistless power. Boats, then floating on its surface, shot down the declivity like an arrow from a bow, amid roaring billows and the wildest disorder. A few days' action of its powerful current sufficed to wear away every vestige of the barrier thus strangely interposed, and its waters moved on in their wonted channel to the ocean, seemingly rejoicing in their triumph over the opposing elements and forces.

The day that succeeded this night of dread brought no solace in its dawn. Shock followed shock; a dense black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land, through which no struggling sunbeam found its way to cheer the desponding heart of man. The appearances that presented themselves after the subsidence of the principal commotion were indeed staggering to the beholder. Hills had disappeared, and lakes were found in their stead; numerous lakes became elevated ground, over the surface of which vast heaps of sand were scattered in every direction; while in many places the earth for miles was sunk below the general level of the surrounding country, without being covered with water, —leaving an impression in miniature of a catastrophe much more important in its effects, which had, perhaps, preceded it ages before. One of the lakes thus formed is sixty or seventy miles in length, and from three to twenty miles in breadth; it is also in some places very shallow, and in others from fifty to one hundred feet deep, which latter is much more than the depth of the Mississippi river in that quarter. In sailing over its surface, one is struck with astonishment at beholding the gigantic trees of the forest standing partially exposed amid the waste of waters, branchless and leafless, like gaunt, mysterious monsters. But this wonder is still further increased on casting the eye on the dark-blue profound, to witness cane-brakes covering its bottom, over which a mammoth species of tortoise is occasionally seen dragging its slow length along, while countless millions of fish are sporting through the aquatic thickets,—the whole constituting one of the most remarkable features in American scenery and topography.

The lost hills or islands before mentioned are of various extent; some twenty or thirty miles in circumference, others not so large, and some are even diminutive in size, but of great altitude; occasionally furnished with fountains of living water, and all well timbered. The low grounds are in the form of basins, connected by openings or hollows; these, not being as deep as the bottom of their reservoirs, it happens that, when an inundation takes place, either from the Mississippi river or streams issuing from the surrounding highlands, they are filled to overflowing— and, when the waters recede below a level with these points of communication, they become stagnant pools, passing off by the process of infiltration, which is very slow, in a thick, black, tenacious loam, or by evaporation equally gradual, in a country covered by forests and impenetrable jungle. At New Madrid and its vicinity, the earth broke into innumerable fissures; the church-yard, with its dead, was torn from the bank and embosomed in the turbid stream; and in many places, the gaping earth unfolded its secrets, — the bones of the gigantic mastodon and ichthyosaurus, hidden within its bosom for

ages, being brought to the surface. Even at the present day, frequent slight shocks of earthquake are there felt, and it is asserted that, in the vast swamp at the back of the town, strange sounds may at times be heard, as of some mighty cauldron seething and bubbling in the bowels of the earth.

Flint, the geographer, who visited the country seven years after the event, says that, at the time of his visit, a district west of New Madrid still remained covered with water, and that the neighboring forest presented a scene of great confusion. He also saw hundreds of deep chasms remaining in the alluvial soil, which were produced, according to the inhabitants, by the bursting of the earth, which rose in great undulations, and discharged prodigious volumes of water, sand, and coaly matter, thrown up to a great height. As the shocks lasted throughout a period of three months, the country people remarked that, in particular districts, there were certain prevailing directions in which the fissures opened, and they accordingly felled the tallest trees, making them fall at right angles to the direction of the chasms. By stationing themselves on these, the inhabitants often escaped being swallowed up when the earth opened beneath them.

During the visit of Sir Charles Lyell to this region, in 1846, Mr. Bringier, the well-known engineer, related to him that he was on horseback near New Madrid, in 1811, when some of the severest shocks were experienced, and that, as the waves advanced, he saw the trees bend down, and often, the instant afterward, when in the act of recovering their position, meet the boughs of other trees similarly inclined, so as to become interlocked, being prevented from righting themselves again. The transit of the wave through the woods was marked by the crashing noise of countless branches, first heard on one side and then on the other. At the same time, powerful jets of water, mixed with sand, loam and bituminous shale, were cast up with such impetuosity, that both horse and rider might have perished, had the swelling and upheaving ground happened to burst immediately beneath them. Some of the shocks were perpendicular, while others, much more desolating, were horizontal, or moved along like great waves; and where the principal fountains of mud and water were thrown up, circular cavities, called sink-holes, were formed.

Hearing that some of these cavities still existed near the town, Professor Lyell went to see one of them, three-quarters of a mile to the westward. There he found a nearly circular hollow, ten yards wide, and five feet deep, with a smaller one near it, and, scattered about the surrounding level ground, were fragments of black bituminous shale, with much white sand. Within a distance of a few hundred yards, were five more of these "sand-bursts," or "sand-blows," as they are sometimes termed, and, about a mile farther west, there is still pointed out "the sink-hole where the negro was drowned." It is a striking object, interrupting the regularity of a flat plain, the sides very steep, and twenty-eight feet deep from the top to the water's edge.

In the interesting account of this region and of the event in question, furnished by Professor Lyell, in his book of travels, he relates the reminiscences of a citizen of New Madrid, who witnessed the earthquake when a child. He described the camping out of the people in the night when the first shocks occurred, and how some were wounded by the falling of chimneys, and the bodies of others drawn out of the ruins; and confirmed the published statements of the inhabitants having availed themselves of fallen trees to avoid being engulfed in open fissures,—a singular mode of escape, which, curiously enough, had been adopted spontaneously in different and widely-distant places, at the same time, even little children throwing themselves thus on the felled trunks. Lyell was then invited to go and see several fissures still open, which had been caused by the undulatory movement of the ground, some of them jagged, others even

and straight. Two of them were traced continuously for more than half a mile, and a few were found to be parallel; but, on the whole, they varied greatly in direction, some being ten and others forty-five degrees west of north. They might easily have been mistaken for artificial trenches, though formerly as deep as wells; the action of rains, frost, and occasional inundations, and, above all, the leaves of the forest blown into them in countless numbers, have done much to fill them up.

In that part of the forest which borders what is called the "sunk country," all the trees of a date prior to 1811, although standing erect and entire, are dead. They are most noticeable objects, are chiefly oaks and walnuts, with trunks several feet in diameter, and many of them more than two hundred years old. They are supposed to have been killed by the loosening of the roots during the repeated undulations which passed through the soil for three months in succession. The higher level plain, where these *dead monarchs of the forest* stand, terminates abruptly toward the bayou St. John, and the sudden descent of eight or ten feet throughout an area four or five miles long, and fifty or sixty broad, was one of the strange results of the earthquake. At the lower level are seen cypresses and cotton-wood, and other trees which delight in wet ground, all newer than 1812. The "sunk country" extends along the course of the White Water and its tributaries for a distance of between seventy and eighty miles north and south, and thirty miles east and west. It is not, however, confined to the region west of the Mississippi; for several extensive forest tracts in Tennessee were submerged during the shocks of 1811–12, and have ever since formed lakes and swamps.

The earthquakes in California, especially those which occurred in 1865 and 1868, and both in the month of October, were the most disastrous in respect to the value of property destroyed, that of October 21, 1868, being particularly so. At San Francisco, the motion was east and west, and several buildings on Pine, Battery, and Sansome streets were thrown down, and a considerable number badly damaged. The ground settled, which threw the buildings out of line. The principal damage was confined to the lower portion of the city, below Montgomery street, and among old buildings on the made ground. The custom-house, a brick building erected on pile ground, which was badly shattered in the earthquake of 1865, had now to be abandoned as unsafe. Business in the lower part of the city was suspended, the streets were thronged with people, and great excitement prevailed. The parapets,

EARTHQUAKE SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

walls and chimneys of a number of houses fell, causing loss of life and many accidents.

At one place, the ground opened several inches wide and about forty or fifty feet long; and in other places, the ground opened, and water forced itself above the surface. The water in the bay was perfectly smooth at the time of the occurrence, and no perceptible disturbance took place there; the shock was felt aboard the shipping in the harbor, as if the vessels had struck upon the rocks. The morning was moderately warm, and a dense fog covered the city. Not the slightest breeze was perceptible. The first indication of the approach of the earthquake was a slight rumbling sound, as of something rolling along the sidewalk, coming apparently from the direction of the ocean. The shock commenced in the form of slow, horizontal movements, while the movements of the great earthquake of 1865 were perpendicular. The effect on buildings, too, of the earthquake of 1868, was widely different from that of 1865. In the latter, glass was broken and shivered into atoms in all the lower parts of the city, by the perpendicular oscillations, while comparatively few walls were shaken down or badly shattered. The earthquake of 1868 broke very little glass, but the damage by the falling of cornices, awnings, and walls, was immense. Mantel ornaments and shelved crockery were everywhere thrown down and broken; top-heavy articles of furniture tumbled over; tanks and dishes containing water or other liquids slopped their contents; clocks stopped running; door-bells rang; tall structures, like steeples and towers, were seen to sway, and the motion of the earth under the feet was unpleasantly plain to walkers; horses started and snorted, exhibiting every sign of fear, and in some cases dashing off furiously with their riders; dogs crouched, trembling and whining; and fowls flew to the trees, uttering notes of alarm. The panic among women and children was, for a time, excessive, and their cries and tears were very moving.

At Oakland, the shock was very severe, throwing down chimneys, and greatly damaging buildings; in several localities, the ground opened, and a strong sulphurous smell was noticed after the shock. The court-house at San Leandro was demolished and one life lost. At San Jose, several buildings were injured. The large brick court-house at Redwood City was completely wrecked. The shock was light at Marysville and Sonora, and severe at Grass Valley. It was also felt, with a good deal of severity, in Stockton, Sonoma, San Lorenzo, Alvarado, San Mateo, Petaluma, Vallejo, and Sacramento; in the latter place, flag-staffs and trees vibrated ten feet, and the water in the river rose and fell a foot and a half.

XX.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND MATCHED AGAINST EACH OTHER IN SQUADRON COMBAT.—1813.

Lake Erie the Scene of the Encounter.—Sixteen Vessels Engaged.—The British, under Captain Barclay, one of Lord Nelson's Veteran Officers, and with a Superior Force, are Thoroughly Beaten by the Americans, under Commodore Oliver H. Perry.—Every British Vessel Captured.—General Harrison Completes the Victorious Work on Land.—Building of the Fleet on the Lake.—Great Difficulties to be Overcome.—Commodore Perry the Master Spirit.—Completion and Sailing of the Fleet.—Challenge to the Enemy.—Line of Battle Formed.—Perry's Blue Union-Jack.—Its Motto, "Don't Give Up the Ship!"—Wild Enthusiasm of his Men.—Flagship Lawrence in the Van.—Meets the Whole Opposing Fleet.—Badly Crippled in a Two Hours' Fight.—Huzzas of the Enemy.—The Day Supposed to be Theirs.—Indomitable Resolution of Perry.—He Puts Off in an Open Boat.—Reaches the Niagara with His Flag.—Again Battles with the Foe.—Severe and Deadly Conflict.—American Prowess Invincible.—Barclay Strikes His Colors.—Perry only Twenty-seven Years Old.

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours."—PERRY'S MEMORABLE DISPATCH ANNOUNCING HIS VICTORY.

PERRY'S FLAG ON LAKE ERIE.

FOREIGN nations, who still smiled incredulously at the pretensions of the United States in carrying on an ocean warfare with the proud "mistress of the seas,"—as England was everywhere acknowledged to be,—were now to receive, in addition to the splendid victory of the United States frigate Constitution over the Guerriere, fresh and decisive proof of the naval supremacy of the youthful republic, in the magnificent triumph achieved by Commodore Oliver H. Perry, on the waters of Lake Erie. Here, for the first time in the history of the western world, the flag of a British squadron was struck, humiliatingly, to the Americans. Great Britain had already been signally defeated in single naval combats, during the present contest; she was now beaten in squadron,—every one of her ships striking their colors to the stars and stripes.

The unexpected and disgraceful surrender of the northern army under General Hull, to the British, rendered a superior force on Lake Erie necessary for the defense of the American territory bordering on the lake, as well as for offensive operations in Canada. Under these circumstances Oliver H. Perry, a brave and accomplished young officer, who had the command of a gunboat flotilla for the defense of New York, was designated to the command on Lake Erie. But, at this time, the United States possessed no naval force on the lake; the only vessels belonging to the government were captured at Detroit. The southern or American lake shore, being principally a sand beach formed by the sediment driven by the northerly

winds, afforded but few harbors, and those encumbered with bars at their entrance. At Presque Isle, ninety miles west of Buffalo, a peninsula extending a considerable distance into the lake encircles a harbor, on the borders of which was the port of Erie.

At this place, Commodore Perry was directed to locate, and superintend a naval establishment, the object of which was to create a superior force on the lake. The difficulties of building a navy in the wilderness can only be conceived by those who have experienced them. There was nothing at this spot out of which it could be built, but the timber of the forest. Ship-builders, sailors, naval stores, guns, and ammunition, were all to be transported by land, in wagons, and over bad roads, a distance of four hundred miles, either from Albany by the way of Buffalo, or from Philadelphia by the way of Pittsburg. But under all these embarrassments, by the first of August, 1813, Commodore Perry had provided a flotilla, consisting of the ships Lawrence and Niagara, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, to wit, one of four guns, one of three, two of two, and three of one.

While the ships were building, the enemy frequently appeared off the harbor and threatened their destruction; but the shallowness of the water on the bar, there being but five feet, prevented their approach. The same cause, which insured the safety of the vessels while building, seemed likely to prevent their being of any service when completed. The two largest drew several feet more water than there was on the bar. The inventive genius of Perry, however, soon surmounted this difficulty. He placed large scows on each side of these two, filled them so that they sank to the water-edge, then attached them to the ships by strong pieces of timber, and pumped out the water. The scows, in this way, buoyed up the ships, enabling them to pass the bar in safety. This operation was performed in the very eyes of the enemy.

Having gotten his fleet in readiness, Commodore Perry proceeded to the head of the lake and anchored in Put-in Bay, opposite to and distant thirty miles from Malden, where the British fleet lay under the guns of the fort. He remained at anchor here several days, watching the British fleet, and waiting a chance to offer battle.

On the morning of the tenth of September, 1813, the enemy was discovered bearing down upon the American force, which immediately got under weigh, and stood out to meet him. Perry had nine vessels, consisting of the Lawrence, his flag-ship, of twenty guns; the Niagara, Captain Elliott, of twenty; the Caledonian, Lieutenant Turner, of three; the schooner Ariel, of four; the Scorpion, of two; the Somers, of two guns and two swivels; the sloop Trippe, and schooners Tigress and Porcupine, of one gun each.

The force of the British consisted of the Detroit, flag-ship of Commodore Barclay, and carrying nineteen guns and two howitzers; the Queen Charlotte, Captain Finnis, of seventeen guns; the schooner Lady Prevost, Lieutenant Buchan, of thirteen guns and two howitzers; the brig Hunter, of ten guns; the sloop Little Belt, of three guns; and the schooner Chippewa, of one gun and two swivels. Thus, the belligerents stood, in respect to force and power, as follows: The Americans had nine vessels, carrying fifty-four guns and two swivels; the British, six vessels, carrying sixty-three guns, four howitzers, and two swivels.

Commodore Perry got under way with a light breeze at the south-west. Summoning his commanding officers by signal to the deck of the Lawrence, he gave them in a few words their last instructions preparatory to the approaching battle, and, unfolding his union-jack, a blue flag upon which was inscribed in white letters the motto of the American navy, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" The sight of this flag, bearing upon it the dying words of the brave Captain Lawrence, brought the most enthusiastic cheers from the crew. As the officers were about taking their leave, Perry declared that it was his

intention to bring the enemy to close quarters from the first, and that he could not advise them better than in the words of Lord Nelson—"If you lay your enemy close alongside, you can not be out of your place." As soon, therefore, as the approach of the enemy warranted the display of the signal, every vessel was under sail, beating out against a light head-wind, and with the boats ahead towing. The object was, to beat to the windward of the islands which now interposed between the two approaching squadrons, and, thus gaining the weather-gauge, to bear down with that important advantage upon the foe. The wind, however, was light and baffling; and Perry's patience was so severely tried by the incessant tacking, that, seeing time lost, and but little progress made, he called out to his sailing-master,—

"Taylor, you wear ship and run to the leeward of the islands."

"Then we'll have to engage the enemy from the leeward," exclaimed Taylor.

"I don't care—to windward or to leeward, *they shall fight to-day*," was Perry's instant response.

O. H. Perry

He now formed the line of battle, the wind suddenly shifting to the south-east, thus bearing the squadron clear of the islands, and enabling it to keep the weather-gauge. But the moderateness of the breeze caused the hostile squadrons to approach each other but slowly, thus prolonging the solemn interval of suspense and anxiety which precedes a battle. The order and regularity of naval discipline heightened the dreadful quiet of this impressive prelude. No noise, no bustle, prevailed to distract the mind—except, at intervals, the shrill pipings of the boatswain's whistle, or a murmuring whisper among the men, who stood in groups around their guns, with lighted matches, narrowly watching the movements of the foe, and sometimes stealing a glance at the countenances of their commanders. In this manner, the opposing fleets gradually neared each other in awful silence. Even the sick felt a thrill of the pervading deep emotion, and, with fancied renewal of strength, offered their feeble services in the coming conflict. To one of these poor fellows, who had crawled up on deck, to have a hand in the fight, the sailing-master said:

"Go below, Mays, you are too weak to be here."

"I can do something, sir," replied the brave old tar.

"What can you do?"

"I can sound the pump, sir, and let a strong man go to the guns."

It was even so. He sat down by the pump, and sent the strong man to the guns; and when the fight was ended, there he was found, with a ball in his heart. He was from Newport; his name, Wilson Mays; his monument and epitaph, the grateful memory of a whole nation.

As they were coming nearer and nearer the British fleet (says Dr. Tomes, in his admirable delineation of this battle), and by twelve o'clock would certainly be in the midst of action, the noonday-grog was served in advance, and the bread-bags freely emptied. In a moment after, however, every man was again at quarters. Perry now went round the deck, from gun to gun, stopping at each, carefully examining its condition, and passing a cheerful word with the "captain." Recognizing some of the old tars who had served on board the Constitution, he said, "Well, boys! are you ready?" "All ready,

your honor!" was the prompt reply, as they touched their tarpaulins, or the handkerchiefs in which some of them had wrapped their heads, that they might be as unencumbered as possible for the fight. "But I need not say anything to you," rejoined their commander—"*you* know how to beat these fellows"—and he passed on. His face now beamed with a smile of friendly interest as he recognized some of his fellow-townsmen, exclaiming, "Ah, here are the Newport boys! *They* will do their duty, I warrant."

At fifteen minutes after eleven, a bugle was sounded on board the enemy's headmost ship, the Detroit, loud cheers burst from all their crews, and a tremendous fire opened upon the Lawrence, from the British long-guns, and which, from the shortness of the Lawrence's, the latter was obliged to sustain for some forty minutes, without being able to return a shot.

Losing no time in waiting for the other ships, Commodore Perry kept on his course in such gallant and determined style, that the enemy supposed he meant immediately to board. At about twelve o'clock, having gained a more favorable position, the Lawrence opened her fire, but the long-guns of the British still gave them greatly the advantage, and the Lawrence was exceedingly cut up, without being able to do much of any damage in return. Their shot pierced her side in all directions, even killing the men in the berth-deck and steerage, where they had been carried to be dressed. One shot had nearly produced a fatal explosion; passing through the light room, it knocked the snuff of the candle into the magazine—but which was fortunately seen by the gunner, who had the presence of mind immediately to seize and extinguish it. It appeared to be the enemy's plan at all events to destroy the commander's ship; their heaviest fire was directed against the Lawrence, and blazed incessantly from all their largest vessels.

Finding the peculiar and imminent hazard of his situation, Perry made all sail, and directed the other vessels to follow, for the purpose of closing with the enemy. The tremendous fire, however, to which he was exposed, soon cut away every brace and bowline of the Lawrence, and she became unmanageable. The other vessels were unable to get up; and in this disastrous situation, therefore, she still continued to sustain the main force of the enemy's fire, within canister distance, though, during a considerable part of this terrible ordeal, not more than two or three of her guns could be brought to bear with any material effect upon her antagonist.

Throughout all this scene of ghastly horror, however, the utmost order and regularity prevailed, without the least sign of trepidation or faintheartedness; as fast as the men at the guns were wounded, they were quietly carried below, and others stepped manfully into their places; the dead remained where they fell, until after the action.

At this juncture, the enemy believed the battle to be won. The Lawrence was reduced to a mere wreck; her deck was streaming with blood, and covered with the mangled limbs and bodies of the slain, nearly the whole of her crew were either killed or wounded; her guns, too, were dismounted,—the commodore and his officers personally working the last that was capable of service, assisted by the few hands yet remaining capable of duty. According to the account given by Dr. Parsons, the surgeon of the Lawrence, the muscular material was reduced to its absolute minimum. "When the battle had raged an hour and a half," says Dr. Parsons, "I heard a call for me at the small skylight, and, stepping toward it, I saw it was the commodore, whose countenance was calm and placid as if on ordinary duty. 'Doctor,' said he, 'send me one of your men,'—meaning one of the six that were to assist me; which was done instantly. In five minutes the call was repeated and obeyed; and at the seventh call, I told him he had them all. He asked if any could pull a rope, when two or three of the wounded crawled upon deck to lend a feeble hand in pulling at the last guns." So close and desperate was this

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE. PERRY'S VICTORY.

conflict; so brave and courageous the hearts of those who fought for the honor and rights of America.

It was two o'clock, and Captain Elliott, of the Niagara, was enabled by the aid of a fresh breeze to bring his ship into close action in gallant style. Finding, now, that no resistance or hostility on the part of the Lawrence could be profitably persisted in, Perry suddenly formed the determination to shift his flag to Elliott's ship; and, leaving his own vessel in charge of her lieutenant, the brave and gallant Yarnall, he hauled down his union-jack, and, taking it under his arm, ordered a boat to put him on board the Niagara. He passed the line of the enemy, exposed to a perfect shower of their musketry, still standing in the boat,—waving his sword and gallantly cheering his men,—a marked and pointed object from three of the enemy's ships, until he was forcibly pulled down by his own men. He arrived safe, and tumultuous huzzas rent the air as he again unfurled and hoisted aloft his union-jack, with its inspiring motto, 'Don't give up the ship!' gaily kissing the breeze. On seeing their noble commander step upon the deck of the Niagara, the crew of the Lawrence — the few that yet remained — sent up three lusty cheers. The question with which Elliott first saluted Perry was—

"How is the day going?"

"Badly!" was the brief reply; "and do you see those infernal gun-boats—*they* have lost us the victory!"

"No!" exclaimed Elliott; "do you take command of this ship, and I will bring up the boats."

Elliott at once put off, to bring up the schooners which had been

kept back by the lightness of the wind. At this moment, the flag of the Lawrence was hauled down. Lieutenant Yarnall, upon whom the command of the vessel devolved after the commodore left her, refused for some time to leave the deck, though more than once wounded; and Lieutenant Brooks and Midshipman Saul were both killed. As the surgeon was stooping, in the act of dressing or examining a wound, a ball passed through the ship a few inches from his head, which, had it been erect, must have been taken off. The principal force of the enemy's fire had now been sustained uninterruptedly by the Lawrence, and, as she was rendered totally incapable of defense, any further show of resistance would have been a useless sacrifice of the remnant of her brave and mangled crew. The enemy were at the same time so crippled, that they were unable to take possession of her, and circumstances soon enabled her crew again to raise the American flag.

Commodore Perry now gave the signal to all the vessels for close action. The small vessels, under the direction of Elliott, got out their sweeps, and made all sail. On an inspection of the Niagara, and finding her but little injured, Perry determined upon the bold and desperate expedient of breaking the enemy's line; he accordingly bore up and passed the head of the two ships and brig, giving them a raking fire from his starboard guns, and also a raking fire upon a large schooner and sloop, from his larboard quarter, at half pistol shot.

Having brought the whole squadron into action, Perry luffed up and laid his ship alongside of the British commodore, Barclay, of the Lady Prevost. Approaching within half pistol shot, Perry's fire was so destructive that the enemy's men were compelled to run below. At this moment the wind freshened, and the Caledonia came up and opened her fire upon the British; and several others of the squadron were enabled soon after to do the same,—the small vessels having now got up within good grape-and-canister distance on the other quarter, inclosed their enemy between them and the Niagara, and in this position kept up a most deadly fire on both quarters of the British.

For a time, the combat raged with indescribable violence and fury. The result of a campaign—the command of a sea—the glory and renown of two rival nations matched for the first time in squadron,—these were the issues at stake which inspirited the combatants. The contest was not long doubtful. The Queen Charlotte having lost her captain and all her principal officers, by some mischance ran foul of her colleague, the Detroit. By this accident, the greater part of their guns were rendered useless, and the two ships were now in turn compelled to sustain an incessant fire from the Niagara and the other vessels of the American squadron. The flag of Captain Barclay soon struck; and the Queen Charlotte, the Lady Prevost, the Hunter, and the Chippewa, surrendered in immediate succession. The Little Belt attempted to escape, but was pursued by two gun-boats, and captured. Thus, after a contest of three hours, was a naval victory achieved by the Americans, in which every vessel of the enemy was captured. If anything could enhance its brilliancy it was the modest and laconic manner in which, Cæsar-like, it was announced by the gallant victor—

"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE OURS!"

The carnage in this action was very great in proportion to the numbers engaged. The Americans had twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded. The loss of the British was about two hundred in killed and wounded, many of these being officers; and the prisoners, amounting to six hundred, exceeded the whole number of Americans. Commodore Barclay, a gallant sailor, one of whose arms had been shot off at the battle of Trafalgar, under Lord Nelson, was severely wounded in the hip, and lost the use of his remaining arm. Perry was but twenty-seven years old, and had scarcely recovered from an attack of the lake-fever, when he thus 'met the

enemy,'—a circumstance that heightens the estimate to be put upon his indomitable perseverance and bravery on this occasion. To his adroit transfer of his command to the Niagara, passing through the thickest of the battle in an open boat, may fairly be attributed his brilliant fortune on that eventful day. His success raised him to the very pinnacle of professional renown, and the naval supremacy of the United States upon the lakes was triumphantly secured.

This important and decisive battle was fought midway of the lake, between the two hostile armies, who lay on the opposite shores, waiting in anxious expectation of its result,—the allied British and Indian forces, to the amount of nearly five thousand, under Proctor and Tecumseh, being ready, in case of a successful issue, to renew their ravages on the American borders. The fruits of this victory, therefore, were such as to cause unbounded demonstrations of joy in the United States. All party-feelings were for the time forgotten; and the glorious occurrence was celebrated by illuminations and festivities, from one end of the continent to the other. During this same year, our gallant navy was victorious in the capture of the sloop-of-war Peacock, by Captain James Lawrence; and in the capture of the brig Boxer, by the Enterprise, commanded by Lieutenant Barrows. The British, however, on the first of June, rejoiced in the capture of the Chesapeake by the frigate Shannon, off Boston harbor, and, on the fourteenth of August, in the capture of the Argus, Captain Allen, by the Pelican. The British were also victorious on land, at the battles of Mackinaw, Queenstown, Frenchtown, and some other points; but lost the battles of York, Fort Meigs, and the Thames. The proposed invasion of Canada, under the direction of Generals Dearborn, Wilkinson, Hampton, Lewis, and Izard, proved a failure. *Such a victory, therefore, as that of Perry, was well calculated to fill the nation with joy.*

The struggle being ended, and Perry acquainting himself with the condition and wants of the several vessels and their crews, at last visited the shattered remains of the Lawrence. The deck was slippery with blood and brains, and strewed with the bodies of officers and men, and the ship resounded everywhere with the groans of the wounded. Those of the crew who were spared and able to walk or limp, approached the gallant captain with tears in their eyes, and with outstretched arms of welcome; but the salutation was a silent one on both sides,—so overcome with emotion were the hearts of these brave men, that not a word could find utterance. The principal loss in the whole action was on board the Lawrence, so indomitable was Perry's resolution not to be conquered. In memory of this heroic service to his country, there was erected in 1860, at Cleveland, Ohio, near the scene of his great battle, a marble statue by Walcutt.

Two days after the battle, two Indian chiefs who had been selected for their skill as marksmen, and stationed in the tops of the Detroit for the purpose of picking off the American officers, were found snugly stowed away in the hold of that ship. These savages, who had been accustomed to vessels of no greater magnitude than what they could sling upon their backs, when the action became warm, were so panic-struck at the terrors of the scene and at the strange perils surrounding them, that, looking at each other in amazement, they vociferated their significant '*Quonth!*' and precipitately descended to the hold. In their British uniforms, hanging in bags upon their famished bodies, they were now brought before Commodore Perry, fed, and discharged, —no further parole being necessary to prevent *their* ever engaging again in a similar contest.

The slain of the crews of both squadrons were committed to the lake immediately after the action; and, the next day, the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers who had fallen, were performed at an opening on the margin of the bay, in an appropriate and affecting

manner. The crews of both fleets united in the ceremony. The autumnal stillness of the weather—the procession of boats—the music—the slow and regular motion of the oars, striking in exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge—the mournful waving of the flags—the sound of the minute-guns from all the ships—the wild and solitary aspect of the place;—all these gave to this funeral ceremonial a most impressive influence, in striking contrast with the terrible conflict of the preceding day. Two American and three British officers were interred side by side of each other, in this lonely place of sepulture, on the margin of the lake, a few paces from the beach.

In his official dispatch, Perry speaks in the highest terms of the co-operation, bravery and judgment, of his associate, Captain Elliott. Nevertheless, there is universal agreement with the assertion made by Mackenzie, the appreciating biographer of this heroic commander, that the battle of Erie was won not merely by the genius and inspiration, but eminently by the exertions, of one man,—a young man of twenty-seven, who had never beheld a naval engagement. He had dashed boldly into action with the Lawrence, trusting that the rear of his line would soon be able to close up to his support. Sustained, however, only by the Caledonia, the Ariel, and the Scorpion, he resisted for two hours or more the whole of the British squadron. Overcome at last, Perry made a new arrangement of his remaining resources, and snatched from the enemy, with desperate obstinacy, a victory which that enemy had already claimed with exulting cheers for his own. This he accomplished by an evolution unsurpassed for genius and hardihood, bearing down with dauntless assurance upon the whole of the opposing fleet, and dashing with his fresh and uninjured vessel through the enemy's line, to their dismay and complete discomfiture. And

W. H. Harrison

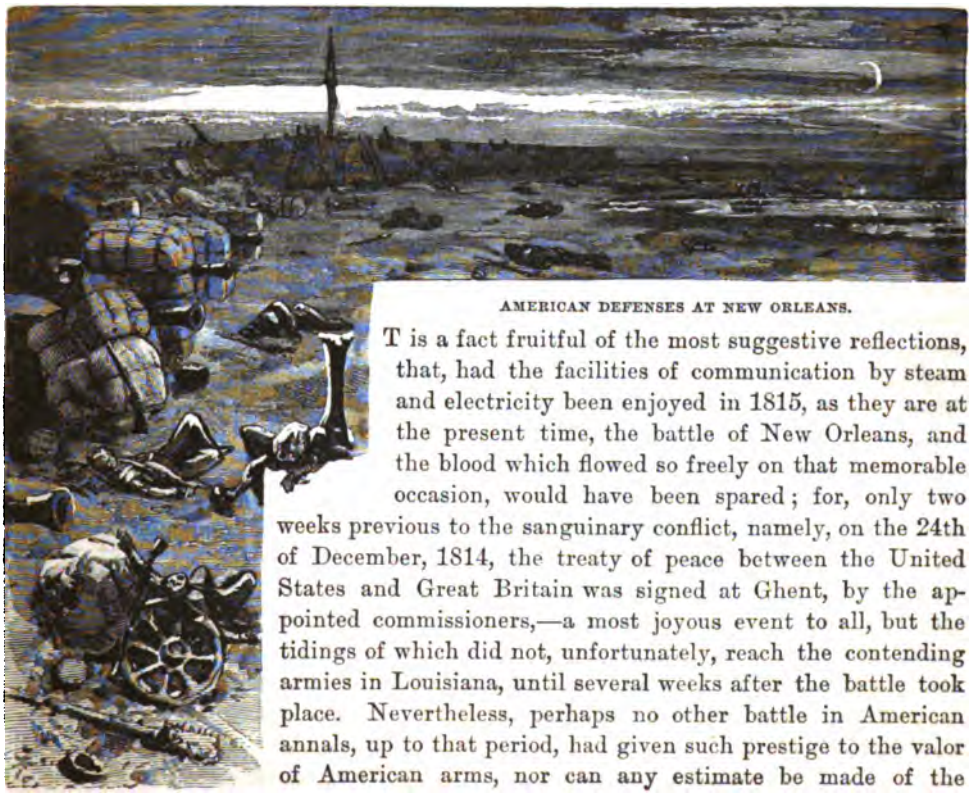
this victory on the lake was so much the more important from its enabling General Harrison to recover from the British invaders the American territory which they had occupied, and to pursue them into Canada, where, on the fifth of October, they were totally routed in the battle of the Thames. Nearly all the British force was either captured or slain, and their famous Indian ally, Tecumseh, here ended his life.

XXI.

GENERAL JACKSON'S TERRIBLE ROUT AND SLAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT NEW ORLEANS.—1815.

His Consummate Generalship in the Order and Conduct of this Campaign.—The War with England Terminated by a Sudden and Splendid Victory to the American Arms.—Jackson is Hailed as One of the Greatest of Modern Warriors, and as the Deliverer and Second Savior of His Country.—National Military Prestige Gained by this Decisive Battle.—British Invasion of Louisiana.—Preparations to Resist Them.—Jackson Hastens to New Orleans.—His Presence Inspires Confidence.—Martial Law Proclaimed.—Progress of the British Forces.—They Rendezvous at Ship Island.—Pirates and Indians for Allies.—Capture of the United States Flotilla.—Arrival of Veterans from England.—Desperate Attempts at Storming.—Both Armies Face Each Other.—The Day of Action, January Eighth.—General Pakenham Leads the Charge.—His Motto, "Booty and Beauty."—Fire and Death Open Upon Them.—They are Mown Down Like Grass.—Pakenham Falls at the Onset.—Panic and Precipitate Retreat.—America's Motto, "Victory or Death."—The Result at Home and Abroad.—Startling and Impressive Effect.

"The redcoats will find out whom they have to deal with. I will smash them, so help me God!"—GENERAL JACKSON, ON ASSUMING THE DEFENSE OF NEW ORLEANS.



AMERICAN DEFENSES AT NEW ORLEANS.

IT is a fact fruitful of the most suggestive reflections, that, had the facilities of communication by steam and electricity been enjoyed in 1815, as they are at the present time, the battle of New Orleans, and the blood which flowed so freely on that memorable occasion, would have been spared; for, only two weeks previous to the sanguinary conflict, namely, on the 24th of December, 1814, the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was signed at Ghent, by the appointed commissioners,—a most joyous event to all, but the tidings of which did not, unfortunately, reach the contending armies in Louisiana, until several weeks after the battle took place. Nevertheless, perhaps no other battle in American annals, up to that period, had given such prestige to the valor of American arms, nor can any estimate be made of the

immense consequences of that victory to General Jackson and his country. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, says that the heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of Jackson's character.

The circumstances which led to a battle so creditable in its result to the genius and bravery of the American army were as follows: On the twenty-fifth of August, 1814, a British army landed at Pensacola, and took forcible possession of the place, being aided by the Spaniards in all their proceedings; they collected all the Indians that would resort to their standard; and Colonel Nichols, the chief British commander, even sent an officer to the notorious piratical establishment at Barataria to enlist the chief, Lafitte, and his followers, in their cause, the most liberal and tempting inducements being held out. These people, however, showed a decided preference for the American cause, and, deceiving the English by delay, conveyed intelligence of their designs to the governor of New Orleans, and frankly offered their services to defend the country. Disappointed in securing their aid, the expedition proceeded to the attack of Fort Bowyer, on Mobile point, commanded by Major Lawrence. The result, however, was a loss to the besiegers of more than two hundred men; the commodore's ship was so disabled that they set fire to her, and she blew up, and the remaining three vessels, shattered and filled with wounded men, returned to Pensacola. While the British were thus sheltered in this place, busily occupied in bringing over the Indians to join them, General Jackson,—who, after the peace with the Creeks had become active commander at the south,—formed an expedition of about four thousand men, to dislodge them. He summoned the town, was refused entrance by the Spanish governor, and his flag of truce was fired upon; the British soldiers being also in the forts, where their flag had been hoisted, in conjunction with the Spanish, the day before the American forces appeared. Preparations were immediately made to carry the place; one battery having been taken by storm, with slight loss on either side, the governor surrendered, the English having previously retired on board their ships. The forts below, which commanded the passage, were blown up, and this enabled the English fleet to put to sea.

Returning to Mobile, General Jackson learned that preparations were making by the British for the invasion of Louisiana, and with especial reference to an attack on New Orleans.

He accordingly hastened to New Orleans, which he found in great alarm and confusion. He at once put in operation the most rigorous measures of defense. The militia of Louisiana and Mississippi were ordered out *en masse*, and large detachments from Tennessee and Kentucky. From a previous correspondence with Governor Claiborne, General Jackson had been informed that the city corps had, for the most part, refused obedience to the orders which had been given them to turn out; that they had been encouraged in their disobedience by the state legislature, then in session in the city; and that, although there were many faithful citizens in the place, there were many others who were more devoted to the interests of Spain, and others still whose hostility to the English was less observable than their dislike to American government.

Under these circumstances, and finding that the statements relative to the disaffection of the populace were fully confirmed, Jackson, on consultation with the governor, in conjunction with Judge Hall, and many influential persons of the city, on the sixteenth of December, issued an order, declaring the city and environs of New Orleans to be under strict martial law.

Nor were the military modes and plans adopted by General Jackson, outside of the city proper, wanting in efficiency. Fort St. Philip, which guarded the passage of the river at the detour la Plaquemine, was strengthened and placed under the command of Major Overton, an able and

skillful engineer. A site was also selected for works of defense, four miles below the city, where its destinies were ultimately to be determined. The right rested on the river, and the left was flanked by an impenetrable cypress swamp, which extended eastward to Lake Pontchartrain, and westward to within a mile of the river. Between the swamp and the river was a large ditch or artificial bayou which had been made for agricultural objects, but which now served an important military purpose. On the northern bank of this ditch, the entrenchments were thrown up, and large quantities of cotton-bales so arranged, that the troops could be effectually protected from the fire of the British. Each flank was secured by an advance bastion, and the latter protected by batteries in the rear. These works were well mounted with artillery. Opposite this position, on the west bank of the river, on a rising ground, General Morgan, with the city and drafted militia, was stationed; and Commodore Patterson, with the crews of the Caroline and Louisiana, and the guns of the latter, formed another, near General Morgan's; both of which entirely enfiladed the approach of an enemy against the principal works. A detachment was stationed above the town, to guard the pass of the bayou St. John, if an attempt should be made from that quarter.

On the twenty-second of December, the enemy proceeded from their rendezvous on Ship island, with all their boats and small craft capable of navigating the lake to the bayou Bienvenue, and having surprised and captured the videttes at the mouth of the bayou, the first division accomplished their landing unobserved. Major-General Villery, of the New Orleans militia, living on the bayou, to whom the important service of making the first attack, and giving notice of the enemy's approach was intrusted, found them on his own plantation, nine miles below the city, without any previous knowledge of their approach.

The morning of New Year's day, 1815, was very dark and foggy amid the swamps and bogs of New Orleans, and the day was somewhat advanced before the Americans discerned how near the enemy had approached to them, or the novel use which had been made of their molasses and sugar hogsheads. In the course of the day, under cover of these batteries, three unsuccessful attempts were made to storm the American works. By four in the afternoon, all the enemy's batteries were silenced, and the next night found them in their former position.

On the fourth of January, General Adair arrived, with four thousand Kentucky militia, principally without arms. The muskets and munitions of war, destined for the supply of this corps, were provided at Pittsburg, but did not leave that place until the twenty-fifth of December, and arrived at New Orleans not until several days after the decisive battle of January eighth. On the sixth, the enemy received their last re-enforcement of three thousand men from England, under Major-General Lambert. But before the final assault on the American lines, the British general deemed it necessary to dislodge General Morgan and Commodore Patterson, from their positions on the right bank. These posts so effectually enfiladed the approach to General Jackson's works, that the army advancing to the assault, must be exposed to the most imminent hazard. To accomplish this object, boats were to be transported across the island from lake Borgne to the Mississippi; for this purpose the British had been laboriously employed in deepening and widening the canal or bayou Bienvenue, on which they first disembarked. On the seventh, they succeeded in opening the embankment on the river, and completing a communication from the lake to the Mississippi. In pushing the boats through, it was found, at some places, that the canal was not of sufficient width, and at others the banks fell in and choked the passage, thus occasioning great delay; at length, however, they succeeded in hauling through a sufficient number to transport five hundred troops to the right bank.

On the left bank, where General Jackson in person commanded, everything was in readiness to meet the assault when it should be made. The redoubt on the levee was defended by a company under Lieutenant Ross. The regular troops occupied that part of the entrenchment next to the river. General Carroll's division was in the center, supported by General Adair's Kentucky troops; while the extreme left, extending for a considerable distance into the swamp, was protected by the brigade of General Coffee. How soon the onset should take place, was uncertain; at what moment rested with the enemy,—with the Americans, to be in readiness for

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resistance. There were many circumstances, however, favoring the belief that the hour of contest was fast approaching; the unusual bustle,—the efforts of the enemy to carry their boats into the river,—the fascines and scaling-ladders that were preparing; all these circumstances indicated the hour of attack to be near at hand. General Jackson was not only unmoved by these appearances, but, according to General Eaton's statements, he anxiously desired a contest, which, he believed, would give a triumph to his arms, and terminate the hardships of his soldiers. Unremitting in exertion, and constantly vigilant, his precaution kept pace with the zeal and preparation of the enemy. He seldom slept; he was always at his post, performing the duties of both general and soldier. His sentinels were doubled, and extended as far as possible in the direction of the British camp; while a considerable portion of the troops were constantly at the line, with arms in their hands, ready to act, when the first alarm should be given. For eight days did the two armies remain thus upon the same field, in battle array and in view of each other, without anything decisive on either side being effected. Twice, since their landing, had the British columns essayed to effect by storm the execution of their plans, and twice had failed and retired from the contest.

The eighth of January, 1815, *at length arrived.* The day dawned; and the signals, intended to produce concert in the enemy's movements, were descried. On the left, near the swamp, a sky-rocket was perceived rising in the air; and presently another ascended from the right, next the river. They were intended to announce that all was prepared and ready, to proceed and carry by storm a defense which again and again had foiled their utmost efforts. Instantly the charge was made, and with such rapidity, that the American soldiers at the outposts with difficulty fled in.

The British batteries, which had been demolished on the first of the month, had been re-established during the preceding night, and heavy pieces of cannon mounted, to aid in their intended operations. These now opened, and showers of bombs and balls were poured upon our line, while the air was lighted with their congreve rockets. The two divisions, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham in person, and supported by Generals Keane and Gibbs, pressed forward; the right against the center of General Carroll's command,—the left against our redoubt on the levee. A thick fog, that obscured the morning, enabled them to approach within a short distance of our entrenchment, before they were discovered. They were now perceived advancing, with firm, quick, and steady pace, in column, with a front of sixty or seventy deep. The American troops, who had for some time been in readiness, and waiting their appearance, gave three deafening cheers, and instantly the whole line was lighted with the blaze of their fire. A burst of artillery and small-arms, pouring with destructive aim upon them, mowed down their front, and arrested their advance. It was a perfect sheet of fire and death!

The havoc and horror before them—the terrible carnage which swept down their advancing ranks,—became at last too great to be withstood, and already were the British troops seen wavering in their determination, and receding from the conflict. At this moment, Sir Edward Pakenham, the distinguished commander-in-chief of the British forces, hastening to the front, endeavored to encourage and inspire them with renewed zeal. His example, however, was of short continuance, for, when near the crest of the glacis, he received a ball in the knee; still continuing to lead on his men, another shot soon pierced his body, and he was carried in mortal agony from the field, in the arms of his aid-de-camp. Nearly at the same time, Major-General Gibbs, the second British officer in command, received a mortal wound when within a few yards of the lines, and was removed. The third in command also, Major-General Keane, while at the head of his troops near the glacis, was terribly wounded, and at once borne away.

At this moment, General Lambert,—who had arrived from England but two days before, and found himself now the only surviving general,—was advancing at a small distance in the rear, with the reserve, and met the columns precipitately retreating, broken and confused. His efforts to stop them were unavailing,—onward they continued in their headlong retreat, until they reached a ditch, at the distance of four hundred yards, where a momentary safety being found, the panting and fear-stricken fugitives were rallied, and halted.

The field before them, over which they had so confidently advanced, was strewed with the dead and dying. Imminent danger faced them; yet, urged and encouraged by their officers, who feared their own disgrace involved in the failure, they again moved to the charge. They were already near enough to deploy, and were endeavoring to do so; but the same constant and unremitted resistance that caused their first retreat, continued yet unabated. Our batteries had never ceased their fire; their constant discharges of grape and canister, and the fatal aim of our musketry, mowed down the front of the columns as fast as they could be formed. Satisfied nothing could be done, and that certain destruction awaited all further attempts, they forsook the contest and the field in disorder, leaving it almost entirely covered with the dead and wounded. It was in vain their officers endeavored to animate them to further resistance, and equally vain to attempt coercion. The panic produced by the dreadful repulse they had experienced,—the sight of the field on which they had acted, covered with the ghastly bodies of their countrymen,—and the bitter fact that, with their most zealous exertions, they had been unable to obtain the slightest advantage; all these circum-

stances were well calculated to make even the most submissive soldier oppose the authority that would have controlled him.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS. JACKSON'S TERRIFIC SLAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH.

The decided advantage of the Americans gave to the conduct of the enemy more of the character of madness than of valor. As has already been stated, the fall of General Pakenham and the two next in command devolved the leadership upon Lambert, the only general officer left upon the field, and to whom had been consigned the charge of the reserve; and though, meeting the discomfited troops in their flight, he endeavored to restore the fortune of the day, the effort was fruitless to the last degree.

On the ninth, General Lambert determined to relinquish altogether so desperate and hopeless an enterprise, and immediately commenced the necessary preparations, though with the utmost secrecy. It was not until the night of the eighteenth, however, that the British camp was entirely evacuated.

The loss of the British in this fatal expedition was immense, the narrow field of strife between the opposing combatants being strewed with dead. So dreadful a carnage, considering the length of time and the numbers engaged, has seldom been recorded. Two thousand, at the lowest estimate, pressed the earth, besides such of the wounded as were not able to escape. The loss of the Americans did not exceed seven killed, and six wounded. Military annals do not furnish a more extraordinary instance of disparity in the slain, between the victors and vanquished. The entire British force engaged in this attempted reduction of New Orleans, amounted to twelve thousand men; the Americans numbered some six thousand, chiefly militia.

Pakenham, the distinguished leader of the British forces, was a brother-in-law of the great Duke of Wellington, had long been in high repute for military skill and personal bravery, and on this occasion numbered among his troops those who had won laurels of victory on the battle-fields of Europe. But, that he felt convinced of the magnitude and hazard of his present undertaking, as distinguished from all previous ones, is evident. When an officer leads his troops on a forlorn attempt, he not unfrequently places before them allurements stronger than either authority or duty. According to General Eaton's historical statements, a positive charge is made against General Pakenham, in this respect, — inducements having been held out by him, than which nothing more inviting could be offered to an infuriated soldiery. By this gallant but misguided general, there was promised to his soldiers —to excite their cupidity—the wealth of the city, as a recompense for their gallantry and desperation; while, with brutal licentiousness, they were to revel in lawless indulgence, and triumph, uncontrolled, over female innocence. The history of Europe, since civilized warfare began, may be challenged to afford an instance of such gross and wanton outrage. The facts and circumstances which were developed at the time, left no doubt on the minds of the American officers, but that '*Booty and Beauty,*' was the British watchword of the day. The information was obtained from prisoners, and confirmed by the books of two of their orderly sergeants taken in battle.

Jackson was well aware, from the first, of the bold and reckless character of the enemy he had to deal with. With patriotic indignation he declared: "The redcoats will find out whom they have to deal with. I will smash them, so help me God!" And the spirit with which he led his men forward may be easily judged of from his emphatic exclamation—"Remember, our watchword is '*Victory or Death!*' We will enjoy our liberty, or perish in the last ditch!" Never before did a general bring upon his troops such a spell of enthusiastic devotion to himself, and to the demands of the hour. So, too, in the flush of triumph, he did not forget mercy and magnanimity. "General Jackson," says Blackwood's Magazine, of London, "behaved with humanity and generosity to all his prisoners, which did him as great honor as his conduct in the defense. We do not hesitate to call him a great man." Such was the encomium bestowed upon him by the pen of an enemy,—one of the most influential organs of British opinion.

At this time, the person of General Jackson is described as being neither robust nor elegant. He was six feet and one inch high, remarkably straight and spare, and weighing about one hundred and forty-five pounds. His physique appeared to disqualify him for hardship; yet, accustomed to it from early life, few were capable of enduring fatigue to the same extent, or with less injury. His dark blue eyes, with brows arched and slightly projecting, possessed a marked expression; but when from any cause excited, they sparkled with peculiar luster and penetration. In his manners he was pleasing — in his address commanding. His countenance, marked with firmness and decision, yet beamed with a strength and intelligence that struck at first sight. In his deportment, he was easy, affable, familiar, and accessible to all.

The annunciation of the triumphant defense of New Orleans was hailed, in every section of the country, with acclamations of delight, and won for Jackson the title of "the conqueror of the conquerors of Napoleon."

XXII.

THE EVER-MEMORABLE SEPTEMBER GALE.—1815.

Its Violence and Destructiveness Without a Parallel Since the Settlement of the Country.—Terror Excited by Its Sudden and Tumultuous Force.—Unprecedented Phenomena of Tempest, Deluge and Flood.—One Hour of Indescribable Havoc on the Land and Sea.—Premonitory Indications.—Heavy North-east Rains.—Sudden and Violent Changes of Wind.—Its Rapidity and Force Indescribable.—Demolition of Hundreds of Buildings.—Orchards and Forests Instantly Uprooted.—Raging and Foaming of the Sea.—Its Spray Drives Like a Snow-storm over the Land.—Tremendous Rise in the Tides.—Irresistible Impetuosity of the Flood.—Several Feet of Water in the Streets.—Innumerable Fragments Fill the Air.—Flight for Safety to the Fields.—The Whole Coast Swarms with Wrecks.—Perils, Escapes, Fatalities.—Peculiar Meteorological Facts.—Bright Skies in the Midst of the Tempest.—Suffocating Current of Hot Air.—Sea Fowls in the Depths of the Interior.—Effect Upon Lands, Crops, and Wells.—All New England Desolated.—Comparison with Other Gales.

—"Still overhead
The mingling tempest wears its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens: till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
All that the winds had spared,
In one wild moment ruined."

DESTRUCTION BY THE GREAT GALE AND FLOOD.

JUDGING from all the information, historical and traditional, relating to the great American gales during the last hundred years, it would appear that the one which occurred in New England, on the 23d of September, 1815, was and is still without a parallel, in its extraordinary characteristics of violence and destructiveness. In the history of the country, dating back to its earliest annals, there is no account of any gale or hurricane equaling this, in its various phenomena of suddenness, severity and power. As distinguishing it, therefore, above all others of its class, this has ever since been called *the Great September Gale.*

The observations of the character, course and effects of this wonderful storm, made by Professor Farrar and others, for the latitude of Boston, show that it was there preceded by rain, which continued to fall for about twenty-four hours with a moderate wind from the north-east. Early in the morning of the twenty-third, the wind shifted to the east, and began to blow in gusts accompanied with showers. It continued

to change toward the south and to increase in violence while the rain abated. Between nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon, it began to excite alarm. Chimneys and trees were blown over both to the west and north; but shingles and slates, that were torn from the roofs of buildings, were carried to the greatest distance in the direction of about three points west of north.

Between half-past ten and half-past eleven o'clock, the greatest destruction took place. The rain ceased about the time the wind shifted from south-east to south; *a clear sky was visible in many places during the utmost violence of the tempest*, and clouds were seen flying with great rapidity in the direction of the wind. The air had an unusual appearance. It was considerably darkened by the excessive agitation, and filled with the leaves of trees and other light substances, which were raised to a great height and whirled about in eddies, instead of being driven directly forward as in a common storm. The rivers raged and foamed like the sea in a storm, and the spray was raised to the height of sixty or one hundred feet in the form of thin white clouds, which were drifted along in a kind of wave form, like snow in a violent snow-storm. Travelers were frequently driven back by the force of the wind, and were obliged to screen themselves behind fences and trees or to advance obliquely. It was impossible for even the stoutest man to stand firm in a place exposed to the full force of the wind. The pressure of the wind was like that of a rapid current of water; pedestrians could with great difficulty hear each other speak at the distance of two or three yards; and they moved about almost as awkwardly as if attempting to wade in a strong tide.

In Boston harbor, the sea had risen unusually high, two hours before the calendar time of high water. But the direction of the wind at this time tended to counteract the tide, and thus secured the port from that awful calamity which threatened it. Great losses, however, were sustained from the wind alone; many buildings were blown down, great numbers were unroofed or otherwise injured, and few entirely escaped. The most calamitous destruction befell the trees,—orchards and forests exhibiting a scene of desolation, the like of which had never before been witnessed in America. The roads in many places were rendered impassable, not only through woods, but in the more cultivated towns, where they happened to be lined with trees; and the streets in Boston and neighboring towns were strewed with the ruins of innumerable gardens and fruit-yards. A considerable proportion of the large and beautiful trees in Boston mall, and in other public walks, some of which trees measured from eight to twelve feet in circumference, were torn up by the roots and prostrated. Apple trees, in especial, being separated at a considerable distance from each other, were overturned in great numbers; *no less than five thousand were thus destroyed in the town of Dorchester alone.* In this same town, also, seventeen houses were unroofed, sixty chimneys blown over, and about forty barns demolished.

Rhode Island felt the full force of this remarkable gale, Providence suffering to the amount of millions of dollars, accompanied with a fearful loss of life, as in other places. This was owing to the wind blowing directly up the river on which the place is built, unbroken by the cape or Long Island, and in sweeping over such an extent of water it accumulated a dreadful and most destructive tide, so that *vessels were actually driven over the wharves and through the streets.* Early in the morning, the wind was north-east, but, at about eight, it shifted to south-east, and soon began to blow violently, continuing to increase until ten, when it became a hurricane. All was now confusion and dismay in the exposed region. The tide, impelled by the tempest, overflowed the wharves; vessels, broken from their moorings in the stream, and their fastenings at the wharves, were seen driving with dreadful impetuosity towards the bridge, which

they swept away, without a moment's check to their progress, and passed on to the head of the basin, where they drove high up the bank. Every exertion to protect property, was rendered futile by the violence of the wind, the rapid rise of the water, and the falling of trees; indeed, these, with the crashing of chimneys, tumbling upon the houses and descending into the streets, together with tiles and railings from the tops of buildings, and many other species of dangerous missile flying through the air, rendered it perilous to appear in the streets. All consideration of property, however, was soon forgotten in the more important one of self-preservation. The tempest still raged with increasing violence; the flood was overwhelming the lower parts of the town; stores and dwelling-houses were tottering on their foundations, and then, plunging into the deluge, blended their shattered remains with the wrecks of vessels,—the whole passing, with irresistible impetuosity, in full view, on the current to the head of the cove, to join the already accumulated mass of similar wrecks.

By this time, the water on the west side of the river had risen nearly to the tops of the lower windows of the houses, and boats and scows, struggling with the maddened elements, were seen removing the panic-stricken inmates; and on the east side, an awful torrent rolled through the main street, in depth nearly to a man's waist, and by which boats, masts, bales of cotton, and immense quantities of property of every description, were driven along with resistless force. *It was an awful and terrific scene.* Every store below, on the east side, was either carried away or completely shattered; and every building on the opposite side and on the wharves, were swept from their foundations—so that all the space, where, an hour or two before, were so many valuable wharves and stores crowded with shipping and merchandise, was now one wide waste of tumultuous water. Only two small vessels, of all that were in the harbor, succeeded in riding out the gale, all the rest having drifted ashore, or been carried high up on the wharves. It was such a scene of wide-spread ruin and desolation, as beggars all description—vessels of all kinds and in every position, blended promiscuously, with carriages, lumber, wrecks of buildings of every variety, furniture, and tens of thousands of fragments from far and near, all told the story of universal havoc and destruction. *Women and children were saved in boats from chamber-windows.*

THE EVER-MEMORABLE GALE, SEPTEMBER 23, 1815.

One distressing and peculiar scene, which took place among the shipping, will serve as a description of a thousand other cases which occurred during the storm. A brig, loaded and ready for sea, with live-stock, drove against the end of a wharf, and her head rested on it; here she hung, appearing every moment as if she would upset, and plunge her crew into the raging flood. The men were seen clinging to her, awaiting their fate, as no soul could venture to their succor,—the whole distance between the vessel and the houses being filled with roofs and parts of stores tumbling with the violence of the tempest. Expecting every moment to be precipitated into the torrent, they determined at last upon the final but perilous attempt to quit the vessel and gain the houses. Struggling with the violence of the gale, and with the rolling and bounding materials, in endeavoring to get a foothold, they at last reached the rear of the houses, where some were taken into the second story, and others, unable to be reached, succeeded in braving the waves until they swam to a place of safety.

But it would be absolutely impossible to give an extended detail of the disastrous scenes pertaining to each separate locality, although some of the incidents and items of the gale's destructive effects deserve to be cited for their very marvelousness. Mention has already been made of the devastation in Dorchester, near Boston,—unparalleled since its settlement,—resulting in *seventeen houses being unroofed, sixty chimneys prostrated, forty barns demolished, and more than five thousand trees destroyed. The number of buildings, large and small, destroyed in Providence, was estimated at five hundred, and about fifty vessels wrecked.* In many instances, majestic oaks, which had braved the tempests an hundred years or more, were thrown down, or twisted into shreds; and in Danvers, Mass., the venerable pear tree, imported and transplanted by Governor Endicott, was made terrible havoc with. In Chelsea, not far from Danvers, the great Elm tree, seventeen feet in girth, and which had a portico built upon its limbs, capable of holding thirty persons, was among the wrecked. In the little town of Acton, about twenty miles from Boston, the damage amounted to forty thousand dollars. At Stonington, Conn., *the tide rose seventeen feet higher than usual,* all the vessels going ashore or sinking, and all the wharves and many buildings being destroyed. The fate of one citizen of this town was almost as disastrous as that of Job of yore: His house, ropewalk, blacksmith's shop, and other buildings, with all their contents, were swept away, and, melancholy to relate, his wife, daughter, wife's mother, and a young lady visitor, all perished in the billows. All along the New England coast, and as far as New York, the damage done to the shipping was immense, hundreds of vessels with their cargoes being wrecked; and almost every seaport as well as inland town suffering to some degree,—in many instances, almost irreparable, in kind and extent. Innumerable churches were wholly or partially ruined, and the number of cattle killed was very great. The gale was also severely felt by vessels off Cape Hatteras, in the gulf stream, off the capes of Delaware, at Sandy Hook, Nantucket Shoals, Cape Ann, Cape Henlopen, etc.

The course of the gale, as ascertained from data procured from various points, furnishes facts of peculiar meteorological interest. Thus, in Philadelphia, there was, during most of the night of the twenty-second, a gale from the north-east, with heavy rain. Early the next day, the wind veered to the north-west, the gale continuing, with torrents of rain, for several hours. Between eight and nine o'clock, the wind slackened, the rain ceased, and clouds broke away in the west and south. About noon, the weather was clear and mild, with a gentle westerly breeze. During the greater part of the afternoon, the sun was obscured with flying clouds from the west and north-west.

In New York, a violent north-east storm of wind and rain commenced at night, on

the twenty-first; about two o'clock, the wind suddenly shifted to the north and north-west, blowing with increased violence. On the twenty-second, there was a gale all day, from the north-east and east, with heavy and incessant rain. The gale increased in the evening, continuing until four o'clock the next afternoon, though most violent at nine o'clock the same forenoon, the wind being north to north-west.

At New London, Connecticut, the storm commenced on Friday, the twenty-second, a heavy rain falling during that day and night, the wind north-east. Next morning, the twenty-third, the wind became very violent, and soon after almost a hurricane. The tide, which commenced flood about six o'clock, had, by ten, risen three or four feet higher than was ever known before. The rise was so rapid, too, that some of the dwellings were deluged before the inhabitants knew of their danger, and not more than thirty minutes elapsed after they thus realized their peril, before the waves rose four to six feet in the streets! Stores were soon seen falling before the terrible power of the tempest, buildings were unroofed, giant trees fell. But this awful scene of destruction was short. Soon after eleven o'clock, the wind shifted to the westward and abated; the sea returned with the velocity it came in, though it should have run flood until twelve; and the storm ceased. The showers which fell over the city and neighborhood were of salt water; and the leaves of the tender fruit-trees and shrubs and of many forest trees, without frost, shrunk in a few hours after the gale as though they had been scorched. Brooks and wells in the town and neighborhood became brackish; and during the strength of the wind, in the eddies, the air was extremely hot and suffocating.

Far into the interior, the tempest swept and raged with unparalleled fury. Early on Saturday morning, the wind became very violent, and torrents of rain descended, continuing with but short intermissions until about half-past ten in the forenoon; at this time, the rain abated, and the wind, suddenly shifting to the south-east, blew a hurricane, *the terrible devastation of which covered a column or area of sixty miles in width.* A suffocating current of air as, from a hot bath, accompanied the middle stage of the tempest. Flocks of gulls, from the far-off ocean, were seen after the storm in the Worcester meadows, and, as evening approached, they flew toward the sea.

Along the seaboard, the effect of the tide upon the soil and its productions was very marked. Grass was entirely killed. There was not a green blade to be seen, in any place, over which the flood had passed. In a few spots, near running springs, some new shoots appeared in the course of the autumn; but on uplands, none grew until another season, and then it was not the same kind of grass which grew there before, excepting in a very few instances. Several cedar-swamps were filled with sea water, which, having no outlet, soaked into the ground. The trees in these swamps perished forthwith, the leaves withering and falling off in a very short time. In the trees cut from these swamps during the winter following the storm, the sap-wood had turned nearly black; and there was scarcely an instance in which a cedar-tree survived the effect of the flood. Pine and oak trees suffered a similar fate, excepting a very few, which stood near the shore,—these latter, perhaps, having grown accustomed to the influence of salt water, and could better endure the ordeal, —though a very great proportion even of these perished in a short time. Most of the shrubs and bushes, over which the tide passed, perished similarly. It was observed, however, that one or two species of laurel, and the common bayberry, were but little if at all injured, and some of the swamp whortleberry-bushes survived. Apple trees were, generally, on such high ground, that the tide did not reach them; only a few were surrounded by the water, and none of them were so situated that the water could remain about them for any length of time. They were, nevertheless, as much exposed as many of the cedars

which died; but the apple trees continued to live, though considerably stinted in their growth. With these exceptions, the destruction of vegetable life in localities of this exposure, was very general, if not universal.

Wherever the cultivated lands were in low places near the shore, they were of course overflowed. In fields where Indian corn was standing, the roots were, in most cases, torn out of the ground; and where this did not take place, the stalks were wrenched and twisted, and the spikes broken off. The corn, where it had previously grown hard or ripe, was fit for food, but where the grain had not already hardened, it failed to do so, and either perished in the husk, or very soon after it was taken out. It was a common remark, that no part of the plant could be dried by any means, and therefore by far the greater part of the harvest was lost, not being yet ripe. Potatoes, and other vegetable roots, if left in the ground, perished; but, where they had ripened, and were taken up within a few days after the flood, and well dried, they were good.

Fresh water, along the seaboard, was, for a long time, a rarity of price, the wells having been generally overflown and left full of sea water. Watering-places for cattle suffered a similar fate; and so extensive was the influence of the flood, that many wells, pools and streams, into which the tide water did not run, were so infected with the taste and qualities of sea water, as to be totally unfit for domestic purposes. The inhabitants were obliged therefore to transport this necessary article for household uses, from a great distance; and travelers who needed it were glad to receive it in a measure of the smallest capacity. In some wells near the shore, the water formerly rose and fell with the tide, still remaining fresh; but the severe and peculiar discipline of this flood so changed their habit, that the water in them became of a fixed height, and saltish.

When the vast and tremendous tide was sweeping over the land, the spray arising from it was very great, over a wide surface of country, extending to the furthermost of the interior of the northern states. It is spoken of as having resembled a *driving snow-storm*, through which objects could be discerned only at short distances. In the more northerly regions, it was observed, immediately after the storm, that a singular effect had been produced upon the leaves of the trees by the spray; their vitality was destroyed, and they exhibited an appearance similar to that which accompanies frost, except that they retained more of their original color, and in some instances they assumed a dark red hue, as if they had been well scorched. But in other sections along the shore, the leaves did not exhibit this peculiar discoloration; these which were destroyed by

HORRORS OF THE WHIRLWIND THROUGHOUT NEW ENGLAND.

the flood, bore every mark of death, but not of having been burnt,—neither was there any thin coating of salt on the windows in these regions, as on those in the neighborhood of Boston and elsewhere.

In multitudes of instances, the saltness of the wells and watering-places continued unabated for six months, or until the first week of the following March. The winter had been severe, and the ground frozen very deep until the middle of February, when there were several weeks of moderate weather, with soft rains, which dissolved the snows and opened the ground; shortly after which, it was discovered that several of the wells and ponds were fresh. As the water in these had been tasted but a few days previously and was found still to retain its disagreeableness, the freshness must have taken place suddenly. After successive spells of dry weather, these wells grew salt again, but not to the same degree as before; and, on the other hand, they would be fresh, after heavy rains, and then become salt again after dry weather, the degree of saltness diminishing from time to time. This peculiarity continued for several years, in some localities, being, of course, a great inconvenience to man and beast.

The center or the limits of this great and memorable tempest, scientific investigators were unable to determine. It was very violent at places separated by a considerable interval from each other; while the intermediate region suffered much less. Its course through forests was, in some instances, marked almost as definitely, as where the trees have been newly cut down for a road. In these cases, *it appears to have been a moving vortex*, and not the rushing forward of the great body of the atmosphere. There seems to have been no part of the coast of New England which escaped its fury, though in Vermont and the western parts of New Hampshire its severity was much less; yet still further west, on the St. Lawrence, the gale was so great as to render it extremely dangerous to be upon the river. And what is still more remarkable, the storm began to grow violent at this place about the same time that it commenced near the Atlantic, and subsided about the same time.

As to the direction of the wind, at the several places where the storm prevailed, Professor Farrar's account states, that, on the twenty-second, the wind was pretty generally from the north-east. The storm commenced to the leeward; but when the wind shifted from north-east to east and south, along the coast of New England, it veered round in the opposite direction at New York, and at an earlier period. It reached its greatest height at this latter place about nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third, when it was from the north-west; whereas, at Boston, it became most violent and devastating about two hours later, and blew from the opposite quarter of the heavens. At Montreal, the direction of the wind was the same as at New York, but did not attain its greatest height so soon by several hours. The barometer descended very fast during the morning of the twenty-third, and, when the wind was highest, had fallen about half an inch. It began to rise as the wind abated, and recovered its former elevation by the time the air was restored to its usual tranquillity.

According to the investigations made by others, and the observations recorded at the time, in different places, the following facts are believed to be established, namely: That the hurricane commenced in the West Indies, and moved northward at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. Its course from St. Barts was about west-north-west to Turks Island, and thence to Boston—nearly on the same meridian—it was a curve convex to the west. Previous to the arrival of the hurricane in New England, a north-east storm had prevailed along the Atlantic coast for more than twenty-four hours. For some hours previous to the hurricane, there was a great and rapid condensation of vapor, producing a heavy fall of rain in the line of the north-east storm. The hurricane, or violent blow, was mostly from the south-east, blowing into and at right angles to

the north-east storm, at its southern termination. As the south-east wind approached the line of the north-east storm, it was deflected into an east wind. The general form of the hurricane, in and about New England, was that of an eccentric ellipse, with its longest diameter north-east and south-west; wind blowing north-east on the north-west side; north-north-west, and west-north-west, at its south end; south-east on its south-east side, curving into an east wind at its junction with the north-east current; wind blowing from south at the easternmost part of the hurricane. The whole body of the hurricane, in the form thus described, moved to the north nearly on the meridian.

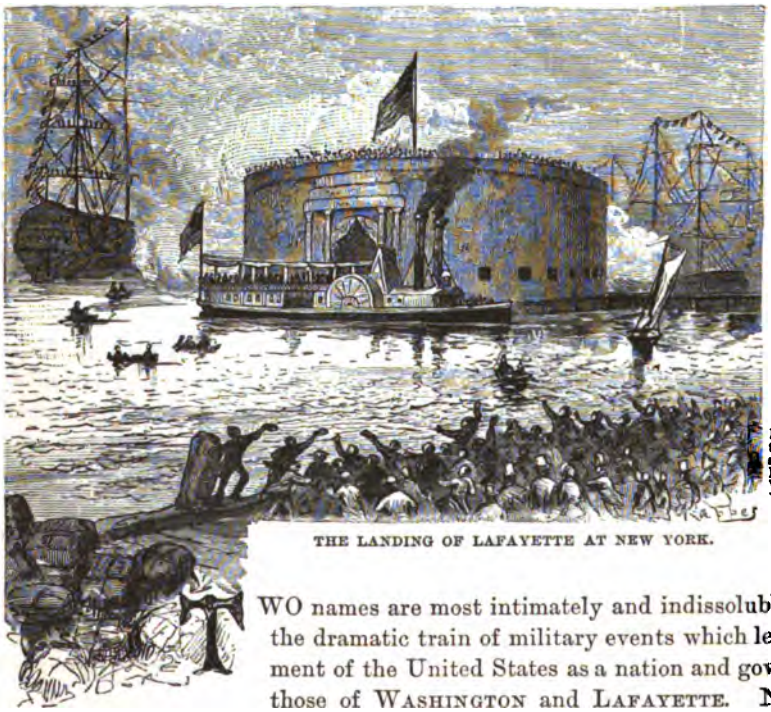
It is universally admitted, that there is no account of a storm or gale in all respects so remarkable in its phenomena as this, to be found in the history of the United States. Other hurricanes there have been, laying waste whatever came in their way, but they have been comparatively limited in their extent and destructiveness. Morton, in his New England Memorial, gives a description of the violent tempest that took place soon after the first settlement at Plymouth. It began on the morning of August fifteenth, 1635, very suddenly, "blew down houses, uncovered divers others, divers vessels were lost at sea; it caused the sea to swell in some places so that it arose to twenty foot right up and down, and made many Indians to climb into trees for their safety; blew down many hundred thousands of trees," etc. The tremendous gales of 1723, 1804, 1818, 1821, 1836, 1841, 1851, 1859, 1860, 1869, and some others, will long be remembered in certain localities, for their severity and the loss of life and property, on land and sea, which attended them; but *neither the memory of man, nor the annals of the country, from its first settlement down to the present time, furnish any parallel to the peculiar character of the great gale of September*, 1815.

Of the storms and floods which occurred during the last half of the century, those of September and October, 1869, were perhaps the most memorable. The devastation by the latter embraced the whole country between the Nova Scotia coast and the Mississippi, and from the north limits of the Canadas to the cotton states. The rain fell in torrents for about forty consecutive hours, the dense clouds descending in vast sheets, and a moaning wind accompanying the powerful outpouring. A stronger storm was beyond conception. In some places, the rain-gauge showed that four inches of rain fell in the course of twenty-nine hours, and, during the succeeding six hours, 3.34 inches additional, —the total fall of water during the storm, over a vast region of country, reaching the enormous amount of 8.05 inches. The resulting floods on all the streams were beyond any ever recorded. The storm was so sudden and unexpected, that no precautions could have been taken, and none were. Railroads, telegraph wires, streets, bridges, dams, manufactories, houses, lands, crops, were utterly or partially ruined, over a wide extent of country; and such an embargo on travel was never known before. The pecuniary losses reached millions of dollars, and many lives were lost.

XXIII.

VISIT OF LAFAYETTE TO AMERICA, AS THE GUEST OF THE REPUBLIC.—1824.

His Tour of Five Thousand Miles Through the Twenty-Four States.—A National Ovation on the Grandest Scale.—Cities, States, Legislatures and Governors, Vie in Their Demonstrations of Respect.—The Venerable Patriot Enters the Tomb and Stands Beside the Remains of His Great Departed Friend, Washington.—Noble Qualities of the Marquis.—A Favorite of Louis XVI.—Hears of the Battle of Bunker Hill.—Pleads the Cause of the Americans.—Resolves to Join Their Army.—Freely Consecrates His Vast Wealth.—Equips a Vessel and Embarks.—Introduced to General Washington—Admiration of Him by the Chieftain.—One of Washington's Military Family.—A Major-General in His Nineteenth Year.—Heroic Fidelity During the War.—Subsequent Vicissitudes in France.—America's Heart-Felt Sympathy.—He Leaves Havre for New York.—Enthusiasm Excited by His Presence.—Incidents, Interviews, Fetes.—Greetings with Old Comrades.——Memories, Joys, and Tears.—Departs in the United States Ship Lafayette.—His Death in 1834.—National Grief.



THE LANDING OF LAFAYETTE AT NEW YORK.

"Fortunate, fortunate man! Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted through Lafayette, from the New World to the Old."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

TWO names are most intimately and indissolubly associated with the dramatic train of military events which led to the establishment of the United States as a nation and government, namely, those of WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE. No two names are, down to the present day, more fresh in the love and gratitude of the American people, and, until time shall be no more, a test of the fidelity with which that people hold to the principles of republican wisdom and virtue that gave them birth, will be their admiration of the names of those patriots and heroes. To understand, therefore, the significance of that spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm which greeted Lafayette on his visit to America in 1824, and which made that year one of the most

memorable in the nation's history, it will only be necessary to glance at the services, military and civil, rendered us by this large-hearted patriot, during the opening years of our national existence. Those services and that reception form, indeed, a national romance.

When only thirteen years of age, Lafayette was left an orphan, and in full possession of valuable estates, and master of his own affairs. Being for a time at the college in Paris, his associations brought him into notice at the court of King Louis, and he became quite a favorite with that monarch. He was appointed one of the queen's pages, and through her agency received a commission at the early age of fifteen. He formed an early attachment to a daughter of the noble family of Noailles, with whom he was united in marriage at the age of sixteen. Adopting the profession of a soldier, Lafayette, at nineteen, was stationed, as captain of dragoons, at Metz, one of the garrisoned towns of France. Here, in 1776, Lafayette's attention was directed to the conflict of liberty in America — the hostilities between Britain and her colonies; and while in conversation with the Duke of Gloucester, brother to George the Third, of England, he elicited facts that led him to see the whole merits of the case. The battle of Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence fired his heart! Before rising from the dinner-table at which this interview occurred, Lafayette had resolved to leave his home, and offer himself and his services to the rising republic, whose cause he regarded as just and noble. From that hour he could think of nothing but this chivalrous enterprise, though aware that it would cut him off from the favor of that brilliant court-circle in which he shone so conspicuously, and that he would also have to tear himself away from his young, beautiful, and fondly attached wife, who alone, among all his associates, approved of his intention.

Proceeding to Paris, he confided his scheme to two young friends, Count Segur and Viscount Noailles, and proposed that they should join him. They entered with enthusiasm into his views, but, owing to obstacles put in their way through family interference, they were prevented from following out their course, but faithfully kept their comrade's secret. He next explained his intention to Count Broglie, who advised him to abandon it at once as in the highest degree chimerical and hazardous. The count assured him that his confidence was not misplaced; but, said he—

"I have seen your uncle die in the wars of Italy, I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family."

But, so far from being disheartened by the unpromising reception which Lafayette's plan met with from those to whom he made known his purposes, his ardor was rather increased in the pursuit of his object. "My zeal and love of liberty," said he, "have perhaps been hitherto the prevailing motives; but now I see a chance for usefulness, which I had not anticipated. I have money; I will purchase a ship, which shall convey to America myself, my companions, and the freight for congress." All this, as the sequel will show, he nobly and self-sacrificingly carried out.

This design was now made known by Lafayette to Messrs. Franklin, Lee, and Deane, the American commissioners at Paris; and to a proposal so disinterested and generous they could, of course, make no objection,—could only admire, indeed, the spirit which actuated it; and he hastened immediately to put it into execution. After surmounting the many difficulties which from time to time interrupted the progress of his plans, he at last set sail, the Baron de Kalb and eleven other officers of various ranks, in pursuit of employment in the American army, constituting his retinue. In due time they approached the shore near Georgetown, South Carolina, having fortunately escaped two British cruisers, and soon proceeded to Charleston harbor, where a magnificent

reception was given them. The vessel was subsequently loaded with rice for the French market, but it foundered in going out of the harbor, and both the vessel and the cargo became a total loss.

But Lafayette had not yet reached his destination. As soon, however, as all things were in readiness, the party left Charleston and traveled to Philadelphia, where congress was then sitting. On arriving there, he put his letters into the hands of Mr. Lovell, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs. He called the next day at the hall of congress, and Mr. Lovell came out to him and said, that so many foreigners had offered themselves for employment, that congress was embarrassed with their application, and he was sorry to inform him there was very little hope of his success. Lafayette suspected that his papers had not been read, and he

immediately sat down and wrote a note to the president of congress, in which he desired to be permitted to serve in the American army on two conditions: first, that he should receive no pay; second, that he should act as a volunteer. These terms were so different from those demanded by other foreigners, and presented so few obstacles on the ground of any interference with American officers, that they were at once accepted. His rank, zeal, perseverance, and disinterestedness, overcame every objection, and he was appointed a major-general in the American army before he had reached the age of twenty.

But he was yet to stand before the face of the great American chieftain. Washington was at head-quarters when Lafayette reached Philadelphia, but, being daily expected in the city, the young general concluded to wait his arrival, instead of presenting himself at camp. The introduction of the youthful stranger to the man on whom his career depended was, however, delayed only a few days. It took place in a manner peculiarly marked with the circumspection of Washington, at a dinner-party, where Lafayette was one among several guests of consideration. Washington was not uninformed of the circumstances connected with Lafayette's arrival in this country; and it may well be supposed that the eye of the father of his country was not idle during the repast. But that searching glance, before which pretense or fraud never stood undetected, was completely satisfied. When they were about to separate, Washington took Lafayette aside, spoke to him with kindness, complimented him upon the noble spirit he had shown and the sacrifices he had made in favor of the American cause, and then told him that he should be pleased if he would make the quarters of the commander-in-chief his home, establish himself there whenever he thought proper, and consider himself at all times as one of his family,—adding, in a tone of pleasantry, that he could not promise him the luxuries of a court, or even the conveniences which his former habits might have rendered essential to his comfort, but, since he had become an American soldier he would doubtless contrive to accommodate himself to the customs, manners and privations of a republican army. Such was the reception given to Lafayette, by the most sagacious and observant of men; and the personal acquaintance, thus commenced, ripened into an intimacy, a con-

fidence, and an affection without bounds, and never for one moment interrupted. If there lived a man whom Washington loved and admired, it was Lafayette.

Gloriously did Lafayette fulfill, in his military career, the high hopes which swelled the hearts of American patriots, in the heroic courage which he displayed at Brandywine, where he received a ball in his leg; his success in Jersey, before he had recovered from his wounds, in a battle where he commanded militia against British grenadiers; in the brilliant retreat, by which he eluded a combined maneuver of the whole British force; by his great services in the enterprise against Rhode Island, and his successful movements against Cornwallis; — all these proofs of his patriotism and military skill, together with his warm and unsullied friendship for Washington, through all the varying fortunes of war, endeared him forever to every American.

After the fall of Cornwallis, Lafayette sailed for France, but revisited America in 1784. He was received with enthusiasm wherever he went. Returning to France, he found himself the object of immense popularity, and took his seat with the notables, convoked in 1787. In 1789, he boldly proposed, in the national convocation, the Declaration of Rights, which he had brought from the free soil of America, as the preliminary of a constitution. Proclamation of this world-renowned document was made July 22, and it furnished the French people with the metaphysical reasons for the "sacred right of insurrection." Meanwhile the Bastile had been taken, July 14, the national guard organized, and Lafayette appointed to the command. In this capacity he rode a white charger, and shone the impersonation of chivalry, and twice the royal family owed their preservation to his address and courage. When the popular enthusiasm lulled, he returned to his native fields; the national guard, on his retirement, presenting him with a bust of Washington, and a sword forged from the bolts of the Bastile. Subsequently, having denounced the bloodthirsty Jacobins, he was burned in effigy by the sans-culottes of Paris, and, fleeing from the guillotine which there awaited him, he finally fell into the hands of the Austrians, and was by them subjected to a long and cruel imprisonment in the fortress at Olmutz. His release, so earnestly but unsuccessfully solicited by Washington, was peremptorily demanded by Napoleon, and obtained, in September, 1797. In the year 1818, he became a member of the chamber of deputies, and, resuming his career as an advocate of constitutional principles, succeeded at last in elevating Louis Philippe to the throne of France.

By this time, Lafayette had grown old in the services he had rendered to America and France. Though his years were now nearly three score and ten, he could not think of meeting death until he had once more seen that land of liberty across the wide Atlantic, which was as dear to him as his native country. In its infancy, and for its freedom, he had, fifty years ago, contributed his wealth and shed his blood, sharing the bosom confidence of the great Washington as did no other human being. That struggling little republic had now become a giant nation; the thirteen states constituting the original galaxy, had become almost double that number, and vast as the empires of antiquity in territory. Remembering his magnificent services, in 1824 the congress of the United States voted unanimously a resolution requesting President Monroe to invite Lafayette to visit the United States, as the nation's guest,—an honor never before accorded a foreign nobleman,—and tendering a ship of the line for his conveyance. This invitation was extended to the great French patriot in President Monroe's most happy manner, and was duly accepted, though the offer of a war-ship was declined.

On the twelfth of July, 1824, Lafayette, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and his secretary, M. Levasseur, sailed from Havre for America. He arrived in New York, August fifteenth, and landed on Staten Island. One of the

first to greet him was Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon. Joseph then resided at Bordentown, New Jersey;

SWORD OF HONOR PRESENTED TO LAFAYETTE.

he had always cherished a high regard for the Marquis, and greatly valued his friendship. The interview between the two was attended with the warmest emotions; and whoever has seen Sully's portrait of the great French patriot can form some adequate conception of the chieftain's magnificent bearing on this occasion.

The announcement of his arrival sent a thrill of joy to every American heart and home, and the great pageant of his reception commenced in the city where he first set foot forty years before. As the fleet arrived off the battery at New York, a military line composed of thousands of veterans was formed, and the people, crowding the battery and all the adjacent streets, swelled the throng to the number of forty thousand. The patriot was deeply affected when he exchanged congratulations with his old companions and friends. Shout after shout went up in long and loud acclaim, while the bands of music played a triumphant welcome to the hero. His stay in the city was one unbroken succession of high honors and civic laudation, such as kings might envy; at Albany, he was received by Vice-President Tompkins. On proceeding to New England, the same enthusiasm was exhibited in every city, town, and village. From the residence of Hon. William Eustis, the governor of Massachusetts, in Roxbury, he was escorted by a large cavalcade and almost the entire population, to Boston, where a dense assemblage awaited his appearance. Arriving at the line, he was greeted by the mayor of the city and the people, through whom he passed in a superb carriage, under deafening cheers. The streets were lined with spectators to the entrance of the beautiful common. There, the children of the public schools formed two lines, the girls being dressed in spotless white, and the boys in white pants and blue jackets, and all wearing appropriate badges. A little girl sprang forward from the line as Lafayette was passing, and, at her request to speak to him, was lifted into the carriage, when she gracefully presented him with a wreath of flowers, which the venerable hero received with affecting courtesy. While going from town to town, he found in every place some of the descendants of 1776, ready to give him the heartiest of welcomes. Thus, when visiting Marblehead, in Massachusetts, the marquis manifested much curiosity at so many ladies being mingled with the male citizens, who had been deputed to receive him. The spokesman of the occasion, perceiving the pleasant surprise of the marquis at this peculiar feature, said to him—

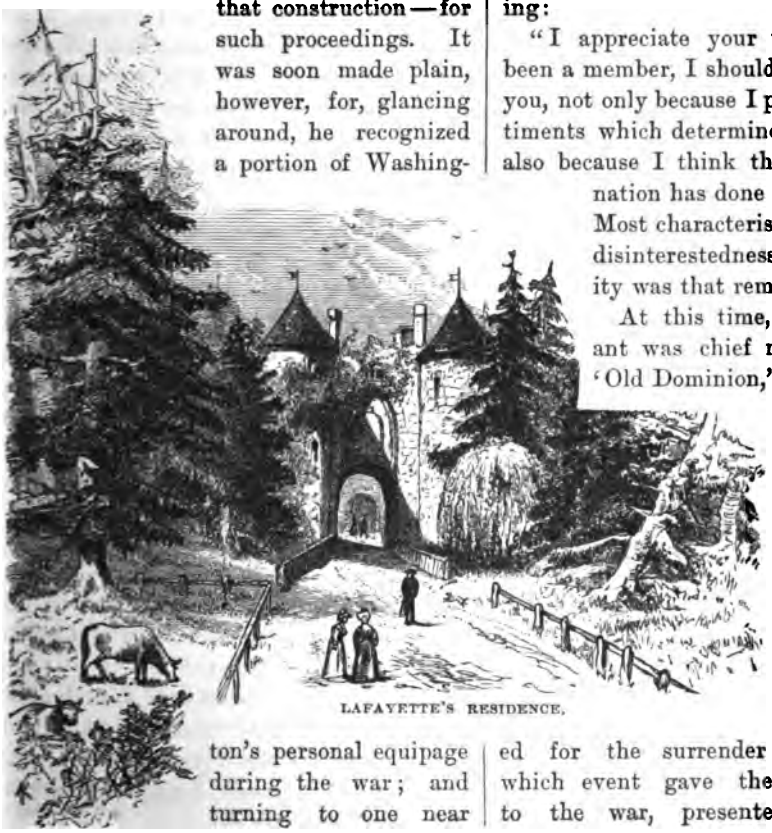
"These are the widows of those who perished in the revolutionary war, and the mothers of children for whose liberty you, illustrious sir! have contended in the field of battle. They are now here in the places of their husbands, many of whom were once known to you."

It may here be remarked, that Marblehead was the "banner town" for furnishing soldiers, in the revolutionary war, there being a larger proportion to the whole number of inhabitants from that

town than any other place in the United States. The British armed vessels hovering on the coast destroyed the coasting and fishing business, and thus the loss of men in the war fell heavily upon the small seaport towns; for, being out of employment, nearly all the young and old men shouldered their muskets and joined the army.

At Philadelphia he was welcomed with almost idolizing enthusiasm; for tender and thrilling indeed were the associations which linked together the history of the past and present of that city, in the person and services of Lafayette; the hospitalities of the state were appropriately dispensed by Governor Shultze. On landing at Baltimore, he was conducted to the 'tent of Washington,' and the freedom of the state and city conferred upon him in an address by Governor Stevens. For some time Lafayette could not precisely understand the compliment conveyed in the selection of the tent—especially one of that construction—for such proceedings. It was soon made plain, however, for, glancing around, he recognized a portion of Washington's personal equipage during the war; and turning to one near him, he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, *"I remember!"* Proceeding to Washington, Lafayette was received with open arms by President Monroe, at the executive mansion. Congress had just assembled in regular session, at the capitol. He was introduced to both houses, and was formally and elegantly addressed by Mr. Clay, speaker of the house of representatives, the two branches unanimously uniting in their legislative honors to the nation's guest. At this session the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, together with a township, consisting of twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land, was voted by congress to General Lafayette, as an expression of the grateful memory with which the people of America regarded his services in their behalf. A few of the members felt themselves constrained, from some doubts respecting its constitutionality, to vote against this appropriation. Lafayette, taking one of them by the hand, said to him with considerable feeling:

"I appreciate your views. If I had been a member, I should have voted with you, not only because I partake of the sentiments which determined your votes, but also because I think that the American nation has done too much for me." Most characteristic of Lafayette's disinterestedness and magnanimity was that remark!



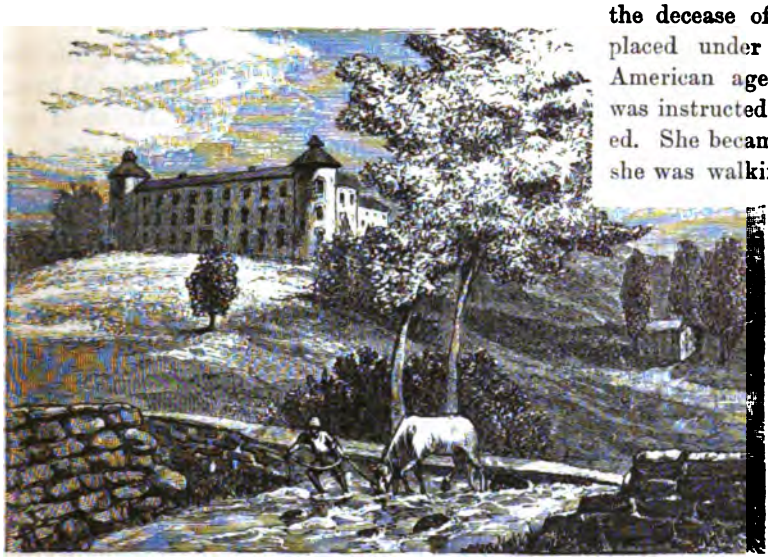
LAFAYETTE'S RESIDENCE.

At this time, Governor Pleasant was chief magistrate of the 'Old Dominion,' and warmly welcomed the nation's guest. The emotions experienced by Lafayette, as he once more trod the battle-fields of Virginia, can of course hardly be described. Yorktown, distinguished for the surrender of Cornwallis, which event gave the finishing blow to the war, presented a vast field

of tents at the reception of Lafayette. The same house occupied by Cornwallis, as his head-quarters in 1781, was still standing. The general appearance of the place gave evidence of a deserted village. The houses of yore, which had been riddled with balls and blackened with smoke, still retained the marks of battle. In many parts of the ground were seen broken shells, and gun-carriages, with various implements of war,—some on rocks, and others half buried in the earth; every arrangement having been made to give the town, on Lafayette's arrival, the appearance of a place taken and occupied after a severe contest in battle. One of the tents erected on this occasion, was the one used by Washington at the time of the siege, together with others which had furnished temporary apartments for weary soldiers during the eventful campaign. An arch, bearing the names of Lafayette, Hamilton, and Laurens, was erected on the very spot where the redoubt stood which was stormed by Lafayette; an obelisk was also erected, bearing the names of distinguished Frenchmen. And on the same spot it is said that the orator of the occasion was designing, at the close of his address, to place a blended civic crown and national wreath in honor of Lafayette, who, while he acknowledged the unique compliment, gracefully averted its consummation, and, taking the symbolic garland in his hand, called for Colonel Fish, the only survivor of the attack upon the redoubt, and declared that half the honor belonged to him. Washington's marquee was erected on the plain, just out of the village. Being escorted to this tent, Lafayette gave an affecting welcome to the officers of the militia. Two old veterans were there, who had faced the enemy in war, and stood firm in the midst of the roar of the cannon; but as they pressed the hand of Lafayette on this occasion, the old heroes wept and fainted. Some of the servants who were present discovered in an obscure corner of a cellar a large box of candles, bearing marks of belonging to Cornwallis's military stores—having remained undisturbed for forty-three years. They were lighted for the evening, and notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, some of the old soldiers remained till the last vestige of these British candles had expired in the sockets.

Taking Camden, South Carolina—Governor Richard J. Manning,—in his tour, Lafayette assisted in laying the corner-stone of a monument erected to the name and memory of Baron de Kalb, a German by birth, who came over in the same vessel with Lafayette, in 1776, and volunteered his services in the American army for three years. He fell while bravely engaged in the battle at Camden, pierced with eleven deadly wounds. It is said that Washington, visiting the baron's grave many years after his death, sighed as he looked upon it, and exclaimed, "There lies the brave De Kalb, the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of Liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us in its fruits!" At Savannah, Georgia, after being welcomed by Governor Troup, Lafayette united in the same service commemorative of Generals Greene and Pulaski. On the seventeenth of June, Lafayette witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, at Charlestown, Massachusetts; he was the only surviving major-general of the revolution who was present at this ceremony. Colonel Francis K. Huger participated in the patriotic services—the man who, when a lad, walked with Lafayette over his father's grounds, and who, some thirty years before this seventeenth of June, risked his life in attempting to aid the escape of Lafayette from the castle of Olmutz. The people of Charlestown not only welcomed Huger, but gave him a seat by the side of Lafayette, in the carriage which moved in the procession, and also one near him at the festive board. Daniel Webster was the orator for the day; it was the fiftieth anniversary of the battle; and everything conspired to render the day memorable. As the procession passed, Lafayette was continually hailed with demonstrations of love

and gratitude. The procession was several miles long, and, on arriving at the historic spot, the impressive rite of laying the corner-stone was performed by the grand master of the Freemasons, the president of the Monument Association, and General Lafayette, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. The assembly then moved to a spacious amphitheatre, where the oration was pronounced by Mr. Webster, before as great a multitude as was ever, perhaps, assembled within the sound of a human voice.



LAFAYETTE'S BIRTHPLACE.

There was one place—Kaskaskia, on the route of Lafayette's tour, at which, though no preparations had been made to receive him, he paused a short time; and here it was that a most affecting incident occurred. Curiosity induced one of his companions to go and look at an Indian encampment, a short distance from the town. He there met with an educated Indian woman, who spoke the French language tolerably well, and who expressed a desire to see Lafayette, and to show him a relic which she always carried with her, and which was "very dear to her." She wished to show it to Lafayette, as proof of the veneration with which his name was regarded among their tribes. It was a letter written by Lafayette in 1778, and addressed to her father, Panisciowa, a chief of one of the six nations. This letter expressed the hearty thanks of Lafayette for the faithful services of that chief in the American cause. The name of this only child of the old chief was Mary, who, at the decease of her mother, was placed under the care of an American agent, by whom she was instructed and kindly treated. She became a Christian. As she was walking out in the forest, about five years after, an Indian warrior overtook her and informed her that her father was dying, and wished to see her. She soon started off, traveled all night, and in the morning reached his hut, which was situated in a narrow valley. As she came to his bedside, he took from his pouch a paper wrapped in a dry skin, and gave it to her, with a charge to preserve it as a precious gift, saying: "It is a powerful charm to interest the pale-faces in your favor. I received it from a great French warrior, whom the English dreaded as much as the Americans loved him, and with whom I fought in my youth." The chief died the next day. Mary returned to her white friends, and soon after married the young warrior, who was her father's friend and companion. She had the pleasure of showing the letter to Lafayette, who recognized it, and listened with great respect and deep feeling to her touching story.

Another most interesting episode was that which transpired at Lafayette's reception in Nashville, Tenn., Governor Carroll presiding at the state ceremonies. There had come from different parts of the country about forty officers and soldiers of the revolution. Among the number was an aged man who had traveled one hundred and fifty miles. His name was Haguy, a German, and he was one of those who

embarked in the same vessel with Lafayette for this country, nearly fifty years back, and served under him during the whole war. The old veteran, clasping Lafayette's hand with affectionate warmth, the tears rolling down his cheeks, said:

"I have come many miles to see the 'young general.' I have had two happy days in my life—one, when I landed with you on the American coast, nearly fifty years ago, and to-day when I see your face again. I have lived long enough." The sensation produced by this scene, in that great throng, was for a time completely overpowering.

Not less interesting was the interview, at Buffalo, between Lafayette and 'Red Jacket,' the old chief of the Seneca tribe of Indians. They had both met in council at Fort Schuyler, in 1784. Red Jacket, in conversation with General Lafayette, made some allusions to that famous council, and to those who participated in its proceedings, when Lafayette inquired with some curiosity—

"Where is the young warrior, I wonder, who opposed the burying of the tomahawk?"

"He is here before you," instantly replied the aged chief.

"Ah, I see," replied the general, "time has changed us. We were once young and active."

"But," said the chief, "time has made less change on you than on me."

Saying this he uncovered his head, and exhibited his entire baldness. The general wore a wig, and, not wishing to deceive Red Jacket, took it from his head, to the no small amusement of the astonished Indian.

A visit to the tomb of Washington was one of the most notable events in Lafayette's tour. His arrival there was announced by the firing of cannon, which brought to his memory the din of war,—the scenes of the revolution,—when he, with the great but now lifeless chieftain, were side by side in battle. Standing for awhile upon the consecrated ground and amidst the solemn stillness of the place, he descended alone into the tomb with his head uncovered. There he remained in solitary contemplation for some time—the living aged veteran communing with the illustrious dead. He returned with his face bathed in tears, and, taking his son and Levasseur, the secretary, by the hand, led them into the tomb. He could not speak, but pointed mutely to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently by it, kissed it, and, rising, threw themselves into the arms of Lafayette, and for a few moments wept in silence. Lafayette was now presented, by the hand of Mr. Custis, one of the surviving family connections of Washington, with a massive finger-ring containing a portion of the hair of his departed friend. He was also the recipient of some other personal memorials of the "Father of his Country."

During this tour Lafayette visited every one of the twenty-four states of the Union, and traveled over five thousand miles. In nearly every region which he visited, towns or counties, and literary, scientific or civic associations, named in honor of him, still preserve his memory. Indeed, one of the foremost of the great colleges of the Middle states dates from the same period. At Easton, in Pennsylvania, the citizens convened on the 27th of December, 1824, and resolved to establish LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, an eminent institution of learning, in memory of and "as a testimony of respect for the talents, virtues and signal sevices, of General Lafayette, in the great cause of Freedom."

When the time which he had allotted for his tour had expired, Lafayette repaired to Washington, to pay his parting respects to the chief magistrate of the nation, John Quincy Adams, who had succeeded President Monroe. This took place at the presidential mansion, on the sixth of September, 1825. The farewell address from the president, in behalf of the whole American people, was a most affecting tribute to the lofty character and patriotic services of Lafayette, during his

long and eventful career, and closed with the following words:

"You are ours by that unshaken sentiment of gratitude for your services which is a precious portion of our inheritance; ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name for the endless ages of time with the name of Washington. At the painful moment of parting with you we take comfort in the thought that, wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will ever be present to your affections; and a cheering consolation assures us that we are not called to sorrow—most of all, that we shall see your face no more,—for we shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of beholding our friend again. In the name of the whole people of the United States, I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell."

LAFAYETTE'S TOMB.

To this parting address from the lips of the nation's distinguished chief magistrate, Lafayette replied in a strain of patriotic and impassioned eloquence never to be forgotten.

On the same day he embarked for France, on board the Brandywine, a new frigate, named thus in compliment to Lafayette, who, on the banks of that river, was wounded in his first battle for American freedom. In the whole range of history, ancient or modern, there is no instance of similar honors being paid to any hero, by the united and spontaneous will of a great people; and when, nine years after, he paid the debt of nature, that same great people gave vent to universal grief, and every tongue spoke words of eulogy to the memory of America's most illustrious friend.

XXIV.

DUEL BETWEEN HENRY CLAY, SECRETARY OF STATE, AND JOHN RANDOLPH, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.—1826.

Randolph's Bitter Insult to Clay on the Floor of the Senate.—Accuses Him of Falsifying an Official Document.—The Puritan and "Blackleg" Taunt.—Clay Challenges the Senator to Mortal Combat.—Words and Acts of these Two Foremost Men of their Times, on the "Field of Honor."—Result of the Hostile Meeting.—Fame of these Party Leaders.—Ancient Political Antagonists.—Origin of the Present Dispute.—Randolph's Gift of Sarcasm.—Applies it Severely to Clay.—Clay Demands Satisfaction.—Reconciliation Refused.—Bladensburg the Dueling-Ground.—Pistols the Weapons Chosen.—Colonel Benton a Mutual Friend.—Incidents the Night Before.—Randolph's Secret Resolve.—Going to the Field of Blood.—View of this Shrine of "Chivalry."—Salutations of the Combatants.—Solemn Interest of the Scene.—Distance Ten Paces.—A Harmless Exchange of Shots.—Clay Calls it "Child's Play!"—Another Fire.—No Injury.—"Honor" Satisfied.—Pleasant Talk with Each Other.

"I would not have seen him fall mortally, or even doubtfully, wounded, for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams."—RANDOLPH TO BENTON.

"I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."—CLAY TO RANDOLPH.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE "CODE OF HONOR."

IT would be needless, at this point of time, to recount the circumstances of that long and bitter antagonism which characterized the relations, in political life, between the renowned and eccentric John Randolph and the equally famous and brilliant Henry Clay. This antagonism, after the accession to the department of state by Mr. Clay, under the presidency of John Quincy Adams, acquired additional violence, and finally led to a hostile encounter, under the following circumstances: The president had sent in a message to the senate, on the subject of the Panama mission. A motion was made in the senate for a call upon the president for further information. In response to this the president answered by a message, with the tone of which Randolph was greatly displeased, and, in his place in the senate, bitterly denounced it and its authors, President Adams and his secretary, Mr. Clay. Alluding to one passage in particular, in the president's message, Randolph was reported as saying: "Here I plant my foot; here I fling defiance right into his teeth; here I throw the gauntlet to him, and the bravest of his compeers, to come forward and defend these lines." And he concluded his speech with the sentence:

"I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons —cut up, clean broke down by the coalition of Blifil and Black George—by the combination unheard of till then, of the *Puritan with the Blackleg.*" But, what was most pointed, perhaps, than anything else, in this assault upon Mr. Clay's honor, was Randolph's statement, "that a letter from General Salazar, the Mexican minister at Washington, submitted by the executive to the senate, bore the ear-mark of having been manufactured or forged by the secretary of state."

Mr. Clay smarted under the stigma of these charges. He demanded explanations. These being refused, Clay at once sent a challenge, which Randolph accepted. The seconds, however, chosen by the distinguished principals, determined to attempt an accommodation, or a peaceable termination of the difficulty. But Randolph, though modifying the unrevised and somewhat inaccurate report of his speech which had gone forth, refused to explain, out of the senate, the words he had used within it. Clay was peremptory with Randolph, on the point of honor, as he had also been with Humphrey Marshall, in 1808, whom the brilliant Kentuckian challenged and fought. Though bad enough, both personally and politically, these duels of the great Kentuckian will at least compare favorably with the later duel between Graves of Kentucky, and Cilley of Maine, in which Webb, the New York journalist, bore so prominent a part.

It being certain that there was no hope of reconciliation, the seconds proceeded to arrange for the duel. The afternoon of Saturday, April eighth, 1826, was fixed upon for the time,—the right bank of the Potomac, within the state of Virginia, above the Little Falls bridge, was the place,—pistols the weapons, distance ten paces,—each party to be attended by two seconds and a surgeon, and Senator Benton to be present as a mutual friend. There was to be no practicing with pistols, and there was none; and the words, 'One, two, three,—stop,' after the word 'Fire,' were, by agreement between the seconds and for the humane purpose of reducing the result as near as possible to chance, to be given out in quick succession. The Virginia side of the Potomac was taken, according to Mr. Benton's account of the duel, at the instance of Mr. Randolph. He went out as a Virginia senator, refusing to compromise that character, and, if he fell in defense of what he deemed to be its rights, Virginia soil was to him the chosen ground to receive his blood. There was a statute of the state against dueling within her limits; but as he merely went out to receive a fire without returning it he deemed that no fighting, and consequently no breach of her statute.

The week's delay, which the seconds had contrived, was about expiring. It was Friday night, when Mr. Benton went to see Mr. Clay for the last time before the duel. There had been some alienation between the two since the time of the presidential election in the house of representatives, and the senator desired to show Mr. Clay that there was nothing personal in it. The family (says Mr. Benton) were in the parlor,—company present,—and some of it staid late. The youngest child went to sleep on the sofa,—a circumstance which availed me for the next day. Mrs. Clay was, as always after the death of her daughters, the picture of desolation, but calm, conversable, and without the slightest apparent consciousness of the impending event. When all were gone, and she also had left the parlor, I did what I came for, and said to Mr. Clay that, notwithstanding our late political differences, my personal feelings were the same towards him as formerly, and that, in whatever concerned his life or honor, my best wishes were with him. He expressed his gratification at the visit and the declaration, and said it was what he would have expected of me. We parted at midnight.

Mr. Benton's account continues as follows: Saturday, the 8th of April, 1826, —the day for the duel,—had come, and almost the hour. It was noon, and the meeting was to take place at half-past four o'clock. I had gone to see Mr. Randolph

before the hour, and for a purpose. I had heard nothing from him on the point of not returning the fire, since the first communication to that effect, eight days before. I had no reason to doubt the steadiness of his determination; but felt a desire to have some fresh assurance of it after so many days' delay, and so near approach of the trying moment. I knew it would not do to ask him the question,—any question that would imply a doubt of his word. So I fell upon a scheme to get at the inquiry without seeming to make it. I told him of my visit to Mrs. Clay the night before,—of the late sitting,—the child asleep,—the unconscious tranquillity

H Clay

of Mrs. Clay; and added, I could not help reflecting how different all that might be the next night. He understood me perfectly, and immediately said, with a quietude of look and expression which seemed to rebuke an unworthy doubt,—

"*I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother.*"

Mr. Randolph at the same time went on with his employment—his seconds being engaged in their preparations in a different room,—which was, making codicils to his will, all in the way of remembrance to friends; the bequests slight in value, but invaluable in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression, and always appropriate to the receiver. To Mr. Macon, he gave some English shillings, to keep the game when he played whist. His namesake, John Randolph Bryan, then at school in Baltimore, and afterwards married to his niece, was sent for to see him, but sent off before the hour for going out, to save the boy from a possible shock of seeing him brought back. He wanted some gold,—that coin not being then in circulation, and only to be obtained by favor or purchase,—and sent his faithful man, Johnny, to the United States Branch Bank, to get a few pieces,—American being the kind asked for. Johnny returned without the gold, and delivered the excuse that the bank had none. Instantly his clear silver-toned voice was heard above its natural pitch, exclaiming: "Their name is legion! and they are liars from the beginning. Johnny, bring me my horse." His own saddle-horse was brought him, for he never rode Johnny's, nor Johnny his, though both, and all his hundred horses, were of the finest English blood; and he rode off to the bank, down Pennsylvania avenue, Johnny following, as always, forty paces behind. Arrived at the bank, the following scene transpired. Mr. Randolph asked for the state of his account, was shown it, and found it to be some four thousand dollars in his favor. He asked for it. The teller took up packages of bills, and civilly asked in what sized notes he would have it. "I want *money*," said Mr. Randolph, putting emphasis on the word; and at that time it required a bold man to intimate that United States Bank notes were not money. The teller, beginning to understand him, and willing to make sure, said, inquiringly:

"You want silver?"

"I want my *money*," was the reply.

"Have you a cart, Mr. Randolph, to

put it in?" said the teller, politely, lifting boxes to the counter.

"That is my business, sir," answered Randolph.

By this time, the attention of the cashier was attracted to what was going on, who came up, and, understanding the question and its cause, told Mr. Randolph there was a mistake in the answer given to his servant; that they had gold, and he should have what he wanted. In fact, he had only applied for a few pieces, which he wanted for a special purpose. This brought about a compromise. The pieces of gold were received, — the cart and the silver dispensed with.

On returning, Randolph handed a sealed paper to Mr. Benton, which the latter was to open in case Randolph was killed,— give back to him if he was not; also an open slip, which that senator was to read before he got to the ground. This slip was a request to feel in his left breeches' pocket, if he was killed, and find so many pieces of gold,—Mr. Benton to take three for himself, and give the same number to Tatnall and Hamilton each, to make seals to wear in remembrance of him. He also remembered his friend Macon. They were all three at Mr. Randolph's lodgings, then, and soon set out,—Mr. Randolph and his seconds in a carriage, and Mr. Benton following him on horseback.

As has already been stated, the count was to be quick after giving the word 'Fire,' and for a reason which could not be told to the principals. To Mr. Randolph, who did not mean to fire, and who, though agreeing to be shot at, had no desire to be hit, this rapidity of counting out the time, and quick arrival of the command 'Stop,' presented no objection. With Mr. Clay it was different. With him it was all a real transaction, and gave rise to some proposal for more deliberateness in counting off the time, which being communicated to Colonel Tatnall, (Randolph's friend,) and by him to Mr. Randolph, had an ill effect upon his feelings, and, aided by an untoward accident on the ground, unsettled for a moment the noble determination which he had formed not to fire at Mr. Clay. General Jesup (Clay's friend,) states, that, when he repeated to Mr. Clay the 'word' in the manner in which it would be given, Mr. Clay expressed some apprehension that, as he was not accustomed to the use of the pistol, he might not be able to fire within the time, and for that reason alone desired that it might be prolonged. This desire of Mr. Clay was mentioned, on his behalf, to Colonel Tatnall, who replied, "If you insist upon it, the time must be prolonged, but I should very much regret it." The original agreement was carried out. Mr. Benton, however, states that he himself knew nothing of all this, until it was too late to speak with the seconds or principals, he having crossed the Little Falls bridge just after them, and come to the place where the servants and carriages had stopped. He saw none of the gentlemen, and supposed they had all gone to the spot where the ground was being marked off; but on speaking to Johnny, Mr. Randolph, who was still in his carriage, and heard the voice, looked out from the window and said to Colonel Benton—

"Colonel, since I saw you, and since I have been in this carriage, I have heard something which *may* make me change my determination. Colonel Hamilton will give you a note which will explain it."

Colonel Hamilton was then in the carriage, and in the course of the evening gave to Colonel Benton the note, of which Mr. Randolph spoke. Colonel Benton readily comprehended that this possible change of determination related to Randolph's firing; but the emphasis with which he pronounced the word '*may*,' clearly showed that his mind was undecided, and left it doubtful whether he would fire or not. No further conversation, however, took place between them— the preparations for the duel were finished —the parties went to their places.

The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression, or basin, in which the parties stood. Not

far west of Bladensburg, just beyond the line which separates the federal city from the state of Maryland, a short distance off the road from Washington, is this dueling-ground,—a dingle, embosomed in a sunburnt amphitheatre of trees, secluded, and from associations, no less than location, a dismal shrine, consecrated to human sacrifices. On this spot, not long before the battle of Bladensburg in the second war with England, a United States secretary of the treasury shot his antagonist, Mr. Gardenier, through the body, both members of congress, in a party duel. Decatur, surrounded by brother naval officers, fell there. A senator of the United States lost his life there, horribly fighting with muskets at pistol distance. Other victims to the vanity of honor, so called, have lost or staked their lives on this field of blood.

But never before, on that fatal field, was any scene enacted, comparable with that which was to witness a mortal contest between Henry Clay and John Randolph. Not too highly has the graphic delineator of these *dramatis personæ* (Mr. Baldwin, in his "Party Leaders,") drawn the picture, in saying that *there stood on the banks of the Potomac, on that bright April evening, as the sun was declining behind the high hills of Virginia, in the attitude of combatants, two men, around whom gathered, probably, a more stirring interest, than around any other two men in the Union.* And yet, their political opinions and personal history were as opposite as their persons, when they stood in their places. Against any and all insinuations of corruption, Mr. Clay might safely have left his reputation with the people. His splendid services as peace commissioner to Europe, with such colleagues as Bayard, Gallatin, Russell and Adams; his long period of statesman-like service in the house of representatives, succeeding repeatedly to the chair that had been dignified by Muhlenberg, Trumbull, Dayton, Varnum, Cheves, and Barbour,—this his *record* should have sufficed for his *honor.*

The two were alike only in chivalry of bearing, integrity and independence of character, genius and pride. They had to all appearance met now to fight to the death with physical weapons, as they had met so often before, to do battle with the weapons of intellectual warfare. Their opposition had been unceasing. Each looked upon the other as, if not the ablest, at least as the most annoying and dreaded opponent of his political principles and personal aims. They were, in early life, and to some extent, still, representatives

John Randolph

of different phases of American society. Randolph, born to affluence; descended from a long and honored line; accustomed always to wealth, family influence, and the pride of aristocracy and official position. Clay, on the other hand, born in obscurity, of humble parentage—the first man of his family known out of his county—"the mill-boy of the Slashes;" but winning his way and rising rapidly, by his boldness and talents, to the very summit of public station and influence, so as to be styled the "Great Commoner;"—these were the two men, alike in splendid gifts of intellect, yet so unlike in character and circumstance, who now, weapon in hand, stood opposed in deadly conflict.

As they took their stands, the princi-

pals saluted each other courteously, according to the usage of the 'code.' Colonel Tatnall had won the choice of position, which gave to General Jesup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line east and west; there was a small stump just behind Mr. Clay, and a low gravelly bank rose just behind Mr. Randolph. The latter asked General Jesup to repeat the word as he would give it; and while in the act of doing so, and Mr. Randolph adjusting the butt of his pistol to his hand, the muzzle pointing downwards, and almost to the ground, it fired. Instantly Mr. Randolph turned to Colonel Tatnall, and said, "I protested against that hair trigger."

Colonel Tatnall took blame to himself for having sprung the hair. Mr. Clay had not then received his pistol. Mr. Johnson, one of his seconds, was carrying it to him, and still several steps from him. This untimely fire, though clearly an accident, necessarily gave rise to some remarks, and a species of inquiry, which was conducted with the utmost delicacy, but which, in itself, was of a nature to be inexpressibly painful to a gentleman's feelings. Mr. Clay stopped it with the generous remark that the fire was clearly an accident, and it was so unanimously declared. Another pistol was immediately furnished; an exchange of shots took place, and, happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph, and in a line with the level of his hips, both bullets having gone so true and close, that it was a marvel how they missed.

The moment had now arrived when Colonel Benton felt that he could interpose. He accordingly went in among the parties, and offered his mediation. Nothing, however, could be done. Mr. Clay said, with that wave of the hand with which he was accustomed to put away a trifle, "This is child's play!" and required another fire. Mr. Randolph also demanded another fire. The seconds were directed to reload. While this was doing, Colonel Benton prevailed on Mr. Randolph to walk away from his post, and importuned him, more pressingly than ever, to yield to some accommodation. The colonel found him, however, more determined than ever before, and for the first time impatient, and seemingly annoyed and dissatisfied at such approaches. The accidental fire of his pistol preyed upon his feelings. He was doubly chagrined at it, both as a circumstance susceptible in itself of an unfair interpretation, and as having been the immediate and controlling cause of his firing at Mr. Clay. He regretted this fire the instant it was over. He felt that it had subjected him to imputations from which he knew himself to be free,—a desire to kill Mr. Clay, and a contempt for the laws of his state; and the annoyances which he felt at these vexatious circumstances revived his original determination, and decided him irrevocably to carry it out.

It was in this interval that Mr. Randolph told Colonel Benton what he had heard since they parted, and to which he alluded when speaking from the window of the carriage. It was to this effect: that he had been informed by Colonel Tatnall, that it was proposed to give out the words with more deliberateness, so as to prolong the time for taking aim. This information grated harshly upon his feelings. It unsettled his purpose, and brought his mind to the inquiry expressed in the following note, which he had immediately written in pencil, to apprise Colonel Benton of his possible change:

"Information received from Colonel Tatnall since I got into the carriage *may* induce me to change my mind of not returning Mr. Clay's fire. I seek not his death. I would not have his blood upon my hands—it will not be upon my soul if shed in self-defense—for the world. He has determined, by the use of a long, preparatory caution by words, to get time to kill me. May I not, then, disable him? Yes, if I please."

According to the statement of General Jesup, already given, this 'information' was a misapprehension, Mr. Clay not having applied for a prolongation of time for the purpose of getting sure aim, but only to enable his unused hand, long unfamiliar with the pistol, to fire within the limited time. There was no prolongation, in fact, either granted or insisted upon; but Mr. Randolph was in doubt, and General Jesup having won the word, he was having him repeat it in the way he was to give it out, when his finger touched the hair trigger. The inquiry, 'May I not disable him?' was still on Mr. Randolph's mind, and dependent for its solution on the rising incidents of the moment, when the accidental fire of his pistol, gave the turn to his feelings which solved the doubt. But he afterwards declared to Colonel Benton, that he had not aimed at the life of Mr. Clay; that he did not level as high as the knee—not higher than the knee-band, 'for it was no mercy to shoot a man in the knee;' that his only object was to disable him, and spoil his aim. And then he added, with the deepest feeling—

"I would not have seen him fall mortally, or even doubtfully, wounded, for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams."

Saying this, Mr. Randolph left Colonel Benton to resume his post, utterly refusing to explain out of the senate anything that he had said in it, and with the positive declaration that he would not return the next fire. Colonel Benton concludes his reminiscences of this most remarkable affair, as follows: I withdrew a little way into the woods, and kept my eyes fixed upon Mr. Randolph, whom I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol,—discharge it into the air,—heard him say, *"I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay,"*—and immediately advancing, and offering his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met

DUELING-GROUND AT BLADENSBURG.

half-way, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying jocosely, "*You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay,*"—(the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip) —to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, "*I am glad the debt is no greater.*" I had come up, and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair, and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought. I stopped to sup with Mr. Randolph and his friends,—none of us wanted dinner,— and had a characteristic time of it. A runner came in from the bank, to say that they had overpaid him, by mistake, one hundred and thirty dollars that day. Mr. Randolph answered, "I believe it is your rule not to correct mistakes, except at the time and at your counter." And with that answer the runner had to return. When gone, Mr. Randolph said, "I will pay it on Monday; people must be honest, if banks are not." He asked for the sealed paper he had given me, opened it, took out a check for one thousand dollars, drawn in my favor, and with which I was requested to have him carried, if killed, to Virginia, and buried under his patrimonial oaks,—not let him be buried at Washington, with an hundred hacks after him. He took the gold from his left breeches pocket, and said to us (Hamilton, Tatnall, and I),—

"Gentlemen, Clay's bad shooting shan't rob you of your seals. I am going to London, and will have them made for you."

This he did (says Colonel Benton), and most characteristically, so far as mine was concerned. He went to the heraldry office in London, and inquired for the Benton family, of which I had often told him there was none, as we only dated on that side from my grandfather in North Carolina. But the name was found, and with it a coat of arms,—among the quarterings a lion rampant. "This is the family," said he; and had the arms engraved on the seal.

The account given by General James Hamilton, of this duel, states that, in company with Colonel Tatnall, he repaired, at midnight, to Mr. Randolph's lodgings, and found him reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit them to say one word in relation to the approaching duel, for he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on a passage of this poet, in which he was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tatnall remarked:

"Mr. Randolph, I am told you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend."

"Well, Tatnall," said Mr. Randolph, after much conversation on the subject, "I promise you one thing; *if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that, with malice prepense, he means to take my life, I may change my mind.*"

As the sequel showed, however, he saw no 'devil in Clay's eye,' but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness pertaining to the occasion. For, whilst Tatnall was loading Mr. Randolph's pistol, Hamilton approached Randolph, took his hand,—in the touch of which there was not the quivering of one pulsation,—and then, turning to Hamilton, Randolph said:

"Clay is calm, but not vindictive; I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this."

On Randolph's pistol going off without the word, General Jesup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend, if that occurred again. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. On seeing this, Mr. Clay instantly approached Mr. Randolph, and with a gush of the deepest emotion, said,—

"*I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds!*"

On the ensuing Monday, Mr. Clay and

Mr. Randolph formally exchanged cards, and their relations of amity and courtesy were restored.

Many of Mr. Clay's warmest political friends, at the north and west, deeply regretted that he should resort to what they deemed so immoral and barbarous a mode of vindicating his character, as that of the *duello*. But this was soon forgotten, and his political career continued to be one of great brilliancy and power. He soon succeeded General John Adair, as senator from Kentucky; and again, in 1831, was elected over Richard M. Johnson, to the same high post. He was disappointed, however, in his aspirations for the presidency, though great enthusiasm was manifested for the ticket which, in 1831, bore his name at its head, with John Sergeant for vice-president. The other political duels which have excited great interest in the public mind, during the century, were those of Lee and Laurens, Cadwallader and Conway, Guinnett and McIntosh, Hamilton and Burr, DeWitt Clinton and Swartwout, Cilley and Graves, Broderick and Terry. General Jackson and Colonel Benton were also parties to several duels, the former killing Mr. Dickinson, and the latter a Mr. Lucas.

XXV.

THE "GREAT DEBATE" BETWEEN WEBSTER AND HAYNE, IN CONGRESS.—1830.

Vital Constitutional Issues Discussed.—Unsurpassed Power and Splendor of Senatorial Eloquence.—Webster's Speech Acknowledged to be the Grandest Forensic Achievement in the Whole Range of Modern Parliamentary Efforts.—Golden Age of American Oratory.—Unprecedented Interest and Excitement Produced in the Public Mind.—No American Debate Comparable with This.—Known as the "Battle of the Giants."—Inflamed Feeling at the South.—Hayne's Brilliant Championship.—His Speech Against the North.—Profound Impression Created.—Its Dash, Assurance, Severity.—Bitter and Sweeping Charges.—His Opponents Wonder-Struck.—Webster has the Floor to Reply.—An Ever-Memorable Day.—Intense Anxiety to Hear Him.—Magnificent Personal Appearance.—His Exordium.—all Hearts Enchained.—Immense Intellectual Range.—Copious and Crushing Logic.—Accumulative Grandeur of Thought.—Thrilling Apostrophe to the Union.—The Serious, Comic, Pathetic, etc.—Hayne's Argument Demolished.—Reception Accorded the Speech.—Rival Orators; Pleasant Courtesies.

"It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess I never heard anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown."—EDWARD EVERETT ON WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

THE VICTOR'S WREATH.

THE remark made by a distinguished public man, that to have heard the great national debate in the senate of the United States, between Webster of Massachusetts and Hayne of South Carolina, "constituted an era in a man's life," is an expression worthy of being expanded into the far more commensurate statement that the debate in question constituted an era of far-reaching influence and importance, in the political history of the nation. It was, indeed, the greatest forensic exhibition this country has ever witnessed, and, though nearly half a century has elapsed since its occurrence, and the immediate participants and their official contemporaries have, almost all of them, long since passed to the sphere of another existence, the occasion still furnishes, and will continue to furnish to future generations, one of the most instructive chapters in the annals of national affairs. Well has the debate been called '*the battle of the giants.*'

Fortunately for those who would wish, in after time, to inform themselves with reference to the principles involved and the chief actors engaged in this great debate,

the memorials of the occasion furnished by Mr. March, and, subsequently, by Mr. Lanman, Dr. Tefft, Louis Gaylord Clark, Edward Everett, and others, leave nothing to be supplied. Mr. March's notes are adopted by Mr. Everett, in his memoirs of Mr. Webster, and, in an abridged form, are given below, in connection with the perspicuous statements of Tefft and others relating to the general issue. The speech was also reported by Mr. Joseph Gales, at the request of Judge Burnett, of Ohio, and other senators. On canvas, too, Healey, the master-painter, has commemorated in an enduring manner, the orator and the occasion.

The subject of discussion before the senate, in the persons of these two intellectual gladiators, grew out of a resolution brought forward by Senator Foot, of Connecticut, just at the close of the previous year, with a view to some arrangement concerning the sale of the public lands. But this immediate question was soon lost sight of in the discussion of a great, vital principle of constitutional law, namely: the relative powers of the states and the national government. Upon this, Mr. Benton and Mr. Hayne addressed the senate, condemning the policy of the eastern states, as illiberal toward the west. Mr. Webster replied, in vindication of New England and of the policy of the government. It was then that Mr. Hayne made his attack—sudden, unexpected, and certainly unexampled,—on Mr. Webster personally, upon Massachusetts and the other northern states politically, and upon the constitution itself; in respect to the latter, Mr. Hayne taking the position, that it is constitutional to interrupt the administration of the constitution itself, in the hands of those who are chosen and sworn to administer it, by the direct interference, in form of law, of the states, in virtue of their sovereign capacity. All of these points were handled by Mr. Hayne with that rhetorical brilliancy and power which characterized him as the oratorical champion of the south, on the floor of the senate; and it is not saying too much, that the speech produced a profound impression.

Mr. Hayne's great effort appeared to be the result of premeditation, concert and arrangement. He selected his own time, and that, too, peculiarly inconvenient to Mr. Webster, for, at that moment, the supreme court were proceeding in the hearing of a cause of great importance, in which he was a leading counsel. For this reason, he requested, through a friend, a postponement of the debate; Mr. Hayne objected, however, and the request was refused. The time, the matter, and the manner, indicated that the attack was made with a design to crush so formidable a political opponent as Mr. Webster had become. To this end, personal history, the annals of New England and of the federal party, were ransacked for materials. It was attempted, with the usual partisan unfairness of political harangues, to make him responsible, not only for what was his own, but for the conduct and opinions of others. All the errors and delinquencies, real or supposed, of Massachusetts, and the eastern states, and of the federal party, during the war of 1812, and, indeed, prior and subsequent to that period, were accumulated upon him.

Thus it was, that Mr. Hayne heralded his speech with a bold declaration of war, with taunts and threats, vaunting anticipated triumph, as if to paralyze by intimidation; saying that he would carry the war into Africa, until he had obtained indemnity for the past and security for the future. It was supposed that, as a distinguished representative man, Mr. Webster would be driven to defend what was indefensible, and to uphold what could not be sustained, and, as a federalist, to oppose the popular resolutions of '98.

The severe nature of Mr. Hayne's charges, the ability with which he brought them to bear upon his opponents, his great reputation as a brilliant and powerful declaimer, filled the minds of his friends with anticipations of complete triumph. For two days, Mr. Hayne had the control of the floor. The vehemence of his lan-

guage and the earnestness of his manner gave added force to the excitement of the occasion. So fluent and melodious was his elocution, that his cause naturally begat sympathy. No one had time to deliberate upon his rapid words, or canvass his sweeping and accumulated statements. The dashing nature of the onset; the assurance, almost insolence, of its tone; the serious character and apparent truth of the accusations, confounded almost every hearer. The immediate impression from the speech was most assuredly disheartening to the cause Mr. Webster upheld. Congratulations from almost every quarter were showered upon the speaker. Mr. Benton said, in the full senate, that much as Mr. Hayne had done before to establish his reputation as an orator, a statesman, a patriot, and a gallant son of the south, the efforts of that day would eclipse and surpass the whole. Indeed, the speech was extolled as the greatest effort of the time, or of other times,—neither Chatham, nor Burke, nor Fox, had surpassed it, in their palmiest days.

Satisfaction, however, with the speech, even among the friends of the orator, was not unanimous. Some of the senators knew, for they had felt, Mr. Webster's power. They knew the great resources of his mind; the immense range of his intellect; the fertility of his imagination; his copious and fatal logic; the scathing severity of his sarcasm, and his full and electrifying eloquence. Mr. Webster's own feelings with reference to the speech were freely expressed to his friend, Mr. Everett, the evening succeeding Mr. Hayne's closing effort. He regarded the speech as an entirely unprovoked attack upon the north, and, what was of far more importance, as an exposition of a system of politics, which, in Mr. Webster's opinion, went far to change the form of government from that which was established by the constitution, into that which existed under the confederation,—if the latter could be called a government at all. He stated it to be his intention, therefore, to put that theory to rest forever, as far as it could be done by an argument in the senate-chamber. How grandly he did this, is thus vividly portrayed by Mr. March, an eye-witness, and whose account has been adopted by all historians:

It was on Tuesday, January the twenty-sixth, 1830,—a day to be hereafter forever memorable in senatorial annals,—that the senate resumed the consideration of Foot's resolution. There was never before in the city, an occasion of so much excitement. To witness this great intellectual contest, multitudes of strangers had for two or

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three days previous been rushing into the city, and the hotels overflowed. As early as nine o'clock in the morning, crowds poured into the capitol, in hot haste; at twelve o'clock, the hour of meeting, the senate-chamber,—its galleries, floor, and even the lobbies,—was filled to its utmost capacity. The very stairways were dark with men, who hung on to one another, like bees in a swarm.

The house of representatives was early deserted. An adjournment would hardly have made it emptier. The speaker, it is true, retained his chair, but no business of moment was, or could be, attended to. Members all rushed in, to hear Mr. Webster, and no call of the house, or other parliamentary proceedings, could compel them back. The floor of the senate was so

densely crowded, that persons once in could not get out, nor change their position. In the rear of the vice-president's chair, the crowd was particularly dense; Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, then a representative from Alabama, became wedged in here. From his enormous size, it was impossible for him to move without displacing a vast portion of the multitude; unfortunately, too, for him, he was jammed in directly behind the chair of the vice-president, where he could not see, and could hardly hear, the speaker. By slow and laborious effort—pausing occasionally to breathe—he gained one of the windows, which, constructed of painted glass, flanked the chair of the vice-president on either side. Here he paused, unable to make more headway. But determined to see Mr. Webster, as he spoke, with his knife he made a large hole in one of the panes of glass. The courtesy of senators accorded to the fairer sex room on the floor —the most gallant of them, their own seats.

Seldom, if ever, has speaker in this or any other country, had more powerful incentives to exertion; a subject, the determination of which involved the most important interests, and even duration, of the republic; competitors, unequaled in reputation, ability, or position; a name to make still more renowned, or lose forever; and an audience, comprising not only American citizens most eminent in intellectual greatness, but representatives of other nations, where the art of eloquence had flourished for ages.

Mr. Webster perceived, and felt equal to, the destinies of the moment. The very greatness of the hazard exhilarated him. His spirits rose with the occasion. He awaited the time of onset with a stern and impatient joy. He felt, like the war-horse of the scriptures, who 'paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: who goeth on to meet the armed men,—who sayeth among the trumpets, ha, ha! and who smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.' A confidence in his resources, springing from no vain estimate of his power, but the legitimate offspring of previous severe mental discipline, sustained and excited him. He had gauged his opponents, his subject, and *himself*. He was, too, at this period, in the very prime of manhood. He had reached middle age—an era in the life of man, when the faculties, physical or intellectual, may be supposed to attain their fullest organization, and most perfect development. Whatever there was in him of intellectual energy and vitality, the occasion, his full life and high ambition, might well bring forth.

He never rose on an ordinary occasion to address an ordinary audience more self-possessed. There was no tremulousness in his voice nor manner; nothing hurried, nothing simulated. The calmness of superior strength was visible everywhere; in countenance, voice, and bearing. A deep-seated conviction of the extraordinary character of the emergency, and of his ability to control it, seemed to possess him wholly. If an observer, more than ordinarily keen-sighted, detected at times something like exultation in his eye, he presumed it sprang from the excitement of the moment, and the anticipation of victory.

The anxiety to hear the speech was so intense, irrepressible, and universal, that no sooner had the vice-president assumed the chair, than a motion was made and unanimously carried, to postpone the ordinary preliminaries of senatorial action, and to take up immediately the consideration of the resolution.

Mr. Webster rose and addressed the senate. His exordium is known by heart everywhere: "Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence; and before we float further, on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may, at least,

be able to form some conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution." Calm, resolute, impressive, was this opening utterance.

There wanted no more to enchain the attention. There was a spontaneous, though silent, expression of eager approbation, as the orator concluded these opening remarks. And while the clerk read the resolution, many attempted the impossibility of getting nearer the speaker. Every head was inclined closer towards him, every ear turned in the direction of his voice—and that deep, sudden, mysterious silence followed, which always attends fullness of emotion. From the sea of upturned faces before him, the orator beheld his thoughts reflected as from a mirror. The varying countenance, the suffused eye, the earnest smile, and ever-attentive look, assured him of the intense interest excited. If, among his hearers, there were those who affected at first an indifference to his glowing thoughts and fervent periods, the difficult mask was soon laid aside, and profound, undisguised, devoted attention

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followed. In truth, all, sooner or later, voluntarily, or in spite of themselves, were wholly carried away by the spell of such unexampled forensic eloquence.

Those who had doubted Mr. Webster's ability to cope with and overcome his opponents were fully satisfied of their error before he had proceeded far in his speech. Their fears soon took another direction. When they heard his sentences of powerful thought, towering in accumulative grandeur, one above the other, as if the orator strove, Titan-like, to reach the very heavens themselves, they were giddy with an apprehension that he would break down in his flight. They dared not believe, that genius, learning,—any intellectual endowment, however uncommon, that was simply mortal,—could sustain itself long in a career seemingly so perilous. They feared an Icarian fall.

No one, surely, could ever forget, who was present to hear, the tremendous—the awful—burst of eloquence with which the orator apostrophized the old Bay State which Mr. Hayne had so derided, or the tones of deep pathos in which her defense was pronounced: "Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party-strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint,—shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked: it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory,

and on the very spot of its origin." No New England heart but throbbed with vehement, absorbed, irrepressible emotion, as Mr. Webster thus dwelt upon New England sufferings, New England struggles, and New England triumphs, during the war of the revolution. There was scarcely a dry eye in the senate; all hearts were overcome; grave judges, and men grown old in dignified life, turned aside their heads, to conceal the evidences of their emotion.

In one corner of the gallery was clustered a group of Massachusetts men. They had hung from the first moment upon the words of the speaker, with feelings variously but always warmly excited, deepening in intensity as he proceeded. At first, while the orator was going through his exordium, they held their breath and hid their faces, mindful of the fierce attack upon him and New England, and the fearful odds against any one standing up as a champion of the latter; as he went deeper into his speech, they felt easier; when he turned Hayne's flank on "Banquo's ghost"—that famous rhetorical figure used by the South Carolinian, —they breathed freer and fuller. But anon, as he alluded to Massachusetts, their feelings were strained to the utmost tension; and when the senator, concluding his passages upon the land of their birth, turned, intentionally or otherwise, his burning eye upon them, tears were falling like rain adown their cheeks.

No one who was not present can understand the excitement of the scene. No one, who was, can give an adequate description of it. No word-painting can convey the deep, intense enthusiasm,—the reverential attention, of that vast assembly,—nor limner transfer to canvas their earnest, eager, awe-struck countenances. Though language were as subtle and flexible as thought, it still would be impossible to represent the full idea of the occasion.

Much of the instantaneous effect of the speech arose, of course, from the orator's delivery—the tones of his voice, his countenance, and manner. These die mostly with the occasion; they can only be described in general terms. "Of the effectiveness of Mr. Webster's manner, in many parts," says Mr. Everett, himself almost without a peer, as an orator, "it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess I never heard anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown." There could be no higher praise than this. Kean nor Kemble, nor any other masterly delineator of the human passions, ever produced a more powerful impression upon an audience, or swayed so completely their hearts.

No one ever looked the orator, as he did, —in form and feature how like a god! His countenance spake no less audibly than his words. His manner gave new force to his language. As he stood swaying his right arm, like a huge tilt-hammer, up and down, his swarthy countenance lighted up with excitement, he appeared amid the smoke, the fire, the thunder of his eloquence, like Vulcan in his armory forging thoughts for the gods! Time had not thinned nor bleached his hair; it was as dark as the raven's plumage, surmounting his massive brow in ample folds. His eye, always dark and deep-set, enkindled by some glowing thought, shone from beneath his somber, overhanging brow like lights, in the blackness of night, from a sepulchre. No one understood, better than Mr. Webster, the philosophy of dress;—what a powerful auxiliary it is to speech and manner, when harmonizing with them. On this occasion he appeared in a blue coat, a buff vest, black pants, and white cravat, a costume strikingly in keeping with his face and expression.

The human face never wore an expression of more withering, relentless scorn, than when the orator replied to Hayne's allusion to the "murdered coalition,"—a piece of stale political trumpery, well

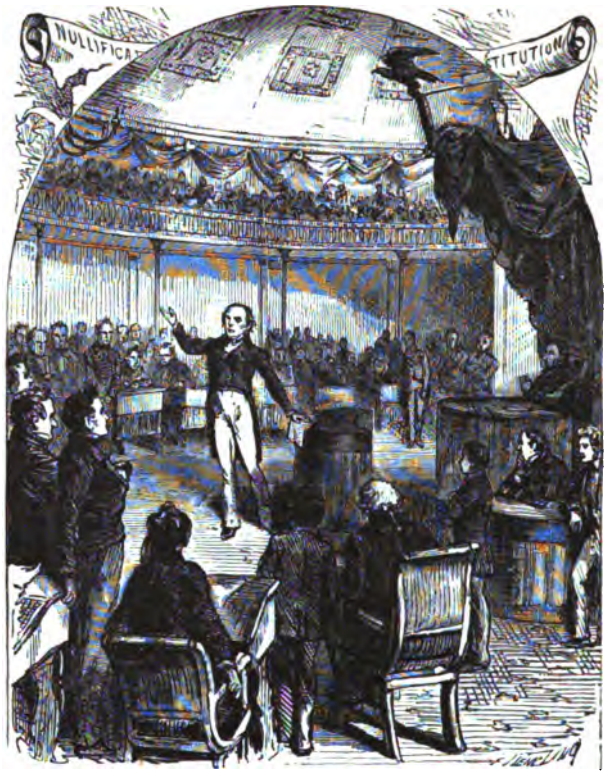
understood at that day. "It is," said Mr. Webster, "the very cast-off slough of a polluted and shameless press. Incapable of further mischief, it lies in the sewer, lifeless and despised. It is not now, sir, in the power of the honorable member to give it dignity or decency, by attempting to elevate it, and introduce it into the senate. He cannot change it from what it is—an object of general disgust and scorn. On the contrary, the contact, if he choose to touch it, is more likely to drag him down, down to the place where it lies itself!" He looked, as he spoke these words, as if the thing he alluded to was too mean for scorn itself, and the sharp, stinging enunciation, made the words still more scathing. The audience seemed relieved,—so crushing was the expression of his face which they held on to, as 'twere, spell-bound,—when he turned to other topics.

But the good-natured yet provoking irony with which he described the imaginary though life-like scene of direct collision between the marshaled army of South Carolina under General Hayne on the one side, and the officers of the United States on the other, nettled his opponent even more than his severer satire; it seemed so ridiculously true. With his true Southern blood, Hayne inquired, with some degree of emotion, if the gentleman from Massachusetts intended any *personal* imputation by such remarks? To which Mr. Webster replied, with perfect good humor, "Assuredly not—just the *reverse!*"

The variety of incident during the speech, and the rapid fluctuation of passions, kept the audience in continual expectation, and ceaseless agitation. The speech was a complete drama of serious, comic, and pathetic scenes; and though a large portion of it was strictly argumentative—an exposition of constitutional law,—yet, grave as such portion necessarily must be, severely logical, and abounding in no fancy or episode, it engrossed, throughout, undivided attention.

The swell of his voice and its solemn roll struck upon the ears of the enraptured audience, in deep and thrilling cadence, as waves upon the shore of the far-resounding sea. The Miltonic grandeur of his words was the fit expression of his great thoughts, and raised his hearers up to his theme; and his voice, exerted to its utmost power, penetrated every recess or corner of the senate—penetrated even the anterooms and stairways, as, in closing, he pronounced in deepest tones of pathos these words of solemn significance: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased nor polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" —nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards:" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!"

The speech was over, but the tones of the orator still lingered upon the ear, and the audience, unconscious of the close, retained their positions. Everywhere around seemed forgetfulness of all but the orator's presence and words. There never was a deeper stillness; silence could almost have heard itself, it was so supernaturally still. The feeling was too overpowering, to allow expression by voice or hand. It was as if one was in a trance, all motion paralyzed. But the descending hammer of the chair awoke them, with a start; and with one universal, long drawn, deep



WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

breath, with which the overcharged heart seeks relief, the crowded assembly broke up and departed.

New England men walked down Pennsylvania avenue that day, after the speech, with a firmer step and bolder air—'pride in their port, defiance in their eye.' They devoured the way in their stride. They looked every one in the face they met, fearing no contradiction. They swarmed in the streets, having become miraculously multitudinous. They clustered in parties and fought the scene over one hundred times that night. Their elation was the greater, by reaction. Not one of them but felt he had gained a personal victory.

In the evening, General Jackson held a presidential levee at the White House. It was known, in advance, that Mr. Webster would attend it, and hardly had the hospitable doors of the mansion been thrown open, when the crowd that had filled the senate-chamber in the morning rushed in and occupied the rooms, leaving a vast and increasing crowd at the entrance. On all previous occasions, the general himself had been the observed of all observers. His receptions were always gladly attended by large numbers; and to these he himself was always the chief object of attraction, on account of his great military and personal reputation, official position, gallant bearing, and courteous manners.

But on this occasion, the room in which he received his company was deserted, as soon as courtesy to the president permitted. Mr. Webster was in the East Room, and thither the whole mass hurried. He stood almost in the center of the room, pressed upon by surging crowds, eager to pay him deference. Hayne, too, was there, and, with others, went up and complimented Mr. Webster on his brilliant effort. In a subsequent meeting between the two rival debaters, Webster challenged Hayne to drink a glass of wine with him, saying, as he did so,—

"General Hayne, I drink to your health, and I hope that you may live a thousand years."

"I shall not live more than one hundred, if you make another such speech," Hayne replied.

To this day, Webster's speech is regarded as the masterpiece of modern eloquence,—unsurpassed by even the mightiest efforts of Pitt, Fox, or Burke,—a matchless intellectual achievement and complete forensic triumph. It was to this great and triumphant effort, that Mr. Webster's subsequent matchless fame as a statesman was due; and, that he was equal to comprehending the true principles of international, as well as those of internal, justice and policy, is abundantly proved by his diplomacy with Great Britain, to which the highest credit is awarded by Eliot, the accomplished historian, in his concise and admirable review of public affairs during this period. An insurrection (says Mr. Eliot) having broken out in Canada, it was immediately supported by American parties, the insurgents being in favor of reform or independence. One of these American parties, in company with some Canadian refugees, after pillaging the New York arsenals, seized upon Navy Island, a British possession in the Niagara river. Mr. Marcy was governor of New York at this time. The steamer Caroline, engaged in bringing over men, arms, and stores to the island, was destroyed, though at the time on the American shore, by a Britsh detachment. The deed was instantly avowed by the minister of Great Britain at Washington as an act of self-defense on the British side. One of the chief characters in these exciting movements was William M'Kenzie. In November, 1840, one Alexander M'Leod, sheriff of Niagara, in Canada, and as such a participator in the destruction of the Caroline, was arrested in New York on the charge of murder, an American having lost his life when the steamer was destroyed. The British government demanded his release, in doing which they were sustained by the United States administration, on the ground that M'Leod was but an agent or soldier of Great Britain. But the authorities of New York held fast to their prisoner, and brought him to trial. Had harm come to him, his government stood pledged to declare war; but he was acquitted for want of proof. The release of M'Leod did not, however, settle the affair of the Caroline; this still remained. There were, or there had been, other difficulties also,—namely, upon the Maine frontier, where the boundary-line had never yet been run. Collisions took place, between the Maine militia and the British troops, and others had been but just prevented. On Mr. Webster's accession to the state department, our government proposed, through Mr. Webster, to the British cabinet, to take up the north-eastern boundary question. The offer was accepted by the British, who sent, as special envoy, Lord Ashburton, to whom was committed the boundary and other controverted questions. The consultations between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton led to a treaty which settled the boundary, put down the claim to visit our vessels, and provided for the mutual surrender of fugitives from justice. For the affair of the Caroline, an apology was made by Great Britain.

The fame of Mr. Webster, as an orator, a statesman, and an expounder of public law, thus became world-wide and unrivaled.

XXVI.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE MORMONS, OR "LATTER-DAY SAINTS," UNDER JOSEPH SMITH, THE "PROPHET OF THE LORD."—1830.

His Assumed Discovery of the Golden Plates of a New Bible.—Apostles Sent Forth and Converts Obtained in All Parts of the World.—Founding and Destruction of Nauvoo, the "City of Zion."—Smith's Character.—Removal to Utah, the "Promised Land."—Smith the "Mohammed of the West."—His Origin and Repute.—Pretended Supernatural Interviews.—Revelations of Divine Records.—Finds and Translates Them.—Secret History of this Transaction.—Pronounced to be a Fraud.—Teachings of the Mormon Bible.—Smith Claims to be Inspired.—Announced as a Second Savior.—Organization of the First Church.—Strange Title Adopted.—Smith's Great Personal Influence.—Rapid Increase of the Sect.—Settlement at the West.—Violent Opposition to Them.—Outrages, Assassinations, Riots.—Polygamy "Divinely" Authorized.—Smith in Jail as a Criminal.—Is Shot Dead by a Furious Mob.—Brigham Young His Successor.—The "New Jerusalem."

—"And with a piece of scripture
Tell them.—that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil."

OF the many oracular predictions indulged in by trans-Atlantic wiseacres, concerning the future of American history, not one of them has had so accurate and remarkable a fulfillment as that made by Robert Southey, the great English poet and historian, in 1829, and which ran as follows: "The next Aaron Burr who seeks to carve a kingdom for himself out of the overgrown territories of the Union, may discern that *fanaticism* is the most effective weapon with which ambition can arm itself; that the way for both is prepared by that immorality which the want of religion naturally and necessarily induces, and that camp-meetings may be very well directed to forward the designs of military prophets. Were there another Mohammed to arise, there is no part of the world where he would find more scope or fairer opportunity than in that part of the Anglo-American Union into which the older states continually discharge the restless part of their population, leaving laws and Gospel to overtake it if they can, for in the march of modern civilization both are left behind." This prophecy was uttered long before even the name of 'Mormon' had been heard in the west, and, bating the hermit-poet's very natural fling at camp-meetings, and his English cant about American immorality, is worthy of a seer.

Joseph Smith, the Mohammed of the West,—founder of the sect called Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints,—was born in Sharon, Vermont, December 23, 1805, and met a violent death at Carthage, Illinois, in his thirty-ninth year. In 1815, he removed with his father to Palmyra, New York, and here they sustained an unenviable reputation, for idleness, intemperance, dishonesty, and other immoralities. Joseph was especially obnoxious in these respects; and, having never received any education, he could scarcely so much as read and write when he had attained to manhood, and whatever he put forth to the world, under his own name, was written or composed by another hand.

According to his own account of himself, his mind was at a very early age exercised religiously, and, on the evening of September 21st, when he was but eighteen years old, the angel Moroni—a glorious being from Heaven—appeared before him, as a messenger from the Lord, instructing him in the secret purposes of the Most High, and announcing the divine will to be that he, Smith, should become a spiritual leader and commander to the nations of the earth. He was also told that there was a bundle of golden or metallic plates deposited in a hill in Manchester, New York (to which place Smith had removed in 1819), which plates contained some lost biblical records, and with which were two transparent stones, set in the rim of a bow of silver, which were anciently known as the Urim and Thummim; by looking through these stones, he could see the strange characters on the plates translated into plain English. These plates were about eight inches long by seven wide, and a little thinner than ordinary tin, and were bound together by three rings running through the whole. Altogether they were about six inches thick, and were neatly engraved on each side with hieroglyphics in a language called the Reformed Egyptian, not then known on the earth. From these plates, Smith, sitting behind a blanket hung across the room to keep the sacred records from profane eyes, read off, through the transparent stones, the "Book of Mormon," or Golden Bible, to Oliver Cowdery, who wrote it down as Smith read it. It was printed in 1830, in a volume of several hundred pages. Appended to it was a statement signed by Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, who had become professed believers in Smith's supernatural pretensions, and are called by the Mormons, the "three witnesses." In after years, however, these witnesses quarreled with Smith, renounced Mormonism, and avowed the falsity of their testimony.

It is charged by the opponents of Smith, that the book in question was not the production of Smith, in any wise, but of the Rev. Solomon Spalding, who wrote it as a sort of romance, and that it was seen and stolen by Sidney Rigdon, afterwards Smith's right-hand man. Spalding had become involved in his pecuniary affairs, and wrote this work, intending to have it printed and published, and with the proceeds to pay his debts. The book was entitled "Manuscript Found." It was an historical romance of the first settlers of America, endeavoring to show that the American Indians are the descendants of the Jews or the lost tribes. It gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem, by land and sea, till they arrived in America under the command of Nephi and Lehi. They afterward had quarrels and contentions, and separated into two distinct nations, one of which he denominated Nephites and the other Lamanites. Cruel and bloody wars ensued, in which great multitudes were slain. They buried their dead in large heaps, which caused the mounds, so common in this country. Their arts, sciences, and civilization were brought into view, in order to account for all the curious antiquities, found in various parts of North and South America. Abundant testimony was adduced from the wife, brother, and business partner of Spalding, to whom portions of the work had been read while it was in course of preparation, proving that the

Mormon bible was made up of identically the same matter, combined with portions of the true Scripture. Mr. Spalding's business partner, Mr. Miller, testified on oath as follows:

'I have recently examined the Book of Mormon, and find in it the writings of Solomon Spalding, from beginning to end, but mixed up with Scripture and other religious matter, which I did not meet in the 'Manuscript Found.' Many of the passages in the Mormon book are *verbatim* from Spalding, and others in part. The names of Nephi, Lehi, Moroni, and in fact all the principal names, are brought fresh to my recollection by the gold bible.'

Mr. Spalding wrote his manuscript in 1812; he afterwards removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1816. His manuscript remained in the printing-office a long time, and in this office Rigdon was a workman. There is the best evidence, therefore, that the so-called Mormon bible had for its basis the matter contained in Mr. Spalding's work. Rigdon, however, had at first no open connection with Smith, and was converted by a special mission sent into his neighborhood in 1830. From the time of Rigdon's conversion, the progress of Mormonism was wonderfully rapid, he being a man of more than common cunning and capacity. It may be of interest here to state, that a transcript on paper, of one of the golden plates, having been submitted to Prof. Charles Anthon, of New York, for his inspection, that eminent scholar gave, as his statement, that the paper was in fact a kind of singular scroll, consisting of all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets, Greek, and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes; Roman letters, inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns; and the whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, decked with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source.

The Mormon theology teaches that there is one God, the Eternal Father, his son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost; that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions; that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel, these ordinances being faith in the Lord Jesus, repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, laying on of hands by the gift of the Holy Ghost, and the Lord's Supper; that man must be called of God by inspiration, and

Joseph Smith

by laying on of hands from those who are duly commissioned to preach the gospel and administer the ordinances thereof; that the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, evangelists, etc., should be maintained now; that the powers and gifts of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelations, visions, healing, tongues, and the interpretation of tongues, still exist; that the word of God is recorded in the Bible, and in the Book of Mormon, and in all other good books; that there are now being revealed, and will continue to be revealed, many more great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God and Messiah's second coming; that there is to be a literal gathering of Israel, and the restoration of the ten tribes; that Zion will be estab-

lished upon the western continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth a thousand years, and the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory; that there is to be a literal resurrection of the body, and that the rest of the dead live not again until the thousand years have expired; that the privilege belongs to all, of unmolested worship of God, according to the dictates of conscience; that all persons are to be subject to kings, queens, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law; that God, having become nearly lost to man, revived his work, by revealing himself to Joseph Smith, and conferring upon him the keys of the everlasting priesthood, thus making him the mediator of a new dispensation, which is immediately to precede the second coming of Christ; that all those who recognize the divine authority of Smith, and are baptized by one having authority, are the chosen people of God, who are to introduce the millennium, and to reign with Christ, on the earth, a thousand years. The doctrine of direct revelation from Heaven was at first applied in a general sense, and any one firm in the faith, and who stood high in the church, received visions and revelations. But this soon became troublesome,—the revelations often clashed with each other and led to many annoyances, and the power of receiving revelations was therefore, in course of time, confined to the presidency, in whom the supreme authority of the church rests. This presidency consists of the president and his two counselors; the First President is, however, supreme, and there is no resistance to his decrees. Next in authority in the church is the apostolic college, which is composed of twelve apostles, who form a kind of ecclesiastical senate, but a portion of them are generally on missions, taking charge of the different branches of the church in other parts of the world. After these come the high priests, who, together with the elders, compose the body politic of the church, whose duty it is to carry out and enforce its decrees and regulations. These high priests and elders are divided into societies, called quorums of seventies, and every quorum preserves on its records a complete genealogy of each of its members.

Among the dignitaries of the church, the patriarch stands eminent. He holds his office for life; all other stations are filled with candidates nominated by the presidency and elected annually in convention by the body of the church. The bishops also are conspicuous and important officers, for it is their duty to collect the tithing, to inspect once a week every family in their ward or district, and to examine strictly into their temporal and spiritual affairs. In order to do this more thoroughly, each bishop is assisted by two counselors. The bishop also adjudicates and settles all difficulties occurring between persons residing in his ward, though from his decision an appeal can be made to the high council. This is a tribunal consisting of fifteen men selected from among the high priests, twelve of whom sit as jurors and hear the testimony of witnesses in the case, and then by voting make a decision—a majority on one side or the other deciding the question; the remaining three, as judges, render judgment as to the costs or punishment. From this court the only appeal is to the presidency.

The first regularly constituted church of the Mormon faith was organized in Manchester, N. Y., April sixth, 1830, and from this time and event dates the Mormon era. It began with six members or elders being ordained, viz., Joseph Smith, sen., Hyrum Smith, Joseph Smith, jr., Samuel Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Knight. The sacrament was administered, and hands were laid on for the gift of the Holy Ghost on this first occasion in the church. The first public discourse was preached by Cowdery, setting forth the principles of the gospel as revealed to Smith, April eleventh; and during the same month the first miracle was performed, "by the power of God," in Colesville, N. Y.

On the first of June, 1830, the first conference of the church was held at Fayette, N. Y., and soon after, Messrs. Pratt and Rigdon united publicly with the order. Meanwhile, converts multiplied rapidly.

Early in 1831, Smith set out for Kirtland, Ohio, which, for a time, became the chief city of his followers. The elders soon received command to go forth in pairs and preach, the Melchizedek or superior priesthood being first conferred upon them in June. A considerable body of Mormons transferred themselves to Jackson county, Missouri, in the summer of this year. So rapidly did their numbers augment in this region, that the older settlers became alarmed, and held public meetings protesting against the continuance of the sect in their neighborhood. Among the resolutions passed at these meetings was one requiring the Mormon paper to be stopped, but, as this was not immediately complied with, the office of the paper was destroyed. Finally, they agreed to remove from that county into Clay county, across the Missouri, before doing which,

Brigham Young

however, houses were destroyed, men whipped, and some lives were lost on both sides.

These outrages, according to the annals given by Perkins, kindled the wrath of the prophet at Kirtland, who took steps to bring about a great gathering of his disciples, and, marshaling them as an army, in May, 1834, he started for Missouri, which in due time he reached, but with no other result than the transfer of a certain portion of his followers as permanent residents in a section already too full of them. At first, the citizens of Clay county were friendly to the persecuted; but ere long, trouble grew up, and the wanderers were once more forced to seek a new home, to insure their safety. This home they found in Caldwell county, where, by permission of the neighbors and state legislature, they organized a county government, the country having been previously unsettled.

In addition to the stirring scenes already recorded, some of the more important events in the history and continued progress of this sect may be stated briefly as follows. The year 1832 was distinguished by the tarring and feathering of Smith and Rigdon by a mob, for attempting to establish communism, and for alleged dishonorable dealing, forgery, and swindling, in connection with the Kirtland Safety Society Bank, founded by them; the conversion of Mr. Brigham Young, and his baptism by Eleazer Millard, also the baptism of Mr. Heber C. Kimball; and the establishment of the first Mormon periodical, by Mr. W. W. Phelps.

In 1833, the gift of tongues was conferred; the re-translation of the bible finished; Bishop Partridge became the ecclesiastical head of the church in Zion; the 'Missouri Enquirer' was established by Messrs. Davis and Kelley. At a conference of elders in Kirtland, May 3, 1834, the body ecclesiastic was first named "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." In 1835, a quorum of twelve apostles was organized, among whom were Brigham Young and H. C. Kimball, the former, being then thirty-four years old, assuming the headship of the apostolic college, and, receiving the gift of tongues, was sent on a

missionary tour toward the east. Young was so devoted a disciple of Mormonism, that he said of Smith, its founder:

"The doctrine he teaches is all I know about the matter; bring anything against that, if you can. As to anything else, I do not care if he acts like a devil; he has brought forth a doctrine that will save us, if we will abide by it. He may get drunk every day of his life, sleep with his neighbor's wife every night, run horses and gamble; I do not care anything about that, for I never embrace any man in my faith."

Rigdon was equally bold and lawless; who declared, in behalf of the prophet and his followers, in a sermon preached at Far West, to a great concourse,

"We take God and all the holy angels to witness this day, that we warn all men, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come on us no more forever. The man, or the set of men, who attempts it, does it at the expense of their lives. And that mob that comes on us to disturb us, it shall be between them and us a war of extermination, for we will follow them till the last drop of their blood is spilled, or else they will have to exterminate us. For we will carry the seat of war to their own houses and their own families, and one party or the other shall be utterly destroyed."

On the 20th of July, 1837, Elders Kimball, Hyde, Richards, Goodson, Russell, and Priest Fielding, sailed from New York for Liverpool, to preach and propagate Mormonism, and proselytes multiplied, especially in northern Europe, so plausibly was Smith's imposture set before them; multitudes of these converts, male and female, emigrated to the "promised land." The next year was distinguished by continued scenes of violence, attended with bloodshed and death, between the people of Missouri and the Mormons, among the killed being Captain Fearnot, *alias* Patten, leader of the Danite band. Smith, and his brother Hyrum, together with such kindred spirits as Young, Phelps, Pratt, Hedlock, Turley, Rockwell, Higbee, were particularly obnoxious to the hatred of the Missourians; and, throughout all the western states, no curse that could come upon a neighborhood was considered so great as that of the advent of Mormon settlers.

Early in the summer of 1839, Smith visited the town of Commerce, in Illinois, at the invitation of Dr. Isaac Galland, of whom he obtained, gratis, a large tract of land, to induce the Mormons to immigrate, and upon receipt of revelation called his people around him, and sold them the town lots. This place was afterward called Nauvoo, "the beautiful site," and soon numbered thousands of souls; the building of the famous temple was commenced the next year. Polygamy dates from about this time, being authorized as Smith's privilege, according to a "revelation" received by him. Smith was repeatedly arrested in 1842–3–4, on charges of murder, treason, and adultery, but managed either to escape or be acquitted, until the fatal summer of 1844. The greatest crimes charged against him were those testified to by some of his once devoted but afterwards disgusted and seceding disciples, and who would have been glad to execute summary vengeance upon his head.

The exasperation produced by the Mormons murdering Lieutenant Governor Boggs (under Governor Dunklin), of Missouri, in May, 1843, was widespread and most intense, and the swarming of the sect into Illinois, caused the inhabitants of the latter to arm themselves. Governor Ford, of Illinois, persuaded the Smiths, under pledge of his word, to yield up their arms, and sent them prisoners, under the charge of sixty militia men, to Carthage. Here the prisoners were at once arrested for treason. Instead of being confined in cells, the two Smiths, at the instance of their friends, were put into the debtors' room of the prison, and a guard assigned for their security. But, on the 27th of June, 1844, a large body of exasperated and lawless men, with their faces painted and blackened, broke into the jail, and summarily killed both Joseph

and Hyrum Smith, and instantly fled. In his struggle against the mob, the prophet attempted, as a last resort, to leap from the window, when two balls pierced him from the door, one of which entered his right breast, and he staggered lifeless, exclaiming, '*O Lord, my God!*' He fell on his left side, a dead man. The excitement in all parts of the west, following this event, was tremendous.

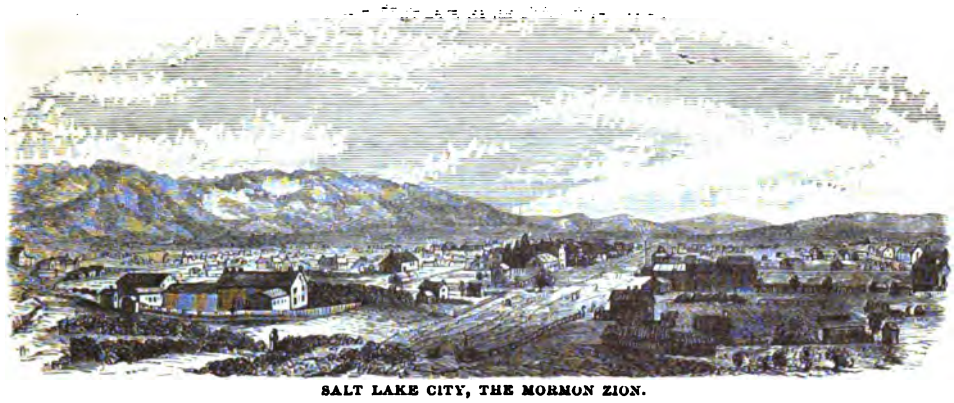
An address was now sent forth to "all the saints in the world," announcing, with lamentations, the death of "the Lord's Prophet." Brigham Young, a native of Whittingham, Vt., succeeded to the presidency, thus defeating Rigdon, who claimed the office, but who was forthwith cut off, and delivered over to the 'buffetings of Satan.' The next great step was the abandonment of Nauvoo, on account of the bitter hostility of the Illinoisians to the existence of Mormonism in their midst. Nauvoo was a city regularly laid out with broad streets crossing at right angles, and the houses were built generally of logs, with a few frame and brick buildings interspersed. A temple, one hundred and thirty feet long by ninety wide, was

MORMON TEMPLE.

erected of polished limestone; the baptistry was in the basement, and held a large stone basin supported by twelve colossal oxen. In 1848, this building was set on fire by an incendiary, and all consumed except the walls, which were finally destroyed by a tornado, in 1850.

The valley of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, now became the new "promised land" of the exiled Mormons, and, crossing the frozen Mississippi in the winter of 1846, the exodus began; in the summer ensuing, they commenced to lay the foundations of the city,—the "New Jerusalem." Soon after, the whole of this vast region was surveyed by Messrs. Stansbury and Gunnison, by order of the federal government, and a bill organizing Utah into a Territory having been signed by President Fillmore, Brigham Young was appointed governor, and thus became the supreme head of the church and state. He has ruled with consummate tact and success, overcoming all opposition from "Gentile" sources, and even keeping at bay the national government itself. He declared, "*I am, and will be, governor, and no power on earth can hinder it, until the Lord Almighty says, 'Brigham, you need not be governor any longer.'*" Under his teachings and practice, polygamy became firmly established and universal, the prohibitory laws of the United States in this matter being openly defied. His conduct he defended in powerful harangues to the faithful, who were always ready, at the word of command, to fight or murder, in behalf of their political and spiritual chief, if occasion required. Their sectarian literature has been very voluminous, and has appeared in almost every language; for even in the old world — throughout Europe, as also in Asia, Africa, Australia, and Polynesia,—scores of thousands of the simple-minded have become dupes of the itinerant impostors sent forth from headquarters to convert the "gentile" world.

Of Young, personally, the description usually given is that of a man rather above the medium height and somewhat corpulent, with a face indicative of penetration and firmness; hair parted on the side, and reaching below the ears with a half curl; the forehead somewhat narrow, thin eyebrows, the eyes between gray and blue, with a calm, composed, and somewhat reserved expression; nose, fine and sharp-pointed, and bent a little to the left; lips close, the lower one evincing the sensual voluptuary; cheeks rather fleshy,



SALT LAKE CITY, THE MORMON ZION.

the side line between the nose and the mouth considerably broken, and the chin peaked; hands well made; the whole figure large, broad-shouldered, and stooping a little when standing. In dress, no Quaker could be neater or plainer,—all gray homespun, except the cravat and waistcoat; the coat of antique cut, and, like the pantaloons, baggy, and the buttons black; a neck-tie of dark silk, with a large bow, was loosely passed around a starchless collar, which turned down of its own accord; the waistcoat of black satin —once an article of almost national dress —single-breasted, and buttoned nearly to the neck, and a plain gold chain passed into the pocket. In manner, affable and impressive, simple and courteous, exciting in strangers a consciousness of his power. The number of his wives was never known by any person but himself; and the multitude of his children, thus born into the world, constituted his chief boast. Those who would like to know more of the details of a Mormon prophet's harem will find them amply portrayed in the works of Burton, Ferris, Waite, Bowles, Colfax, and other travelers in that region.

Salt Lake City, about two thousand miles west of New York, is situated on the east bank of the river Jordan, a stream which connects Great Salt Lake and Lake Utah; it is separated as well from the western frontier as from the Pacific coast, by dreary, timberless prairies, sand plains, and high mountains, the mountains on the east side being covered with perpetual snow, and their summits are nearly two miles above the level of the sea. Thus, the Mormons form an isolated people, and their home is almost shut out from the rest of mankind. The city was laid out so as to contain two hundred and sixty blocks of ten acres each, divided into eight lots and four public squares; the streets, one hundred and twenty-eight feet wide, and a stream of water flowing through each, for the purpose of irrigating the gardens; and the squares being adorned with trees from the four quarters of the globe, and adorned with fountains. The houses are built of sun-dried brick, and are generally small and of one story, with separate entrances where there are several wives. The great temple, built in the Gothic style, is one hundred and fifty feet long and sixty feet wide. One of the largest buildings is the tithing-house, where is deposited one-tenth of all the products of the territory for the benefit of the church. Almost "all the authorities of Zion" live in this, the great city thereof, with families comprising from twenty-five to two wives each, and there are many more girls than boys born. The population is composed largely of English, Scotch, Welsh and Danes. In the tabernacle, a large public building, the people assemble on the Sabbath, to hear the Mormon gospel preached by the prophet and his coadjutors. In another building, called the Endowment House, the secret orders, sacred ordinances, and solemn mysteries of Mormonism are administered.

XXVII.

CAREER, CAPTURE, AND EXECUTION OF GIBBS, THE MOST NOTED PIRATE OF THE CENTURY.—1831.

His Bold, Enterprising, Desperate, and Successful War, for Many Years, Against the Commerce of all Nations.—Terror inspired by His Name as the Scourge of the Ocean and the Enemy of Mankind.—Scores of Vessels Taken, Plundered, and Destroyed.—Their Crews and Passengers, Male and Female, Instantly Butchered.—Gibbs Born in Rhode Island —Joins the Privateer Maria.—Captures Her in a Mutiny.—Hoists the Black Flag.—Gibbs Chosen Leader.—Rendezvous at Cape Antonio.—Booty Sold in Havana.—No Lives Spared.—One Beautiful Girl Excepted.—Atrocious Use Made of Her.—The Maria Chased All Day.—Her Final Abandonment.—A New Craft: Rich Prizes —Fight with a United States Frigate.—Gibbs Overmatched and Flees —Fatal Voyage in the Vineyard.—Lands at Southampton, L. I.—His Infamy Brought to Light.—Arrested With His Treasure.—Confession of His Guilt.—Black Record of Crime and Blood.—Close of His Ill-Starred Life.

"Leading a pirate's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders."

APPEAL OF A GIRL TO GIBBS TO SPARE HER LIFE.

NOTWITHSTANDING a new generation has come upon the stage of human affairs, since "GIBBS, *the pirate*," startled the world by his bold and atrocious career on the high seas, his deeds are still read of, rehearsed, and listened to, with the same wondering interest and involuntary shudder, as when, in the days of their actual occurrence, they broke fresh upon the ears of an astonished and outraged community;—a career which, in spite of the destiny that inevitably awaits such a course of crime against mankind, seemed for years to defy and baffle all the efforts of pursuit and of retributive justice.

From the various accessible resources of information concerning this notorious adept in piracy and blood, it appears that his native place was Providence, R. I., his real name, James D. Jeffers, having been given up, and that of Charles Gibbs substituted. Bearing this name, at the very

mention of which mankind would afterwards shudder, he became, in the widest and most ghastly sense of the term, ever applied to man, the *Scourge of the Ocean.*

In November, 1830, there sailed from New Orleans for Philadelphia, the brig Vineyard, Captain William Thornby, with William Roberts as mate, and the following crew: Charles Gibbs, John Brownrigg, Robert Dawes, Henry Atwell, James Talbot, A. Church, and Thomas I. Wansley, a young negro native of Delaware, who acted as cook. When the Vineyard had been five days at sea, Wansley made it known to the crew that there were fifty thousand dollars in specie on board. This information excited their cupidity, and induced them to secretly consult as to whether and how they could get the money into their own hands. Many conversations took place on the subject, and while these were going on, Dawes, who was a mere boy, was sent to converse with the officers, in order to divert their attention from what was passing.

Finally, the resolution was taken, that as the master and mate were old men, it was time they should die and make room for the rising generation. Moreover, they were of the opinion that as the mate was of a peevish disposition, he deserved death. It does not appear, however, that Brownrigg or Talbot had any part in these plans, or in the foul deed that resulted from them. The conspirators agreed to commit the fiendish crimes of murder and piracy, on the night of the twenty-third. The murder of the master was, by agreement, to Gibbs and Wansley, and that of the mate to Atwell and Church. This plan was carried out.

The pirates took possession of the vessel, and Wansley busied himself in wiping up the blood that had been spilled on deck, declaring, with an oath, that though he had heard that the stains of the blood of a murdered person could not be effaced, he would wipe away these. Then, after drinking all round, they got up the money. It was distributed in equal portions to all on board; Brownrigg and Talbot being assured that, if they would keep the secret, and share the plunder, they should receive no injury.

They then steered a north-easterly course toward Long Island, till they came within fifteen or twenty miles of Southampton light, where they resolved to leave the vessel and take to the boats, though the wind was blowing very hard. Atwell scuttled the brig and got into the jolly-boat with Church and Talbot, while Gibbs, Wansley, Dawes, and Brownrigg, put off in the long-boat. The jolly-boat swamped on a bar two miles from the shore, and all on board were drowned. The long-boat was also in great danger, and was only saved from a like fate by throwing over several bags of specie. Nevertheless, the crew at last got on shore at Pelican Island, where they buried their money, and found a sportsman who told them where they were. They then crossed to Great Barn Island, and went to the house of a Mr. Johnson, to whom Brownrigg gave the proper information. Thence they went to the house of a Mr. Leonard, where they procured a wagon to carry them farther. As they were about to get in, Brownrigg cried aloud that they might go where they pleased, but he would not accompany them, for they were murderers. On hearing this, Mr. Leonard obtained the presence of a magistrate, and Gibbs and Dawes were apprehended. Wansley escaped into the woods, but was followed and soon taken. The maritime, and indeed the whole civilized world, breathed freer, when the news spread abroad of the great pirate's capture.

The evidence of the guilt of the accused was full and conclusive. Their own confession of the crime, voluntarily made to Messrs. Merritt and Stevenson, who had the custody of them from Flatbush to New York, could have left not the shadow of a doubt on the mind of any person who heard the testimony of those officers. Wansley told the whole story, occasionally prompted by Gibbs; and while both admitted that Brownrigg was innocent, their confession was not so favorable as to Dawes.

Gibbs was arraigned for the murder of William Roberts, and Wansley for that of Captain Thornby, and, being found guilty, judgment in accordance with the law was pronounced. During the trial, the iron visage of Gibbs was occasionally changed by a transient emotion; he had evidently abandoned all hope of escape, and sat the greater part of his time with his hands between his knees, calmly surveying the scene before him. Wansley was more agitated, and trembled visibly when he rose to hear the verdict of the jury.

And now, as was to be expected, *there was revealed the bloody annals of Gibbs's ill-starred career.*

PIRATE GIBBS.

It was in the latter part of 1813, that he entered on board a ship bound to New Orleans and thence to Stockholm. On the homeward passage they were forced to put into Bristol, England, in distress, where the ship was condemned, and he proceeded to Liverpool. He returned to the United States in the ship Amity, Captain Maxwell. Shortly after his arrival home, the death of an uncle put him in possession of about two thousand dollars, with which he established himself in the grocery business in Boston, an undertaking which did not prove profitable, so that he was often under the necessity of applying to his father for assistance, which was always afforded, together with the best advice. The stock was finally sold at auction, for about nine hundred dollars, which he soon squandered in tippling-houses and among profligates. His father, hearing of his dissipation, wrote affectionately to him to come home, but he stubbornly refused, and again turned his attention to the sea.

Sailing in the ship John, Captain Brown, bound for the island of Margaretta, he left the ship soon after its arrival at that place, and entered on board the Colombian privateer Maria, Captain Bell. They cruised for about two months in the Gulf of Mexico, around Cuba, but the crew becoming dissatisfied in consequence of the non-payment of their prize-money, a mutiny arose, the crew took possession of the schooner, and landed the officers near Pensacola. A number of days elapsed before it was finally decided by them what course to pursue. Some advised that they should cruise as before, under the Colombian commission; others proposed to hoist the black flag. They cruised for a short time without success, and it was then *unanimously determined to hoist the black flag,* and wage war against the commerce of all nations. Their bloody purpose, however, was not carried into full and immediate execution; for, though they boarded a number of vessels, they allowed them to pass unmolested, there being no specie on board, and their cargoes not being convertible into anything valuable to themselves.

At last, one of the crew, named Antonio, suggested that an arrangement could be made with a man in Havana, that would be mutually beneficial; that he would receive all their goods, sell them, and divide the proceeds. This plan being received favorably, they ran up within two miles of Moro Castle, and sent Antonio on shore to see the merchant and make a contract with him. Previous to this, Gibbs was chosen to navigate the vessel. Antonio succeeded in arranging everything according to their wishes, and Cape Antonio was appointed to be the place of rendezvous. The merchant was to furnish facilities for transporting the goods to Havana, which he did for more than three years.

The Maria now put to sea, with a crew of about fifty men, mostly Spaniards and Americans, with every expectation of success. The first vessel she fell in with was the Indispensable, an English ship bound

to Havana, which was taken and carried to Cape Antonio. *The crew were immediately destroyed; those who resisted were hacked to pieces; those who offered no resistance were reserved to be shot and thrown overboard.* The maxim to which they scrupulously adhered, was, that '*dead men tell no tales.*' According to Gibbs's statement, he never had occasion to give orders to begin the work of death. The Spaniards were eager to accomplish that object without delay, and generally *every unhappy victim disappeared in a very few minutes after the pirates' feet trod the deck of the fated vessel.*

Gibbs now directed his course towards the Bahama Banks, where they captured a brig, believed to be the William, of New York, from some port in Mexico, with a cargo of furniture, destroyed the crew, took the vessel to Cape Antonio, and sent the furniture and other articles to their accomplice in Havana. Sometime during this cruise, the pirate was chased for nearly a whole day, by a United States frigate, supposed to be the John Adams; he hoisted patriot colors, and finally escaped. In the early part of the summer of 1817, they took the Earl of Moria, an English ship from London, with a cargo of dry-goods. The crew were destroyed, the vessel burnt, and the goods carried to the Cape; here the pirates had a settlement with their Havana agent, and the proceeds were divided according to agreement. Gibbs repaired personally to Havana, introduced himself to the merchant, and made arrangements for the successful prosecution of his piracies. While there, he became acquainted with many of the English and American naval officers, and, adroitly concealing his own character and calling, inquired respecting the success of their various expeditions for the suppression of piracy, and all their intended movements!

On the return to Cape Antonio, Gibbs found his comrades in a state of mutiny and rebellion, and that several of them had been killed. His energy checked the disturbance, and all agreed to submit to his orders, and put any one to death who should dare to disobey them.

During the cruise which was made in the latter part of 1817 and the beginning of 1818, a Dutch ship from Curacoa was captured, with a cargo of West India goods, and a quantity of silver plate. The passengers and crew, to the number of thirty, *were all killed, with the exception of a young and beautiful female, about seventeen, who, in the midst of the awful scene of death-blows and shrieks and mangled corpses, kneeled upon the gory deck, and piteously implored Gibbs to save her life!* The appeal was successful; and he promised to save her, though he knew it would lead to dangerous consequences among his crew. She was carried to Cape Antonio, and kept there about two months; but the dissatisfaction increased until it broke out at last into open mutiny, and one of the pirates was shot by Gibbs for daring to lay hold of her with a view to beating out her brains. Gibbs was compelled, however, in the end, to submit her fate to a council of war, at which it was decided that the preservation of their own lives made her sacrifice indispensable. He therefore acquiesced in the decision, and gave orders to have her destroyed by poison, which was immediately administered to her, *and thus the young, beautiful, and unfortunate creature was launched into the other world.*

Shortly after this, the piratical schooner was driven ashore near the Cape, and so much damaged that it was found necessary to destroy her. A new, sharp-built schooner was in consequence provided by their faithful ally in Havana, called the Picciana, and dispatched to their rendezvous.

In this vessel, they cruised successfully for more than four years. Among the vessels taken and destroyed — and their crews and passengers remorselessly hurried into eternity—were the Belvidere, Dido, a Dutch brig, the British barque Larch, and many others.

Gibbs further stated that he had been concerned in robbing forty different ves-

GIBBS BUTCHERING THE CREW OF ONE OF HIS PRIZES.

sels. He gave the names of upwards of a score of vessels taken by the pirates under his command, *the crews of which had been murdered.*

Sometime in the course of the year 1819, Gibbs left Havana for the United States, carrying with him about thirty thousand dollars. He passed several weeks in New York, and then went to Boston, whence he took passage for Liverpool, in the ship Emerald. Before he sailed, however, he had squandered a large part of his money in dissipation and gambling. He remained in Liverpool a few months, and then returned to Boston in the ship Topaz. His residence in Liverpool, at that time, was testified to by a female in New York, who was well acquainted with him there, and where, as she stated, he lived like a wealthy gentleman. In speaking of his acquaintance with this female, Gibbs said:

"I fell in with a woman, who, I thought, was all virtue, but she deceived me, and I am sorry to say that a heart that never felt abashed at scenes of carnage and blood, was made a child of, for a time, by her, and I gave way to dissipation and torment. How often, when the fumes of liquor have subsided, have I thought of my good and affectionate parents, and of their godly advice! But when the little

monitor began to move within me, I immediately seized the cup to hide myself from myself, and drank until the sense of intoxication was renewed. My friends advised me to behave like a man, and promised me their assistance, but the demon still haunted me, and I spurned their advice."

He readily admitted his participation in the Vineyard mutiny, revolt and robbery, and in the murder of Thornby; and, so impressed was he with the universal detestation and horror which his heinous crimes had excited against him, that he often inquired if he should not be murdered in the streets, in case he had his liberty, and was recognized. He would also frequently exclaim, "*Oh, if I had got into Algiers, I should never have been in this prison, to be hung for murder!*"

Though he gave no evidence of contrition for the horrible and multiplied crimes of which he confessed himself guilty, yet he evidently dwelt upon their recollection with great unwillingness. If a question was asked him, in regard to how the crews were generally destroyed, he answered quickly and briefly, and instantly changed the topic either to the circumstances attending his trial, or to his exploits in Buenos Ayres. On being asked why with such cruelty he killed so many persons, after getting all their money, which was all he wanted, he replied that the laws themselves were responsible for so many murders; that, by those laws, a man has to suffer death for piracy, and the punishment for murder is no more,—besides, all witnesses are out of the way, and, consequently, if the punishment was different, there would not be so many murders.

On Friday, April twenty-second, 1831, Gibbs and Wansley paid the penalty of their crimes. Both prisoners arrived at the gallows about twelve o'clock, accompanied by the marshal, his aids, and a body of United States marines. Two clergymen attended them to the fatal spot, where, everything being in readiness, the ropes were adjusted about their necks, and prayers offered. Gibbs addressed the spectators, acknowledging the heinousness of his career, and adding—

"Should any of the friends of those whom I have been accessory to, or engaged in, the murder of, be now present, before my Maker I beg their forgiveness—it is the only boon I ask—and, as I hope for pardon through the blood of Christ, surely this request will not be withheld by man, from a worm, like myself, standing, as I do, on the very verge of eternity! Another moment, and I cease to exist—and could I find in my bosom room to imagine that the spectators now assembled had forgiven me, the scaffold would have no terrors. My first crime was *piracy*, for which my *life* would pay the forfeit on conviction; no punishment could be inflicted on me farther than that, and therefore I had nothing to fear but detection, for had my offenses been millions of times more aggravated than they now are, *death* must have satisfied all."

Gibbs shook hands with Wansley, the officers and clergymen, the caps were then drawn over the faces of the two criminals, and a handkerchief dropped by Gibbs as a signal to the executioner caused the cord to be severed, and in an instant they were suspended in air. Wansley expired with only a few slight struggles. Gibbs died hard.

XXVIII.

SUBLIME METEORIC SHOWER ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.—1833.

The Most Grand and Brilliant Celestial Phenomenon Ever Beheld and Recorded by Man.—The Whole Firmament of the Universe in Fiery Commotion for Several Hours.—Amazing Velocity, Size, and Profusion of the Falling Bodies.—Their Intense Heat, Vivid Colors, and Strange, Glowing Beauty.—Unequaled in Every Respect.—Cloudless Serenity of the Sky.—The People Wonder-Struck.—Admiration Among the Intelligent.—Alarm Among the Ignorant.—Conflagration of the World Feared.—Impromptu Prayer-Meetings.—Prodigious Star-Shower at Boston.—Myriads of Blood-Red Fire-Balls.—The Display at Niagara Falls.—Blazing Heavens, Roaring Cataracts.—Some of the Meteors Explode.—Trains of Light in their Track.—Radiant Prismatic Hues.—Substance Composing these Bodies.—Dissipated by Bursting.—One Great Central Source.—Velocity, Four Miles a Second.—Novel Shapes and Motions.—Hotter than the Hottest Furnace.—Possible Result to the Earth.—Half a Continent in Presumed Jeopardy.

"the sanguine flood
Rolled a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven,
And nature's self did seem to totter on the brink of time."

METEORIC SHOWER AT BOSTON.

EXTENSIVE and magnificent showers of shooting stars have been known to occur at various places in modern times; but the most universal and wonderful which has ever been recorded is that of the thirteenth of November, 1833, *the whole firmament, over all the United States, being then, for hours, in fiery commotion!* No celestial phenomenon has ever occurred in this country, since its first settlement, which was viewed with such intense admiration by one class in the community, or with so much dread and alarm by another. It was the all-engrossing theme of conversation and of scientific disquisition, for weeks and months. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, than that such a rare phenomenon,—next in grandeur and sublimity to that of a total solar eclipse, or a great comet stretched athwart the starry heavens, in full view of a wonder-struck universe,—should awaken the deepest interest among all beholding it. Nor is the memory of this marvelous scene yet extinct; its sublimity and awful beauty still linger in many minds, who also remember well the terror with which the demonstration was regarded, and the mortal fear excited among the ignorant that the end of the world had come. During the three hours of its con-

tinuance, the day of judgment was believed to be only waiting for sunrise, and, long after the shower had ceased, the morbid and superstitious still were impressed with the idea that the final day was at least only a week ahead. Impromptu meetings for prayer were held in many places, and many other scenes of religious devotion, or terror, or abandonment of worldly affairs, transpired, under the influence of fear occasioned by so sudden and awful a display.

But, though in many districts the mass of the population were thus panic-stricken, through fear, as well as want of familiarity with the history of such appearances, the more enlightened were profoundly awed at contemplating so vivid a picture of the apocalyptic image—that of 'the stars of heaven falling to the earth, even as a fig tree casting her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.' In describing the effect of this phenomenon upon the black population, a southern planter says:

'I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy, could be heard from most of the negroes of three plantations, amounting in all to some six or eight hundred. While earnestly and breathlessly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, "*O, my God, the world is on fire!*" I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me most —the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground, some speechless, and others uttering the bitterest moans, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth; east, west, north, and south, it was the same.' In a word, *the whole heavens seemed in motion.*

The display, as described in Professor Silliman's Journal, was seen all over North America. The chief scene of the exhibition was within the limits of the longitude of sixty-one degrees in the Atlantic ocean, and that of one hundred degrees in Central Mexico, and from the North American lakes to the southern side of the island of Jamaica.

Over this vast area, an appearance presented itself far surpassing, in grandeur and magnificence, the loftiest reach of the human imagination. From two o'clock until broad daylight, the sky being perfectly serene and cloudless, an incessant play of dazzlingly brilliant luminosities was kept up in the whole heavens. Some of these were of great magnitude and most peculiar form. One, of large size, remained for some time almost stationary in the zenith, over the Falls of Niagara, emitting streams of light which radiated in all directions. The wild dash of the waters, as contrasted with the fiery commotion above them, formed a scene of unequaled and amazing sublimity. Arago computes that not less than *two hundred and forty thousand meteors were at the same time visible above the horizon of Boston!* To form some idea of such a spectacle, one must imagine a constant succession of fire-balls, resembling sky-rockets radiating in all directions, from a point in the heavens near the zenith, and following the arch of the sky towards the horizon. They proceeded to various distances from the radiating point, leaving after them a vivid streak of light, and usually exploding before they disappeared. The balls were of various sizes and degrees of splendor; some were mere points, but others were larger and brighter than Jupiter or Venus; and one, in particular, appeared to be nearly of the moon's size. But at Niagara, no spectacle so terribly grand and sublime was ever before beheld by man as that of *the firmament descending in fiery torrents over the dark and roaring cataract!*

Everywhere within the range of the exhibition, the first appearance was that of fire-works of the most imposing grandeur, covering the entire vault of heaven with myriads of fire-balls resembling sky-rock-

ets. On more attentive inspection, it was seen that the meteors exhibited three distinct varieties, as follows, described by Dr. Olmsted :—

First, those consisting of phosphoric lines, apparently described by a point. This variety was the most numerous, every-where filling the atmosphere, and resembling a shower of fiery snow driven with inconceivable velocity to the north of west, and transfixing the beholder with wondering awe.

Second, those consisting of large fire-balls, which at intervals darted along the sky, leaving luminous trains which occasionally remained in view for a number of minutes, and, in some cases, for half an hour or more. This kind appeared more like falling stars, giving to many persons the very natural impression that the stars were actually falling from the sky; and it was principally this spectacle which caused such amazement and terror among the unenlightened classes.

Third, those undefined luminous bodies which remained nearly stationary in the heavens for a considerable period of time; these were of various size and form.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending this display was, that the meteors all seemed to emanate from one and the same point; that is, if their lines of direction had been continued backward, they would have met in the same point, south-east a little from the zenith. They set out at different distances from this point, and, following the arch of the sky, ran along the vault with immense velocity, describing in some instances an arc of thirty or forty degrees in less than four seconds. The trains which they left were commonly white, but were sometimes tinged with various prismatic colors.

One ball—seen at New Haven, and supposed to have been identical with one described by various observers—that shot off in the north-west direction, and exploded a little northward of the star Capella, left, just behind the place of explosion, a phosphorescent train of peculiar beauty. The line of direction was at first nearly straight; but it soon began to contract in length, to dilate in breadth, and to assume the figure of a serpent drawing himself up, until it appeared like a small luminous cloud of vapor. This cloud was borne eastward,—the wind blowing gently in that direction,—opposite to the course in which the meteor had proceeded, remaining in sight several minutes.

Of the third variety of meteors, the following are remarkable examples. At Poland, Ohio, a luminous body was distinctly visible in the north-east for more than an hour; it was very brilliant, in the form of a pruning-hook, and apparently twenty feet long and eighteen inches broad; it gradually settled towards the horizon, until it disappeared. At Niagara Falls, a large, luminous body, shaped like a square table, was seen nearly in the zenith, remaining for some time almost stationary, and emitting large streams of

METEORIC SHOWER AS SEEN AT NIAGARA FALLS.

light. At Charleston, S. C., a meteor of extraordinary size was seen to course the heavens for a great length of time, and then was heard to explode with the noise of a cannon.

The point from which the meteors seemed to issue, was observed, by those who fixed the position of the display among the stars, to be in the constellation Leo. At New Haven, it appeared in the bend of the 'sickle'—a collection of stars in the breast of Leo,—a little to the westward of the star Gamma Leonis. By observers at other places remote from each other, it was seen in the same constellation, although in different parts of it. An interesting and important fact, in this connection, is, that this radiating point was *stationary* among the fixed stars — that is, that it did not move along with the earth, in its diurnal revolution eastward, but accompanied the stars in their apparent progress westward.

According to the testimony of by far the greater number of observers, the meteors were, in general, unaccompanied by any very peculiar sound; but, on the other hand, such a sound, proceeding, as was supposed, from the meteors, was said to be distinctly heard by a few observers in various places. These sounds are represented either as a hissing noise, like the rushing of a sky-rocket, or as explosions, like the bursting of the same bodies; and these instances were too numerous to permit the supposition that they were imaginary.

A remarkable change of weather, from warm to cold, accompanied the meteoric shower, or immediately followed it. In all parts of the United States, this change was remarkable for its suddenness and intensity. In many places, the day preceding had been unusually warm for the season, but, before morning, a severe frost ensued, unparalleled for the time of year. Indeed, the seasons and atmospheric changes exhibited remarkable anomalies long after that period. Thus, in parts of Michigan, so uncommonly mild was the season throughout the latter part of November, and the whole of December, that the Indians made maple sugar during this month, and the contiguous lakes remained unfrozen as late as January third. At the same period, the season in the south-western states, as far as New Orleans, was uncommonly cold. In most portions of New England, an unusually mild winter was succeeded by a remarkably cold and backward spring, requiring domestic fires to be kept throughout the month of May, and frequently in the month of June. A succession of gales commenced about the time of the meteoric shower, first in the Atlantic ocean, and afterwards in various parts of the United States, almost unequaled in this country for their frequency and violence.

The meteors were constituted of very light, combustible materials. Their combustibility was rendered evident by their exhibiting the actual phenomena of combustion, being consumed, or converted into smoke, with intense light and heat; and the extreme tenuity of the substance composing them is inferred from the fact that they were stopped by the air. Had their quantity of matter been considerable, with so prodigious a velocity, they would have had a sufficient momentum to enable them to reach the earth, and the most disastrous consequences might have ensued. Upon submitting this subject to accurate calculation, upon established principles, Dr. Olmsted ascertained that the quantity of heat extricated from the air by the falling meteors, exceeded that of the hottest furnaces, and could be compared only to those immeasurable degrees of heat produced in the laboratory of the chemist, before which the most refractory substances are melted, and even dissipated in vapor.

Some of the larger meteors must have been bodies of very great size. Dr. Smith, of North Carolina, and other persons in various places, saw a meteor which appeared as large as the full moon. If this body were at the distance of one hundred and ten miles from the observer, it must have had a diameter of one mile; if at a

distance of eleven miles, its diameter was five hundred and twenty-eight feet; and if only one mile off, it must have been forty-eight feet in diameter. These considerations leave no doubt that many of the meteors were of great size, though it may be difficult to say precisely how large. The fact that they were stopped by the resistance of the air, proves that their substance was light; still, the quantity of smoke, or residuum, which resulted from their destruction, indicates that there was quite a body of matter.

The momentum of even light bodies of such size, and in such numbers, traversing the atmosphere with such astonishing velocity, must have produced extensive derangements in the atmospheric equilibrium, as the consideration of certain points will show.

These large bodies were stopped in the atmosphere, only by transferring their motion to columns of air, large volumes of which would be suddenly and violently displaced. Cold air of the upper regions would be brought down to the earth; the portions of air incumbent over districts of country remote from each other, being mutually displaced, would exchange places, the air of the warm latitudes being transferred to colder, and that of cold latitudes to warmer regions; remarkable changes of season would be the consequence, and numerous and violent gales would prevail for a long time, until the atmosphere should have regained its equilibrium. That the state of the weather, and the condition of the seasons that followed the meteoric shower, corresponded to these consequences of the disturbance of the atmospheric equilibrium, is a remarkable fact, and favors the opinion early suggested, that such disturbance is a natural effect of the meteoric shower, and it is a consequence from which the most formidable dangers attending phenomena of this kind are to be apprehended.

With regard to the nature of the meteors, Dr. Olmsted, after establishing the fact that they were combustible, light, and transparent bodies, infers that the cloud which produced the fiery shower, consisted of nebulous matter, analogous to that which composes the tails of comets. It cannot be said, indeed, precisely what is the constitution of the material of which the latter are composed; but it is known that it is very light, since it meets no appreciable force of attraction on the planets, moving even among the satellites of Jupiter without disturbing their motions, although its own motions, in such cases, are greatly disturbed, thus proving its materiality; and, that it is exceedingly transparent, is evinced by the fact that the smallest stars are visible through it. Hence, so far as there can be gathered any knowledge of the material of the nebulous matter of comets, and of the matter composing these November meteors, they appear to be analogous to each other.

Various hypotheses have been proposed to account for this wonderful phenomenon. The agent most readily suggesting itself in this and in most other unexplained natural appearances—electricity—has no known properties adequate to account for the production of the meteors, for the motions which they exhibited, or for the trains which, in many instances, they left behind them. And, if this agent be supposed to have some connection with the light and heat which they exhibited, it is to be borne in mind, that the compression of the air which must result from the rapid progress of large bodies through it, is a sufficient cause of this.

Magnetism has also been assigned as the principal agent concerned in producing the meteoric shower. The aurora borealis, and the remarkable auroral arches which occasionally appear in the sky, have been found to have peculiar relations to the magnetism of the earth, arranging themselves in obedience to the laws of magnetic attraction. Something of this kind was supposed by some to appear during the meteoric phenomenon, especially in the position of the apparent center or radiant-point, which was, as noticed by many observers, very nearly in the place towards which the dipping-needle is directed.

REMARKABLE METEORIC DISPLAY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

From other observations, however, it appears that the radiant-point was not stationary with respect to the meridian, but accompanied the stars in their westerly progress; the apparent coincidence with the pole of the dipping-needle being, according to this, purely accidental.

According to the view that has been taken, by some, of the origin of meteoric stones, namely, that of ascribing them to terrestrial comets, the hypothesis has been suggested, that the meteors in question might have a similar origin. But the body which afforded the meteoric shower, could not have been of the nature of a satellite to the earth, because it remained so long stationary with respect to the earth—at least two hours,—a period sufficient to have carried it nearly round the earth in a circular orbit.

Nor can it be supposed that the earth, in its annual progress, came into the vicinity of a nebula, which was either stationary, or wandering lawless through space. Such a collection of matter could not remain stationary within the solar system, in an insulated state; and had it been in motion in any other direction than that in which the earth was moving, it would soon have been separated from the earth, since, during the eight hours while the meteoric shower lasted,—and perhaps, in all its

wide range, it lasted much longer,—the earth moved in its orbit through the space of nearly five hundred and fifty thousand miles.

In connection with the account of this meteoric shower, mention may be made of a remarkable light, seen in the east at the time of that great display, and subsequently in the west after twilight at different times, until the month of May, which light assumed different aspects, corresponding, apparently, to those which the body revolving around the sun, in the manner contemplated by theory, would occupy. Hence it was conjectured, that this luminous appearance proceeded from the body itself, which afforded the meteoric shower. It has also been suggested, that this light may result from the same cause as the zodiacal light, and that the latter interesting phenomenon perhaps results from a nebulous body revolving around the sun, interior to the orbit of the earth.

It is a point worthy of contemplation, namely, the direful effects which such a "fiery shower" might, in the absence of that law of harmony which governs the universe, have unquestionably produced. Had the meteors been constituted of materials a little more dense, their momentum would have enabled them to reach the earth; and had they held on their course three seconds longer, it is impossible to conceive of the calamities which would have ensued by the descent to the earth of bodies of such magnitude, glowing with the most intense heat. *Half the continent must have been involved in one common destruction!*

One of the most interesting facts pertaining to this grand celestial phenomenon, is its periodical character. Between the years 903 and 1833, of the modern era, thirteen of these great showers are recorded, separated from each other by intervals of thirty-three and sixty-six years. It is not a little remarkable, too, that the epoch of these periodic displays coincides with the annual November showers so familiar in their occurrence to all, and that their point of divergence in the heavens is the same. Indeed, the phenomenon of the long interval or period differs from that of the annual period only in its numerical character.

The last of these magnificent stellar showers—second, perhaps, in grandeur of demonstration to that of November, 1833, which latter stands solitary in its unsurpassed extent and splendor,—occurred November fourteenth, 1867, beginning at about three o'clock in the morning. At half-past three, a meteor of a greenish blue color, and about the size of a star of the first magnitude, shot out from the direction of the constellation Leo, lighting up the sky with a long train of crimson fire, and traveling in a north-westerly direction. It had scarcely faded from the sight, when another and equally brilliant, though not quite so large, came speeding along in its track, and it was followed by fourteen of smaller magnitude, one by one, in quick succession. At this moment a heavy cloud drifted towards the north, and for some minutes the spectacle was partially lost to view. That the meteors were falling rapidly, however, was plainly evident; for, from all points where the mass of clouds was thin, occasional meteors flashed out, and the frequent lighting up of the clouds, as they passed over, left no doubt that the mysterious phenomenon was having full play in the regions beyond.

At ten minutes before four o'clock, the northern sky again became clear; a thick and almost impenetrable cloud passed over the moon, partially obscuring its light, and thus enabling the observers to view with greater distinctness the size and brilliancy of the meteors.

The display was now a most magnificent one indeed. The meteors shot out from Leo in all directions, and with remarkable swiftness traveled across the horizon. Sixty-three were counted in one minute and ten seconds, of which three were of extraordinary size and beauty. One of these, of a greenish hue, and followed by a long train of the same color, traveled in the direction of Ursa Major,

and as it was disappearing in the southern horizon, apparently burst, lighting up the sky for a great distance on all sides. It soon became utterly impossible to keep any correct account of the number falling. Eight, ten and twelve sped onwards, on their erratic course, at the same moment, scarcely disappearing before others of equal splendor took their places. For fully twenty minutes they continued to fall with the same rapidity, during which time, there were counted, exclusive of those already mentioned, three hundred and thirteen. This number, however, was not one-fifth of that which really fell, as observed in New York city. Not less than fifteen hundred or two thousand were estimated by observers at that city, to have radiated from Leo, during this space of time, some of which were splendid in color and movement.

One of the meteors constituting this display is described as of surpassing beauty, size and brilliancy. It radiated from Leo, and took a direct northerly course toward Ursa Major, followed by a long train of a yellowish red hue, which spanned the horizon from its point of appearance to that of its disappearance. This meteor was of the same greenish blue color as the others which preceded it, and as it passed over about one-half of the course traversed, it seemed to burst, and then the spectacle was one of extreme beauty. Apparently, hundreds of fragments of an almost blood-red color broke from it and scattered in every direction, while it continued its course towards the north, no longer wearing its greenish-blue color, but of one uniform and beautiful blue. The panorama it presented was exceedingly grand, and lasted about three minutes, before the varied colors disappeared and the fire-lit skies resumed their wonted serenity. After the appearance of this, the display gradually died away.

Although it is doubtful, from the want of the requisite data, whether the source of the meteors, or the height of the meteoric cloud, has been accurately ascertained, yet the truth in regard to the latter may be approximated. According to the established laws of falling bodies, the velocity the meteors would acquire in falling from a point two thousand two hundred and thirty-eight miles above the earth to within fifty miles of its surface—this being considered as nearly the height of the atmosphere—is about four miles per second, which is more than ten times the maximum velocity of a cannon-ball, and about nineteen times that of sound!

XXIX.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JACKSON, AT THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON, BY RICHARD LAWRENCE.—1835.

Failure of the Pistols to Discharge.—The President Rushes Furiously Upon His Assailant, and is Restrained from Executing Summary Vengeance only by His Friends.—Political Hostility Supposed, at First, to Have Instigated the Act.—Lawrence Proves to be a Lunatic, Without Accomplices.—His History and Trial.—Funeral of a Member of Congress.—Great Concourse at the Capitol.—President Jackson and Cabinet Present.—Lawrence Enters During the Sermon.—Moves to the Eastern Portico.—President Jackson Leaves with Secretary Woodbury.—Their Carriage at the Portico Steps.—Approach to Lawrence's Position.—He Levels a Pistol at Jackson.—Explosion of the Percussion Cap.—A Second Pistol Snapped.—Jackson Raises His Cane Fiercely.—Lion-Like Energy of the Old Hero.—Is with Difficulty Kept Back.—Lawrence Stunned and Secured.—His Perfect Calmness Through All.—The Crowd Wish to Kill Him.—Fine Appearance of the Assassin.—Frank Avowal of His Motives.—Insane Idea Possessing Him.—Claims to be a King.—Is Confined in a Madhouse.

"Let me go, gentlemen! I am not afraid—they CAN'T kill me—I can protect myself!"—JACKSON'S EXCLAMATION WHEN RUSHING UPON THE ASSASSIN.

LIKE wildfire on the flowing prairie, did the announcement of the attempted assassination of President Andrew Jackson, on the thirtieth of January, 1835, spread over the country, to its furthermost limits. Consternation filled the public mind, at the thought that the tragical mode of dealing with the crowned heads of kingdoms and empires, had at last been tried—though fortunately with abortive result—upon the person of the popularly elected ruler of a free republic!

THE PRESERVATION.

On the afternoon of the day above-named, while President Jackson was in the capitol, in attendance on the funeral of the Hon. Warren R. Davis, of South Carolina, Richard Lawrence, a painter, residing in Washington, attempted to shoot him. This individual was seen to enter the hall of the house of representatives during the delivery of the funeral sermon; before its close, however, he had taken his stand on the eastern portico, near one of the columns. The president, with the secretary of the treasury on his left arm, on retiring from the rotunda to reach his carriage at the steps of the portico, advanced towards the spot where Lawrence stood,—who had his pistol concealed under his coat, — and when he approached within two yards and

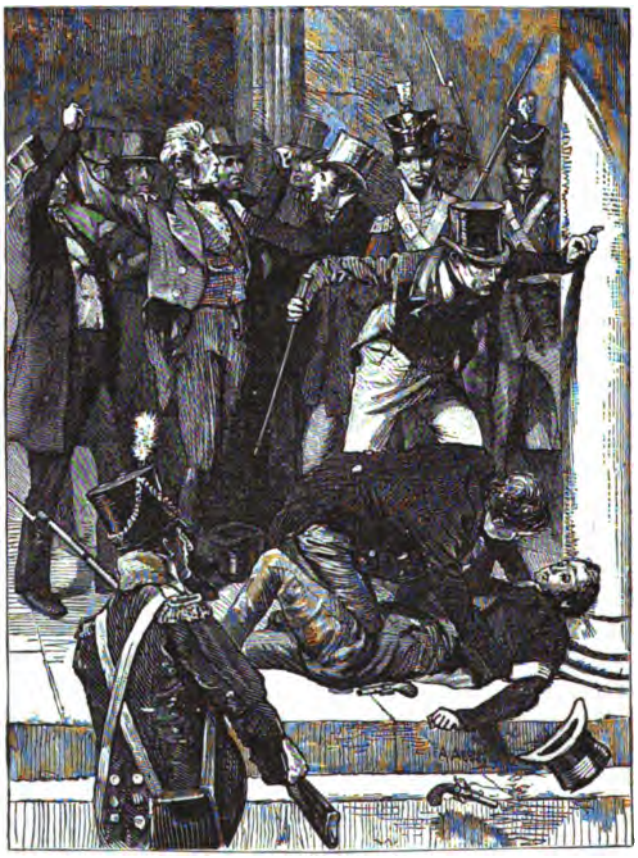
a half of him, the assassin extended his arm and leveled the pistol at the president's breast. The percussion cap exploded with a noise so great, that several witnesses supposed the pistol had fired. On the instant, the assassin dropped the pistol from his right hand, and taking another ready cocked from his left, presented and snapped it at the president, who at the moment raised his cane and made for the assailant with lion-like energy, and would have executed summary vengeance; but Secretary Woodbury and Lieutenant Gedney at the same instant laid hold of the man, who gave way through the crowd and was at last knocked down, the president pressing after him until he saw he was secured. The president's friends then urged him to go to the capitol, which the brave-hearted man did, with great firmness and self-possession, though during the eventful moment the president's commanding voice was heard above all others, as, tearing himself from his friends and rushing upon the assassin, he said, "*Let me go, gentlemen,—I am not afraid—they can't kill me—I can protect myself!*" As soon as the act was known to the crowd, they wished to kill the assassin on the spot.

Lawrence was forthwith carried to jail, after a brief preliminary examination before Judge Cranch. At this examination, Mr. Randolph, sergeant of the house of representatives, who attended the marshal to conduct the prisoner to the city hall, gave in testimony that the prisoner, when asked by the marshal what motive he had to make his horrid attempt, stated that the president had killed his father. His father was an Englishman who died many years ago in Washington. The son himself was apprenticed afterwards to a Mr. Clark, with whom he lived three years. Mr. Clark, when called upon, said that he was a young man of excellent habits, sober and industrious; that he had seen him very frequently, and was well acquainted with him since he had left his family, and had heard nothing to his disadvantage, until, of late, he was informed of his being quarrelsome among his friends, and had treated one of his sisters badly.

The total absence of any personal motive on the part of the prisoner to commit the deed he attempted, suggested the idea that he must be insane. But his demeanor when committing the act, and on being seized, as well as when examined, bore not the slightest appearance of frenzy, or derangement of any sort. When asked by the court if he wished to cross-examine the witnesses, or to make explanation, he answered in the negative—said that those who had seen the act could state the facts—and at the conclusion, when asked if he had anything to offer, said that he could not contradict what had been given in evidence. In the midst of the excitement and anxiety which prevailed around him, Lawrence appeared perfectly calm and collected; and the president, in speaking of the event, remarked that Lawrence's manner, from the moment his eye caught his, was firm and resolved, until the failure of his last pistol, when he seemed to shrink, rather than resist.

Lawrence was a handsome young man of about thirty-five years, small in stature, pale complexion, black hair, dark eyes, genteel deportment, and well-dressed. The keeper of the rotunda stated that he had frequently observed the man about the capitol, so frequently that he had endeavored to draw him into conversation, but found him taciturn and unwilling to talk. On the day in question, he kept prowling about, but did not come within the railing near the members' seats; his hand was held inside his vest, as if grasping something, and his lips were pale and quivering. On his pistols being taken from him, after the affair, they were found to be a very elegant pair, in most excellent order, and loaded with powder and ball almost to the muzzle, the barrels being about six inches long. On examining the load in one of the pistols, a ball was drawn out by means of a screw, about sixty of which balls would have made a pound; it was well packed, and forced down tight on a full charge of excellent glazed powder. It

was a most astonishing circumstance, loaded as they were and with percussion caps, that the pistols missed fire. In view of this latter fact, Mr. Key, the district attorney, and General Hunter, the marshal of the district, lost no time in testing the actual condition of the weapons, the pistol still loaded being first tried, by putting on another cap. The tube of this pistol showed the powder at its summit. General Hunter, by inclining the pistol, threw out a few grains of the powder in his hand. They took from a box of caps found in Lawrence's shop without selecting it, one, which was placed upon the tube. On Major Donelson firing it, the ball passed through an inch plank, at a distance of about five or six yards, and lodged, nearly buried, in the opposite side of the enclosure, six or seven yards distant. They then loaded with a small quantity of the powder found in the prisoner's possession, each of the pistols, several times, without taking any other means of forcing the powder into the tubes than that of ramming home small paper wads on the charges. The discharge of the weapons took effect on every trial. So great was the excitement produced by the affair, that some of the most eminent political opponents of the president, including such men as Clay, Calhoun, Poindexter, White, and others, were, in the frenzy of the moment, suspected of having conspired in a plot to get rid of the president!



ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

It was ascertained that, some time previous, Lawrence had formed an attachment to a young lady, and frequently told his sister that he would by his industry soon be enabled to buy a corner lot near her, and build on it a good house, when he would marry the object of his attachment; and, with this view, he labored diligently, day and night, until he had by him about

eight hundred dollars. He was disappointed—became extremely pensive—quit all employment—and would stand for hours in a little parlor, gazing upon the spot which he had selected as his future residence. Up to this time, he was quiet, kind and affectionate.

His brother-in-law, with whom he lived, endeavored to persuade Lawrence to resume his work—he said that he would go to England, that he had something of great importance which demanded his presence, and in the fall of 1833 went to New York for the purpose of taking passage from that port. During the winter he returned, saying that he found the papers filled with notices of his contemplated enterprise, and that he could get no captain to take him on board. In the spring of 1834, he again went as far as Philadelphia, put up at the Mansion House, kept his room, or else would stand for hours on the porch, engaged in deep thought, without speaking to any one. After a few days he returned to Washington, and said that he found his purpose of going to England was known, that none of the captains would consent to take him on board, but that he would soon have a vessel of his own—that he had engaged men who would put all things right. About this time he became very quarrelsome, and his relatives were afraid to keep him in the house. His brother-in-law endeavored again to induce him to go to work, which he obstinately refused to do, saying that his hands would do no more work—that others might work, but, as for him, he would soon have money enough. At length, he committed an assault upon his sister, for which he was handed over to the officers of justice, and lodged in jail. The case was carried before the grand jury, only a short time previous to the assault on the president, and, after an examination of witnesses who knew him, the grand jury refused to find a bill against him, on the ground of his insanity.

In a conversation between Lawrence and some visitors, held soon after the rash act, the following curious statements were made by the prisoner, in reply to the questions put to him:

"What object had you in view in shooting the president?"

"About ten days before making the attempt, I called on the president at his house, and stated to him that I was in want of money, and wished him to give a check for it. The president made no particular objection to this demand, but stated that Mr. Dibble wished to see him, and that I must call again."

"Do you suppose the president knew of your intention to kill him?"

"He must have known what my intention was, if he did not comply with my wishes."

"Why did you call upon the president with such a demand?"

"Because he knew, as I supposed every person did, the true situation of things. The president is my clerk, and I have control over his money and his bank, and the sword; and if he refused to comply, he knew the consequences."

"By what means did you expect to enforce compliance with your wishes, and how much money did you expect to get?"

"The president knew I had the right to the money, and, if he refused, that I had the right to kill him. One or two thousand dollars would have satisfied me, but I would have accepted three or four hundred."

"How came the president to know that you had the right?"

"Because there was an understanding, and it would have been taking the law in his own hands to refuse."

"Did you expect any aid in your undertaking to kill the president?"

"No, I needed none. I have the right to the crown of England. It has always been in my ancestors. They were deprived of it by force. My father was then reduced to labor, and had to drive a coal cart in England. He was fond of hunting, riding, and shooting, and was frequently called on by noblemen and persons of distinction, notwithstanding his reduced circumstances."

"How came General Jackson to get the power over your rights and money?"

"The first cause was what took place at Orleans. He leagued in with Lord Wellington, and the consequence was, that out of twenty-five thousand English soldiers sent over, only a small remnant was left; with the aid of cotton-bags fixed by Jackson, they were wasted away. A number of officers were drafted for this campaign, among them Pakenham and Gibbs, and they were killed. This is the unjust treatment my father received on that occasion, and it is my business to put things right—I have the power—Jackson is my clerk—he knew what would be the consequence of refusing to obey."

"If you were now set at liberty, would you endeavor to go on with your determination?"

"After a while, I should call on the president for the money, and if he refused, I would pursue the same plan I did before."

On the day appointed for the trial of Lawrence, he appeared in court dressed in a gray coat, black cravat and vest, and brown pantaloons. His conduct was that of a man perfectly at his ease, and collected, though his eyes showed indications of mania, and there was an evident assumption of kingly dignity in his demeanor and the expression of his countenance. He took his seat, however, very quietly by the side of his counsel, and conversed smilingly with them. That his appearance was decidedly handsome and prepossessing, was the opinion universally expressed.

The witnesses having been called into court, Mr. Key, the prosecuting attorney, commenced some observations to the bench, when—up jumped Lawrence from his chair, under evident excitement of mind, and said he wished to know whether it was correct to bring him or not? He claimed the crown of Great Britain, he said, and also that of the United States; and he wished to know if they could bring him there? The judge desired him to take his seat, and to allow his counsel to manage his case for him. Lawrence complied, but still continued the subject, in conversation with his counsel. The latter now inquired of the court, whether, as this was simply the case of a misdemeanor, the presence of the prisoner, considering his state of mind, might not be dispensed with. Lawrence again rose, and addressed the court, saying, "I wish to know, if, having, as I have, the sword——." He was again stopped. His counsel once more, but still without success, appealed to the bench,

RICHARD LAWRENCE.

to allow the prisoner to be removed, saying that he had done all he could to quiet the man's feelings, but had not been able to present any course of which he would make choice. The judge replied, that it was always customary for the prisoner to be in court, in cases like this; he wished the trial to proceed in the ordinary way. On proceeding to call the panel, the following passage ensued:

"I observe," said Lawrence, "that a jury has been called. I wish to know if this is correct. I certainly am king!"

"You must sit down," commanded the judge, "and be quiet, Mr. Lawrence, until called on to answer."

Lawrence sat down; but not until he had reiterated the assertion that he was king of Great Britain, and likewise of America, and that he was protected by the law in his claim.

On the examination of witnesses, Secretary Woodbury testified as follows: On the occasion of the funeral ceremony which took place in the hall of the house of representatives, in consequence of the death of one of its members, I attended, together

with the president and other officers of the government; had listened to the funeral service in the hall; left it; the president being on my right arm, had passed through the rotunda, and through the eastern door, where we came rather to a halt—being in the rear,—in consequence of the delay occasioned by the gentlemen who had preceded us getting into the coaches. We had perhaps passed some two or three steps on to the portico, when I heard a noise like the discharge of a pistol; looked round directly, and there saw a person, about six or eight feet, a little obliquely to the left, who was just in the act of lowering his hand when my eye caught him. It was the prisoner at the bar. Saw him distinctly when I turned, and saw the pistol in his hand; presumed he was the person who fired. It was directed right towards the president. At first I doubted whether it was not myself who was aimed at, but saw that it was towards the president, who was on my right; turned to the president to see if he was injured, and, seeing that he was not, I turned to look for the prisoner. He was then in the act of raising his hand again; had something in it; presumed it was a pistol. I gave a pull from the president's arm and sprang towards the prisoner, seized him by the collar, and at that moment the second explosion took place. Other persons had previously got hold of him, which proceeding appeared to have rather put him out of his first position; they continued to pull him, with some violence, in a somewhat opposite direction. Seeing he was secured, and that there was reason to believe he had no other weapon, I let go my hold to learn what was the state of the president. The prisoner was dragged forwards towards the front of the piazza. I saw no more of him until I saw him here an hour after. Found the president in the crowd, and went home with him.

Secretary Dickerson stated the circumstances of the assault, as observed by him, to be as follows: I went with other gentlemen of the cabinet, to the capitol, on the day of the funeral of the Hon. W. R. Davis. After the service in the hall, the procession moved forward towards the eastern colonnade, there being a great crowd. I was a little to the rear of the president, and at the door of the colonnade there was a halt, which brought me up nearly to his side. I had advanced, I think, about two steps from the door, when I heard the discharge of a pocket pistol; have certainly heard such pistols discharged without making a louder report—it being in the colonnade might have increased the sound. On turning my eye, I saw that some men had laid hold of an individual. I was to the left of the president, and saw Lieutenant Gedney, who seemed to be trying to get the man down, but I could not see the man. It was some seconds before the prisoner could get at his other pistol, and when he did, from his altered position, he had to throw his arm over to get aim at the president. The latter must have been struck, had a discharge taken place. In an instant from this time, the prisoner was crushed to the floor, but was soon raised again. Mr. Gillet, a member of congress from New York state, a very strong man, had hold of him, as also had Lieutenant Gedney. I looked at the prisoner, and kept my eye on him, so as to be certain of his identity. About the instant the second explosion took place, the president had lifted his stick to strike the prisoner, but made no blow, being prevented by his friends. The crowd coming out at the door was very great. The president spoke angrily to those who prevented him from getting at Lawrence, saying, "Let me alone! Let me alone!" I recollect hearing him also say, "he knew where this came from!"

After some further evidence on the part of the prosecution, the prisoner's counsel asked permission of the judges that Lawrence might leave the court, saying that it was painful to them all to have him remain—particularly so to himself, as his counsel,—and the law did not require his presence. Lawrence now rose, and addressed the judges wildly, saying—

"What I have done to Jackson, was on account of money which he owes me. I went there for that purpose. I consider all in this court as under me. The United States bank has owed me money ever since 1802, and I want my money. I must have my revenue from that bank. You are under me, gentlemen. (Mr. Woodward, the deputy-marshal, endeavoring to prevail on him to resume his seat, Lawrence turned round, indignantly, and said, '*Mr. Woodward! mind your own business, or I shall treat you with severity!*') It is for me, gentlemen, to pass upon you, and not you upon me."

Again did the counsel appeal to the feelings of the court to spare itself, and the jury, this painful exhibition, by permitting Lawrence to depart in custody of the marshal. He, the counsel, felt, for his own part, that he could not do justice to the cause of the prisoner, if he sat beside him; the very fact, that he should take a course in the defense of the prisoner with which he was displeased, would prevent it. The court replied, that Lawrence should remain until proven to be insane; he would, however, be permitted to withdraw, if it was his own wish so to do. The unfortunate maniac here shouted out—

"I deny the power of the court to try me—I am my own man—I will have my revenue!"

Lawrence's counsel here endeavored to soothe him, by telling him he should have his rights. "Ay, but when?" "To-day," replied his counsel; and he sat down, contentedly, on this assurance.

It was, of course, not at all difficult for the prisoner's counsel to prove his insanity and consequent irresponsibleness. Mr. Redfern, who married Lawrence's sister, testified on this point, to the following effect: I have known Lawrence for sixteen years, and first observed a change in him in 1833. In the fall of 1832 he left Washington with the intention, he said, of going to England; he went in November, and returned again in December, assigning as a reason, that the weather was cold. In the spring of the next year, he started again to go to New York or Philadelphia, but he certainly got no farther than Philadelphia; on his return this time, he said the people would not let him go, that the government opposed his going, that I and others had prevented him; that he should not be able to go until he got a ship and captain of his own,—that, when he got to Philadelphia, he found all the papers so full about him, that he was obliged to come back. After this, he remained in my house six months, but did nothing, saying he had no occasion to labor, that he lived on his people,—it was very well for men such as me to work, but he had no such need, that he had large claims on this government which were now before congress. He used to attend congress regularly. In January, 1834, he left my house, but, previous to this, had got quarrelsome with his sister, said the colored girl laughed at him and that he would kill her, and that other people also laughed at him. He struck all his sisters on several occasions, and once took up a four-pound weight to throw at my wife. I have seen him pass since this time, but never have spoken to him since 1833; he would go about the house, without speaking, for days together, but would talk and laugh to himself continually in his own chamber. It was the general impression of the neighbors, that Lawrence was insane from the beginning of 1833.

The question being put to Mr. Redfern, as to whether Lawrence held two estates in Ireland, the answer was in the negative. On asking Lawrence the names of his estates, he replied, very gravely, "Tregear and Kinnany! and they are attached to the crown of England!"

Similar in its bearing, was the testimony of Mr. Drury, who had known Lawrence twenty-five years, and who stated the following facts: For the last year I have observed a change in his conduct; he would talk to himself continually in his shop, sometimes saying, '—— him, he does not know his enemy; I will put a pistol—erect a gallows.' He conceived himself to be King Richard the Third, of

England, and likewise king of this country; this was about the latter end of last December, or the beginning of January, after which, I heard him say, '—— General Jackson! who's General Jackson?' On one occasion a black boy called to collect a bill, and Lawrence said he would call and pay it; but, as soon as the boy had left, he said, '—— him! he don't know who he's dunning!' He would stand at the door for hours, wrapt in thought, and, even when I passed, he took no notice of me. He was continually talking to himself, and would now and then burst into fits of laughter. I noticed no particular change in him as to dress—he was always fond of dress,—but I did in his conduct and appearance. I have often said he was a crazy man, and have heard others say so; the boys would call him 'King Richard.' On the morning of his attack on the president, he came to the shop at the usual time, and went to a place where I could see him through a partition; he was sitting on a chest, with a book in his hand, laughing. I heard soon after the lid of the chest fall, and heard him say, '*I'll be —— if I don't do it!*' He then came out, left the shop, and locked the door. Lawrence did some little work within the last twelve months, and had a shop. I had a room adjoining this.

Much testimony of the same purport as the preceding was brought forward, and nothing of a conflicting character presented itself. The law, in criminal cases, says that the existence of reason is necessary to constitute punishable crime—its deprivation renders the individual dispunishable. Acting upon this ground, several physicians were examined as to their opinion of Lawrence's condition, judging from the facts drawn out by the evidence, and their personal interviews with the prisoner. Their testimony was unanimous in declaring Lawrence's state of mind to be that of morbid delusion,—not possessing a judgment of right and wrong, especially as to anything connected with General Jackson,—and therefore not to be treated as a moral agent. Among the physicians who expressed this as their decided opinion, were Messrs. Coussin and Thomas Sewell, two of the most eminent in their profession.

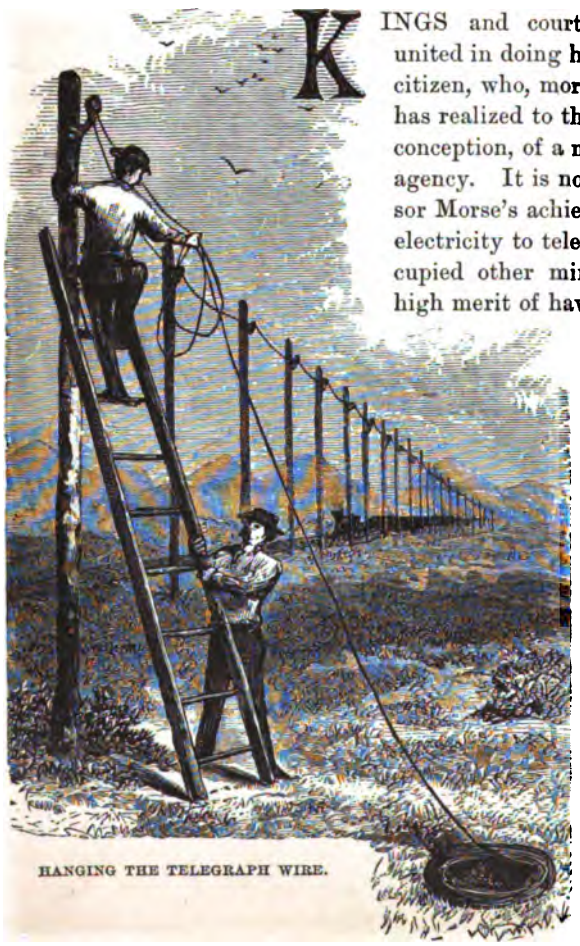
In accordance with the evidence thus given, the jury were out only five minutes, returning at once with a verdict of "Not guilty, he having been under the influence of insanity at the time of committing the act." But, long before the trial and its termination, the intense excitement produced by the act, throughout the country, had almost entirely subsided,—the first impression, that the horrid deed had been prompted by secret political conspiracy, under partisan instigation, rapidly dying away, as the true character of the man and his unaided deed became known. Lawrence was sent to a lunatic asylum, where he remained an inmate thirty or forty years.

XXX.

MORSE'S INVENTION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, 1835.

Realization of the Highest Ideal of a Mechanical Miracle.—Principle, Structure, and Operation of the Machine.—Net-work of Lines Established Over the Four Continents.—The Inventor's Experiments, Labors, Discouragements, and Triumphs.—"Orders of Glory," Gifts, and other Honors, Bestowed Upon Him by Crowned Heads.—Casual Origin of the Invention.—Mr. M.'s European Voyage in 1832. —Recent French Experiments then Discussed.—Important Question and Answer.—Two Great Existing Facts.—The Electric Spark Transmissive.—Easy Control of the Current.—Theory Applied to Practice.—Completion of a Crude Model.—Private Exhibition in 1835.—Simplicity of the Instrument.—The Invention Made Public in 1837.—Wonder and Incredulity.—Appeal to Congress for Pecuniary Aid.—Merciless Ridicule Ensues.—Scene in the Committee-Room.—A Machine at the Capitol.—Perfect in its Operation.—Success of Morse's Appeal.—His Joy at the Decision.—Putting up the Wires to Baltimore.—First Message Through.

"That steed called 'Lightning' (say the Fates)
Is owned in the United States:
'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse;
'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse."



HANGING THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

KINGS and courts, presidents and cabinets, have united in doing honor to that illustrious American citizen, who, more than any other man of his race, has realized to the human mind its highest ideal, or conception, of a mechanical miracle, through human agency. It is not claimed that, previous to Professor Morse's achievement, the possibility of applying electricity to telegraphic communication had not occupied other minds, but that to him belongs the high merit of having effected, after years of patient study and ingenious experiment, a practical application of the great scientific principle involved.

In the year 1829, Mr. Morse, who was then an artist of much celebrity, having, more than fifteen years previously, exhibited before the Royal Academy of England his picture of "The Dying Hercules," of colossal size, made a second professional visit to Europe, where he remained three years; and it was this visit which proved, through a casual circumstance, of so much importance to himself, to science and the world,—for it was on his return in 1832, on board the ship Sully, that he made that great discovery, to which is due the present system of telegraphing. A gentle-

man on board had been describing some experiments made in Paris with the electro-magnet, and the question arose as to the time occupied by the fluid in passing through the wire, stated to be one hundred feet in length. On the reply that it was instantaneous, Professor Morse (recollecting the experiments of Franklin,) suggested that it might be carried to any distance instantly, and that the electric spark could be made a means of conveying and recording intelligence. Here was the idea, but a greater triumph was the application of the theory to practice, which he successfully accomplished, after much study and multitudinous trials, in New York, *where, in* 1835, *he put in operation the model of his recording electric telegraph.*

Professor Morse's discovery was based on these two principal facts, namely: that a current of electricity will pass to any distance along a conductor connecting the two poles of a voltaic battery, and produce visible effects at any desired points on that conductor; also, that magnetism is produced in a piece of soft iron, around which the conductor, in its progress, is made to pass, when the electric current is permitted to flow, and that the magnetism ceases when the current of electricity is prevented from flowing. Hence, if the end of a soft iron lever be placed beneath the iron to be magnetized, it can be made to rise and fall as the electricity flows, or is interrupted. The other end of the lever, having a point in it, may be made to press on a strip of paper or not, at the will of the operator. This point may be made to impress a dot or a line, at pleasure. A dot and a line may represent letters, and by different combinations of dots and lines any letter of the alphabet could be represented. The operator in one city could make the apparatus in another city, at any distance, write what he pleased, by breaking and closing the circuit at longer or shorter intervals.

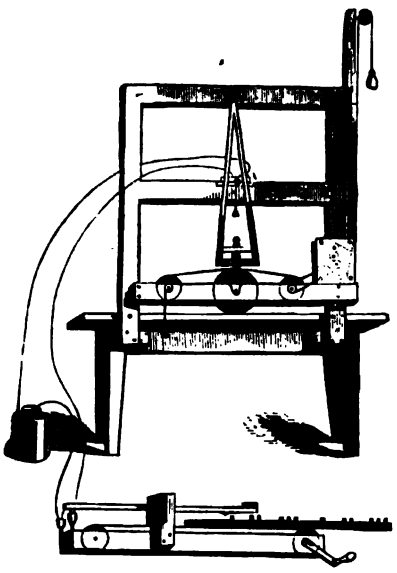
The invention, as thus devised by Professor Morse, and as described in a popular way by Antisell, Bakewell and others, is a recording instrument, that embosses the symbols upon paper, with a point pressed down upon it by an electro-magnet; the symbols that form the alphabet consisting of combinations of short and long strokes, and made to stand for different letters, by their repetitions and variations. Thus a stroke followed by a dot signifies the first letter of the alphabet; a stroke preceded by a dot, the second letter; a single dot, the third letter; and in this manner the whole alphabet could easily be indicated, the number of repetitions in no case exceeding four for each letter,—the letters and words being distinguished from one another by a longer space being left between them than between each mark that forms only a part of a letter or of a word.

Simplicity characterized this instrument in an eminent degree. The transmitter is merely a spring key, like that of a musical instrument, which, on being pressed down, makes contact with the voltaic battery, and sends an electric current to the receiving station. The operator at the transmitting station, by thus making contact, brings into action an electro-magnet at the station he communicates with, and that pulls down a point fixed to the soft-iron lever upon a strip of paper that is kept moving by clock-work slowly under it. The duration of the pressure on the key, whether instantaneous or prolonged for a moment, occasions the difference in the lengths of the lines indented on the paper. A single circuit is sufficient for the purpose, as well as very effective.

As the working of this telegraph depends upon bringing into action at the receiving station an electro-magnet of force equal to mechanically indenting paper, and as the resistance to the passage of electricity along the wires diminishes the quantity transmitted so greatly, that at long distances it was supposed to be almost impossible to obtain sufficient power for the purpose, if it acted directly,—to overcome this difficulty, an auxiliary electro-magnet was employed. The electro-magnet which is directly in connection

with the telegraph wire is a small one, surrounded by about five hundred yards or more of very fine wire, for the purpose of multiplying as much as possible the effect of the feeble current that is transmitted. The soft-iron keeper, which is attracted by the magnet, is also very light, so that it may be the more readily attracted. This highly sensitive instrument serves to make and break contact with a local battery, which brings into action a large electro-magnet, and as the local battery and the magnet are close to the place where the work is to be done, any required force may be easily obtained.

The batteries used are Grove's zinc and platinum, and two liquids; any number of these may be used. To form the electric



THE ORIGINAL INSTRUMENT.

circuit, one end of a copper wire is attached to the end platina plate, and the other end of the copper wire to the zinc cylinder. A wire is not required to run round all the circuit—any metallic connection, such as brass plates, etc., may form part of it. In the practical working of the telegraph, —the battery with the key attached, and a small table, being supposed, for example, to be at the Philadelphia station, and the telegraph register to be at New York,— a wire runs from the platina plate up to the metallic binding screw connection on the small table, and the other wire runs from the zinc, and is connected by the first wire by the metallic connection of the register at New York. This forms the circuit. The key is fixed upon a pivot axis, to be gently pressed by the operator's fingers on the top of an ivory button. The circuit is now broken, and a small gap in the key above the wire from the battery shows the metallic connection to be open. By pressing upon the butt end of the key, its metal surface comes in contact with the metal termination of the wire from the battery, and then the circuit is closed, and the electric fluid fleets along to the distant station.

In connection with the register, there is, as has already been stated, a strip or ribbon of paper passing from the roll between two small metal rollers of the register. This strip is drawn through between the rollers by their motion, they revolving towards the paper roll, drawing in the paper,—motion being given to these rollers by a train of clock-work gear wheels, moved by the weight below the machine. The upper small roll has a small groove running around its periphery, and the ribbon of paper is drawn through against its under surface. The instrument for indenting the paper is suspended on a pivot axis at its middle, and its action is like a walking-beam, though the stroke made is very short. This pen-lever is very nicely poised, and at its extreme end from the paper its stroke is neatly regulated by a set or button screw. The metal pen is attached to the lever and fixed on a pivot like a walking-beam. When one end is drawn down, the other end flies up, and, having a steel point on it, it marks the strip of paper, already described as running along a roller, and which is drawn along between other two rollers. Then, by letting the other end of this pen come up, the steel point drops, and then it is thrown up again, leaving a space between the two marks on the paper. As, therefore, the paper is always moving and, as the point is held to it for a longer or shorter time, marks are made—as before

explained—of dots, spaces and dashes, and by a combination of these the whole alphabet is formed, the letters made into words, and the words into sentences. The electro-magnet is fitted with an armature, whose attraction and withdrawal gives motion to the lever. Instead of reading off from the strip of paper, operators in time trusted to sound.

But, though Professor Morse exhibited the model of his recording apparatus in 1835 and 1836, it was not until after some years' additional toil that he brought it to the above-described efficiency and its subsequent improvement and perfection. He made no efforts to bring the matter definitely before the public until the autumn of 1837, when, in its advanced state of completion, he exhibited to an appreciating and wonder-struck auditory, its marvelous operation. The announcement of the invention and its astonishing capacity, was for a long time the most prominent theme of public and private discussion, admiration being largely mingled with blank incredulity, and not a little ridicule. Even in congress, on the application of Professor Morse for government aid, to enable him to demonstrate the value of his invention by constructing a line between Washington and Baltimore, in 1838, there were not found wanting learned legislators who treated the idea as a mere chimera. It was the same congress of which Espy, the "Storm King," was asking assistance, to test his favorite theory, then so prominently discussed.

Both Morse and Espy, says a writer of that time and the event, became the butt of ridicule, the target of merciless arrows of wit. They were voted downright bores, and the idea of giving them money was pronounced farcical. They were considered monomaniacs, and as such were laughed at, punned upon, and made the standing staple for jokes. One morning, however, a gentleman rose from his seat in the house—quite to the astonishment of everybody, for he had never been known to speak before, unless it was to vote or to address the speaker,—and said, "I hold in my hand a resolution, which I respectfully offer for the consideration of the house." In a moment a page was at his desk, and the resolution was transferred to the speaker and by him delivered to the clerk, who read as follows: "Resolved, That the committee of ways and means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of appropriating $30,000, to enable Professor Morse to establish a line of telegraph between Washington and Baltimore." The gentleman who offered it was Mr. Ferris, one of the New York representatives, a man of wealth and learning, but modest, retiring, and diffident.

This being merely a resolution of inquiry, it passed without opposition, and, out of regard to the mover, without comment. In time, it came before the committee, all the members of which had, by their public services and brilliant talents, acquired a national reputation. The clerk of the committee read the resolution. The chairman, Mr. Fillmore, in a clear, distinct voice, said, "Gentlemen, what disposition shall be made of it?" There was a dead pause around the table. No one seemed inclined to take the initiative. It was expected that, inasmuch as the mover of the resolution in the house was a democrat, the democratic side of the committee would stand god-father to it there. But not a bit of it. They felt that the whole thing was preposterous and deserving of no countenance. At length, one on the other side broke the ominous silence by moving that the committee instruct the chairman to report a bill to the house, appropriating thirty thousand dollars for the purpose named in the resolution.

This movement "brought them all up standing!" No speeches were made. The question was called for. The yeas and nays were taken alphabetically, and, as four had voted on the affirmative side, and four on the negative, it fell to the lot of Governor Wallace, of Indiana, whose name came last on the list, to decide the question. He, however, had paid no attention to the matter, and, like the majority of

people, considered it a great humbug. He had not the faintest idea of the importance to his country, of the vote he was to cast. But as fortune would have it, the thought came to mind that Mr. Morse was even then experimenting in the capitol with the "new-fangled invention," having stretched a wire from the basement story to the ante-room of the senate chamber. It was therefore in Governor Wallace's power to satisfy himself at once in regard to the question of feasibility, and he determined to try it. He asked leave to consider his vote. This was granted. He immediately stepped out of the committee room, and went to the ante-chamber, which was found crowded with representatives and strangers. Governor Wallace requested permission to put a question to the "madman" (Morse) at the other end of the wire. It was granted immediately. He

Sam'l F. B. Morse

wrote the question and handed it to the telegrapher. The crowd cried *"read! read!"* In a very short time the answer was received. When written out by the operator, the same cry of *"read it! read it!"* went up from the crowd.

To his utter astonishment, Governor Wallace found that the madman at that end of the wire had more wit and force than the congressmen at the other—the laugh was turned completely upon the committee-man. But, as western men are rarely satisfied with one fall—not less than two failures out of three attempts forcing from them any acknowledgment of defeat, — the governor put a second question, and there came a second answer. If the first raised a laugh at his expense, the second converted that laugh into a roar and a shout. He was more than satisfied. Picking up his hat, he bowed himself out of the crowd, the good-natured shout following him as he passed along the passages and halls of the capitol.

As a matter of course, Governor Wallace voted in the affirmative of the motion then pending before the committee, and it prevailed. The chairman reported the bill, the house and senate concurred in its passage, and thus was Professor Morse successful in this his last struggle to demonstrate the practicability of—as it has proved—the most amazing invention of the age, the electro-magnetic telegraph. If the committee had ignored the proposition, there is no telling what would have been the result. That the experiment would have been finally made, no one can entertain a doubt. But when or by whom is the question. It was not within the range of ordinary individual fortune to make it, and, if it was, none but Professor Morse would have hazarded it.

It appears, however, that Professor Morse came to the last stage of discouragement, in the prosecution of his appeal to congress, before light finally broke in upon him. On the very last day of the session, the bill relating to his case was the one hundred and twentieth on the senate docket, to be acted upon in course. Concerning this scene, a writer in Harper's Monthly states, that during the entire day Professor Morse watched the course of legislation from the gallery with nervous trepidation and the deepest anxiety. At length, worn out by the interminable discussion of some

senator who seemed to be speaking against time, and overcome by his prolonged watching, he left the gallery at a late hour and went to his lodgings, under the belief that it was not possible his bill could be reached, and that he must again turn his attention to those labors of the brush and easel by means of which he might be enabled to prosecute appeals to congress at a future time. He accordingly made his preparations to return to New York on the following morning, and retiring to rest, sank into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake until a late hour on the following morning. But a short time after, while seated at the breakfast-table, the servant announced that a lady desired to see him. Upon entering the parlor, he found Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, whose face was all aglow with pleasure.

"*I have come to congratulate you,*" she remarked, as he entered the room, and approached to shake hands with her.

"To congratulate me!" replied Mr. Morse, "and for what?"

"*Why, upon the passage of your bill, to be sure,*" she replied.

"You must surely be mistaken; for I left at a late hour, and its fate seemed inevitable."

"Indeed I am not mistaken," she rejoined; "father remained until the close of the session, and your bill was the very last that was acted on, and I begged permission to convey to you the news. I am *so* happy that I am the first to tell you."

The feelings of Professor Morse may be better imagined than described. He grasped his young companion warmly by the hand, and thanked her over and over again for the joyful intelligence, saying—

"As a reward for being the first bearer of this news, you shall send over the telegraph the first message it conveys."

"I will hold you to that promise," replied she; "*Remember!*"

"*Remember!*" responded Professor Morse; and they parted.

The plans of Mr. Morse were now altogether changed. His journey homeward was abandoned, and he set to work to carry out the project of establishing the line of electro-telegraph, between Washington and Baltimore, authorized by the bill. His first idea was to convey the wires, inclosed in a leaden tube, beneath the ground. He had already arranged a plan by which the wires, insulated by a covering of cotton saturated in gum shellac, were to be inserted into leaden pipes in the process of casting. But after the expenditure of several thousand dollars, and much delay this plan was given up, and the one now in use, of extending them on poles, adopted.

By the month of May, 1844, the whole line was laid, and magnets and recording instruments were attached to the ends of the wires at Mount Clare Depot, Baltimore, and at the supreme court chamber, in the capitol at Washington. When the circuit was complete, and the signal at the one end of the line was responded to by the operator at the other, Mr. Morse sent a messenger to Miss Ellsworth to inform her that the telegraph awaited her message. She speedily responded to this, and sent for transmission the following, which was the first formal dispatch ever sent through a telegraphic wire connecting remote places with each other:

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

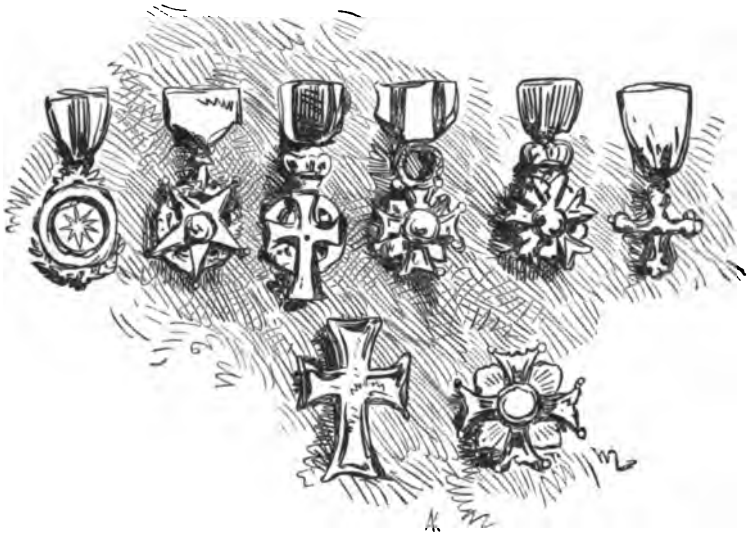
The original of the message is now in the archives of the Historical Society at Hartford, Connecticut. The practicability and utility of the invention were now clearly and firmly established.

Of the subsequent history and triumphs of this invention, it is scarcely necessary here to speak. The lines of telegraphic communication which now, like a web, traverse the length and breadth of the republic, and which, indeed, connect and cover as with a net-work the four continents of the globe,—these attest the vastness, influence and power, of this amazing invention. Nor is it necessary to specify the details of those various mechanical improvements in the construction and

working of the apparatus, as also its diversified adaptation, brought forward by the fertile genius of Morse, as well as by House, Hughes, Phelps, Shaffner, O'Reilly, Vail, Farmer, Page, Hicks, Ritchie, etc., and which have secured to the whole system of telegraphy its present wonderful degree of scientific perfection, bringing to the discoverer fame and pecuniary fortune at home, and also the most splendid medals, decorations of honor, and "golden gifts," from nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. It is an interesting fact, that the first kingly acknowledgment received by Professor Morse, was the "Order of Glory" from the Sultan of Turkey. The rulers of Prussia, Wurtemberg, and Austria, sent him superb gold medals; the emperor of the French made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, instituted by Napoleon the First; while Denmark made him one of the knightly "Dannebrog," and Spain a Knight Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic.

powerful an enemy Abd-el-Kader proved himself to the French, during the career of conquest undertaken by the latter in Algeria. On a certain occasion, during that terrific struggle, the French telegraph made the announcement: "*Abd-el-Kader has been taken*———;" a fog, however, enveloped the remainder of the sentence in obscurity. The excitement, nevertheless, in the money market, was at fever height, at the supposed capture of that adroit enemy, and the funds rose tremendously. The following day, the sentence being completed, the intelligence ran thus: "Abd-el-Kader has been taken *with a dreadful cold in his head.*" The funds fell, but the *coup*—which was worthy of a Rothschild's subtlety—had been sufficiently successful for those who managed to make the telegraph play into the hands of their financial agents.

A case of a somewhat different character—one involving the "tender passion"—was the following. A daughter of one of



ORDERS OF GLORY CONFERRED ON PROFESSOR MORSE.

An example or two of the *humorous side* of the telegraph may here be given, as a kind of side-relief to a subject liable to be regarded as somewhat exclusively involving abstract philosophical science and the technical minutiæ of its application.

Probably no one is ignorant of how

the wealthiest merchants in Boston, Mass., had formed an attachment for a handsome young man, who was a clerk in her father's counting-house. The father having heard of the attachment, feigned ignorance of it, with a view of enabling him more successfully to adopt measures that would break it off. For this purpose he directed the

young man to proceed to England, upon business; and the lover accordingly arrived, on his route, in New York. In the meantime, the enamored young lady had got an inkling of her father's intentions, and wishing to frustrate them *effectually*, sent a message to that effect to her lover in New York, by the following expedient: She took her place in the telegraph office in Boston, and he did the same with a magistrate, in the New York office; and now, the exchange of consent being duly given by the electric flash, *they were married by telegraph!* Shortly after, the lady's father insisted upon her marriage with the gentleman he had selected for her; and judge of his amazement when she told him that she was *already* married —the wife of Mr. B., then on his way to England; adding an explanation of the novel way in which the ceremony was performed. And so the matter ended; adding another to the triumphs of love and—electricity!

During the revolutionary excitement in Europe, in 1848, the astounding report flashed across Europe, that the king of Prussia had abdicated! The statement originated with the electric telegraph, which sent the following dispatch: "The —King of—Prussia—has—*gone to Pot*—." In another minute, the communication in this form was on its way to the newspaper bulletins, and was immediately telegraphed thence in every direction. Not long after, however, the dial was again agitated, and then "*s—dam*" was added; making the very quiet piece of news. "The King of Prussia has gone to Potsdam."

In the early days of telegraphing, the competition for priority among the leading journals was very great, and feats were performed which, for that day of the art's infancy, were indeed marvelous. One instance will suffice:

An important speech by Mr. Clay was much looked for. It was delivered in Lexington, Ky., on a Saturday, and the proprietor of the New York Herald determined on beating his contemporaries. Express riders were ready, and in less than five hours a full report of the speech was in Cincinnati. Notifications had been sent along the line of telegraph to "look out;" and at four o'clock on Sunday morning, the publisher of the Herald had the speech before him in New York—the distance being more than eleven hundred miles. This was done during a heavy rain, and while a thunder shower was passing over a portion of both the eastern and western lines. At Cincinnati, where it was to be copied in passing, the telegraph suddenly ceased working, to the dismay of the superintendent. Being short of proper hands, he mounted a horse, and followed the line, through the pelting storm, until he found a break, caused by the falling of a tree, beyond Turtle Creek, a distance of twenty-one miles. He finished mending the break at dark, and then returned to the city, where, in the temporary absence of other competent operators, received the speech and sent it to New York, finishing it at four o'clock in the morning.

XXXI.

STRUGGLE FOR THE RIGHT OF PETITION IN CONGRESS.—1836.

John Quincy Adams, the "Old Man Eloquent," Carries on a Contest of Eleven Days, Single-Handed, in its Defense, in the House of Representatives.—Passage of the "Gag Rule."—Expulsion and Assassination Threatened.—His Unquailing Courage.—A Spectacle Unwitnessed Before in the Halls of Legislation —Triumph of His Master Mind.—The Right and Petition a Constitutional One.—Indiscriminate and Unrestricted.—Anti-Slavery Petitions.—Mr. Adams Their Champion.—An Unpopular Position.—He Defies every Menace.—His Bold and Intrepid Conduct.—The North and South at Variance. Monster Petitions Pour In.—A Memorial from Slaves.—Wild Tumult in the House.—Cries of "Expel the Old Scoundrel!"—Proposal to Censure and Disgrace Him —Mr. Adams Unmoved Amidst the Tempest.—Eloquence and Indomitableness —A Petition to Dissolve the Union.—Increased Exasperation.—Violent and Denunciatory Debate.—Sublime Bearing of Mr. Adams.—Vindicated and Victorious at Last.—What He Lived to See.—Honor from His Opponents.

"Though aged, he was so iron of limb,
None of the youth could cope with him;
And the foes whom he singly kept at bay,
Outnumbered his hairs of white and gray."

MONSTER PETITION TO CONGRESS.

VENERABLE in years, and laden with political honors—such as a king might be proud of, John Quincy Adams took his seat as a member of the house of representatives at Washington, in 1831. It was about this time, that the anti-slavery societies of the North began to petition congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the inhibition of the inter-state slave-trade, and kindred measures. Though comparatively few at the outset, the petitioners for these objects increased greatly in numbers during the next four or five years, until they reached, in one congress, three-fourths of a million. But not all of these petitioners were 'abolitionists,' in the then commonly accepted meaning of that term. In the defense of the untrammeled right of petition, as also that of the freedom of speech and of the press, it became evident to considerate men, of all parties, that not alone was the right to discuss and petition in regard to slavery involved, but that vital constitutional principles were at stake, and that these must be defended, irrespective of the merits of the particular subject over which the battle was waged. It was upon this broad ground that Mr. Adams,

'the old man eloquent,' as he was familiarly called, became at once the champion of freedom of debate and the right of petition in the national legislature, making not America only, but the civilized world, resound with the clash of the conflict. Of the long and eventful life of this extraordinary man, the chapter covering the events here recorded may perhaps be regarded as the most striking and brilliant. The exalted positions he had held, almost from the very foundation of the government, his multifarious learning, his world-wide renown, lent luster to the cause; while his exhaustless resources, his skill in debate, his dauntless courage and indomitable will, were a tower of strength to its friends, and, as the sequel will show, a source of mortification and discomfiture to its foes. No threats and no tumults could for a moment cause him to quail or waver in his heroic determination.

On the twelfth of December, 1831, Mr. Adams, then at the very outset of his congressional career, presented fifteen petitions, all numerously signed, from inhabitants of Pennsylvania, praying for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. In presenting these petitions, Mr. Adams remarked, that although the petitioners were not his immediate constituents, he inferred, from a letter which accompanied the petitions, that they came from members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, — a body of men, he declared, than whom there was no more respectable and worthy class of citizens in the whole country. At the same time, while he considered that the petitions for the abolition of the slave-trade in the District related to a proper subject for the legislation of Congress, he did not approve of those which prayed for the congressional abolition of slavery there.

Similar petitions were constantly forwarded from different parts of the land, during successive terms of congress, for Mr. Adams to present, the parties well knowing that they could rely upon his scrupulous fidelity to them in the high places of power, and that, against all menaces or blandishments, he would intrepidly advocate that most sacred privilege of freemen—the right of petition.

Becoming alarmed at these demonstrations, the southern members of congress determined to arrest them, and, on the eighth of February, 1836, a committee of the house was appointed to consider what disposition should be made of petitions and memorials of this nature. The report of this committee consisted, in substance, of three resolutions, as follows: First, that congress could not constitutionally interfere with slavery in any of the states; second, that it ought not to interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia; third, that all petitions, propositions, or papers of any kind, relating to the subject, should, if brought before congress, be laid upon the table, without liberty of debate, and receive no further action. *This report was the casting of the die.* Well was it called the "Gag Rule."

When the first of these resolutions was taken up, Mr. Adams said, if the house would allow him five minutes' time, he would prove the resolution to be untrue. His request was denied. On the third declaration, Mr. Adams refused to vote, and sent to the speaker's chair the following protest, demanding that it should be placed on the journal of the house, there to stand to the latest posterity:

"I hold the resolution to be a direct violation of the constitution of the United States, of the rules of this house, and of the rights of my constituents."

Notwithstanding the rule embodied in this resolution virtually trampled the right of petition into the dust, yet it was adopted by the house, by a large majority. But Mr. Adams was not to be baffled by this arbitrary restriction. Petitions on the subject of slavery continued to be transmitted to him in increased numbers, some of them of monster size, bearing thousands of signatures. With unwavering firmness —against a bitter and unscrupulous opposition, exasperated to the highest pitch by his unconquerable pertinacity — amidst a

perfect tempest of vituperation and abuse —he persevered, unvanquished, in presenting these petitions, one by one, to the amount sometimes of two hundred in a day, and demanding the attention of the house on each separate petition. His position in these scenes, — advocating, amidst scorn and derision, and threats of expulsion and assassination, the inalienable

J. Q. Adams.

right of petition for the poorest and humblest in the land,—was in the highest degree illustrious and sublime; a spectacle unwitnessed before in the halls of legislation.

On the sixth of January, 1837, Mr. Adams presented the petition of one hundred and fifty women, whom he stated to be the wives and daughters of his immediate constituents, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and he moved that the petition be read. Objection was made, whereupon Mr. Adams remarked that, understanding that it was not the petition itself which was laid upon the table, but the motion to receive, he gave notice that he should call up that motion, for decision, every day, so long as freedom of speech was allowed to him as a member of the house. Being called to order at this stage of proceedings, Mr. Adams said he would then have the honor of presenting to the house the petition of two hundred and twenty-eight women, the wives and daughters of his immediate constituents; and, as a part of the speech which he intended to make, he would take the liberty of reading the petition, which was not long, and would not consume much time. Objection being made to the reception of the petition, Mr. Adams at once proceeded to read, that the petitioners, inhabitants of South Weymouth, in the state of Massachusetts, "impressed with the sinfulness of slavery, and keenly aggrieved by its existence in a part of our country over which congress ——"

Here Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, rose to a question of order, and, after a brisk colloquy in the house, the speaker ruled that Mr. Adams must confine himself to stating the contents of the petition.

Mr. Adams.—I am doing so, sir.

The Speaker.—Not in the opinion of the chair.

Mr. Adams.—I was at this point of the petition: "Keenly aggrieved by its existence in a part of our country over which congress possesses exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever——"

Loud cries of "Order," "Order!"

Mr. Adams.—"Do most earnestly petition your honorable body——"

Mr. Chambers, of Kentucky, rose to a point of order.

Mr. Adams.—"Immediately to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia——"

Mr. Chambers reiterated his call to order, and the Speaker directed Mr. Adams to take his seat.

Mr. Adams proceeded, however, with great rapidity of enunciation, and in a very loud tone of voice—"*And to declare every human being free who sets foot upon its soil!*"

The confusion in the hall at this time was very great. The speaker decided that it was not in order for a member to read a petition, whether it was long or short.

Mr. Adams appealed from any decision which went to establish the principle that a member of the United States house of representatives should not have the power to read what he chose. He had never before heard of such a thing. If the hith-

erto invariable practice was to be reversed, let the decision stand upon record, and let it appear how entirely the freedom of speech was suppressed in this house. If the reading of a paper was to be suppressed in his person, so help him God, he would only consent to it as a matter of record. Saying this, he instantly resumed and finished the reading of the petition, that the petitioners

"——respectfully announce their intention to present the same petition yearly before this honorable body, that it might at least be a memorial in the holy cause of human freedom, that they had done what they could."

These words were read by Mr. Adams, at the top of his voice, amidst tumultuous cries of "order" from every part of the house. The petition was finally received, and laid upon the table.

One month after this, namely, on the seventh of February, after Mr. Adams had offered some two hundred or more abolition petitions, he came to a halt, and, without yielding the floor, employed himself in packing up or arranging his budget of documents. He was about resuming his seat, when, suddenly glancing at a paper on his desk, he took it up, and exclaimed, in a shrill tone—

"Mr. Speaker, I have in my possession, a petition of a somewhat extraordinary character; and I wish to inquire of the chair if it be in order to present it."

The Speaker replied, that if the gentleman from Massachusetts would state the character of the petition, the chair would probably be able to decide on the subject.

"Sir," ejaculated Mr. Adams, "the petition is signed by eleven slaves of the town of Fredericksburg, in the county of Culpepper, in the state of Virginia. It is one of those petitions which, it has occurred to my mind, are not what they purport to be. It is signed partly by persons who cannot write, by making their marks, and partly by persons whose handwriting would manifest that they have received the education of slaves. The petition declares itself to be from slaves, and I am requested to present it. I will send it to the chair."

The speaker, Mr. Polk, who habitually extended to Mr. Adams every courtesy and kindness imaginable, was taken by surprise, and found himself involved in a dilemma. Giving his chair one of those *hitches* which ever denoted his excitement, he said that a petition from slaves was a novelty, and involved a question that he did not feel called on to decide. He would like to take time to consider it; and, in the meantime, would refer it to the house. The house was very thin at the time, and but little attention was paid to what was going on, till the excitement of the speaker attracted the attention of Mr. Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, who impatiently, and under great excitement, rose and inquired what the petition was. The speaker furnished the required information; whereupon Mr. Lewis, forgetting all discretion, whilst he frothed at the mouth, turned towards Mr. Adams, and exclaimed, in thunder-tones—

"*By ——, sir, this is not to be endured any longer!*"

"Treason! treason! Expel the old scoundrel; put him out; do not let him disgrace the house any longer," screamed a half dozen other members.

"Get up a resolution to meet the case," exclaimed a member from North Carolina. Mr. George C. Dromgoole, who had acquired quite a reputation as a parliamentarian, was selected as the very man who, of all others, was most capable of drawing up a resolution that would meet and cover the emergency. He produced a resolution and preamble, in which it was stated, substantially, that, whereas the Hon. John Quincy Adams, a representative from Massachusetts, had presented to the house a petition signed by negro slaves, thus "giving *color to an idea*" that bondmen were capable of exercising the right of petition, it was "Resolved, That he be taken to the bar of the house, and be censured by the speaker thereof."

A still more stringent resolution was introduced by Hon. Waddy Thompson,

namely, that Mr. Adams, "having been guilty of gross disrespect to the house, be instantly brought to the bar, to receive the severe censure of the speaker." Several other resolutions and propositions, from members of slave-holding states, were submitted, but none proved satisfactory even to themselves. The idea of bringing the venerable ex-president to the bar, like a culprit, to receive a reprimand from a comparatively youthful speaker, was equally disgraceful and absurd. Mr. Adams, however, entirely unmoved by the tempest which raged around him, defended himself, and the integrity of his purpose, with his accustomed ability and eloquence.

"In regard to the resolutions now before the house," said he, "as they all concur in naming me, and in charging me with high crimes and misdemeanors, and in calling me to the bar of the house to answer for my crimes, I have thought it was my duty to remain silent, until it should be the pleasure of the house to act either on one or the other of these resolutions. I suppose that if I shall be brought to the bar of the house, I shall not be struck mute by the previous question, before I have an opportunity to say a word or two in my own defense."

"Now, as to the fact what the petition was for," said Mr. Adams, in another portion of his speech, "I simply state to the gentleman from Alabama, who has sent to the table a resolution assuming that this petition was for the abolition of slavery—I state to him that he is mistaken. He must amend his resolution; for if the house should choose to read this petition, I can state to them they would find it something very much the reverse of that which the resolution states it to be. And if the gentleman from Alabama still chooses to bring me to the bar of the house, he must amend his resolution in a very important particular; for he may probably have to put into it, that my crime has been for attempting to introduce the petition of slaves that slavery should *not* be abolished."

Reiterating the principle, that the right of petition belongs to *all*, Mr. Adams said that he felt it a sacred duty to present any petition, couched in respectful language, from any citizen of the United States, be its object what it might,—be the prayer of it that in which he could concur, or that to which he was utterly opposed; no law could be found, even in the most abject despotism, which deprives even the meanest or most degraded, of the right to supplicate for a boon, or to pray for mercy; there is no absolute monarch on earth, who is not compelled to receive the petitions of his people, whosoever they may be,—not even the sultan of Turkey can walk the streets and refuse to receive petitions from the lowest and vilest of the land.

When southern members saw that, in their haste, they had not tarried to ascertain the nature of the petition, and that it prayed for the *perpetuation*, instead of the *abolition* of slavery, their position became so ludicrous, that their exasperation was greatly increased. At the time the petition was announced by Mr. Adams, the house was very thin; but the excitement that was produced soon filled it; and, besides, the sergeant-at-arms had been instructed to arrest and bring in all absentees. The excitement commenced at about one o'clock, and continued until seven o'clock in the evening, when the house adjourned. Mr. Adams stood at his desk, resolutely refusing to be seated till the matter was disposed of, alleging that if he were guilty, he was not entitled to a seat among high and honorable men. When Mr. Dromgoole's resolution was read to the house, for its consideration, Mr. Adams yielded to it one of those sarcastic sneers which he was in the habit of giving, when provoked to satire; and said —"Mr. Speaker, if I understand the resolution of the honorable gentleman from Virginia, it charges me with being guilty of 'giving *color* to an *idea!*'" The whole house broke forth in one common, irrepressible peal of laughter, at this capital *double entendre;* and the Dromgoole resolution was actually laughed out of existence. The house now found that it had got itself

in a dilemma—that Mr. Adams was too much for it; and, at last, adjourned, leaving the affair in the position in which they found it.

For several days this subject continued to agitate the house—and the nation. Mr. Adams not only warded off the virulent attacks made upon him, but carried the war so effectually into the camp of his enemies, that, becoming heartily tired of the contest, they repeatedly endeavored to get rid of the whole subject by laying it on the table. To this Mr. Adams objected. He insisted that it should be thoroughly canvassed. Immense excitement continued, and call after call of the house was made. At length, the subject was brought to a termination by the passage of a preamble and resolution—much softened down, in comparison with what was at first proposed—declaring that the paper cannot be received, and that slaves have no right to petition.

The slave petition in question is believed to have been a counterfeit, manufactured by certain members of congress from slave-holding states, and was sent to Mr. Adams by way of experiment—with the double design of ascertaining if he could be imposed upon; and, if the deception succeeded, those who got it up were curious to know if the venerable statesman would redeem his pledge, and present a petition, no matter who it came from. He was too wily not to detect the plot at the outset; he knew that all was a hoax; but he resolved to present the paper, and then turn the tables upon its authors.

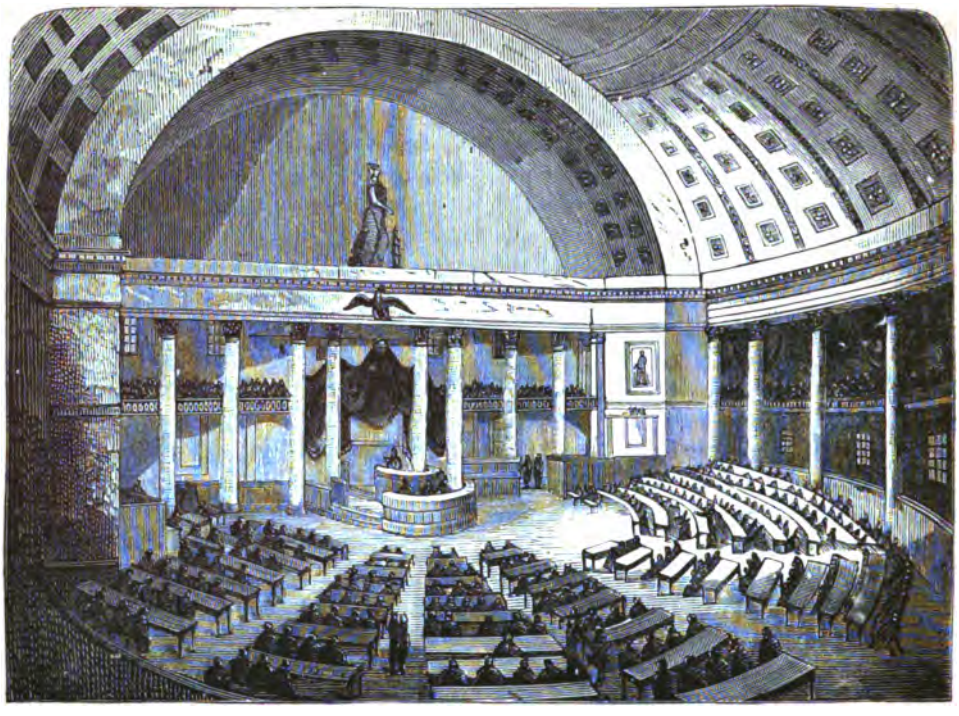
His success in thus defeating his opponents on their mad intention of censure, was one of the most signal instances of personal and parliamentary triumph. In vain did they threaten assassination, indictment before the grand jury, and other proceedings, to seal his lips in silence. In vain, too, did they declare that he should "be made amenable to *another tribunal* (mob law), and, as an incendiary, be brought to condign punishment." "My life on it," said a southern member, "if he presents that petition from slaves, we shall yet see him within the walls of the penitentiary." Firm stood the white-haired sage of more than seventy winters, and with withering rebukes repelled his hot-blooded assailants. His clarion voice rang defiantly through the hall, as he said—

"Do the gentlemen from the south think they can frighten me by their threats? If that be their object, let me tell them, sir, *they have precisely mistaken their man.* I am not to be frightened from the discharge of a sacred duty, by their indignation, by their violence, nor, sir, by all the grand juries in the universe. I have done only my duty; and I shall do it again, under the same circumstances, even though they recur to-morrow."

On the twenty-fourth of January, 1842, Mr. Adams presented the petition of forty-five citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts, praying that congress would immediately take measures peaceably to dissolve the Union of the States: First, because no union can be agreeable which does not present prospects of reciprocal benefits; second, because a vast proportion of the resources of one section of the Union is annually drained to sustain the views and course of another section, without any adequate return; third, because, judging from the history of past nations, such a union, if persisted in, in the present course of things, would certainly overwhelm the whole nation in utter destruction.

Mr. Adams moved that the petition be referred to a select committee, with instructions to report an answer showing the reasons why the prayer of it ought not to be granted.

Immediate and wild excitement followed the presentation of this petition. Mr. Hopkins, of Virginia, moved to burn it in presence of the house. Mr. Wise, of the same state, asked the speaker if it was in order to move to censure any member for presenting such a petition. Mr. Gilmer, also of Virginia, moved a resolution, that Mr. Adams, for presenting such a petition, had justly incurred the censure of the house. Mr. Adams said he hoped



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS DEFENDING THE RIGHT OF PETITION IN CONGRESS.

that the resolution would be received and discussed. Angry debate continued, until the house adjourned.

The next day, the whole body of southern members came into the house, apparently resolved to crush Mr. Adams and his cause — the right of petition — forever. They gathered in groups, conversed in whispers, and the whole aspect of their conduct at twelve o'clock indicated the approach of some high-handed proceeding. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, who had been selected as spokesman for the occasion, rose, and, having asked and received of Mr. Gilmer leave to offer a substitute for his resolution of censure which was pending at the adjournment, presented three resolutions, which had been prepared at a caucus, the night before, and which declared that the petition in question involved a proposition to the house to commit perjury and high treason, and that Mr. Adams, for offering it, receive the severest censure of that body.

Assuming a manner and tone as if he felt the historical importance of his position, he spoke with great coolness and solemnity,—a style wholly unusual with him; exhibited, too, a magisterial air, and judicial consequence, as if he thought that he was about to pour down the thunder of condemnation on the venerable object of his attack, as a judge pronouncing sentence on a convicted culprit, in the sight of approving men and angels. The vast audience before whom he spoke were not to be left in any doubt of his eminent capacity to act the part he had assumed, of prosecutor, judge, and executioner.

When Mr. Marshall concluded, the chair announced to Mr. Adams that his position entitled him to the floor; bringing up to the imagination a parallel scene— 'Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself.'

Up rose, then, that bald, gray old man, his hands trembling with constitutional infirmity and age, upon whose consecrated head the vials of partisan wrath had been outpoured. Among the crowd of slaveholders who filled the galleries he could

seek no friends, and but a few among those immediately around him. Unexcited, he raised his voice, high-keyed, as was usual with him, but clear, untremulous, and firm. In a moment his infirmities disappeared, although his shaking hand could not but be noticed; trembling not with fear, but with age. At first there was nothing of indignation in his tone, manner, or words. Surprise and cold contempt were all. The thread of his great discourse was mainly his present and past relations to Virginia and Virginians. After gratefully acknowledging his infinite obligations to the great Virginians of the first age of the federal republic, he modestly and unpretendingly recounted the unsought, exalted honors, heaped upon him by Washington, Madison, and Monroe, and detailed with touching simplicity and force some of his leading actions in the discharge of these weighty trusts. In pursuing his remarks, he chanced to fix his eye upon Marshall, who was moving down one of the side-aisles. Instantly, at the suggestion of the moment, he burst forth in a touching appeal to the hallowed memory of Marshall, the venerated and immaculate Virginian, through a long career of judicial honor and usefulness. With a flash of withering scorn, Mr. Adams struck at the unhappy Marshall of another day. A single breath blew all his mock-judicial array into air and smoke. In a tone of insulted majesty and reinvigorated spirit, Mr. Adams then said, in reply to the audacious charge of high treason,

"I call for the reading of the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. Read it! read it! and see what *that* says of the right of a people to reform, to change, to dissolve their government."

The look, the tone, the gesture, of the insulted patriot, at that instant, were most imposing. He seemed to have renewed his youth like the eagles, and his voice was that of sovereign command. The burthen of seventy-five winters rolled off, and he rose above the puny things around him. When the passage of the Declaration was read which solemnly proclaims the right of reform, revolution, and resistance to oppression, the grand old man thundered out—

"*Read that again!*"

Looking proudly around on the listening audience, he heard his triumphant vindication sounded forth in the glorious sentences of the nation's Magna Charta, written by Mr. Jefferson, a Virginian. The sympathetic revulsion of feeling was intense, though voiceless; every drop of free, honest blood in that vast assemblage bounded with high impulse, every fiber thrilled with excitement. The members of the house were all gathered around him, even his persecutors paying involuntary tribute to the 'old man eloquent.' Lord Morpeth was an attentive spectator and auditor; and so were governors, senators, judges, and other high officials, innumerable. A strong exhibition of the facts in the case, mostly in cold, calm, logical, measured sentences, concluded Mr. Adams's effort, and he sat down, vindicated, victorious.

Intemperate debates, with violence undiminished, succeeded, in which all the topics of party censure, from the adoption of the constitution, were collected and heaped upon Mr. Adams, by Marshall, Wise, Gilmer, and others. No description can do justice to the effective eloquence of Mr. Adams in reply,—including amusing particulars of missives he had received from the south threatening him with assassination; among other kindly hints, of this sort, sent through the post-office, being a colored lithograph portrait of himself, with the picturesque annotation of a rifle-ball on the forehead, and a promise that such a remedy would "stop his music."

On the eleventh day of this debate, Mr. Adams, in opening his defense, stated it as his intention to go over the whole affair, and that he should require a great deal more time, in addition to what had already been consumed; but he was willing to forego it all, provided it could be done without sacrificing his rights, the rights of his constituents, and those of the peti-

tioners. He then stated, that if any gentleman would make a motion to lay the whole subject — that of which Marshall had been made the champion — on the table, he would forbear to proceed with his defense. This motion was at once made by Mr. Botts, of Virginia, and carried by a vote of one hundred and six to ninety-three. The petition from Haverhill was then refused to be received, three-fourths of the house voting against it.

It would appear well-nigh incredible, that a venerable man like Mr. Adams should be able to carry on, for eleven days, almost single-handed, so great a contest. That this was due, in no small degree, to his consummate skill as a parliamentarian, cannot be questioned. The following memorable instance of his power in this respect, will form a fitting close to this chapter.

At the opening of the twenty-sixth congress, the clerk began to call the roll of the members, according to custom. When he came to New Jersey, he stated that five seats of the members from that state were contested, and that, not feeling himself authorized to decide the question, he should pass over those names, and proceed with the call. This gave rise to a general and violent debate on the steps to be pursued under such circumstances. Innumerable questions were raised, and propositions made, but the house could not agree upon the mode of proceeding, and, from the second to the fifth day, the house remained in a perfectly disorganized state, and in inextricable confusion, the clerk acting as the tool of his party. But the hour of disenthrallment was at hand; a scene was to be presented which would send the mind back to those days when Cromwell exclaimed, "Sir Harry Vane! wo unto you, Sir Harry Vane!"—and in an instant dispersed the famous rump parliament.

Mr. Adams, from the opening of this scene of confusion and anarchy, had maintained a profound silence. He appeared to be engaged most of the time in writing. To a common observer he seemed to be reckless of everything around him. But nothing, not the slightest incident, escaped him.

The fourth day of the struggle had now commenced. Mr. Hugh A. Garland, the clerk, was directed to call the roll again. He commenced with Maine, as usual in those days, and was proceeding towards Massachusetts. Mr. Adams was now observed to be holding himself in readiness to get the floor at the earliest moment possible. His eye was riveted on the clerk, his hands clasped the front edge of his desk, where he always placed them to assist him in rising. He looked, in the language of Otway, like a 'fowler eager for his prey.'

"New Jersey!" ejaculated Mr. Hugh Garland, "and the clerk has to repeat that———"

Mr. Adams sprang to the floor!

"I rise to interrupt the clerk," was his first ejaculation.

"Silence, silence!" resounded through the hall. "Hear him, hear him! Hear what he has to say! Hear John Quincy Adams!" was vociferated on all sides.

In an instant, such profound silence reigned throughout the vast chamber, that the fall of a leaf of paper might have been heard in any part of it; and every eye was riveted on the venerable Nestor of Massachusetts,—one of the purest of statesmen and noblest of men! He paused for a moment, and, having given Mr. Garland a withering look, he proceeded to address the dense throng.

"It was not my intention," said he, "to take any part in these extraordinary proceedings. I had hoped that this house would succeed in organizing itself; that a speaker and clerk would be elected, and that the ordinary business of legislation would have been progressed in. This is not the time, or place, to discuss the merits of the conflicting claimants for seats from New Jersey; that subject belongs to the house of representatives, which, by the constitution, is made the ultimate arbiter of the qualifications of its members. But what a spectacle we here

present! We degrade and disgrace ourselves; we degrade and disgrace our constituents and our country. We do not, and cannot organize; and why? Because the clerk of this house, the mere clerk, whom we create, whom we employ, and whose existence depends upon our will, usurps the throne, and sets us, the representatives, the vicegerents of the whole American people, at defiance, and holds us in contempt! And what is this clerk of yours? Is he to control the destinies of sixteen millions of freemen? Is he to suspend, by his mere negative, the functions of government, and put an end to this congress? He refuses to call the roll! It is in your power to compel him to call it, if he will not do it voluntarily."

Here he was interrupted by a member, who said that he was authorized to say that compulsion could not reach the clerk, who had avowed that he would resign, rather than call the state of New Jersey.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Adams, "then *let* him resign, and we may possibly discover some way by which we can get along, without the aid of his all-powerful talent, learning, and genius. If we cannot organize in any other way—if this clerk of yours will not consent to our discharging the trusts confided to us by our constituents, then let us imitate the example of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which, when the colonial governor, Dinwiddie, ordered it to disperse, refused to obey the imperious and insulting mandate, and, *like men*———"

The multitude could not contain or repress their enthusiasm any longer, but saluted the eloquent and indignant speaker, and intercepted him with loud and deafening cheers, which seemed to shake the capitol to its center. The very Genii of applause and enthusiasm seemed to float in the atmosphere of the hall, and every heart expanded with indescribable pride and exultation. The turmoil, the darkness, the very chaos of anarchy, which had for successive days, pervaded the American congress, was dispelled by the magic, the talismanic eloquence of a single man; and, once more, the wheels of government and of legislation were put in motion.

Having, by this powerful appeal, brought the yet unorganized assembly to a perception of its real position, he submitted a motion requiring the acting clerk to proceed in calling the roll. This and similar motions had already been made by other members. The difficulty, indeed, was just this, that the clerk declined to entertain them. Accordingly, Mr. Adams was immediately interrupted by a burst of voices demanding, "How shall the question be put?" "Who will put the question?" The voice of Mr. Adams was heard above all the tumult, "*I intend to put the question myself!*" That word brought order out of chaos. There was the master mind.

As soon as the multitude had recovered itself, and the excitement of long and loud resounding plaudits had abated, Mr. Richard Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina, leaped upon one of the desks, waved his hand, and exclaimed:

"I move that the Honorable John Quincy Adams take the chair of the speaker of this house, and officiate as presiding officer, till the house be organized by the election of its constitutional officers! As many as are agreed to this will say *ay;* those———"

He had not an opportunity to complete the sentence, "those who are not agreed will say *no*,"—for one universal, deafening, tremendous *ay*, responded to the nomination.

Hereupon, it was moved and ordered that Hons. Lewis Williams, of North Carolina, and Richard Barnwell Rhett, conduct John Quincy Adams to the chair. And well did Mr. Wise, of Virginia, say to him:

"Sir, I regard it as the proudest hour of your life; and if, when you shall be gathered to your fathers, I were asked to select the words which, in my judgment, are best calculated to give at once the character of the man, I would inscribe upon your tomb this sentence: *I intend to put the question myself.*"

The brave old man lived not only to see the odious "gag rule" rescinded, but to listen to that magnificent speech from one of his colleagues, Dr. Palfrey, on the "inalienable rights of man," at the conclusion of which, Mr. Adams characteristically exclaimed, "God be praised; the seals are broken; the door is open!"

Dying in his country's capitol, in the midst of his public duties, in February, 1848, his illustrious career shone brightly to the end. As secretary of state under Mr. Monroe, and subsequently as president, his cabinet and other political associates consisted of such eminent statesmen as Crawford, Shelby, Crowninshield, Thompson, Southard, Meigs, McLean, Rush, Wirt, Barbour, Porter, Van Rensselaer; nor was his political ability hardly less appreciated by those master leaders in the ranks of his opponents. A whole nation deplored the loss and united in rendering homage to the memory of the fearless "champion of the right of petition." His successor in congress was Hon. Horace Mann, a kindred spirit.

XXXII.

PASSAGE OF BENTON'S FAMOUS "EXPUNGING RESOLUTION," IN THE U. S. SENATE, AFTER A THREE YEARS PARLIAMENTARY STRUGGLE.—1837.

Vindication of President Jackson Against the Condemnatory Sentence Passed by that Body in 1834, for his Removal of the Government Deposites.—Strong Black Lines are Drawn Around Said Sentence, by the Secretary, in the Presence of the Senate and of a Vast and Tumultuous Crowd, at Midnight.—Opposition to the United States Bank.—Jackson's Message Against It.—Public Opinion Divided.—Congress Grants a Charter.—Presidential Veto of this Bill.—Jackson Denounces the Bank.—Declares it to be Corrupt.—Orders the United States Funds Removed.—Secretary Duane Declines to Act.—Taney Succeeds Him and Obeys.—Fierce Conflict in Congress.—Weeks of Stormy Debate.—Proposed Censure of Jackson.—Resolution to this Effect Passed.—Benton's Motion to Expunge.—He Follows it up Unceasingly.—His Consummate Tact.—Approach of the Decisive Hour.—Excited Crowds Pour In.—Triumph of the Master Spirit.—Execution of the Resolve.—Strange and Impressive Scene.

"No power on earth—so help me God!—shall control the key to the Nation's funds, but the United States Government itself."—PRESIDENT JACKSON.

SAFE PLACE FOR THE KEY TO THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

O remark concerning the celebrated parliamentary feat accomplished in the passage of the "Expunging Resolution," by the United States Senate, could more appropriately describe the chief actor in that proceeding, than the pregnant sentence written by Senator Benton's biographer, namely, that as an exhibition of many especial traits of that senator's character—persistency, keen and sagacious insight, stubborn devotion to the fame of his party chief, unquailing courage, and confidence of success against any and all odds,—no act of his life was more striking. As is very well known, the mover in this exciting measure, Senator Benton, naturally made himself peculiarly obnoxious to his political opponents, but he finally achieved success, and gained a great personal triumph. The motion was, to strike from the journals of the senate a resolution of censure passed upon General Jackson, March twenty-eighth, 1834, during the second term of his presidency, and the passion of partisans clothed the contest with a violence which shook the whole country.

The history of this remarkable and deeply interesting affair runs as follows: In his message to congress, President Jackson expressed an opinion against renewing the

charter of the United States bank, which would expire in 1836. The bank had not yet formally applied for such renewal, but, being thus pressed upon the attention of congress, it was referred to the committee on finance in both houses for examination; and on the thirtieth of April, 1830, Mr. McDuffie, of the house, made a report on the subject, taking ground directly at variance with the views of the president, arguing that Washington sanctioned and signed its original charter, that it had fulfilled the ends for which it was established, and that expediency and a regard for the public interest would dictate its continuance. The report in the senate concurred with these sentiments. Such was the effect produced by these reports, that the shares of the bank, which, under the effect of the message, had greatly fallen in value, soon reached the very highest figure.

As early as 1832, a memorial was presented to congress by the president and directors of the bank for a renewal of its charter. Soon after, a committee was appointed to investigate the proceedings of the bank. A majority of this committee reported against the bank, principally on the ground of a violation of its charter by illegal transactions; a minority report, however, declared that the affairs of the bank had been administered by Mr. Biddle and the directors, with very great ability, and with perfect fidelity to every obligation; and that, being an institution indispensable to the preservation of a sound currency, and to the financial operations of the government, its downfall would be a great national calamity.

On the tenth of June, the senate passed a bill, by eight majority, favoring the bank, and, shortly after, the house concurred by a majority of twenty-two. This bill was vetoed by the president, who declared it unauthorized by the constitution, subversive of the rights of the states, and dangerous to the liberties of the people. This veto, though not unexpected to the country, was bitterly denounced from one end of the Union to the other, as an act pregnant with fearful and appalling woes. Such, too, was the political complexion of congress, at this period, that it was impossible to obtain anything like the two-thirds vote requisite to pass a bill over the presidential veto.

The conflict of opinion in regard to the bank,—an institution whose existence and operations naturally affected, for good or ill, every branch of industry, commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, throughout the country,—continued, and with increased intensity. All kinds of business had, by means of the vast loans so freely obtained from the bank, in larger or smaller sums, by speculators, become greatly inflated, and especially was this the case with stocks. Jackson, viewing the bank as, in this respect, an unhealthy corporation, and capable, in its dispensation of favors, of being a dangerous political engine, determined to cripple and crush it, and, as an effectual measure to this end, he planned the withdrawal from the bank, of those funds belonging to the government, of which the bank, according to its charter, was the legal depository. During the recess of congress, namely, on the eighteenth of September, 1833, the president read to the cabinet a document advocating and advising a speedy removal of the public treasure deposited with the United States bank,—this treasure constituting, as was well understood, the basis of the bank's credit and operations.

In the document read by the president, on this occasion, he begged the cabinet to consider the measure as *his own*, and in support of which he should require no one of them to make a sacrifice of opinion or principle. Its responsibility, he assured them, had been assumed by him, after the most mature deliberation and reflection, as necessary to preserve the morals of the people, the freedom of the press, and the purity of the elective franchise. Mr. Duane, at this time secretary of the treasury, disapproved of the proposed removal of the deposites, whereupon he was dismissed from that position, and his place supplied by Roger B. Taney, who at once

executed the presidential order. The president emphatically declared: "No power on earth—*so help me God!*—shall control the key to the nation's funds, but the United States government itself!"

Mr. Clay's indignant, burning eloquence, denunciatory of the acts of the executive, knew no bounds, and he concluded by offering *resolutions of censure against the president, which, after a most stormy debate, passed the senate, in a slightly altered form, on the twenty-eighth of March*, 1834, namely: "That the president, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the constitution and laws, but in derogation of both." Against this resolution, President Jackson sent in a long and severe protest. To this the senate responded, by resolutions declaring that the protest was a breach of the privileges of the senate, and that it should not be entered upon the journal. The house of representatives, however, sustained the president, in his opposition to the bank, and the removal of the deposites. Memorials and petitions, for or against the measures of the president, flowed in from all quarters. It was considered as momentous an issue as had ever agitated the land.

The president's wrath was unmeasured, that the resolutions of censure, in substance declaring him guilty of an impeachable offense, should thus be spread upon the legislative journal. Mr. Benton, the most powerful friend of the president, lost no time in giving notice of his intention to move a strong measure in behalf of the president, namely, an *Expunging Resolution* against the sentence of censure passed and recorded by the senate, committing himself irrevocably to the prosecution of the resolution, until he should succeed in the effort, or terminate his political life.

In support of the president's course, and of Mr. Benton's proposed method of vindication, various public proceedings were had in different sections of the country, and some of the state legislatures not only voted in favor of the removal of the record of censure, but instructed their congressional delegations to use their influence and votes in a similar direction.

Mr. Benton's resolutions rehearsed the principal points involved in the past history and present aspects of the controversy, quite at length, the closing resolution being as follows: "That the said resolve be expunged from the journal; and, for that purpose, that the secretary of the senate, at such time as the senate may appoint, shall bring the manuscript journal of the session 1833–34 into the senate, and, in the presence of the senate, draw black lines round the said resolve, and write across the face thereof, in strong letters, the following words: 'Expunged

Thomas H. Benton

by order of the senate, this —— day of ——, in the year of our Lord ——.'"

For three years, successively, did Mr. Benton bring forward, on different occasions, his celebrated motion, and again and again he suffered defeat, after the most violent and scathing debates that ever took place in any parliamentary body, the senate at this time containing an unusual amount of oratorical talent and forensic power.

But the last scene—and with it victory to the great Missourian and his presidential master,—was now near at hand; and

this scene, as described, mainly, by Mr. Benton himself, was as follows: Saturday, the fourteenth of January, the democratic senators agreed to have a meeting, and to take their final measures for passing the expunging resolution. They knew they had the numbers; but they also knew they had adversaries to grapple with to whom might be applied the proud motto of Louis the Fourteenth: "Not an unequal match for numbers." They also knew that members of the party were in the process of separating from it, and would require conciliating. They met in the night at the then famous restaurant of Boulanger, giving to the assemblage the air of a convivial entertainment. It continued till midnight, and required all the moderation, tact and skill of the prime movers to obtain and maintain the union upon details, on the success of which the fate of the measure depended. The men of conciliation were to be the efficient men of that night; and all the winning resources of Wright, Allen of Ohio, and Linn of Missouri, were put into requisition. There were serious differences upon the mode of expurgation, while agreed upon the thing; and finally obliteration, the favorite of the mover, was given up, and the mode of expurgation adopted which had been proposed in the resolutions of the general assembly of Virginia, namely, to inclose the obnoxious sentence in a square of black lines—an oblong square: a compromise of opinions to which the mover agreed upon condition of being allowed to compose the epitaph—"*Expunged by the order of the Senate.*" The agreement which was to lead to victory was then adopted, each one severally pledging himself to it, that there should should be no adjournment of the senate after the resolution was called until it was passed; and that it should be called immediately after the morning business on the Monday ensuing. Expecting a protracted session, extending through the day and night, and knowing the difficulty of keeping men steady to their work and in good humor, when tired and hungry, the mover of the proceeding took care to provide, as far as possible, against such a state of things; and gave orders that night to have an ample supply of cold hams, turkeys, rounds of beef, pickles, wines, and cups of hot coffee, ready in a certain committee room near the senate chamber by four o'clock on the afternoon of Monday.

The motion to take up the subject was made at the appointed time, and immediately a debate of long speeches, chiefly on the other side, opened itself upon the question.

As the darkness of approaching night came on, and the great chandelier was lit up, splendidly illuminating the chamber, then crowded with the members of the house, and the lobbies and galleries filled to their utmost capacity with visitors and spectators, the scene became grand and impressive. A few spoke on the side of the resolution—chiefly Rives, Buchanan, Niles—and, with an air of ease and satisfaction that bespoke a quiet determination, and a consciousness of victory. The committee room was resorted to in parties of four and six at a time, always leaving enough on watch; and not resorted to by one side alone. The opposition were invited to a full participation—an invitation of which those who were able to maintain their good temper readily availed themselves; but the greater part were not in a humor to eat anything—especially at such a feast.

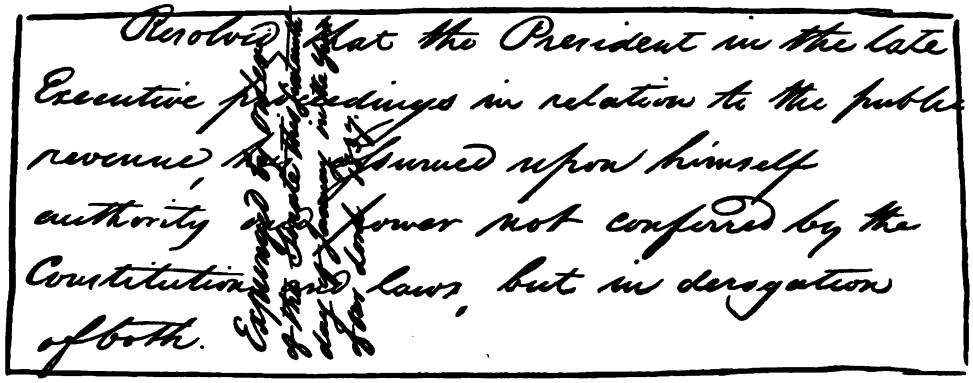
The night was wearing away; the expungers were in full force—masters of the chamber—happy—and visibly determined to remain. It became evident to the great opposition leaders, that the inevitable hour had come; that the 'damnable deed' was to be done that night; and that the dignity of silence was no longer to them a tenable position. The battle was going against them, and they must go into it, without being able to re-establish it. In the beginning, they had not considered the expunging movement a serious proceeding; as it advanced, they still expected it to miscarry on some point; now,

the reality of the thing stood before them, confronting their presence, and refusing to "down" at any command.

Mr. Calhoun opposed the measure, in a speech of great severity. The day (said he) is gone; night approaches, and night is suitable to the dark deed we meditate; there is a sort of destiny in this thing; the act must be performed, and *it is an act which will tell upon the political history of this country forever.*

Mr. Clay indulged in unmeasured denunciation of the whole thing.

The last speech in opposition to the measure was made by Mr. Webster, who employed the strongest language he could


Resolved that the President in the late Executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both.

FAC-SIMILE COPY OF THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION.

command, condemnatory of an act, which, he declared, was *so unconstitutional, so derogatory to the character of the senate,* and marked with so broad an impression of compliance with power.

But, though thus pronounced an irregular and unconstitutional proceeding, by Mr. Webster and the other senators with whom he sided and voted, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was at the time a member of the house, and in direct antagonism, politically, to Mr. Benton and to the Jackson administration, held a different opinion.

Midnight (says Mr. Benton, in continuing his account,) was now approaching. The dense masses which filled every inch of room in the lobbies and the galleries, remained immovable. No one went out; no one could get in. The floor of the senate was crammed with privileged persons, and it seemed that all congress was there. Expectation, and determination to see the conclusion, were depicted upon every countenance. It was evident there was to be no adjournment until the vote should be taken—until the deed was done; and this aspect of invincible determination had its effect upon the ranks of the opposition. They began to falter under a useless persistence, for they alone now did the speaking; and while Mr. Webster was yet reciting his protest, two senators from the opposition side, who had been best able to maintain their equanimity, came round to the mover of the resolution, and said: 'This question has degenerated into a trial of nerves and muscles. It has become a question of physical endurance; and we see no use in wearing ourselves out to keep off for a few hours longer what has to come before we separate. We see that you are able and determined to carry your measure—so, call the vote as soon as you please. We shall say no more. Mr. Webster concluded. No one rose. There was a pause, a dead silence, and an intense feeling. Presently the silence was invaded by the single word, "question"—the parliamentary call for a vote—rising from the seats of different senators. One blank in the resolve remained to be filled—the date of its adoption. It was done. The acting president of the senate, Mr. King, of Alabama, then directed the roll to be called. The yeas and nays had been previously ordered, and proceeded to be called by the secretary of the senate, the result showing a majority of five on the side of the expungers.

The passage of the resolution was announced from the chair. Mr. Benton rose, and said that nothing now remained but to execute the order of the senate, which he moved be done forthwith. It was ordered accordingly. The secretary thereupon produced the original manuscript journal of the senate, and opening at the page which contained the condemnatory sentence of March twenty-eighth, 1834, proceeded in open senate to draw a square of broad black lines around the sentence, and to write across its face in strong letters these words:

"EXPUNGED BY ORDER OF THE SENATE, THIS 16TH DAY OF MARCH, 1837."

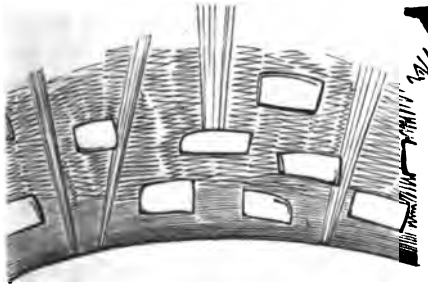
Up to this moment, the crowd in the great circular gallery, looking down upon the senate, though sullen and menacing in their looks, had made no manifestation of feeling. Things were in this state when the secretary of the senate began to perform the expunging process. Instantly a storm of hisses, groans, and vociferations arose from the left wing of the gallery, over the head of Mr. Benton. Anticipating the possibility of violence, some of the senator's friends had gone out and *brought arms into the hall.* No use, however, was made of them, the mob being intimidated by one of the ringleaders being seized by the sergeant-at-arms and brought to the bar of the senate; and the expunging process was performed in quiet. The gratification of General Jackson was extreme. He gave a grand dinner to the expungers and their wives; being, however, too weak to sit at the table, he only met the company, placed the 'head expunger' in the chair, and withdrew to his sick chamber. That expurgation (remarks Mr. Benton,) was the crowning glory of Jackson's civil, as New Orleans had been of his military, life.

XXXIII.

MAGNIFICENT AURORA BOREALIS ENCOMPASSING THE WHOLE FIRMAMENT TO ITS FARTHEST BOUNDS.—1837.

A Vast Canopy of Gorgeous Crimson Flames Encircles the Earth.—Arches of Resplendent Auroral Glories Span the Hemisphere.—Innumerable Scarlet Columns of Dazzling Beauty Rise from the Horizon to the Zenith.—The Face of Nature Everywhere Appears, to an Astonished World, as if Dyed in Blood.—Uncommon Extent and Sublimity.—Remarkable Duration and Aspects.—Intensely Luminous Character.—Universal Outburst of Luster.—Preceded by a Fall of Snow.—First Signs of the Phenomenon.—Exquisite Rosy Illumination.—The Snow Appears Deep Red.—A Fiery Vermilion Tinge to Nature.—Alarm Produced by the Scene.—Great Moving Pillar of Light.—Vivid Streamers in All Directions.—Pure White and Brilliant Colors.—Contrast of the Glowing Tints.—Wide Fields of Rainbow Hues.—Radiant Beauty Heaven-Wide.—Superlative Pageant of Splendor.—Perfection of the Stellar Form.—Millions of Wondering Observers.—Visible Nearly the Whole Night.—Accounts from Different Points.—Europe's Share in the Display.

"—— Depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in these fields of fire,
Perhaps a seraph's computation fails."



SINGULAR FORM OF AURORAL ARCH.

YEARS of observation, covering many centuries, and embracing all zones and latitudes, give no record of any display of auroral glories equal, in sublimity, magnificence, and extent, to the aurora borealis of November fourteenth, 1837. Of the various accounts of this phenomenon, as furnished by observers in different parts of the land, the following will suffice to show its marvelous beauty and grandeur,—remarkable for its amplitude, its duration, its intense luminosity, and the brilliancy of its colors. Scientific observations of the phenomenon were made by Professors Barnard, Herrick, Twining, Joslin, Silliman, Gibbs, Henry, Dewey, Redfield, and others, and these were republished in all parts of Europe, attracting universal attention.

The city of New Haven had been visited, during the day of the fourteenth, with a moderate storm of snow, which began to subside between the hours of five and six in the evening. The heavens continued, however, to be more or less obscured by clouds during the entire evening; on which account, the splendors of the aurora, as they manifested themselves to observers more favorably situated, were here in a great degree concealed. The veil of snow-clouds, which, at sunset, and for some time afterward, covered the sky, was nevertheless exceedingly thin; and it was through this, and even

through the falling snow itself, that the first visible indications of the presence of an aurora were discovered. Though the exact time at which the phenomenon commenced could not be known, it had doubtless been in progress for a while, before the intensity of the light became sufficient to penetrate the screen. The first evidence of its existence consisted in a strong rosy illumination of the entire arch of the heavens.

Of this appearance, Professor Olmstead, then of New Haven, says: The snow, which at sunset had covered the earth and all things near it, with a mantle of the purest white, closed, early in the evening, with a most curious and beautiful pageant. About six o'clock, while the sky was yet thick with falling snow, *all things suddenly appeared as if dyed in blood.* The entire atmosphere, the surface of the earth, the trees, the tops of the houses, and, in short, the whole face of nature, were tinged with the same scarlet hue. The alarm of fire was given, and the vigilant firemen were seen parading the streets in their ghostly uniform, which, assuming the general tint, seemed in singular keeping with the phenomenon. The light was most intense in the north-west and north-east. At short intervals it alternately increased and diminished in brightness, until, at half-past six, only a slight tingo of red remained on the sky. On account of the light being thus transmitted through the snowy medium and a thin veil of clouds, *the aurora borealis was diffused like the light of an astral lamp,* covered with a red shade of ground glass. That the stratum of clouds was very thin, was inferred from the fact, that, before half-past six, a few stars were discernible as when seen through a fog; and such was the appearance of the moon, which rose about the same time. Within ten minutes from the time the heavens began to assume their fiery appearance, the whole clouded hemisphere shone with that marvelously brilliant light, which, reflected in rosy tints by the snow on the ground, produced a scene indescribably gorgeous. To some observers, the auroral flush seemed to overspread all parts of the sky almost simultaneously.

East of New Haven, the storm was more protracted. At New London, the snow was falling copiously, and continued so, unabatedly, during the whole evening. But, notwithstanding the storm, the heavens seemed as if they were on fire,—a lurid light on all sides, from the zenith to the horizon, casting a most vulcanean hue on the fallen snow. The light seemed the same in every portion of the firmament, but without any apparent cause.

In the city of New York, the display, as witnessed from an eminence which commanded an unobstructed view of the horizon in every direction, was, in the latter part of the evening, magnificent beyond description. At about a quarter before six, the attention of observers was attracted by a most unusual appearance of the heavens. The sky was wholly overcast, as in New Haven, at the same hour; though the cloud was not sufficiently dense, absolutely to obscure all the stars, of which quite a number were seen from time to time, faintly glimmering through. At the time of the first observation, the whole heaven was suffused with a lovely carnation, brightest, apparently, at the commencement in the zenith, but soon afterward rather toward the north-east. This tint, reflected on the snow, clothed all nature with a red-tinted garniture, of supernal beauty. It gradually faded, though at the end of an hour it was still slightly perceptible. The sky then rapidly cleared, and all traces of the aurora passed away.

But at about half-past seven, the north and east being still overcast, and some stratified clouds extending themselves along the horizon around toward the west, a brightness began to appear in the north-west, which, in a very short time, extended itself upward forty-five degrees, in a column of diffused light, quite broad at the base, and tapering to a point. This column moved very slowly southward, and at length became divided into two of similar

MAGNIFICENT AURORA BOREALIS OF NOVEMBER 13 AND 14, 1837.

character. But in the meantime, in all the north, and especially in the north-west, numerous streamers began to make their appearance. They became faintly red at the height of about thirty degrees, and the redness of the whole blended itself into one general cloud, while the columns continued distinct and white below. The changes were rapid, but the red tint covered the heavens nearly to the zenith for a long time. The moon, emerging from the clouds, a little before eight, detracted from the brightness of the display. The whole subsided, or nearly so, shortly after eight, and observations were discontinued.

A few minutes before nine, however, the community was summoned to witness a new exhibition of auroral wonders, the lustrous grandeur of which no tongue could tell, nor pen portray. The heavens were at this time wholly unclouded, with the exception of a single very small and faint cirrus high in the north-west. Innumerable bright arches shot up from the whole northern semi-circle of the horizon, and from even farther south, all converging to the zenith with great rapidity. Their upper extremities were of the most brilliant scarlet, while below they were exceedingly white. At the formation of the corona, the appearance of the columns below, which were very numerous and bright, resembled that of bright cotton of long fiber, drawn out at full length. The intermingled hues afforded each other a mutual strong relief, and exhibited the most dazzling contrasts ever beheld. The stellar form was wonderfully perfect and regular. Toward the west, there was a sector of more than twenty degrees of unmingled scarlet, superlatively beautiful.

The duration of this display was quite remarkable. For three-quarters of an hour after its formation, which took place about nine o'clock, the corona continued, with variable brightness, to maintain its position a little to the south of the zenith. At about half-past nine, the northern columns had become disconnected from it, and had subsided very low, the heavens being clear between. But long before this, and, indeed, within a few minutes after nine, the south was as completely filled with corresponding columns as the north.

For a time, therefore, *the earth was completely overarched by a perfect canopy*

of glory! The southern columns, which seemed to proceed downward from the corona, rested on an arch of diffused light, extending in a great circle from east to west, or nearly so, and being about twenty degrees, or a little more, above the horizon, in the center. All below the arch was of the strange darkness so usual at such times in the north. The southern columns were at no time so bright as the northern, but they maintained their position, after these last had retired,—extending still from the corona to the arch which formed their base. The appearance was at this time that of an aurora australis, and this continued for more than a quarter of an hour. Streamers, for a while, continued to shoot up irregularly in the north, but they did not again reach the zenith. By half-past ten, all evidence of the phenomenon disappeared from the heavens, and the hosts of charmed observers reluctantly abandoned their watch.

In the western part of New York state, the exhibition was most superb, as seen and described at various points of observation. In Buffalo and neighborhood, the aurora was perceived at its first approach. At about quarter-past five o'clock, the heavens being clear in the north and for fifty degrees both east and west of that point, an unusual ruddy appearance was noticed. This soon faded, leaving barely a perceptible tinge; and instantly, when nearly all color had disappeared elsewhere, a space of some fifteen degrees in diameter, immediately west of Cassiopeia and Andromeda, and north of Pegasus, was lighted up with red, of a particularly deep hue. This was entirely disconnected, on every side, from any auroral light or appearance whatever, and, from its center, pencils of white radiated to the periphery on every side.

After this appearance had continued some five minutes, the white lines disappeared, and the whole space in question assumed a uniform red color, which was almost instantly thereafter extended, in an arch of the same width, through the zenith, and down to the horizon about sixty degrees west of north. On the east, this light did not extend itself; and, during the whole time, the clear space existing in the north retained its usual color and appearance. Deep red streams, penciled with white, then began to appear and fade in the north, but without the tremulous motion of 'merry dancers.' Those in the north-east maintained their brightness longest.

At about fifteen minutes before six o'clock, the clouds had become more dense and dark, though still in detached masses, particularly throughout that portion of the heavens which had been occupied by the red arch above mentioned, and these isolated clouds now assumed an appearance at once novel and striking. Those west of the zenith, and lying within the track of the crimson arch already described, suddenly exhibited the most vivid red along their entire southern borders; while the like clouds east of the zenith, and following the same track, and prolonging it quite down to the eastern horizon, assumed the same vivid color upon their northern borders; no other portion, however, of these clouds, exhibited any of the characteristics of auroral light. South of this line, there was at no time any auroral light whatever; and at the moment in question, there was very little in any other parts of the heavens, save on the borders of these clouds. At nine minutes before six, the red edgings of these clouds began to fade, and immediately a wide space in the north-east, that was still free from clouds, was most brilliantly lighted up. The color was of the same deep red, but it did not extend down to the horizon; and this had scarcely continued four minutes, when the whole region north of the zenith, to within about eight degrees of the horizon, was again reddened and glowing—while, beyond these limits, either north or south, no vestige of the aurora was visible. Just two minutes before six, the moon appeared above the horizon, and as it was only two days past the full, its beams soon surpassed in brightness those of the aurora.

In Hudson, Ohio, at the Western Reserve College, some of the earlier displays of the phenomenon were noticed by Professor Loomis. This was some five minutes after six, when he observed that a small pile of light, of a reddish hue, lay upon the horizon, in a direction a little north of north-west, and a similar pile in the east of north-east. Between these there was a low faint cloud, bounded by a somewhat ill-defined arch, rising in its center about ten degrees from the horizon. Above this arch, a diffused light streamed upward toward the zenith, in one or two places, being somewhat more condensed, forming beams. This light increased rapidly in brightness; it became of a more decided crimson color, extended up to the zenith, and, at the same time, light began to shoot up from several points in the east, and somewhat south of east. At a quarter-past six, meantime, a pretty regular arch was formed, extending from the above-mentioned pile of light in the north-west. This arch was rather irregular in its outline, and had a slightly crimson color. In about five minutes, another arch of white light partially formed in the southern sky, and had nearly the same direction with the preceding; but this arch was never complete, and soon vanished entirely. The great arch, however, before described, brightened up again in very nearly the same position as previously. About half-past eight, light of a crimson color was observed to shoot from the eastern horizon toward and beyond the zenith, nearly in the position of the former arch. The heavens were now nearly covered with thin cirro-cumulus clouds, and the contrast of the ordinary clouds with this crimson auroral light, produced a very singular effect. The sky remained cloudy during the night.

Strange though it may appear, this beautiful and magnificent phenomenon was visible during nearly the whole night in the neighborhood of St. Louis, Mo., and was particularly brilliant between the hours of twelve and one, when the moon was near its zenith. Time in St. Louis being rather more than one hour earlier than in New York, this midnight display was contemporaneous with the latest return of the aurora in the longitude of New York; but this, which was the least energetic in the latter, appears there to have been the most remarkable.

The commencement of the phenomenon in Philadelphia was similar to that observed at New York. At a later period, the lights were again visible, and, between nine and ten o'clock, exceeded in extent and brilliancy, anything of the kind ever before witnessed in that region. A broad field of crimson flame, stretching from nearly a western course, and reaching the eastern hemisphere, encompassed the heavens with a brilliant glory, of indescribable beauty and magnificence, hanging, as it were, suspended from the blue vault above, like an immense curtain over the earth—while, from almost every point of the compass, shot up rays of rich and gorgeous light, spreading and intermingling with a wavy tremulous motion, and exhibiting every hue of the clearest rainbow. The richness, variety, and delicacy of the colors, were surprisingly beautiful, as was their prismatic brilliancy. The sky itself was remarkably clear and cloudless—and through the celestial phenomena, a full moon and innumerable stars were, all the while, distinctly visible.

In Maryland, according to the observations made at Emmettsburg, the first indication of the aurora's approach was given as soon as it became dark, by the singular redness of the cumulo-stratus clouds, now entirely covering the sky. Those in the north, south, east and west, all partook of the redness, the reflection from them being strong enough to give a red tinge to the snow. The heaviest clouds retained their dark color in the center, but they were bordered with red. During the hour in which this state of things existed, there were no streamers, streaks of light, nor merry dancers. Indeed, where the sky could be seen between the clouds, there were no signs of an aurora, but rather a deep green sky. By seven, the moon

VIEW OF THE AURORA BOREALIS IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

being risen, and the clouds having vanished, nothing remained to show that there had been any unusual occurrence. A little after nine, however, the sky being perfectly clear, an aurora suddenly sprang up, which, for magnificence, surpassed anything of the kind ever before witnessed in that section. The streamers from the east, west, and north, converged a few degrees south of the zenith, forming a beautiful auroral crown, red as scarlet, but intermingled with streaks of pale light. There were no merry dancers, but all the other appearances usually witnessed on such occasions were noticed. In little more than half an hour, the grand display was over, for the most part.

Observers at Annapolis, Md., describe the aurora there as coming on in waves, at about a quarter before six, and returning at seven, at eight, and at nine. The first arch was formed suddenly, and became vertical in a very few minutes, from the first appearance of the columns at the north-west and south-east. It was crimson, traversed by white pencils. The color of the light at eight o'clock was not red, but dusky, and formed from the north-west point to the pole star, a broad column, which kept its position for half an hour. A succession of fine cirrus clouds floated off from the lower parts of the column to the south. At nine o'clock, the recurrence of the crimson light was more in patches, and of intense brightness, accompanied by cirro-cumulus clouds, which were formed suddenly over the whole sky, and were borne swiftly to the east by the wind.

Near Alexandria, Va., the early display, as seen from east south-east to west south-west, exhibited a rich orange red color, extending even to the zenith, and covering all the heavens north of these points. The return occurred toward nine o'clock, in a brilliant and fiery form.

The appearance of the aurora in South Carolina commenced about six o'clock, in the shape of a bank or store-house of auroral vapor towards the north. When first observed, a space of about fifteen degrees above the horizon was strongly marked by a pale white light, above which the crimson hue peculiar to this phenomenon began to be distinctly visible. At this time, the greatest degree of brightness was to the east of north, assuming no very definite

form, but extending about eight or ten degrees east, and reaching in height to the constellation of Cassiopeia's chair, the lower portion of which was enveloped in its reddening glow. The action then subsided; but at about eight o'clock, another bright crimson column ascended due north, attaining an altitude some degrees greater than that of the polar star, and maintaining its place about half an hour. After this had faded away, no return was observed until half-past nine, when there was perceived another broad arch of crimson light, ascending several degrees to the west of north.

In certain sections of Georgia, the phenomenon commenced a little after dark. The sky a little to the north of the star Capella, began to appear luminous, and a luminous arch was soon formed, of about six or eight degrees in breadth, and extending over to the north-western horizon, having the pole star in its highest point. Soon after the arch was formed, that part of it in the north-east horizon became much brighter, and somewhat broader than the rest; and this luminous portion gradually rose, and passed on in the arch, its densest part culminating a little below the north star. It continued its motion to the western horizon.

An hour and a half was occupied by the passage of the luminous part of the arch just described. It became somewhat fainter, after it had passed the meridian, and it gradually was lost to sight, beginning first to disappear in the east, so that not a vestige remained at nine o'clock, three hours from its first appearance. The color of the arch was that of light scarlet, the most luminous part being a little darker, and much more intense. Its form was that of a semi-circle, having for its base about sixty degrees of the horizon. It differed from the aurora in its regular outline, as well as its regular motion from east to west, and was witnessed with admiration and astonishment.

So extensive was this magnificent celestial phenomenon, that it exhibited its wonderful splendors, contemporaneously, to the inhabitants of Europe and America, though the presence of clouds greatly interfered with the attractiveness and grandeur of the exhibition in the former. At half-past twelve, however,—says one of the observers in England,—a patch of the most intense blood-red colors ever seen, was visible, free from the interposition of clouds. The whole of the sky had an awful appearance; for the tinge of red which pervaded the whole expanse, assumed, in many points, from the depth of colors above, and the density of the clouds below, the dark copper tint, which is seen on the disk of the moon during a lunar eclipse. It was such a sight as fills the mind with wonder and awe; and, in America at least, was the most marvelous of the kind ever known; though that of August and September, 1859, proved but little inferior in some respects. In northern Europe, this phenomenon is quite frequent, and Mr. Bayard Taylor describes one of rare beauty which he there witnessed.

XXXIV.

BREAKING OUT OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.—1840.

Origin, Rapid Spread, Influence, and Wonderful History of the Movement.—Enthusiasm Attending the "Washingtonian" Era.—Its Pioneers Rise from the Gutter to the Rostrum, and Sway Multitudes by their Eloquence.—Father Mathew's Visit.—His 600,000 Converts.—Career of Hawkins, Mitchell, Gough, Dow, and Others.—First Temperance Society in the United States.—Singular Terms of Membership.—Social Customs in Former Times.—Unrestrained Use of Spirits.—Growing Desire for Reform.—Influential Men Enlisted.—Meetings, Societies, Agitation.—A Congressional Organization.—Origin of "Tee-Totalism."—Deacon Giles's Distillery.—"My Mother's Gold Ring."—Rise of "Washingtonianism."—Six Reformed Drunkards.—Cold Water Armies, Processions, etc.—Music, Banners and Badges.—The Country All Ablaze.—An "Apostle of Temperance."—Administering the Pledge.—Conflict Concerning Measures.—Anecdotes of Washington.—General Taylor's Whiskey Jug.—Farragut's Substitute for Grog.

"I shall not close this letter without exhorting you to refrain from spirituous liquors; they will prove your ruin if you do not. Consider how little a drunken man differs from a beast; the latter is not endowed with reason, the former deprives himself of it."—GENERAL WASHINGTON.

EFFECT OF REFORMATION.

PERHAPS it would be difficult to name the precise date when active public efforts were initiated in the United States to check the widespread evil of intemperance. It is not to be doubted, however, that the writings of that eminent man of science, Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, especially his "Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind," issued as early as 1804, did much to awaken an interest in the subject, on the part of the community. But not until 1808, was there any movement of an associated character, for public or individual abandonment of the use of intoxicating drinks.

But it sounds somewhat strangely, in these later days of radical reform, that the initial movement referred to, and which was entitled "The Temperate Society of Moreau and Northumberland," (towns in the county of Saratoga, N. Y.) originated by Billy Clarke, should be based upon regulations like the following:—

"No member shall be intoxicated, under penalty of fifty cents. No member shall drink rum, gin, whiskey, wine, or any distilled spirits, or compositions of the same, or any of them, except by the advice of a physician, or in case of actual disease (also excepting wine at public dinners), under penalty of twenty-five cents; provided that this article shall not infringe on any religious ordinance. No member shall offer any of said liquors to any other member, or urge any other person to drink thereof, under penalty of twenty-five cents for each offense."

But the day of small beginnings, in a humane cause, is never to be despised, and, in a few years, the reform had enlisted the earnest co-operation of lawyers, divines, and other eminent men, such as Carey, Palfrey, Humphrey, Dexter, Marsh, Edwards, Beecher, Porter, Leavitt, Hewit, Day, and Kittredge. In 1813, there was formed the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance; one in Connecticut, in 1829; and, in 1826, the American Temperance Union. The statistics of this period present the calculation, that, out of a white population of ten millions, between three and four millions were habitual spirit-drinkers, of whom three hundred and seventy-five thousand drank daily on an average three gills of ardent spirits, while an equal number consumed more than twice that quantity, and of course were drunkards. Making due allowance for the imperfectness of such statistical data, it was admitted by all, that the intemperate use of spirituous liquors, in every part of the land, had become alarmingly prevalent.

The excellent *resumé* of this movement, as given by Dr. Emerson Davis, himself one of its ablest and most efficient supporters, states that at this time the reform seemed to be simultaneous through the country. At the beginning of 1828, the custom, hitherto so general, of treating visitors with wine, cordials, and brandy, began to disappear. The sideboards of the rich and influential, which from time immemorial had groaned under a load of decanters, were relieved of their burdens, and a very great change in the customs of society began to be apparent. At the close of 1828, the number of temperance societies reported in the temperance journals was two hundred and twenty-five. At the close of 1829, there were more than one thousand such societies, embracing more than one hundred thousand members, pledged to total abstinence; fifty distilleries had stopped, four hundred merchants had abandoned the traffic, and twelve hundred drunkards had been reclaimed. On the first of May, 1831, it appeared that more than three hundred thousand persons had signed the pledge, and not less than fifty thousand were supposed to have been saved from a drunkard's grave. Even at Washington, a congressional temperance society was organized, under the auspices of such men as Cass, Grundy, Bates, Wayne, Post, Durbin, and others; and some of the most brilliant public men signed the pledge.

A very common objection (adds Dr. Davis), made by many of the poor, was, that they could not afford to drink wine, and, therefore, that signing the pledge operated unequally; it took from them the use of all stimulants but cider and beer, but it left to the rich the use of wine, which was often about as strong as Cognac brandy. In order to obviate this objection, it was found necessary to introduce a new pledge, prohibiting the use, not only of distilled, but of fermented, liquors. The first society that adopted this pledge was the Eighth Ward Branch of the New York City Temperance Society. This was called the tee-total pledge,—a name first given to it in England, and which had its origin in the prolonged and incoherent stuttering, by one who was taking the pledge, at the first letter in the word '*t*otal.' This tee-total pledge was introduced into this country in 1834, and in a short time many societies were formed on that principle. Many, however, who signed the old pledge, refused to sign the new; and thus there was an apparent falling off in the number of the members of temperance organizations. Some, too, who had delivered public addresses, and stood foremost in the ranks of reformers, were thrown into the background, and became silent spectators of passing events.

Among the prominent promoters of the cause, appear the names of Delavan, Norton, Keener, Gerritt Smith, Moses Grant, Loyd, Collins, Briggs, Walworth, Grundy, Hunt, Stewart, and Hoar, as speakers. Mr. L. M. Sargent contributed powerfully to the reform, by his unrivaled temperance tales, including that widely circulated and admired production, "*My Mother's*

Gold Ring." Pierpont inspired thousands by his quaint and thrilling poems; and the letters, essays, and other writings, of such men as Woodward, Warren, Baird, Beman, Chapin, Kirk, Channing, and Barnes, added greatly to the impression upon the public mind. Among the incidents of this period, perhaps none created greater interest and excitement throughout the whole land, than the assault, prosecution, and imprisonment, of Rev. George B. Cheever, of Salem, Mass., subsequently of New York. About the beginning of 1835, he published in a Salem newspaper, a dream, descriptive of "Deacon Giles's Distillery," in which the liquors were graphically characterized as containing demons in an *inferno*. Deacon Giles was a veritable person, and the publication resulted in a violent assault upon Mr. Cheever, one night, by the foreman of the distillery, who inflicted upon the unarmed clergyman a number of severe blows with a raw hide, to which Mr. Cheever made no resistance. Mr. Cheever was also prosecuted for libel, and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. He was regarded as a martyr to the cause of temperance, and his case helped rather than checked the progress of the reform. He continued to do valiant service, as before, with his pen and voice, ranking, in this respect, with such men as Clarke, Grimke, Fisk, Coffin, Woods, Williams, Merrill, Sewall, Pond, Thurston, Reese, Van Loon, Jewett, Buckingham.

But a most stirring and enthusiastic impetus was yet to be given to the temperance movement, and that through the humblest personal instrumentality. This was the organization of the Washington Temperance Society, in Baltimore, in the month of April, 1840; its most remarkable convert being Mr. John H. W. Hawkins, who joined the society the following June.

It appears that six individuals, who were in the habit of associating together, were seated, as usual, on Friday evening, April 2, 1840, in Chase's tavern, in Liberty street, Baltimore, where they were accustomed to meet almost every evening, for the purpose of enjoying mutually all the benefits and conveniences which that establishment and each other's society could possibly afford. These were William K. Mitchell, tailor; John F. Hoss, carpenter; David Anderson, blacksmith; George Steers, blacksmith; James McCurley, coach-maker; and Archibald Campbell, silver-plater. A clergyman who was preaching in the city at that time, had given public notice that on that evening he would deliver a discourse on the subject of temperance. Upon this lecture, the conversation of the six comrades presently turned; whereupon it was agreed that four of them should go and hear it, and report accordingly. So, after the sermon, they returned and conversed on its merits for some time; when one of the company remarked, 'After all, temperance is a good thing.' 'Oh,' said the host, 'they're all a parcel of hypocrites.' 'Oh, yes,' replied McCurley, 'I'll be bound for you; it's your interest to cry them down, anyhow.' *'I tell you what, boys, let's form a society, and make Bill Mitchell president.'* 'Agreed,' cried they. The idea seemed to take wonderfully, and the more they talked and laughed over the idea, the more were they pleased with it.

After parting that night, they did not all meet again until Sunday, when they took a stroll, and, between walking and treating, they managed to arrange the whole matter to their entire satisfaction. It was agreed that one of them should draw up a pledge, and that the whole party should sign it the next day. Accordingly, on Monday morning, Mitchell wrote the following pledge: 'We whose names are annexed, desirous of forming a society for our mutual benefit, and to guard against a pernicious practice, which is injurious to our health, standing, and families, do pledge ourselves as gentlemen, that we will not drink any spirituous or malt liquors, wine, or cider.'

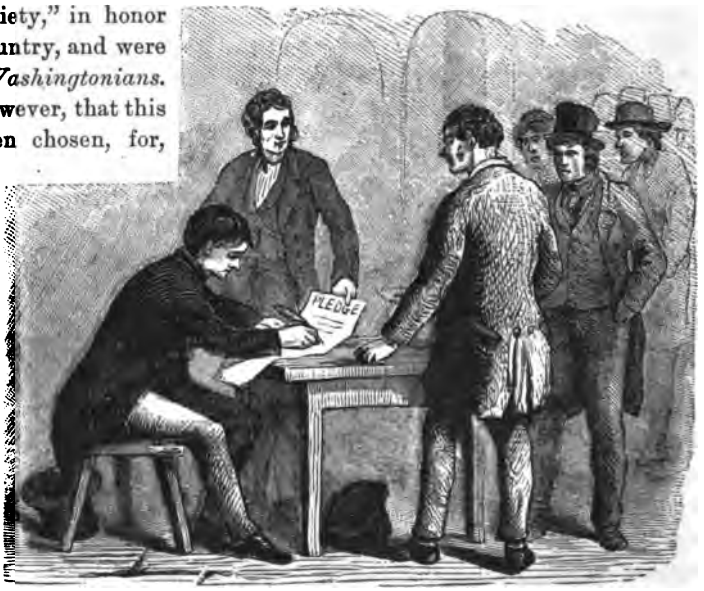
He went with this, at about nine o'clock, to Anderson's house, and found him still in bed, sick from the effects of his Sunday

adventures. He arose, however, dressed himself, and, after hearing the pledge read, went down to his shop with his friend for pen and ink, and there did himself the honor of being the first man to sign. After obtaining the names of the remaining four, the worthy president finished this noble achievement by adding his own. On the evening of that day, they met at the residence of one of their number and duly formed themselves into a society, with the usual officers. Little did these six associates know of the fame and achievements they were moulding!

Having thus got under way, they next turned their attention to obtaining members and devising means to defray the expenses of their meetings; it was therefore agreed that each man should bring a man, and every one should pay twenty-five cents upon becoming a member, and twelve and a half cents, monthly, thereafter.

The next debate was as to the name they should give to their society. A number were proposed, among them that of Jefferson; when it was finally agreed that the president and secretary should be a committee to draft a constitution, and select a name. This they did, giving to the association the name of the "Washington Temperance Society," in honor of the Father of his Country, and were consequently known as *Washingtonians*. It is a little singular, however, that this name should have been chosen, for, though Washington was one of the brightest examples of temperate eating and drinking, he habitually used liquor or wine himself, and provided it for his guests and laborers. The following curious document is in point:

"Articles of Agreement made this twelfth day of April, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, by and between George Washington, Esq., of the Parish of Truro, in the County of Fairfax, State of Virginia, on the one part, and Philip Bater, Gardener, on the other. *Witness*, that the said Philip Bater, for and in consideration of the covenants herein hereafter mentioned, doth promise and agree to serve the said George Washington for the term of one year, as a Gardener, and that he will, during said time, conduct himself soberly, diligently and honestly—that he will faithfully and industriously perform all and every part of his duty as a gardener, to the best of his knowledge and abilities, and that he will not, at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor, except on the times hereafter mentioned. In consideration of these things being well and truly performed on the part of the said Philip Bater, the said George Washington doth agree to allow him (the said Philip) the same kind and quantity of provisions as he has heretofore had; and likewise, annually, a decent suit of clothes, befitting a man in his station; to consist of a coat, vest and breeches;—a working-jacket, and breeches of home-spun besides; two white shirts; three checked do; two linnen pocket-handkerchiefs, two pair linnen overalls;—as



SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

many pair of shoes as are actually necessary for him;—*four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk two days;—a dram in the morning and a Drink of Grog at Dinner at noon.*"

The above is signed by the two contracting parties, and witnessed by George A. Washington and Tobias Lear. In another instance, Washington's fine instincts and principles are admirably displayed:

"I shall not close this letter," writes Washington to one of his overseers, "without exhorting you to refrain from spirituous liquors; they will prove your ruin if you do not. Consider how little a drunken man differs from a beast; the latter is not endowed with reason, the former deprives himself of it; and when that is the case, acts like a brute, annoying and disturbing every one around him; nor is this all, nor, as it respects himself, the worst of it. By degrees it renders a person feeble, and not only unable to serve others, but to help himself; and being an act of his own, he falls from a state of usefulness into contempt, and at length suffers, if not perishes, in penury and want. Don't let this be your case. Shew yourself more of a man and a Christian than to yield to so intolerable a vice, which cannot, I am certain, (to the greatest lover of liquor,) give more pleasure to sip in the poison, (for it is no better,) than the consequence of it in bad behavior at the moment, and the more serious evils produced by it afterwards must give pain."

Great and wonderful were the results destined to flow from the 'Washington Temperance Society,' thus started by those six inebriates in the city of Baltimore. At their second meeting, they had two new members; but, in a comparatively short time, the society increased so much that it became a question how they could employ their time so as to make their meetings interesting. The president thereupon suggested that each member should rise in his place and give his experience; and, by way of commencement, he arose and told what he had passed through in the last fifteen years, and the advantages he had derived from signing the total-abstinence pledge. This was the origin of that most popular and efficient method which the Washington Society and all its auxiliaries adopted, for giving interest and effect to their gatherings. Signers were thus obtained, and the attention of the public was attracted, so that a class was reached which otherwise might not have been affected by the labors of those other good men who had for so many years been engaged in promoting temperance in a different way.

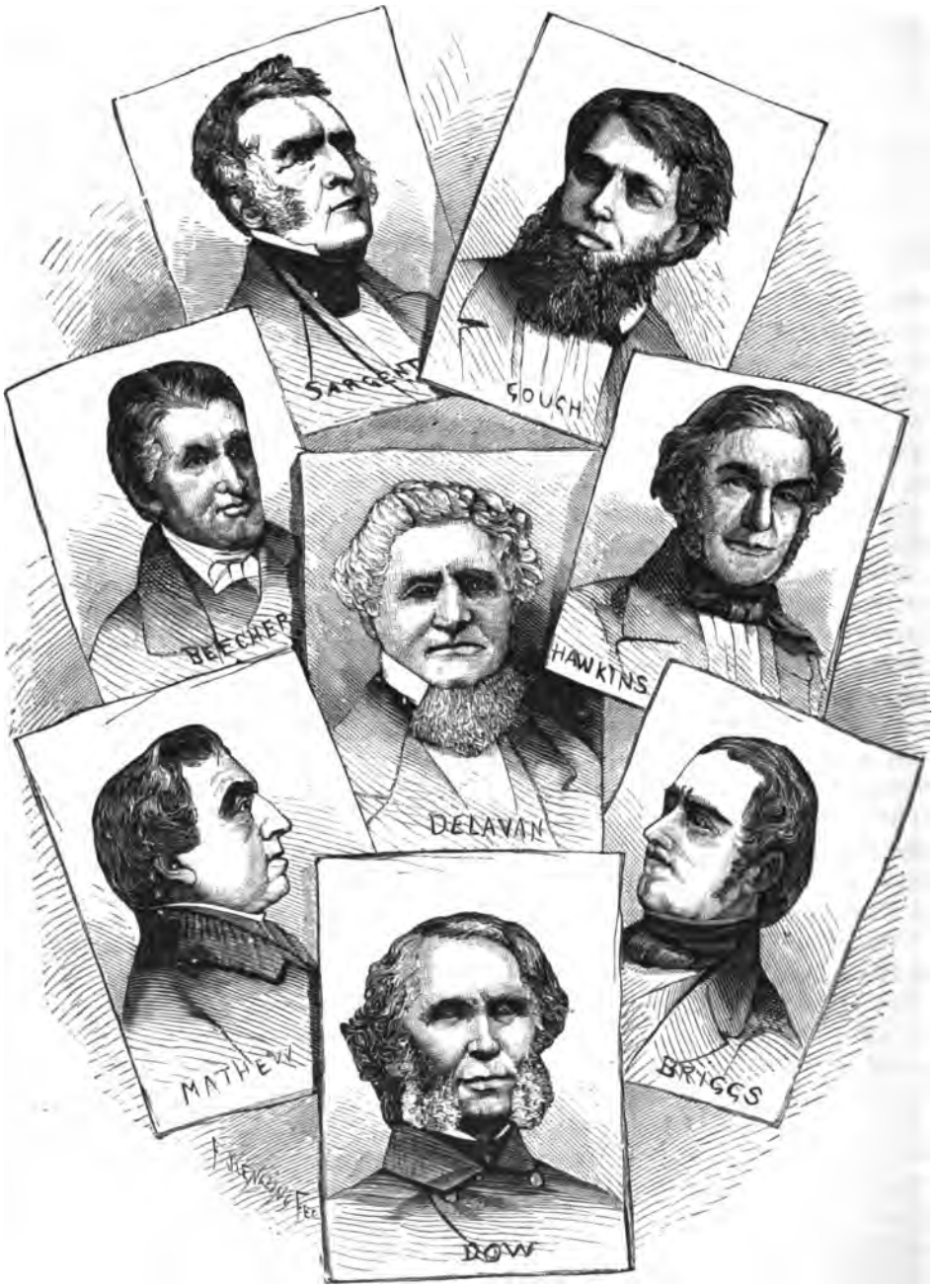
By Christmas, in 1840, the reform had become so popular, that thousands had flocked to its standard, and enrolled themselves as the friends of temperance. The wave had swept onward, and tidings of the great reformation reached distant cities. On invitation from New York, for a delegation of five men to hold experience meetings twice every day for one week, in that city, Messrs. Hawkins, Pollard, Shaw, Casey, and Mitchell, proceeded to that place, and there held the first Washingtonian missionary temperance meeting ever known in the United States. It was a type of that success which was to accompany this new system in behalf of temperance, for, during each of the speeches, multitudes came forward and signed the pledge, and, taken altogether, such a scene had never before been witnessed in New York.

But the most powerful among all the advocates of Washingtonian reform was Mr. Hawkins, who rose from the very gutter of drunkenness to the rostrum of impassioned eloquence in advocacy of reform, and with prodigious success. The peculiar circumstances of his history had an almost overpowering effect on his own feelings, whenever he spoke, and his audiences listened now breathlessly, and anon with uncontrollable demonstrations of enthusiasm. He was a man of plain, good common sense, with a peculiar sin-

cerity about him, and an easy way of working up his hearers to a state of sympathy with him. He would at one time assume the melting mood, and picture the scenes of a drunkard's home—and that home his own—and the fountains of generous feelings, in many hearts, gushed forth in tears; and again, in a moment, as he related some ludicrous story, those tearful eyes glistened with delight, sighs changed to hearty shouts, and long faces were convulsed with broad grins and glorious smiles. Drunkards and outcasts of the worst type, that swarm in the festering purlieus and penetralia of New York, were reclaimed, and such was the overwhelming power of the movement, that, finally, immense meetings were held in the Park. In Boston, too, the old Cradle of Liberty rocked with tumultuous enthusiasm for 'independence' from the tyrant of strong drink. Festivals, children's cold water armies, processions, banners, bands of music, songs, etc., filled the whole land with the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Statistics might be indefinitely presented, showing the vast results achieved by this wonderful moral enginery. Upwards of twenty-two thousand names were obtained to the pledge by Messrs. Pollard and Wright, in a lecturing tour made by them through Central New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Messrs. Vicars and Small and Smith revolutionized Ohio and the West; Hawkins, Bishop, Johnson, Hayes, and Haydock, labored from one end of the country to the other. Hawkins alone, in less than twenty years, traveled more than two hundred thousand miles, lecturing between five and six thousand times. Latham, Madden, Snow, White, Cary, Leigh, Coffin, Brown, Riley, Bungay, Copway, Zug, Drinkard, Thompson, are names that will ever be remembered, too, as powerful and successful advocates of this reform, on the rostrum; and those of Pierpont, Burleigh, Phillips, Tappan, and others, by their stirring songs and poems. But, chief and most powerful of the many advocates of the temperance reformation, is John B. Gough, who has proved himself in this arena, a wonderful orator. His eloquence, indeed, was of that electric quality which, striking a chord in every heart and drawing tears from every eye, perfectly swayed the vast multitudes that hung upon his words wherever he went. Every city, town, and village, throughout the country, felt the impress of his wonderful power in this great reformatory movement. Like Hawkins, his condition was humble, but from this he had descended to the lowest depths of social and personal degradation until rescued by the interposition of a friendly hand. No data can adequately describe the extent and value of his labors from that time forth, for a quarter of a century and more.

But a new and most interesting, as well as important chapter, in the history of temperance, is yet to be mentioned, namely, the visit of Father Mathew, the world-renowned 'Apostle of Temperance' in Ireland, to this country, in 1849. For ten years previously, he labored as a temperance agitator and reformer in Ireland and England. In five months, he obtained 150,000 converts in Cork; and in Galway, he administered the pledge to no less than 100,000 in two days! On his landing at New York city, the civil authorities accorded him the honor of a public reception,—certainly well deserved, by one who had been the instrument, under divine guidance, of reclaiming 6,000,000 of his fellow-creatures. He visited the principal cities, north and south, and everywhere a hearty welcome was extended to him from all classes. He remained several days in Washington, where he was entertained at a grand dinner by the president of the United States, and received many distinguishing marks of esteem from gentlemen highest in the offices of the government. He was honored, also, with a seat on the floor of the house of representatives, and within the bar of the United States senate. At Philadelphia, he received his welcome in Independence Hall; and at Boston, the doors of Faneuil Hall



DISTINGUISHED TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES.

opened to him on golden hinges of acclamation, and where he administered the pledge to upwards of four thousand persons the first day. His method of administering the pledge was somewhat novel, though at the same time quite affecting. The converts knelt in a semi-circle around him, and repeated the following words:

'I promise, with divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, cordials, cider and fruit liquors, and to prevent, as much as possible, intemperance in others, by advice and example.'

To this, Father Mathew's response was, 'May God bless you, my children. May he give you grace and strength to keep the pledge.' He then went to each individual and marked them with the sign of the cross; but this latter ceremony, and the kneeling, were dispensed with in the case of Protestants. In this way, the venerable and devoted man traveled over almost the entire country, zealously advocating his great principles, and *upwards of six hundred thousand persons enrolled themselves under his banner of total abstinence.* Upon descending the Mississippi, he administered in one of the towns situated on its banks, the pledge to seven hundred persons. He ascended it, after an interval of some months, and stopping at the same town, he had the gratification to find that among the converts there were but three instances of relapse. Though not possessed of the oratorical graces of eloquence, like those of Gough, he knew how to present truth with such force and sincerity, as to win almost irresistibly upon all hearers. The following anecdote will illustrate his peculiar *forte:*

'Did you see Father Mathew lately?' said one friend to another, whom he happened to meet. 'I did,' was the reply. 'And I'll engage he made you take the pledge!' 'He did, indeed. But did *you* see him lately?' 'To be sure I did.' 'And did he make *you* take it too?' '*That* he did!' 'There's no escaping him; but I am not sorry for it.' 'No, nor I neither.'

Personally, Father Mathew was a little above the ordinary stature, with a full and well-proportioned figure, dark hair, soft blue eyes, ruddy and healthy complexion.

Though characterized by periods of prosperity and declension, the temperance cause has proved itself ineradicable, even under circumstances seemingly the most untoward. Perhaps the greatest struggle through which it has passed, in later years, has been that which involved the enactment of state prohibitory laws, which visited stringent penalties upon those who sold spirituous liquors. The name of Neal Dow, the author and advocate of this kind of legislation, the discussion attending which has been one of the most important and exciting during the century, will forever be identified with the history of the American temperance reformation, as will also the names of Greeley and Miner, distinguished champions of the same principle.

It would be an easy task to fill a whole volume with distinguished testimonies to the value of temperance. As this, however, would here be impossible, a few pleasant illustrative incidents will suffice the purpose.

Towards the close of the revolutionary war, an officer in the American army had occasion to transact some business with General Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose. Before leaving, he received an invitation to dine with the general, which was accepted and, upon entering the room he found himself in the company of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. As they were mostly strangers to him, and he was of a naturally modest and unassuming disposition, he took a seat near the foot of the table, and refrained from taking an active part in the conversation. Just before the dinner was concluded, Washington politely requested him, by name, to drink a glass of wine with him.

'You will have the goodness to excuse me, general,' was the reply, 'as I have made it a rule not to take wine.'

All eyes were instantly turned upon the

young officer, and a murmur of contempt and surprise ran around the room. That a person should be so unsocial, not to say mean, as never to drink wine, was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was really intolerable! Washington noticed at once the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them in his gracious and winning way, saying:

'Gentlemen, Mr. —— is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of anything against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established *principle* in their intercourse with me. I honor Mr. —— for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which, I have no doubt, he has good reasons.'

General Taylor, the hero of the Mexican war, always gave the weight of his example in favor of temperance. A traveler in the west one day encountered an emigrant journeying with his family to the fertile regions beyond the Mississippi, all his worldly goods being packed on wagons, and on one load there hung a huge jug with the bottom broken out. The emigrant was asked his reason for carrying that with him. 'Why,' he said, 'that is my *Taylor* jug.' 'And what *is* a Taylor jug?' inquired the friend. 'Why,' said the emigrant, 'I had a son with General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the old general always told him to carry his whiskey-jug with a hole in the bottom; and since that, I have carried my jug as you see it, and I find it is the best invention I ever met with.'

Everybody admired Admiral Farragut's heroism in clinging to the topmast to direct a battle; but there was another particular of that contest, illustrating no less forcibly his heroic character. 'Admiral,' said one of his officers, the night before the battle, 'won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning, not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully?' 'Well,' replied the admiral, 'I have been to sea considerably, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man, at two o'clock; and, at eight o'clock, I will pipe all hands to breakfast, in Mobile bay.' And he did give Jack the coffee; and then he went up to the mast-head, and the result is well known.

These illustrations of devotedness to the principle of temperance in high places might be greatly multiplied. Their value to the cause can hardly be overestimated.

XXXV.

FREMONT'S HEROIC EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY TO THE UNTRACKED REGION OF THE NORTH-WEST, OREGON, CALIFORNIA, ETC.—1842.

His Exploration of the Sierra Nevada, and of that Wonderful Gateway in the Rocky Mountains, the South Pass.—Plants the American Flag on the Highest Peak of that Lofty Range.—He Enriches Every Branch of Natural Science, and Illustrates a Remote and Boundless Country Before Entirely Unknown.—Fremont, a Pioneer of Empire.—National Objects of this Tour.—Enchanting Record of Adventure.—Surveys and Researches.—Humboldt's Tribute of Admiration.—Wild Grandeur of the Route.—Scenes in this Vast Domain.—The Rocky Mountains: First Glimpses.—Formation of the South Pass.—"Kit Carson," the Intrepid Guide.—At the Topmost Peak, 14,000 Feet.—Startling Boldness of the View.—Overpowering Quiet and Solitude.—Evidences of Awful Convulsions.—Unfurling the Flag of the Union.—Appearance of Great Salt Lake.—Eternal Snows of the Sierra Nevada.—In the San Joaquin Valley.—An Immense Circuit of Travel.—Fremont, the Modern Pathfinder.—Honors from His Countrymen.—A King's Gift and Regards.

EXPLORING THE NORTH-WEST.

"Prominently deserving of distinguished recognition is the service rendered to geographical science by the American explorer, Fremont."—KING FREDERIC WILLIAM IV., OF PRUSSIA, TO BARON HUMBOLDT.

EVERY American reader is enchanted with the narrative of those intrepid and heroic explorations of Fremont, "the Pathfinder," which, in the language of Humboldt,—himself the greatest scientific explorer and geographer the world has ever seen,—"enriched every branch of natural science, and illustrated a vast country before entirely unknown," and in appreciation of which he received from his admiring countrymen the highest tokens of honor, and, from kingly hands, acknowledgments inscribed on tablets of gold.

Several exploring tours of the western portion of our continent, within the geographical boundaries of the country subsequently known by the title of Oregon, took place before that which was led by the brave Fremont, but none with such rich and varied results as the latter.

It being desirable for our government to become fully acquainted with the character of the vast territory between the southern geographical boundary of the United States and the Rocky Mountains, around the head-waters of the Missouri, Fremont was appointed to superintend that exploring tour, under the direction of Colonel Abert, the chief of the topographical bureau at Washington, and by him projected and

planned, with the approval of Secretary Poinsett. The great object of this expedition was to examine and report upon the rivers and country between the frontiers of Missouri and the base of the Rocky Mountains; and especially to examine the character, and ascertain the latitude and longitude of *that wonderful gateway*, the *South Pass*, the great crossing place to these mountains on the way to Oregon.

In executing his official instructions, Fremont proceeded up the Kansas river far enough to ascertain its peculiar features, and then crossed over to the Great Platte, and pursued that river to its source in the mountains, where the Sweet Water —a head branch of the Platte—issues from the neighborhood of the South Pass. He reached the Pass on the eighth of August, and found it to be a wide and low depression of the mountains, of very easy ascent, and where a plainly beaten wagon load leads to the Oregon through the valley of Lewis's river, a fork of the Columbia. He went through the Pass, and saw the head-waters of the Colorado, of the Gulf of California; and, leaving the valleys to indulge a laudable curiosity, and to make some useful observations, Fremont, attended by four of his men, climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, until then untrodden by any known human being; and, on the fifteenth of August, looked down upon ice and snow some thousand feet below, and traced in the distance the valleys of the rivers which, taking their rise in the same elevated ridge, flow in opposite directions to the Pacific ocean and to the Mississippi. From that ultimate point he returned by the valley of the Great Platte, following the stream in its whole course, and solving all questions in relation to its navigability, and the features of the country through which it flows.

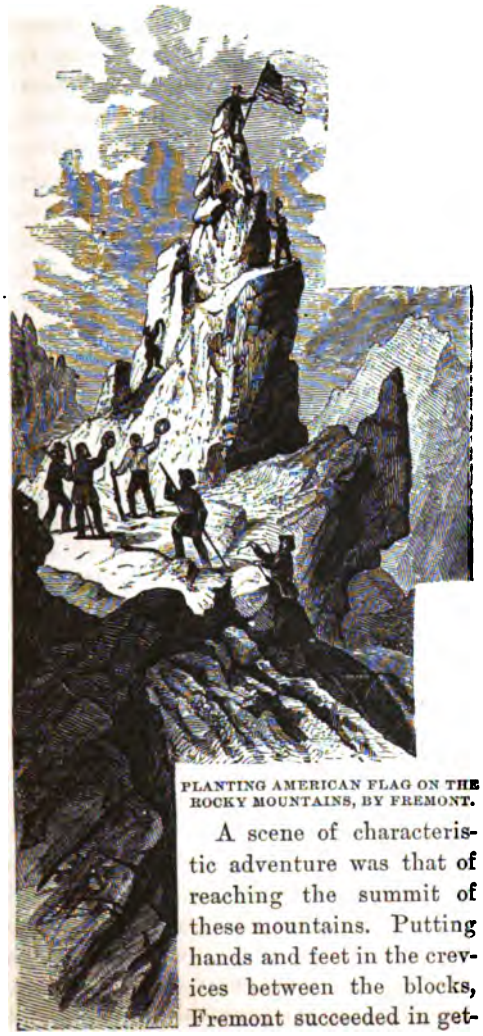
On the prairies which border the forks of the river Platte, the travelers bivouacked in the evening, eating their meat with a good relish; for they were all in fine health, and had ridden nearly all of a long summer's day, with a burning sun reflected from the sands.

When about *sixty miles distant*, the party caught the first faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. Though a tolerably bright day, there was a slight mist, and the snowy summit of 'Long's Peak,' showing like a small cloud near the horizon, was just barely discernible. There was, however, no mistake in distinguishing it, there being a perceptible difference in its appearance from the white clouds that were floating about the sky.

Proceeding onward through hostile tribes of Indians, Fremont reached the first military frontier post—Fort Laramie; departing thence, in a short time, for the bases of the "great mountains." With the change in the geological formation on leaving Fort Laramie, the whole face of the country appears entirely changed. Eastward of the meridian, the principal objects which strike the eye of the traveler are the absence of timber, and the immense expanse of prairie, covered with the verdure of rich grasses, and highly adapted for pasturage. Wherever they are not disturbed by the vicinity of man, large herds of buffalo give animation to this country.

Many sufferings were endured in reaching the Rocky Mountains, but the following details show that the labors of the party were amply rewarded. About six miles from their encampment brought the party to the summit of the South Pass. The ascent had been so gradual, that, with all the intimate knowledge possessed by Carson, the guide, and who had made that country his home for seventeen years, the party were obliged to watch very closely to find the place at which they had reached the culminating point. This was between two low hills, rising on either hand fifty or sixty feet. From the broken ground where this pass commences, at the foot of the Wind River Chain, the view to the south-east is over a champaign country, broken, at the distance of nineteen miles, by the Table Rock, which, with the other isolated hills in its vicinity, seemingly stands on a comparative plain. The 'Pass' in no manner resembles the places

to which that term is commonly applied—nothing of the gorge-like character and winding ascents of the Alleghany passes in America, nor of the great St. Bernard and Simplon passes in Europe. Approaching from the mouth of the Sweet Water, a sandy plain, one hundred and twenty miles long, conducts, by a gradual and regular ascent, to the summit, about seven thousand feet above the sea; and the traveler, without being reminded of any change, by toilsome ascents, suddenly finds himself on the waters which flow to the Pacific ocean. On this short mountain-chain are the head-waters of four great rivers of the western continent, namely, the Colorado, Columbia, Missouri, and Platte rivers.



PLANTING AMERICAN FLAG ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BY FREMONT.

A scene of characteristic adventure was that of reaching the summit of these mountains. Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, Fremont succeeded in getting over it, and, on attaining the top, found his companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, they continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. He sprang upon the summit, and *unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before.*

During the morning's ascent, no sign of animal life was met with, except a small sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound and a solitude the most terrible forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, the explorers thought themselves beyond the region of animated life; but, while they were sitting on the rock, a solitary humble-bee came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44 degrees; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the sea, it may be called the highest known flight of the bee. From this presumed *loftiest peak of the great mountain range,*—since known as Fremont's Peak,—could be seen innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California, on the one side; on the other, was the Wind River valley, where were the heads of the Yellow Stone branch of the Missouri; far to the north could be faintly descried the snowy heads of the Trois Tetons, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge, the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska, or Platte river. The whole scene around had one main striking feature, which was that of *terrible convulsion.* Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures; between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns.

Fremont's next tour was devoted to Oregon and California. On arriving at the Utah lake, he had completed an immense circuit of twelve degrees diame-

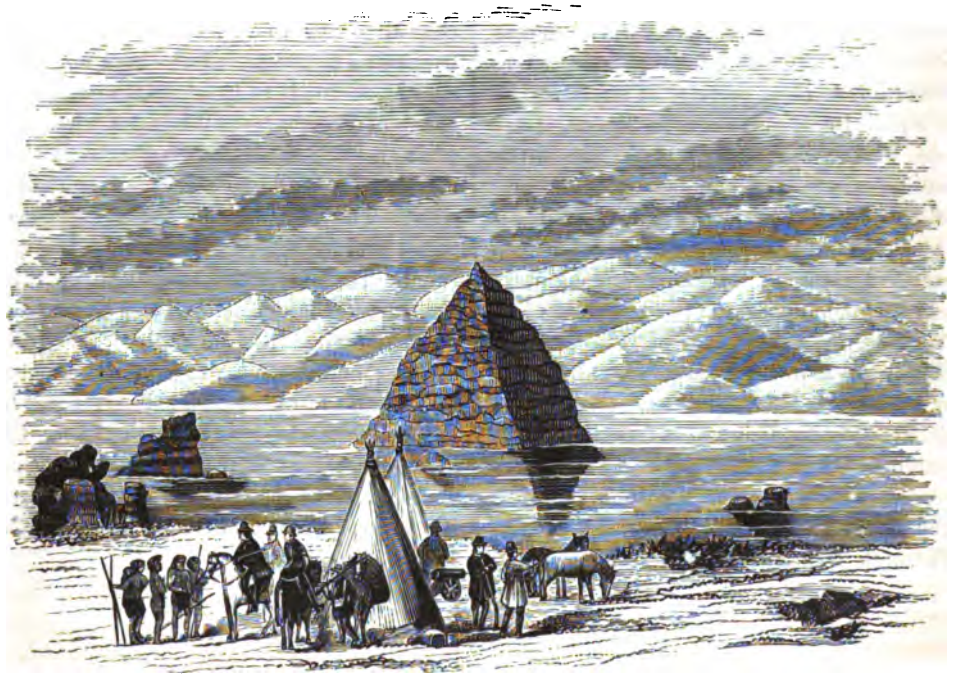
ter north and south, and ten degrees east and west. They found themselves in May, 1844, on the same sheet of water which they had left in September, 1843. The Utah is the southern limb of the Great Salt Lake; and thus they had seen this remarkable sheet of water both at its northern and southern extremity, and were able to fix its position at these two points. In this eight months circuit, the explorers found that the mountains on the Pacific slope are higher, more numerous, and more distinctly defined in their ranges and directions, than those on the Atlantic side; and, what is contrary to the natural order of such formations, one of these ranges, which is near the coast—the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range—presents higher elevations and peaks than any which are to be found in the Rocky Mountains themselves. During all this circuit, the party were never out of sight of snow; and the Sierra Nevada, where they crossed it, was nearly two thousand feet higher than the famous South Pass. Peaks are constantly seen which enter the region of eternal snow.

Differing so much from the Atlantic side of our continent in coast, mountains, and rivers, the Pacific side differs from it in yet another most rare and singular feature—that of the Great Interior Basin. The structure of the country would require this formation of interior lakes, for the waters which would collect between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, not being able to cross this formidable barrier, nor to get to the Columbia or the Colorado, must naturally collect into reservoirs, each of which would have its little system of streams and rivers to supply it. The Great Salt Lake is a formation of this kind, and quite a large one, having many streams, and one considerable river, four or five hundred miles long, falling into it. Fremont saw this lake and river, and examined them; he also saw the Wahsatch and Bear River mountains inclosing the waters of the lake on the east, and constitute, in that quarter, the rim of the Great Basin. Afterwards, along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, where the party traveled for forty-two days, they saw the line of lakes and rivers which lie at the foot of that sierra, and which sierra is the western rim of the basin. In going down Lewis's Fork, and the main Columbia, they crossed only inferior streams coming in from the left; and often saw the mountains at their heads, white with snow, which divided the waters of the desert from those of the Columbia,—the range of mountains forming the rim of the basin on its northern side. In returning from California along the Spanish trail, as far as the head of the Santa Clara Fork of the Rio Virgen, the party crossed only small streams making their way south to the Colorado, or lost in sand, as the Mo-hah-ve; while to the left, lofty mountains, their summits white with snow, were often visible—and which, Fremont concluded, must have turned water to the north as well as to the south, thus constituting, on this part, the southern rim of the basin. At the head of the Santa Clara Fork, and in the Vegas de Santa Clara, they crossed the ridge which parted the two systems of waters. They entered the basin at that point, and

continued for some time to travel in it, having its south-eastern rim—the Wahsatch mountain—on the right, and crossing the streams which flow down into it.

In this eventful exploration, all the great features of the western slope of our continent were brought to light — the Great Salt Lake, the Utah Lake, the Little Salt Lake—at all which places, then desert, the Mormons now are; the Sierra Nevada, then solitary in the snow, now crowded with Americans, digging gold from its banks; the beautiful valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, then alive with wild horses, elk, deer, and wild fowls, now smiling with American cultivation. The Great Basin itself, and its contents; the three Parks; the approximation of the great rivers which, rising together in the central region of the Rocky Mountains, go off east and west towards the rising and the setting sun, — all these, and other strange features of a new region, more Asiatic than American, were brought to light and revealed to public view in the results of this exploration. But the great pathfinder was to win laurels in still another field.

It was in May, 1845, that Fremont set out on his third expedition for the exploration of the Great West, and he was soon at the north end of the great Tla-math lake, and in Oregon. Hostilities being likely to break out between the United States and Mexico, Fremont, in order to avoid exciting any unjust suspicion as to the character of his movements, obtained leave of the Mexican general at Monterey, to encamp during the ensuing winter, in the San Joaquin valley. It was not long, however, before open diplomatic hostilities broke out between the two republics, and Fremont received word from his government to keep an eye upon Mexican and other designs upon California. General Kearney, by order of government, was constituted head of the army of the west, which was to retaliate sternly upon Mexico, for her assumed aggressions. New Mexico was soon prostrate before American arms. On the fifth of July, 1846, under the lead of Fremont, a band of Americans declared their independence of Mexico at Sonoma, a small town near San Francisco, and, not long after, they joined Commodore Sloat, who had recently



FREMONT ON HIS GREAT EXPLORING TOUR TO THE FAR WEST AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

reduced Monterey. The successor of Sloat was Stockton, who, in connection with Fremont, at once gained possession of Ciudad de los Angelos, the capital of Upper California; and one event speedily succeeded another, until, seemingly as inevitable as the gravitation of fate, the loss of California was consummated, and Fremont was appointed governor of the territory, which, largely through his efforts, had now become a permanent possession of the United States.

So curious a link in this chain of events, as the throwing off of the Mexican yoke at Sonoma, and illustrating so aptly, as it does, the intrepidity of the great explorer, possesses an interest peculiarly appropriate to this narrative. Having aided in clearing the enemy from the country north of the bay of San Francisco, Fremont returned to Sonoma on the evening of the fourth of July, and, on the morning of the fifth, called the people together, explained to them the condition of things in the province, and recommended an immediate declaration of independence. The declaration was made, and he was selected as governor, or chief director of affairs.

From Sonoma to Yerba Buena, (says one who accompanied him,) the little hamlet where now stands the queen city of the Pacific, Fremont augmented his stock of horses to the number of fifteen hundred, completely clearing the country; and then commenced one of the most peculiar races for a fight ever probably known. Rarely speaking but to urge on his men, or to question some passing native, taking the smallest modicum of refreshment, and watching while others snatched a moment's repose, was he wrapped up in his project and determined to have some of the fight. Through San Pablo, and Monterey, and Josepha, they dashed like the phantom riders of the Hartz mountains, startling the inhabitants, and making the night-watcher cross himself in terror as their band flew on. The river Sacrificios was reached; swollen by the rains, it rolled on, a rapid, muddy stream; his men paused.

"*Forward! Forward!*" cried Fremont.

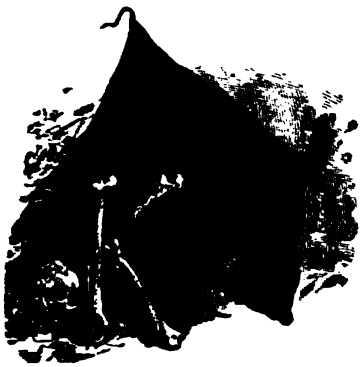
Dashing in himself, the struggle is a fierce one, but his gallant mustang breasts the current, and he reaches the opposite shore in safety; his men after a time join him, two brave fellows finding a watery grave, and many horses being carried down the stream; but nothing can now stop him—the heights adjacent to the Puebla appear—*now* a smile might be seen on the imperturbable visage of the leader—'tis the sixth day, and the goal is won!

With ninety men on the last of his caravan of horses, he fell like a thunderbolt on the rear of the Mexicans. The day was with them; the little band of stout hearts guarding the presidio, taken by surprise, and not having the advantage of the Mexicans in regard to horses, were beginning to waver. But cheer up, cheer again—succor is at hand. On come those riders of Fremont—nothing can withstand their shock. With shouts of triumph they change the battle to a rout. The field is won! The rout of the enemy was complete, and so ended the ride of the one hundred. Thus did Fremont display, by the rarest achievements, the character of a consummate scientific explorer and brave soldier; and, for his pre-eminent services in behalf of geographical science, he received the highest honors from the learned societies of Europe and America, and a rich and massive gold medal from the king of Prussia, through the hands of Baron Humboldt.

XXXVI.

MUTINY ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES BRIG-OF-WAR SOMERS, CAPTAIN A. S. MACKENZIE.—1842.

Deep-Laid Plot to Seize the Vessel, Commit Wholesale Murder of Her Men, Raise the Black Flag, and Convert Her into a Pirate.—All Prizes to be Plundered, Burnt, their Crews Butchered, and Women and Girls Ravished —Midshipman Spencer, Son of a United States Cabinet Officer, the Ringleader. —The Chief Conspirators Hung at the Yard-Arm.—First Mutiny in the United States Navy.—Spencer's Hold Upon His Comrades.—Death the Penalty of Disclosure.—Confidence Fortunately Misplaced.—A Man of Honor Tampered With.—Captain Mackenzie Informed of the Plot.—Treats it as Wild and Improbable.—Confronts and Questions Spencer.—Orders Him to be Ironed —Plan Found in His Razor-Case.—Alarming Disaffection of the Crew.—None of the Officers Implicated.—Close Investigation of the Case.—Spencer, Cromwell, and Small, to Die.—Their Fate Announced to Them.—Spencer's Account of His Life.—They Meet On Their Way to be Hung.—Treatment of Each Other.—Spencer Begs to Give the Last Signal.—Closing Scene of the Tragedy.—All Hands Cheer the Ship.—Raising the Banner of the Cross.



THE BLACK FLAG.

"I am leagued to get possession of the vessel, murder the commander and officers, choose from among the crew who are willing to join me such as will be useful, murder the rest, and commence pirating; to attack no vessels that I am not sure to capture; to destroy every vestige of the captured vessels; and to select such of the female passengers as are suitable, and, after using them sufficiently, to dispose of them."—SPENCER'S DECLARATION.

KEENLY was the heart of the universal American nation wrung, in December, 1842, at the story of the mutiny and tragedy on board the United States brig Somers, then under the command of Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie. The chief ringleader in this deep-dyed and amazing plot of crime and blood, was no less a person than Midshipman Philip Spencer, son of the distinguished statesman, Hon. John C. Spencer, of New York, secretary-of-war under President Tyler,—officiating in that capacity at the very time of the ghastly occurrences here recited.

In the whole history of the American navy, this act stands out by itself, without a parallel or precedent; and, surely, no pen of romance could weave a tale of imaginary crime equal in ghastly horror to this startling chapter—the first regularly organized mutiny in the annals of the United States naval service.

The development of the mutinous scheme transpired on the voyage of the Somers to the United States from Liberia, from which place she sailed on the eleventh of November, intending to proceed home *via* St. Thomas. It was on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of November, that Lieutenant Gansevoort went into the cabin and informed Captain Mackenzie that a conspiracy existed on board of the brig to capture her, murder the commander, the officers, and most of the crew, and convert her into a pirate, acting Midshipman Philip Spencer being at the head of it. He stated that Purser Hieskell

had just informed him that Mr. Wales, his steward, had approached him as if to converse on their joint duty, and revealed to him, for the purpose of its being communicated to the commander, important information. This was, that, on the night previous, being November twenty-fifth, he, Wales, had been accosted by Spencer, and invited by him to get up on the booms, as he had something uncommon to say. When on the booms, Spencer addressed him as follows:

"Do you fear death? Do you fear a dead man? Are you afraid to kill a man?"

Mr. Wales, thus accosted, and having his curiosity excited, with admirable coolness induced Spencer to go on, and took the oath of secrecy which was administered to him. Spencer then informed him that he was leagued with about twenty of the crew to get possession of the vessel, murder the commander and officers, choose from among those of the crew who were willing to join him such as would be useful, and murder the rest and commence pirating. He mentioned all the details of the plan, and which was well suited to the attainment of his object—involving, indeed, much better notions of seamanship than he himself was capable of forming. As one of the inducements to her capture, he stated that a box, containing wine of rare value, brought off with much care at Madeira, as a present from the United States consul at Funchal to Commodore Nicholson, contained money or treasure to a large amount. It was his purpose to carry the vessel to the Isle of Pines, where one of his associates, who had been in the business before, had friends; to attack no vessels that he was not sure to capture; to destroy every vestige of the captured vessels, after having removed what was useful; to select such of the female passengers as were suitable, and, after they had used them sufficiently, to dispose of them. Spencer also stated that he had the written plan of his project in the back of his cravat, which he would show to Mr. Wales in the morning. On separating, Spencer gave expression to terrible threats of instant death to Wales from himself or his accomplices, should Wales utter one word of what had passed.

So monstrous and improbable did this project appear to Captain Mackenzie, as thus related to him by Lieutenant Gansevoort, that he at first treated it with ridicule, premising that Spencer had been reading some piratical stories, and then amused himself with working upon Wales's credulity. Considering it, however, to be his duty to be on his guard, lest there should be even a shadow of reality in the scheme, Mackenzie directed his first lieutenant, Gansevoort, to watch Spencer narrowly, without, of course, seeming to do so.

In the course of the day, Lieutenant Gansevoort gave information that Spencer had been in the wardroom examining a chart of the West Indies, and had asked the assistant surgeon some questions about the Isle of Pines, the surgeon replying that it was a place much frequented by pirates, and dryly asking him in return if he had any acquaintances there. He passed the day rather sullenly in one corner of the steerage, as was his custom, engaged in examing a small piece of paper and writing on it with his pencil, and occasionally finding relaxation in working with a penkife at the tail of a devil-fish, one of the joints of which he had formed into a sliding-ring for his cravat. He had endeavored, too, for some days, to ascertain the rate of the chronometer, by applying to Midshipman Rodgers, to whom it was unknown, and who referred him to the master. With boatswain's mate F. Cromwell, and Elisha Small, seaman, he was seen in secret and nightly conferences, and to both of these he had given money, as well as to others of the crew; he had distributed tobacco extensively among the apprentices, in defiance of reiterated orders; corrupting the wardroom steward, he caused him to steal brandy from the wardroom mess, with which Spencer not only got drunk himself, but administered it to several of the crew. Though servile in his intercourse with Captain Mackenzie,

when among the crew Spencer loaded him with blasphemous vituperation, and proclaimed that it would be a pleasing task to roll him overboard off the round-house. At one time *he drew a brig with a black flag*, and asked one of the midshipmen what he thought of it; he repeatedly asserted, in the early part of the cruise, that the brig might be easily taken; and, a short time prior to the revelation of the plot, he had examined the hand of Midshipman Rodgers, told his fortune, and predicted for him a speedy and violent death. These and various other circumstances, determined Captain Mackenzie to make sure at once of Spencer's person, and, accordingly, at evening quarters, all the officers were ordered to lay aft on the quarter-deck, excepting the midshipman stationed on the forecastle. The master was ordered to take the wheel, and those of the crew stationed abaft sent to the mainmast. Captain Mackenzie now approached Spencer, and said to him—

Alex Slidell Mackenzie

"I learn, Mr. Spencer, that you aspire to the command of the Somers."

"Oh no, sir," replied Spencer, with a deferential, but unmoved and gently smiling expression.

"Did you not tell Mr. Wales, sir, that you had a project to kill the commander, the officers, and a considerable portion of the crew of this vessel, and to convert her into a pirate?"

"I may have told him so, sir, but it was in joke."

"You admit, then, that you told him so?"

"Yes, sir, but in joke!"

"This, sir, is joking on a forbidden subject—this joke may cost you your life! Be pleased to remove your neck handkerchief."

"What have you done with the paper containing an account of your project, which you told Mr. Wales was in the back of your neck handkerchief?"—nothing being now found in it.

"It is a paper containing my day's work, and I have destroyed it."

"It is a singular place to keep days' work in."

"It is a convenient one," was the deferential and bland reply.

"You must have been aware that you could only have compassed your designs by passing over my dead body, and after that the bodies of all the officers. You had given yourself, sir, a great deal to do. It will be necessary for me to confine you, sir;" saying which, Captain Mackenzie turned to Lieutenant Gansevoort with the order—"*Arrest Mr. Spencer, and put him in double irons.*"

Lieutenant Gansevoort stepped forward, and, taking Spencer's sword, ordered him to be double ironed, and, as an additional security, handcuffed. Lieutenant Gansevoort was directed to keep a constant watch upon Spencer, to answer all his wants, but to have him instantly put to death if detected in speaking to or holding intelligence in any way with the crew.

On searching Spencer's locker, a small razor-case was found, which he had recently drawn from the purser, with a razor in it. Instead of the razor, the case was found to contain a small paper, rolled in another; on the inner one were strange characters, which proved to be Greek, a language understood by Spencer. It for-

tunately happened that Midshipman Rodgers was also acquainted with Greek, and, on his converting the characters into English, they exhibited well-known names among the crew. The certain—the doubtful—those who were to be kept whether they would join or not—those who were to do the work of murder in the various departments, to take the wheel, to open the arm-chests — were arranged in separate rows.

The next day, the crew were inspected at quarters, at ten o'clock, Captain Mackenzie taking his station abaft, with the intention of particularly observing Cromwell and Small. The persons of both were faultlessly clean. Cromwell stood up to his full stature, his muscles braced, his battle-axe grasped resolutely, his cheek pale, but his eye fixed as indifferently, at the other side, and he had a determined and dangerous air. Small made a very different figure; his appearance was ghastly; he shifted his weight from side to side, and his battle-axe passed from one hand to the other; his eye wandered irresolutely, but never towards Captain Mackenzie. Cromwell was the tallest man on board, Small the shortest.

From the known complicity of Cromwell in the plot, he was brought to the quarter-deck at night, where Captain Mackenzie caused him to sit down, and, on questioning him as to a secret conversation he had held the night before with Spencer, he denied its being him, and said, "It was not me, sir, it was Small." Cromwell was immediately ironed; and Small, thus pointed out by an associate to increased suspicion, was also sent for, interrogated, and ironed. Increased vigilance was now enjoined upon all the officers; henceforward all were perpetually armed; and either the captain or his first lieutenant was always on deck, and generally both of them were. Several acts of disobedience occurring among the ship's company, punishment was inflicted upon the transgressors to the full extent of the law; after which, Captain Mackenzie took occasion to address the crew, explaining to them the general nature of Spencer's project, endeavoring to divert the minds of the slightly disaffected from the pictures of successful vice which the piratical plot presented, and informing them that the majority of them, whatever might be their inclinations, were to share the fate of the officers. It is an interesting fact, that every one of the officers of the Somers, from the first lieutenant to the commander's clerk, proved faithful, chivalrous, and patriotic, from first to last.

The effect of the captain's address was various, upon the minds of the crew. It filled many with horror at the idea of what they had escaped from; it inspired others with terror at the danger awaiting them from their connection with the conspiracy; but the whole crew was far from tranquillized. The most seriously implicated began once more to collect in knots during the night. Seditious words were heard through the vessel, and an insolent and menacing air assumed by many. Some of the petty officers had been sounded by the first lieutenant, and found to be true to their colors. They were under the impression that the vessel was yet far from safe, and that an outbreak having for its object the release of the prisoners was seriously contemplated.

This alarming state of disaffection, the increased number who missed their muster, repeated acts of insubordination, together with other considerations, induced Captain Mackenzie to have a thorough inspection of the crew, the immediate arrest of those principally suspected, and, on the thirtieth of November, he addressed a letter to all the officers on board, excepting the midshipmen, asking their opinion as to what additional measures were necessary to the security of the vessel. On receipt of this letter, all the officers assembled in the wardroom and commenced the examination of witnesses. The witnesses were duly sworn, the testimony accurately written down, and, in addition to the oath, each witness signed the evidence which he had given, after hearing it read over to him.

Without interruption and without food,

the officers continued in their occupation a whole day, and *the unanimous result of their deliberations was, that Spencer, Cromwell, and Small should be put to death.*

In the justice of this opinion Captain Mackenzie at once concurred, and in the necessity of carrying its recommendation into immediate effect. The petty officers were now mustered on the quarter-deck, and they were each armed with a cutlass, pistol, and cartridge-box, after which the captain said to them,

"My lads! you are to look at me—to obey my orders—and to see my orders obeyed! Go forward!"

The captain now gave orders that immediate preparations be made for hanging the three principal criminals at the main yard-arm; and all hands were called to witness the punishment. The after guard and idlers of both watches were mustered on the quarter-deck at the whip intended for Spencer; the forecastlemen and foretop-

Philip Spencer

men at that of Cromwell, to whose corruption they had been chiefly exposed; and the maintopmen of both watches at that intended for Small, who for a month or more had filled the situation of captain of the maintop. The officers were stationed about the decks, and the petty officers similarly distributed, with orders to cut down whoever should let go the whip with even one hand or failed to haul on it when ordered. The ensign and pennant being bent on and ready for hoisting, Captain Mackenzie put on his full uniform, and proceeded to execute the most painful duty that had ever devolved on an American commander—that of announcing to the criminals their fate. To Spencer he said:

"When you were about to take my life, and to dishonor me as an officer while in the execution of my rightful duty, without cause of offense to you, on speculation, it was your intention to remove me suddenly from the world, in the darkness of the night, in my sleep, without a moment to utter one whisper of affection to my wife and children—one prayer for their welfare. Your life is now forfeited to your country; and the necessities of the case, growing out of your corruption of the crew, compel me to take it. I will not, however, imitate your intended example as to the manner of claiming the sacrifice. If there yet remains to you one feeling true to nature, it shall be gratified. If you have any word to send to your parents, it shall be recorded, and faithfully delivered. Ten minutes shall be granted you for this purpose."

This intimation entirely overcame him. He sank, with tears, upon his knees, and said he was not fit to die. Captain Mackenzie repeated to him his own catechism, and begged him at least to let the *officer* set to the *men* he had corrupted and seduced, the example of dying with decorum. This immediately restored him to entire self-possession, and, while he was engaged in prayer, Captain Mackenzie went and made in succession the same communication to Cromwell and Small. Cromwell fell upon his knees completely unmanned, protested his innocence, and invoked the name of his wife. Spencer said: "As these are the last words I have to say, I trust they will be believed: Cromwell is innocent!" Though the evidence had been conclusive, Captain Mackenzie was staggered, and at once consulted Lieutenant Gansevoort, who said there was not a shadow of doubt. He was told to consult the petty officers; he was condemned

by acclamation by them all, as the one man of whom they had real apprehension. Spencer probably wished to save Cromwell, in fulfillment of some mutual oath; or, more likely, he hoped he might yet get possession of the vessel, and carry out the scheme of murder and outrage matured between them. Small alone, who had been set down as the poltroon of the three, received the announcement of his fate with composure. When asked if he had any messages to send, he said, "I have nobody to care for me but my poor old mother, and I had rather she should know how I have died." On Captain Mackenzie returning again to Spencer, and asking him if he had no messages to send to his friends, he answered, "None that they would wish to receive." Subsequently he said:

"Tell them I die, wishing them every blessing and happiness. *I deserve death for this and many other crimes. There are few crimes that I have not committed.* I feel sincerely penitent, and my only fear of death is, that my repentance may be too late. I have wronged many persons, but chiefly my parents. This will kill my poor mother! I do not know what would have become of me had I succeeded. I fear this may injure my father. I will tell you frankly what I intended to do, had I got home—I should have attempted to escape. I had the same project on board the John Adams and Potomac. It seemed to be a mania with me."

In reply to Spencer's question whether the law would justify the commander in taking life under such circumstances, Captain Mackenzie assured him that it would; that he had consulted all his brother officers, his messmates included, except the boys, and their opinion had been placed before him. He stated that it was just, and that he deserved death. He asked what was to be the manner of his death. Captain Mackenzie explained it to him. He objected to it, and asked to be shot. He was told that no distinction could be made between him and those he had corrupted. He admitted that this also was just. He objected to the shortness of the time for preparation, and asked for an hour. No answer was made to this request; but he was not hurried, and more than the hour which he asked for was allowed to elapse. He requested that his face might be covered; this was readily granted, and he was asked what it should be covered with; he did not care. A handkerchief was sought for in his locker; none but a black one could be found, and this was brought for the purpose.

It was now ordered that the other criminals should be consulted as to their wishes in this particular. They joined in the request, and frocks were taken from their bags to cover their heads. Spencer asked to have his irons removed; but this was not granted. He asked for a bible and prayer-book; they were brought, and others ordered to be furnished to his accomplices. He then said to Captain Mackenzie, "I am a believer! Do you think that any repentance at this late hour can be accepted?" In reply to this, the captain called to his recollection the case of the penitent thief who was pardoned upon the cross. He then read in the bible, kneeled down, and read in the prayer-book. He again asked the captain if he thought that his repentance could be accepted, the time being so short, and he did not know if he was really changed. In answer to this, he was told that God, who was all-merciful as well as all-wise, could not only understand the difficulties of the situation, but extend to him such a measure of mercy as his necessities might require. He said, "I beg your forgiveness for what I have meditated against you." Captain Mackenzie gave him his hand, and assured him of his sincere forgiveness.

More than an hour was occupied in this scene. The petty officers had been assigned, according to rank, to conduct the several prisoners to the gang-way. At the break of the quarter-deck was a narrow passage between the trunk and pump-well. Spencer and Cromwell met exactly on

HANGING OF RINGLEADERS FROM THE YARD-ARM.

either side. The captain directed Cromwell to stop, to allow Spencer to pass first. At this moment Spencer himself paused, and asked to be allowed to see Mr. Wales. He was called, and Cromwell now passed on, almost touching Spencer. When Mr. Wales came up, Spencer extended his hand to him and said, "*Mr. Wales, I earnestly hope you will forgive me for tampering with your fidelity!*" Spencer was wholly unmoved, Mr. Wales almost overcome with emotion while he replied, "I do forgive you from the bottom of my heart, and I hope that God will forgive you also!" "*Farewell,*" *exclaimed Spencer;* and Mr. Wales, weeping, and causing others to weep, responded "*Farewell!*"

Spencer now passed on. At the gangway he met Small. With the same calm manner, but with a nearer approach to emotion, he placed himself in front of Small, extended his hand, and said, "Small, forgive me for leading you into this trouble." Small drew back with horror. "*No, by God! Mr. Spencer, I can't forgive you!*" On a repetition of the request, Small exclaimed in a searching voice, "Ah, Mr. Spencer, that is a hard thing for you to ask me! We shall soon be before the face of God, and then we shall know all about it!" Captain Mackenzie went to Small, urging him to be more generous—that this was no time for resentment. He relented at once, held out his hand to take the still extended hand of Mr. Spencer, and said with frankness and emotion, "I do forgive you, Mr. Spencer! May God Almighty forgive you also!" After some farewell words with Captain Mackenzie, he said, turning to those who held the ship, "*Now, brother topmates, give me a quick and easy death!*" He was placed on the hammocks forward of the gangway, with his face inboard; Spencer was similarly placed abaft the gangway; and Cromwell also on the other side.

About this time, Spencer sent for Lieutenant Gansevoort, and told him that he might have heard that his courage had been doubted; he wished him to bear testimony that he died like a brave man. He then asked the captain, what was to be the signal for execution; the captain said, that, being desirous to hoist the colors at the moment of execution, at once to give solemnity to the act and to indicate by it that the colors of the Somers were fixed to the mast-head, it was his intention to beat to call as for hoisting the colors, then roll off, and at the third roll fire a gun. Spencer asked to be allowed himself to give the word to fire the gun; this request was granted, and the drum and fife were dismissed. He asked if the gun was under him, and was told that it was next but one to him. He begged that no interval might elapse between giving the word and firing the gun. Captain Mackenzie asked if they were firing with the lock and wafer, which had always proved quick and sure, but was told that they had a tube and priming, and were prepared to fire with a match. Some delay would have ensued, to open the arm chest and get out a wafer. The captain ordered a supply of live coals to be passed up from the galley, and fresh ones continually supplied; then assured Spencer there would be no delay.

Time still wearing away in this manner, Small requested leave to address the crew. Spencer, having leave to give the word, was asked if he would consent to the delay. He assented, and Small's face being uncovered, he spoke as follows: "Shipmates and topmates! take warning by my example. I never was a pirate. I never killed a man. It's for saying I would do it, that I am about to depart this life. See what a word will do! It was going in a Guineaman that brought me to this. Beware of a Guineaman." He turned to Spencer and said to him, "I am now ready to die, Mr. Spencer, are you?" Cromwell's last words were, "Tell my wife I die an innocent man; tell Lieutenant Morris I die an innocent man!" It had been the game of this leading conspirator to *appear* innocent.

Captain Mackenzie now placed himself on a trunk, in a situation from which his eye could take in everything, and waited for some time; but no word came. At length, the captain was informed that Spencer said he could not give the word—that he wished the commander to give the word himself. *The gun was accordingly fired, and the execution took place!* The three conspirators against their country, their flag, their comrades and mankind, swung lifeless in the air, from the yard-arm;—a fate richly deserved, at least by him who had atrociously declared: "I am leagued to get possession of the vessel, murder the commander and officers, choose from among those of the crew who are willing to join me such as will be useful, murder the rest, and commence pirating; to attack no vessels that I am not sure to

capture; to destroy every vestige of the captured vessels; and to select such of the female passengers as are suitable, and, after using them sufficiently, to dispose of them."

The crew were now ordered aft, and were addressed by Captain Mackenzie, from the trunk on which he was standing; after which, the crew were piped down from witnessing punishment, and all hands called to cheer the ship. Captain Mackenzie himself gave the order—"*Stand by to give three hearty cheers for the flag of our country!*" Never were three heartier cheers given. On the following Sunday, after the laws for the government of the navy had been read, as usual on the first Sunday of the month, the crew were again impressively addressed by Captain Mackenzie, and, in conclusion, he told them that as they had shown that they could give cheers for their country, they should now give cheers to their God,—for they would do this when they sang praises to his name. The colors were now hoisted, and, above the American ensign, the only banner to which it may give place,—the banner of the cross. And now, over the vasty deep, there resounded that joyous song of adoration, the hundredth psalm, sung by all the officers and crew.

On the arrival home, of the Somers, the tragedy was investigated by a court of inquiry, consisting of Commodores Stewart, Jacob Jones, and Dallas, and Captain Mackenzie's course was fully approved. A court-martial was also subsequently held, at his personal request, of which Commodore John Downes was president, and the trial, which lasted forty days, resulted in his acquittal. One of the ablest reviews of this case, was that by Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, in which Mackenzie's course was condemned; but the popular opinion was greatly in his favor.

XXXVII.

SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A GREAT AND FIERY COMET IN THE SKIES AT NOONDAY.—1843.

It Sweeps Through the Heavens, for Several Weeks, with a Luminous Train 108,000,000 Miles in Length.—Almost Grazes the Sun, and, after Whirling Around that Orb with Prodigious Velocity, Approaches the Earth with a Fearful Momentum.—Its Mysterious Disappearance in the Unknown Realms and Depths of Space.—Most Notable of all Comets.—First Visible in the Day-time.—Its Conspicuous Aspect.—Strange and Threatening Motion.—Its Course Towards the Sun.—Their Supposed Contact.—Becomes Red in Passing.—Recedes Straight to the Earth.—Watched with Deep Concern.—The Magnetic Needle Agitated.—Wide Fears of a Collision.—Its Probable Result.—Indian Terror and Prediction.—Triumphs of Astronomy.—Diameter of the Comet's Head.—Measurement of its Tail.—Stars Seen Through the Train.—Appearance in the Equator.—Like a Stream of Molten Fire.—Beautiful Ocean Reflection.—Double Sweep of the Tail.—Other Cometary Phenomena.

——"A pathless comet,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course."

USUALLY, the name or word 'comet' is applied to bodies which appear in the heavens with a train, or tail, of light; but it is now not uncommon to apply the term to those heavenly bodies, beyond the limits of the earth's atmosphere, which are nebulous in their appearance, and with or without a tail. It is, however, the class first named, which includes the most wonderful examples of this phenomenon in modern times; and, in connection with the splendid visitant of this kind that appeared in 1843,—almost rivaling, as it did, the splendor of the sun itself,—some notice will be appropriate of similar bodies which, during the last century, have excited wonder and admiration.

Without dwelling upon the appearance of those comets which antedate the year 1800, or upon the corruscations, flickering and vanishing like northern lights, of the comet of 1807, some mention may be made of that of 1811, the finest that, up to the time of its appearance, had adorned the heavens since the age of Newton. It was noted for its intense brilliancy, and was visible for more than three months in succession to the naked eye, shining with great splendor—being, indeed, a comet of the first class, in point of magnitude and luminosity. Its brilliant tail, at its greatest elongation, had an extent of one hundred and twenty-three millions of miles, by a breadth of fifteen millions; and thus, supposing the nucleus of the comet to have been placed on the sun, and the tail in the plane of the orbits of the planets, it would have reached over those of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and have bordered on that of Mars. At its nearest approach to us, the comet was yet distant one hundred and forty-one millions of miles, so that even had the tail pointed to the earth, its extremity

would have been eighteen millions of miles away from its surface. Its appearance was strikingly ornamental to the evening sky, and every eye waited and watched, intently, to gaze upon the celestial novelty, as it grew into distinctness with the declining day. The elements of the orbit of this comet were accurately computed by Professors Bowditch, Farrar and Fisher.

The comet of 1843 is regarded as, perhaps, the most marvelous of the present age, having been observed in the day-time even before it was visible at night,—passing very near the sun,—exhibiting an enormous length of tail,—and arousing an interest in the public mind as universal and deep as it was unprecedented. It startled the world by its sudden apparition in the spring, in the western heavens, like a streak of aurora, streaming from the region of the sun, below the constellation of Orion. It was at first mistaken, by multitudes, for the zodiacal light; but its aspects and movements soon proved it to be a comet of the very largest class. There were, too, some persons who, without regarding it, like many of the then numerous sect called Millerites, as foretokening the speedy destruction of the world, still could not gaze at it untroubled by a certain nameless feeling of doubt and fear.

From the graphic narrative of a European traveling at that date in the wilds of America, it appears that the Indians around him viewed the comet of 1843 as the precursor of pestilence and famine. One of his companions, Tamanua, a young Wapisiana, broke the silence with which the whole party for some time stared at the starry train of the ball of fire, with the exclamation, "*This is the Spirit of the Stars, the dreadful Capishi—famine and pestilence await us!*" The others immediately burst into a torrent of vociferation, lamenting the appearance of the dreadful Capishi, and raising, with violent gesticulations, their arms towards the comet. This comet was visible in Bologna, Italy, at noon, two diameters of the sun's disc east of the sun, while passing its perihelion, being then only ninety-six thousand miles distant from that luminary, and its speed three hundred and sixty six miles per second; so that, in twelve minutes, it must have passed over a space equal to the distance between the earth and the moon. When its distance from the sun allowed it to be visible after sunset, it presented an appearance of extraordinary magnificence.

But the appearance of this strange body, as observed at different points, by various scientific observers, has been made a portion of the permanent scientific history of our country, by Professor Loomis, of Yale college, to whose learned investigations in this department of human knowledge, more than one generation is largely indebted. In his admirable paper on this magnificent comet, he states that it was seen in New England as early as half-past seven in the morning, and continued till after three in the afternoon, when the sky became considerably obscured by clouds and haziness. The appearance, at first, was that of a luminous globular body with a short train—the whole taken together being found by measurement about one degree in length. The head of the comet, as observed by the naked eye, appeared circular; its light, at that time, equal to that of the moon at midnight in a clear sky; and its apparent size about one-eighth the area of the full moon. Some observers compared it to a small cloud strongly illuminated by the sun. The train was of a paler light, gradually diverging from the nucleus, and melting away into the brilliant sky. An observer at Woodstock, Vt., viewed the comet through a common three-feet telescope, and found that it presented a distinct and most beautiful appearance, exhibiting a very white and bright nucleus, and showing a tail which divided near the nucleus into two separate branches.

At Portland, Me., Captain Clark measured the distance of the nucleus from the sun, the only measurement, with one exception, known to have been made in any part of the globe before the third of

March. He found that the distance of the sun's farthest limb from the nearest limb of the comet's nucleus, was four degrees, six minutes, fifteen seconds. At Conception, in South America, Captain Ray saw the comet on the twenty-seventh of February, east of the sun, distant about one-sixth of his diameter. The comet was seen at Pernambuco, Brazil, and in Van Dieman's Land, on the first of March. On the second, it was seen in great brilliancy at St. Thomas, and by various navigators in the equatorial regions. On the evening of the third, it was noticed at Key West, and excited much attention. On the fourth, it was seen in the latitude of New York by a few, and, on the evening of the fifth, it was noticed very generally.

From this date, until about the close of the month, *it presented a most magnificent spectacle every clear evening*, in the absence of the moon. As seen near the equator, the tail had a darkish line from its head through the center to the end. It was occasionally brilliant enough to throw a strong light upon the sea. The greatest length of tail, as seen there, was about the fifth of March, sixty-nine degrees as measured with the sextant, and it was observed to have considerable curvature. One observer described it as an elongated birch-rod, slightly curved, and having a breadth of one degree. At the Cape of Good Hope, March third, it was described as a double tail, about twenty-five degrees in length, the two streamers making with each other an angle of about a quarter of a degree, and proceeding from the head in perfectly straight lines. In the United States, the greatest length of tail observed was about fifty degrees. Professor Tuttle gives it, as seen through the Cambridge telescope, at one hundred and eighty millions of miles. The curvature of the tail upward, though very noticeable, scarcely exceeded two degrees. The first observation of the nucleus, with the exception of the noonday observations, is believed to have been made at the Cape of Good Hope, on the third of March, after which it was observed regularly until its disappearance. At Trevandrun, in India, it was observed from the sixth; at Cambridge, Mass., it was observed on the ninth, and at numerous places on the eleventh. The first European observation of the nucleus was made on the seventeenth, at Rome and Naples.

The comet nowhere continued visible many days in succession. It was seldom seen in Europe after the first of April. The last observation at Naples was on the seventh. On the fifteenth, at Berlin, Professor Encke thought he caught a faint glimpse of the comet, but it could not be found again on the subsequent evening. At Washington, D. C., the comet was observed on the morning of March sixth. Mr. Maury says concerning it, that his attention was called to a paragraph in the newspapers of that date, Monday, stating that *a comet was visible near the sun at mid-day with the naked eye!* The sky was clear; but not being able to discover anything with the unassisted eye, recourse was had to a telescope, though with no better result. About sunset in the evening, the examination was renewed, but still to no purpose. The last faint streak of day gilded the west, beautiful and delicate fleeces of cloud curtained the bed of the sun, the upper sky was studded with stars, and all hopes of seeing the comet that evening had vanished. Soon after the time for retiring, however, the comet was observed in the west,—a phenomenon sublime and beautiful. The needle was greatly agitated; and a strongly marked pencil of light was streaming up from the path of the sun in an oblique direction to the southward and eastward; its edges were parallel. Stars could be seen twinkling through it, and no doubt was at first entertained, that this was the tail of the comet. Direction was given to search the eastern sky with the telescope in the morning, from early dawn and before, till sunrise; but nothing strange or uncommon was noticed. Tuesday was a beautiful day. The sun was clear, gilding, as it sunk below the hills,

a narrow streak of cloud, seen through the tree-tops beyond the Potomac. The tail had appeared of great length for the first time the evening before; and the observers expected, therefore, to find a much greater length to it in the evening following. It was a moment of intense interest when the first stars began to appear. The last rays of the sun still glittered in the horizon; and at this moment, a well defined pencil of hairy light was seen pointing towards the sun. Soon after six o'clock it grew more distinct, and then gradually faded away.

Professor Loomis states that the most complete series of observations on this comet of 1843, in this country, were made by Messrs. Walker and Kendall of Philadelphia, where the comet was followed until April tenth. A great many astronomers, however, computed the comet's orbit, and obtained most extraordinary results. The comet receded from the sun almost in a straight line, so that it required careful observations to determine in which direction the comet passed round the sun, and some at first obtained a direct orbit, when it should have been retrograde. The perihelion distance—that is, the least distance from the sun,—was extremely small, very little exceeding the sun's radius. Some obtained a smaller quantity than this, but such a supposition seems to involve an impossibility. It is nevertheless certain, that *the comet almost grazed the sun;* perhaps some portion of its nebulosity may have come into direct collision with it!

The velocity with which the comet whirled round the sun at the instant of perihelion was prodigious. This was such as, if continued, would have carried it round the sun in two hours and a half; in fact, it did go more than half round the sun in this time. In one day—that is, from twelve hours before, to twelve hours after perihelion passage,—it made two hundred and ninety-one degrees of anomaly; in other words, it made more than three-quarters of its circuit round the sun.

The head of this comet was exceedingly small in comparison with its tail. When first discovered, many were unwilling to believe it a comet, because it had no head. The head was probably nowhere seen by the naked eye after the first days of March. At the close of March, the head was so faint as to render observations somewhat difficult even with a good telescope, while the tail might still be followed by the naked eye about thirty degrees. Bessel remarked that this comet seemed to have exhausted its head in the manufacture of its tail. It is not, however, to be hence inferred, that the tail was really brighter than the head, only more conspicuous from its greater size. A large object, though faint, is much more noticeable than a small one of intenser light.

VIEW OF THE GREAT COMET WHEN NEAREST THE EARTH.

The nearest approach of the comet's head to the earth was about eighty millions of miles. The absolute diameter of the nebulosity surrounding the head was about thirty-six thousand miles. The length of the tail was prodigious; on the twenty-eighth of February, it was thirty-five millions of miles, and its greatest visible length was one hundred and eight millions, namely, on the twenty-first of March. Stars were easily distinguishable

APPEARANCE OF THE COMET IN FULL SPLENDOR.

through the luminous train. The visible portion of the tail attained its greatest length early in March, remained nearly stationary for some time, and during the first week in April suddenly disappeared, from increased distance, without any great diminution of length. The tail was turned nearly toward the earth on the night of February twenty-seventh, in such a direction, that had it reached the earth's orbit, it would have passed fifteen millions of miles south of us.

In regard to the extraordinary brilliancy of this comet, on the twenty-eighth of February, it was the opinion of Professor Loomis — and no one's opinion could have greater authority or weight than his,— that this was due to the comet's proximity to the sun. The day before, it had almost *grazed* the sun's disc. The heat it received, according to the computations of Sir John Herschel, must have been forty-seven thousand times that received by the earth from a vertical sun! The rays of the sun united in the focus of a lens thirty-two inches in diameter, and six feet eight inches focal length, have melted carnelian, agate and rock crystal. The heat to which the comet was subjected must have exceeded by twenty-five times that in the focus of such a lens. Such a temperature would have converted into vapor almost every substance on the earth's surface; and if anything retained the solid form, it would be in a state of intense ignition. The comet on the twenty-eighth of February was *red hot*, and, for some days after its perihelion, it retained a *peculiar fiery appearance*. In the equatorial regions, the tail is described as *resembling a stream of fire from a furnace*.

Such are some of the principal facts concerning this most wonderful comet of modern times, according to the investigations made by Loomis,— also by Bond, Walker, Mitchell, Joslin, Hitchcock, and others, and which is significantly and deservedly called "the Great Comet."

In 1847, another remarkable comet, visible to the naked eye, made its appearance in the constellation Andromeda. In the early part of February, it shone as a star of the fourth magnitude, with a tail extending about four degrees from the nucleus. The distance of the comet from the sun's surface, on the evening of March thirtieth, was only about three and a half millions of miles. The cometic nebulosity was about sixty-five thousand miles in diameter, and that of the more condensed central part, eight thousand miles. The length of tail was far less than that of the comet of 1843. Of this comet, a full page plate illustrates this article, showing, in a peculiar manner, the supernal splendor characterizing this mysterious order of the heavenly bodies.

The comet of 1853 was clearly visible to the naked eye, and had a well defined nucleus and tail. On investigation, astronomers failed to identify this comet with any previous one. Its brilliant nucleus and long train made it very conspicuous,—indeed, one of the largest and most beautiful on record. The actual diameter of the bright nucleus was eight thousand miles, or about equal to that of the earth. Its nearest distance to the earth at any one time was sixty-eight millions of miles.

In September, 1858, Donati's celebrated comet made its appearance, and was for weeks a wonder in the skies, at which the whole nation gazed with deep and intense interest. The great astronomers, Loomis, Peirce, George P. Bond, William C. Bond, Tuttle, Norton, Hubbard, Safford, and Gould, made learned observations of the celestial visitor. The nucleus was very brilliant, the tail prodigious. A star of the first magnitude might have rivaled the illumination of this comet, but nothing less was worthy a comparison. The tail had a curve like a scimitar; but its end was shadowy, faint, tremulous, and uncertain. The view from twilight until deep dark, was magnificent. On the twentieth of October, the first of a series of extraordinary phenomena manifested itself in the region contiguous to the nucleus. A crescent-shaped outline, obscure

and very narrow, was interspersed, like a screen, between the nucleus and the sun; within this, instead of a softly-blended nebulous light, indicative of an undisturbed condition of equilibrium, the fiery mass was in a state of apparent commotion, as though upheaved by the action of violent internal forces. On the twenty-third, two dark outlines were traced more than half way round the nucleus, and on the next evening still another. Other envelopes were subsequently formed, their motion of projection from the nucleus being evident from night to night. The rapidity of their formation, and the enormous extent to which they were ultimately expanded, constituted a remarkable feature, difficult of explanation. The comet

TELESCOPIC VIEW OF THE COMET.

was nearest to the sun—fifty-five millions of miles,—September thirtieth; nearest to the earth—fifty-two millions of miles,—October twelfth. Its tail was fifty-one millions of miles in length.

So sudden was the apparition of the splendid comet of 1861, that though observations made at Harvard college observatory, June twenty-ninth, failed to detect it, it was, on the succeeding evening, the most conspicuous object in the western sky. On the second of July, after twilight, the head, to the naked eye, appeared much brighter than a star of the first magnitude,—about the same in brightness as the great comet of 1858. The aspect of the tail was that of a narrow, straight ray, projected to a distance of one hundred and six degrees from the nucleus, being easily distinguishable quite up to the borders of the milky way. The boundaries, for the most part, were well defined, and easily traced among the stars. Further observations on the tail made it evident that a diffuse, dim light, with very uncertain outlines, apparently composed of hazy filaments, swept off in a strong curve towards the stars in the tail of Ursa Major. This was evidently a broad, curved tail, intersected on its curved side at the distance of a few degrees from the nucleus or head, by the long straight ray, which, at the first glance, from its greatly superior brightness, seemed alone to constitute the tail. The whole issue of nebulous matter from the nucleus far into the tail was curiously grooved and striated. On the second of July, portions of three luminous envelopes were visible. They rapidly faded, or were lost in the surrounding haze, and their places were filled by new ones. The investigations of Messrs. Safford, Hall, and Tuttle, show the diameter of the head of this comet to have been variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to three or four hundred miles. On the second of July, the breadth of the head of the nucleus was one hundred and fifty-six thousand miles, and the length of the tail about fifteen millions of miles.

XXXVIII.

EXPECTED DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.—1843.

Miller's Exciting Prediction of the Second Advent of Christ.—The Speedy Fulfillment of the Latter-Day Bible Prophecies Boldly Declared —Zealous Promulgation of His Views —Scores of Thousands of Converts.—Public Feeling Intensely Wrought Upon.—Preparations by Many for the Coming Event.—The Passing of the Time.—Miller's Apology and Defense.—His Deism in Early Life.—Studies History and Scripture.—Is Struck by the Prophecies.—Reads Daniel and John Critically.—Calculates Their Time.—"About 1843" the Consummation.—Basis of these Conclusions.—Reluctantly Begins to Lecture.—Interesting Incident.—His Labors and Enthusiasm.—Three Thousand Lectures in Ten Years.—Secret of His Great Success —Approach of the Final Day.—Cessation of Secular Pursuits.—Encamping in the Fields, in Grave-yards and on Roofs —Some Curious Extravagances. —Rebuked by Miller.—Repeated Disappointments.—Misinterpretation of Texts.—Miller, as a Man and Preacher.—His Calm and Happy Death.

"I confess my error, and acknowledge my disappointment; yet I still believe that the day of the Lord is near, even at the door."—MILLER'S FINAL WORDS TO HIS FOLLOWERS.

THE GREAT DAY PROPHESIED BY THE SECOND ADVENTISTS.

NEW men have attained a wider name or more rapid and remarkable note, in the American religious world, than Rev. William Miller, "the prophet,"—as he was familiarly called,—founder of the sect called by his name, and also known as "Second Adventists." A sketch of the public career of Mr. Miller, and of the biblical grounds upon which he based his earnest and confident prediction of *the end of the world about the year* 1843, together with some account of the extraordinary scenes which characterized that exciting period,—participated in by tens of thousands of ardent and enthusiastic believers in Mr. Miller's views,—will be found in the following pages.

Mr. Miller was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1782, and, when he was four years of age, his father removed to Low Hampton, in the state of New York. At the age of twenty-two, he settled in Poultney, Vt., and was a deputy-sheriff for that county. Taking

a military turn, he received from Governor Galusha a lieutenant's commission, and, on the breaking out of the second war with England, he was made captain, by President Madison. He remained in the United States army until the declaration of peace, taking a courageous part in the action at Plattsburg, where the British were so sorely worsted. After the close of the war, he returned to his home, where for several years he held the office of a justice of the peace.

In the community where he lived, Mr. Miller was regarded with much esteem, as a benevolent, intelligent man, and a kind neighbor. He had only a common school education, but was a person of more than ordinary talent. In his religious views, Mr. Miller was an avowed deist, until about his thirty-fourth year, when his views and feelings experienced such a change as led him to unite with the Baptist church. For many years he was a most assiduous student of history and the scriptures, in the study of which he became impressed with the conviction that the fifth monarchy predicted by Daniel to be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, under the whole heaven, for an everlasting possession,—as represented in the seventh chapter of that prophecy—was about to be consummated.

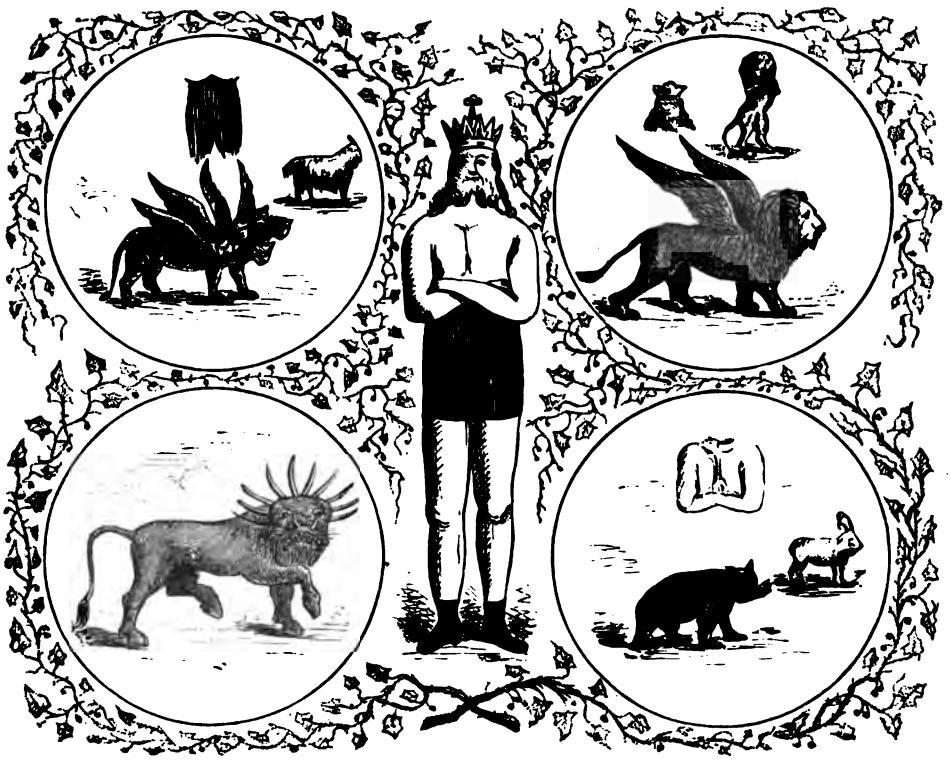
His views—though he at no time claimed to be, in any sense, a prophet,—were substantially as follows: That Jesus Christ will appear a second time in 1843, in the clouds of heaven; that he would then raise the righteous dead, and judge them together with the righteous living, who would be caught up to meet him in the air; that he would purify the earth with fire, causing the wicked and all their works to be consumed in the general conflagration, and would shut up their souls in the place prepared for the devil and his angels; that the saints would live and reign with Christ, on the new earth, a thousand years; that then Satan and the wicked spirits would be let loose, and the wicked dead be raised—this being the second resurrection,—and, being judged, should make war upon the saints, be defeated, and cast down to hell forever.

It becoming known that he entertained these views, he was importuned by many to write out his opinions, and afterwards to go before the public with them. After declining so to do for a long time, he at length complied, by writing a series of articles, in 1831, in the Vermont Telegraph. In 1832, he sent forth a synopsis of his views in a pamphlet, and subsequently, in obedience to conscientious convictions of duty, he commenced as a public lecturer on prophecy.

He thus describes his reluctance to appear in public, and the occasion of his first attempt: "One Saturday, after breakfast, in the summer of 1833, I sat down at my desk to examine some point, and as I arose to go out to work, it came home to me with more force than ever, 'Go and tell it to the world.' The impression was so sudden, and came with such force, that I settled down into my chair, saying, 'I can't go, Lord.' 'Why not?' seemed to be the response; and then all my excuses came up, my want of ability, etc.; but my distress became so great, I entered into a solemn covenant with God, that, if he would open the way, I would go and perform my duty to the world. 'What do you mean by opening the way?' seemed to come to me. 'Why,' said I, 'if I should have an invitation to speak publicly in any place, I will go and tell them what I find in the Bible about the Lord's coming.' Instantly all my burden was gone, and I rejoiced that I should not probably be thus called upon, for I had never had such an invitation. My trials were not known, and I had but little expectation of being invited to any field of labor. In about half an hour from this time, before I had left the room, a son of Mr. Guilford, of Dresden, about sixteen miles from my residence, came in and said that his father had sent for me, and wished me to go home with him. Supposing that he wished to see me on some business, I asked him what he wanted. He replied, that there was to be no preaching in their church the

next day, and his father wished to have me come and talk to the people on the subject of the Lord's coming. I was immediately angry with myself for having made the covenant I had; I rebelled at once against the Lord, and determined not to go. I left the boy, without giving him any answer, and retired in great distress to a grove near by. There I struggled with the Lord for about an hour, endeavoring to release myself from the covenant I had made with him, but could get no relief. It was impressed upon my conscience, 'Will you make a covenant with God, and break it so soon?' and the exceeding sinfulness of thus doing overwhelmed me. I finally submitted; and promised the Lord that if he would sustain me, I would go, trusting in him to give me grace and ability to perform all he should require of me. I returned to the house, and found the boy still waiting; he remained till after dinner, and I returned with him to Dresden." Such was the beginning. And yet, ten years after, namely, at the close of a lecturing tour in the spring of 1843, Mr. Miller remarks in his journal, that, up to that time, he had given three thousand two hundred lectures!

An interesting reminiscence of Mr. Miller's early career, is related by his biographer as having occurred soon after the publication of his views in pamphlet form. As he was passing down the Hudson river, in a steam-boat, a company of men standing near him were conversing respecting the wonderful improvements of the day. One of them remarked, that it was impossible for things to progress, for thirty years to come, in the same ratio that they had done; "for," said he, "man will attain to something more than human." Mr. Miller replied to him, that it reminded him of Dan. 12: 4,—'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' A pause ensuing, Mr. Miller continued, and observed that the improvements of the present day were just what we should expect at this time, in the fulfillment of Daniel's prophecy. He then commenced



SYMBOLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SECOND ADVENT PROPHECIES.

with the eleventh chapter of Daniel, and, comparing the prophecy with the history, showed its fulfillment—all listening with close attention. He then remarked, that he had not intended trespassing so long on their patience, and, leaving them, walked to the other end of the boat. The entire company followed, and wished to hear more on the subject. He then took up the second, seventh, eighth and ninth chapters of Daniel. His hearers wished to know if he had ever written on the subject. He told them he had published the above pamphlet, and distributed among them what copies he had with him. *This was one of his first audiences,* and some gentlemen of high standing listened to his remarks.

In 1836, a volume of Mr. Miller's lectures was published and widely circulated. Early in 1838, a copy of these lectures fell into the hands of Rev. J. Litch, a talented minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, who soon after published a pamphlet entitled the Midnight Cry, proclaiming the second coming of Christ about the year 1843. He also commenced preaching the same doctrine, with great success, and published several works of marked ability. Another prominent receiver of the doctrine was Rev. J. V. Himes, an accomplished preacher of the Christian Connection, and whose writings on the newly promulgated views evinced much power of reasoning and scholarly research.

The volume of lectures by Mr. Miller had a large circulation, as did also the publication called the Signs of the Times. In October, 1840, the first general conference of Second Advent believers was held in Chardon street chapel, Boston. During the winter of 1841—1842, conferences were numerous throughout New England, and, in 1842, the standard was raised in the city of New York, by a series of meetings in Apollo hall, Broadway, held by Messrs. Miller and Himes. During the summer of that year, public excitement greatly increased, and multitudes of preachers and speakers were in the field. Finally, a large tent was constructed, capable of holding four thousand persons, in which meetings were held at Concord, Albany, Springfield, Newark, and other places. The work spread with a power unparalleled in the history of religious movements; and this, notwithstanding the ridicule and other weapons of opposition wielded against it by almost all the leading religious and secular journalists in the principal cities, whose influence was very great. Perhaps the simple secret of Mr. Miller's wonderful success, was his bringing prominently forward a somewhat neglected but vividly important truth.

The number of believers had now reached scores of thousands. The basis of their expectation relative to the speedy dissolution of the world was, that, according to the results of chronological research, it appeared that the captivity of Manasseh, the commencement of the "seven times," or 2520 years of Leviticus XXVI., was B. C. 677, also the captivity of Jehoiakim, the commencement of the Great Jubilee, or 2450 years, was B. C. 607; also the decree to rebuild Jerusalem in the seventh of Artaxerxes, the commencement of the seventy weeks and 2300 days of Daniel VIII. and IX., was given B. C. 457; and also the taking away of paganism in Rome, the commencement of the 1335 days of Daniel XII. Reckoning from these several dates, it was believed that the respective periods could extend only to about the Jewish year 1843.

Thus, all the calculations of prophetic time were understood by the Second Adventists to end in 1843. But what particular time, in that year, was a matter of uncertainty. Some supposed one day or season, some another. It was Mr. Miller's opinion, that the seventy weeks ended with the crucifixion, in A. D. 33; consequently, that the whole time would end with its anniversary, in 1843. Still, he was not satisfied as to the exactness of the calculation, and hence, from the outset, expressed himself, "about 1843;" indeed, in the year 1839, he remarked that he was not *positive* that the event would transpire in the spring of 1843—he should

claim the whole of the Jewish year, until March 21, 1844.

But, in opposition to the views thus held by Mr. Miller and his able co-laborers, Himes, Litch, and other commentators, a host of learned writers appeared, including representatives of all the Christian denominations—though even among these, there was no slight diversity of opinion as to the scope and meaning of the prophecies, and, in respect to the correctness of some of the points held by Mr. Miller, no objections were advanced. The usual strain of argument used by the opponents of Mr. Miller's rendering of the scriptures was as follows:—That the Lord cannot come until after the millennium, during which the whole world is to be righteous, and the lion eat straw like the ox, etc.; that the Jews must be brought in, and restored to Palestine, before that day comes; that it is to come as a thief in the night—sudden, unanticipated, unlooked for; that the world and the human race being as yet in their infancy, so far as moral and material development is concerned, it could not be reasonably expected that the Lord would come to destroy the world.

But the great opposing argument brought to bear against the new views, was, that the vision in the eighth chapter of Daniel, has nothing to do with the coming of Christ, or setting up of God's everlasting kingdom; that Antiochus Epiphanes, a Syrian king, is the hero of Daniel's vision, in the eighth chapter, and that the 2300 days are but half days, amounting to 1150 literal days, all of which were literally fulfilled by Antiochus, —his persecution of the Jews, and desecration of the temple, about one hundred and sixty years B. C.

The earliest date fixed upon by any of the Adventists as a probable time for the Lord's coming (as stated by Mr. Litch, one of the ablest and most reliable authorities), was February tenth, forty-five years from the time the French army took Rome, in 1798. The next point, and the one which was thought the more probable, was February fifteenth, the anniversary of the abolition of the papal government, and the erection of the Roman Republic. Viewing this to be the termination of the 1290 days of Daniel XII. 11, they believed forty-five years more would terminate the 1335 days of verse 12. Accordingly, expectation with many was on tiptoe, fully believing that the great day of the Lord would then break upon the world. But both those periods came and passed with no unusual occurrence. At this result, much thoughtless ridicule was indulged in by some of the newspaper press, and exaggerated accounts given of the believers in the doctrine waiting in their white ascension robes to be caught up in the air, or going to the tops of the houses, or into the grave-yards, to watch. Very few, however, were so much shaken by their disappointment in the passing of the time, as to go back and give up the doctrine. Their confidence, as well as their religious sincerity, was beyond suspicion.

The fifteenth of February passed, the next epoch which presented itself as a leading point of time, was the Passover, the season of the year when the crucifixion took place. This was looked upon by many as being a strongly marked era, on account of its being the occasion when God delivered his people from Egypt, four hundred and thirty years from Abraham's sojourn — and, because on that feast the crucifixion took place. This latter event, according to the belief of many, ended the seventy weeks of Daniel IX. 24. Hence, they argued, the 2300 days would terminate when the same feast arrived in 1843, and the Savior would come. The fourteenth of April, therefore, was a point of time anticipated with the deepest solicitude by many. They had the fullest confidence that it would not pass without bringing the expected crisis. Others, again, looked forward to the season of the Ascension, or Feast of Pentecost, as being the most likely time for the advent. But disappointment attended these, as it had previous, expectations. Still, the zeal of the disciples did not fail them; and, at the east, west, and south, the same enthusiasm

was manifested by the promulgators of the doctrine that "the end of all things is at hand."

As already stated, Mr. Miller's expectations as to the time of the fulfillment of the prophetic periods, extended to the close of the Jewish year 1843, which would be March twenty-first, 1844; and, on further reflection, gave considerable weight to the consideration that the tenth day of the seventh month of the current Jewish year, which, following the reckoning of the Caraite Jews, fell on the twenty-second of October, was the probable termination of several prophetic periods, and, therefore, would very likely usher in the great and last day. Thus it was, that, on the sixth of October, he wrote: "*If Christ does not come within twenty or twenty-five days, I shall feel twice the disappointment I did in the spring.*" With great unanimity, as well as honestly and heartily, was this view accepted by his followers. Indeed, the feeling was everywhere intense, among them. For some days preceding the time designated, their secular business was, for the most part, suspended; and those who looked for the advent, gave themselves to the work of preparation for that event, as they would for death, were they on a bed of sickness.

In regard to the extravagances characterizing this movement, the published accounts are declared by the friends of Mr. Miller to have been, for the most part, gross misstatements, and that hundreds of reports relating to excesses, had no foundation in fact. Even so generally fair and discriminating a writer as Sir Charles Lyell, who was traveling in America while the advent excitement was at its height, states that several houses were pointed out to him, between Plymouth (Massachusetts) and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced from ease to poverty by their credulity, having sold their all toward building the Tabernacle, in which they were to pray incessantly for six weeks previous to their ascension. Among other stories, also, industriously circulated, was that of a young girl who, having no money, was induced to sell her necklace, which had been presented her by her betrothed. The jeweler, seeing that she was much affected at parting with her treasure, and discovering the circumstances and object of the sale, showed her some silver forks and spoons, on which he was about to engrave the initials of the very minister whose dupe she was, and those of the lady he was about to marry on a fixed day after the fated twenty-second of October.

While traveling in New Hampshire, Lyell states that he was told by a farmer in one of the country villages, that, in the course of the preceding autumn, many of his neighbors would neither reap their harvest of corn and potatoes, nor let others take in the crop, saying it was tempting Providence to store up grain for a season that could never arrive, the great catastrophe being so near at hand. He adds, that in several townships in this and the adjoining states, the local officers, or selectmen, interfered, harvesting the crops at the public expense, and requiring the owners, after the twenty-third of October, to repay them for the outlay. So bitter was the opposition in some places, that offensive missiles were thrown at the public speakers, and their names coupled with those of such impostors as Matthias, Gallaway, Folger, Orr, etc.

That irregularities of one kind and another attended a religious movement so wide-spread, intense and enthusiastic, as this, is not to be wondered at; but it is doubtless true that the majority of the incidents thus circulated were the easy inventions of opponents. The most notable incident was that which occurred in Philadelphia. In opposition to the earnest expostulations of Mr. Litch and other judicious and influential persons, a company of about one hundred and fifty, responding to the pretended "vision" of one Georgas, on the twenty-first of October went out on the Darby street road, about four miles from Market street bridge, and encamped in a field under two large tents, provided with all needed comforts. The

next morning, their faith in the vision having failed, all but about a dozen returned to the city; a few days later, the others returned. This act met the emphatic disapproval of Mr. Miller, and of the Adventists generally.

This day, too,—the only *specific* day which was regarded by the more intelligent Adventists with any positiveness,—also passed, peaceful and quiet, as other days; as, likewise, did the time in September, 1847, which some fixed upon, on the ground that chronologers differed three or four years in the dates of this world's history. In reviewing these facts and results of the past, Mr. Miller wrote: "Were I to live my life over again, with the same evidence that I then had, to be honest with God and man I should have to do as I have done. I *confess my error*, and acknowledge *my disappointment;* yet I still believe that the day of the Lord is near, even at the door."

The speedy coming of the Lord, and the approaching end of all things, being so frequently and explicitly declared in scripture, it is no wonder that there should continue to be found a body of believers making that important truth, and the duties growing out of it, a primary point in their religion. Though less numerous than formerly, they are still to be found in considerable numbers, with many earnest preachers; their chief organ has been the Advent Herald, published in Boston, and conducted with much decorum and ability.

It is not surprising that a man of Mr. Miller's strong and ardent temperament, should live and die in the same belief which he had promulgated with such evident sincerity; for, while acknowledging, as events proved, the want of accuracy in his chronological calculations — he still claimed, to the end of his days, that the nature and nearness of the crisis were sustained by scriptural evidence. He died a peaceful and happy death, at the age of sixty-eight, in the year 1849, and an admirably fair and well-written biography of him, from the pen of Mr. Himes, appeared soon after.

As a man, Mr. Miller is described as strictly temperate in all his habits, devoted in his family and social attachments, and proverbial for his integrity. He was naturally very amiable in his temperament, affable and attentive to all,—a kind-heartedness, simplicity, and power, peculiarly original, characterizing his manner. He was of about medium stature, a little corpulent; hair, a light glossy brown; countenance full and round, with a peculiar depth of expression in his blue eye, of shrewdness and love.

Wm Miller

As a preacher, Mr. Miller was generally spoken of as convincing his hearers of his sincerity, and instructing them by his reasoning and information. All acknowledge that his lectures were replete with useful and interesting matter, showing a knowledge of scripture very extensive and minute—that of the prophecies, especially, being surprisingly familiar; and his application of the great prophecies to the great events which have taken place in the moral and natural world, was, to say the least, ingenious and plausible. There was nothing very peculiar in his manner; his gestures were easy and expressive; his style decorous, simple, natural, and forcible. He was always self-possessed and ready; distinct in his utterance, and frequently quaint in his observations; in the management of his subject, exhibiting much tact, holding frequent colloquies with the objector and inquirer, supplying the questions and answers himself in a very

apposite manner, and, although grave himself, sometimes producing a smile upon the faces of his auditors. Much blame was cast upon Mr. Miller, by some of his opponents, for not contenting himself with a quiet and unostentatious avowal of his views, instead of traveling over the whole country, and inaugurating the "noisy and boisterous system of camp-meetings" in connection with so solemn a theme. But, that these camp-meetings did not partake of the obnoxious qualities thus charged, will appear—from one example at least,—by the following account, written by John G. Whittier, one of the most enlightened and impartial of observers:—

On my way eastward (says Mr. Whittier), I spent an hour or two at a camp-ground of the Second Advent in East Kingston (N. H.) The spot was well chosen. A tall growth of pine and hemlock threw its melancholy shadow over the multitude, who were arranged on rough seats of boards and logs. Several hundred—perhaps a thousand—people were present, and more were rapidly coming. Drawn about in a circle, forming a background of snowy whiteness to the dark masses of men and foliage, were the white tents, and back of them the provision stalls and cook shops. When I reached the ground, a hymn, the words of which I could not distinguish, was pealing through the dim aisles of the forest. I know nothing of music, having neither ear nor taste for it—but I could readily see that it had its effect upon the multitude before me, kindling to higher intensity their already excited enthusiasm. The preachers were placed in a rude pulpit of rough boards, carpeted only by the dead forest leaves, and flowers, and tasseled, not with silk and velvet, but with the green boughs of the somber hemlocks around it. One of them followed the music in an earnest exhortation on the duty of preparing for the great event. Occasionally, he was really eloquent, and his description of the last day had all the terrible distinctness of Anellis's painting of the 'End of the World.'

Suspended from the front of the rude pulpit were two broad sheets of canvas, upon one of which was the figure of a man,—the head of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly of brass, the legs of iron, and feet of clay,—the dream of Nebuchadnezzar! On the other were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision—the beasts—the dragons—the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos—oriental types and figures and mystic symbols translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a traveling menagerie. One horrible image, with its hideous heads and scaly caudal extremity, reminded me of the tremendous line of Milton, who, in speaking of the same evil dragon, describes him as "Swingeing the scaly horrors of his folded tail." To an imaginative mind the scene was full of novel interest. The white circle of tents—the dim wood arches—the upturned, earnest faces—the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible—the smoke from the fires rising like incense from forest altars,—carried one back to the days of primitive worship, when "The groves were God's first temples."

XXXIX.

AWFUL EXPLOSION OF COMMODORE STOCKTON'S GREAT GUN, THE "PEACEMAKER," ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMSHIP PRINCETON.—1844.

The Secretaries of State and of the Navy, and Other Eminent Persons, Instantly Killed.—Miraculous Escape of the President.—Sudden Transition from the Height of Human Enjoyment to the Extreme of Woe.—Stockton's High Enthusiasm.—His Vast and Beautiful Ship.—Her Model and Armament.—Styled the Pride of the Navy.—Invitations for a Grand Gala Day.—President Tyler Attends.—Countless Dignitaries on Board.—Array of Female Beauty.—Music, Toasts, Wit and Wine.—Firing of the Monster Gun.—Its Perfect Success.—"One More Shot!" by Request.—A Stunning and Murderous Blast.—Bursting of the Gun.—Death all Around.—Frightful Shrieks and Groans.—Scattering of Mangled Remains.—Agony of Woman's Heart.—Standing Place of the President.—Absent Just One Moment.—The Dead in Union Flags.—Funeral at the White House.

"My tongue would fail me to express, and my pen to portray, the agonizing heart-throes—the mingled wailings and frenzy—of that awful hour."—PRESIDENT TYLER.

STOCKTON'S GREAT GUN, "THE PEACEMAKER."

RARELY is there found in the pages of a hundred years' history, the record of a more awful catastrophe—shocking, indeed, in all its circumstances, concomitants, and results—than that which occurred on board the ship Princeton, Commodore Stockton, on the afternoon of February twenty-eighth, 1844, whilst under way, on the river Potomac, some fifteeen miles below Washington.

This war steamer had just been constructed in the city of Philadelphia, according to improved plans enthusiastically advocated by Captain Stockton, who had also superintended the casting of the guns—on a new principle and of prodigious size and power—constituting the steamship's armament. It was principally to exhibit the superiority of these new and formidable weapons of war, in the preparation of which Stockton had so long been engaged, and of the perfection of which he had, by repeated tests and experiments, thoroughly satisfied himself, that he issued cards of invitation to a large and brilliant company, of both sexes, to visit the magnificent ship and go on an excursion down the river. He had on successive days, previously, extended this courtesy to various congressional committees and other officials, but this was to be the gala day on the decks of that most stupendous and beautiful ship ever beheld on the waters of the Potomac.

Little did any one among that gay and splendid throng anticipate a sudden transition from the height of human enjoyment to the extreme of wailing, anguish, and death!

The day was remarkably fine, the sun rising clear and bright, and Washington from early in the morning presented a gay and busy scene. Nearly all the carriages were engaged, and freighted with the loveliness, beauty and grace of the city. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Mr. Tyler, the president of the United States, as chief guest, Mrs. Robert Tyler, Miss Cooper, Mr. John Tyler, Jr.,—all from the

John Tyler.

executive mansion,—with a large number of officers in glittering uniforms, all the members of the cabinet except Mr. Spencer, many other high functionaries of state, senators and representatives, quite a number of *attaches* and secretaries of legation, General Allmonte, minister from Mexico (Sir Richard Packenham had been invited, but declined,) and others, to the number of some four hundred, were assembled on the deck of one of the steamers plying between Washington and Alexandria, fast bearing down for the latter place. Opposite the navy yard, a boat load of musicians were taken on board, who, as the company approached Alexandria, and the Princeton hove in sight, struck up 'Hail Columbia,' while the convoy was describing a graceful curve under the bow of the splendid war steamer, to view her in all her pride of architectural model,—the flags of every nation streaming in the brightness of the meridian sun from every mast, and her yards manned to return the cheers that were uttered by the happy guests as they neared her side.

They now approached the Princeton on her larboard side, and came quite close to her. A bridge was soon made from the hurricane deck to the great steamship, and the ladies and gentlemen received by the officers on deck, and conducted to Captain Stockton, who was in full uniform. The band now struck up the 'Star Spangled Banner,' the marines presented arms, and as soon as the company were on board, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, the band still playing national airs; and it was quite amusing to see how many ladies remained on deck to witness the naval maneuvers and evolutions, although they had been politely requested to step down, so as not to be annoyed by the smell of the powder, or the noise of the report. Sumptuous, too, was the banquet spread before this gay and brilliant company.

In the meanwhile, the Princeton hove anchor and made sail, bearing down for Fort Washington and Mount Vernon—her sailing qualities being admired by all. Past Fort Washington, where the Potomac expands, presenting sufficient scope for the power of the Princeton's big guns, the forward gun was shotted and fired, the ball striking the water and rebounding five or six times, till the eye could no longer follow its progress. An eye-witness of this experiment—a newspaper correspondent—states, that, in order to observe the effect of the shot, he posted himself on the nearest larboard cannonade gun, and, by the side of this, a kind of scaffolding had been erected by the sailors, for the ladies to stand on. One or two ladies had taken their position there, and, close by, stood Mr. Secretary Upshur, intent upon witnessing the whole scene. The correspondent offered his place to the secretary, but the latter declined, saying he preferred to stand where he was—the precise spot

where, an hour afterward, he was torn to pieces.

Captain Stockton's great gun—called ironically "*the Peacemaker*,"—was now again loaded with shot, and another trial made of its strength and efficiency. The gun was pointed to leeward, and behind it stood Captain Stockton; a little to the left of him, Mr. J. Washington Tyson, assistant postmaster-general. By the side of the latter, a little behind him, stood Mr. Strickland, of Philadelphia; and a little to the right of, but behind him, Colonel Benton, of Missouri, who had a lady at his arm; and Judge S. S. Phelps, senator from Vermont. To the leeward of the gun stood Judge Upshur, the secretary of state; also Governor Gilmer, the secretary of the navy, who had but a few days previously entered on the duties of his office; and, a short distance behind them, the late *charge d'affaires* to Belgium, Mr. Maxey, of Maryland. By the side of him stood Hon. Mr. Gardiner, of New York, and Commodore Kennon, chief of one of the navy bureaus.

On firing the gun, a murderous blast succeeded—the whole ship shook and reeled—and a dense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole group on the forecastle; but when this blew away, an awful and heart-rending scene presented itself to the view of the hushed and agonizing spectators. *The gun had burst, at a point three or four feet from the breech, and scattered death and desolation all around.*

The lower part of the gun, from the trunnions to the breech, was blown off, and one-half section of it lying upon the breast of the newspaper correspondent; it took two sailors to remove it. Secretary Upshur was badly cut over the eye and in his legs, his clothes being literally torn from his body; he expired in a very few minutes. Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, —under whose official directions, as secretary of the navy, the power of this great gun was tested,—was found equally badly injured; he had evidently been struck by the section of the gun before it had reached Mr. Upshur. Mr. Sykes, member of congress from New Jersey, endeavored to raise him from the ground, but was unable. A mattress was then procured, and Mr. Gilmer placed on it; but before any medical assistance could be procured, he was not among the living.

Mr. Maxey had his arms and one of his legs cut off, the pieces of flesh hanging to the mutilated limbs, cold and bloodless, in a manner truly frightful. Mr. Gardiner, of New York (one of whose daughters subsequently became the wife of President Tyler), and Commodore Kennon, lingered about half an hour; but they did not seem for a single moment to be conscious of their fate, and expired almost without a groan. The flags of the Union were placed over the dead bodies, as their winding-sheets.

Behind the gun, the scene, though at first equally distressing, was less alarming. Captain Stockton, who was knocked down and somewhat injured, almost instantly rose to his feet, and, mounting upon the wooden carriage, quickly and anxiously surveyed the whole effect of the calamity. All the hair of his head and face was burnt off; and he stood calm and undismayed, but deeply conscious, over the frightful wreck. Shrieks of woe were heard from every quarter—death and desolation, blood and mangled remains, were all around. In addition to the deaths already mentioned, about a dozen sailors were badly wounded; one was dead, and, behind him, Colonel Benton, Judge Phelps, and Mr. Strickland, as if dead, were extended on the deck. On that side, by a singular concatenation of circumstances, Mr. Tyson, of Philadelphia, was the only person who stood his ground, though a piece of the gun, weighing about two pounds, had passed through his hat, about two inches from his skull, and fallen down by the side of him. A servant of the president, a colored lad of about fifteen years of age, was amongst the slain. *President Tyler himself was saved only by the merest accident*—having been temporarily called back from where he stood, just a moment before!

Judge Phelps, of Vermont, had his hat blown or knocked off, and the buttons of his coat torn off. Mr. Strickland, of Philadelphia, immediately recovered his position. Miss Woodbury and Miss Cooper, who, in company of Captain Reed, of the army, and Mr. Welles, of Philadelphia, had been standing on a leeward gun, were not hurt; but the first-named lady—the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Senator Woodbury, of New Hampshire,—had her whole face sprinkled with blood, from one of the unfortunate killed or wounded. Judge Wilkins was only saved by a rollicking bit of witticism of his.

Thomas W. Gilmer

He had taken his stand by the side of his colleague in office, Secretary Gilmer, but some remarks falling from the lips of the latter, and perceiving that the gun was about to be fired, exclaimed, suiting his action to the word—

"Though secretary of war, I don't like this firing, and believe that I shall run!"

A most heart-rending scene was that which transpired among some of the lady guests. The two daughters of Mr. Gardiner, of New York, were on board, and were piteously lamenting the death of their father; while Mrs. Gilmer, from whom the company had in vain attempted to withhold, for a time, the dreadful news of the death of her husband, presented truly a spectacle fit to be depicted by a tragedian. Her agony was doubtless aggravated by a peculiar incident. It appears that, while President Tyler and family, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen in the cabin, were in the act of leaving the banquet-table, to proceed to the deck, the movement was arrested for a moment, by a gentleman announcing that one of the ladies would give a toast, and but for which it is probable most of the party would have been exposed to the deadly missiles. Some of the ladies, however, were upon deck, and near enough to be dashed with the blood and mangled remains of the victims. One of those ladies was the wife of Secretary Gilmer, and *it was at her husband's special request, that the gun on this occasion was fired,* in order that he might observe its quality in some peculiar way. This gun was the one called the 'Peacemaker;' the other, of the same size on board, was called the 'Oregon.'

Mr. Seaton, mayor of the city of Washington, was one of the company, having been invited by Mr. Gilmer, and would have accompanied him to the deck to witness the firing, but for a difficulty in finding his cloak and hat at the moment. A lady, standing upon the deck between two gentlemen, one of whom had his hat, and the other the breast of his coat taken off, escaped unhurt. The secretary of state, Mr. Upshur, left a wife and daughter, to mourn his untimely death; Secretary Gilmer, a wife and eight children—the eldest but fifteen. Commodore Kennon left a young wife, and children by his first wife. Mr. Maxey also left a wife and children; and Colonel Gardiner two accomplished daughters, leading belles in the society of the metropolis. The only circumstance calculated to relieve the all-pervading distress, was, that of the multitude of ladies who were on board the ship, not one was materially injured.

As illustrating the effect of such a phenomenon, upon those who were near enough to have their sensations and emotions wrought upon to the highest degree, without actual injury to their persons, the experience of Senator Benton—certainly one of the strongest-minded of men—is an

EXPLOSION OF THE GREAT GUN ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP PRINCETON.

interesting case in point. In that senator's account of the occurrence, he says, among other things: 'Lieutenant Hunt caused the gun to be worked, to show the ease and precision with which her direction could be changed, and then pointed down the river to make the fire—himself and the gunners standing near the breech on the right. I opened my mouth wide to receive the concussion on the inside as well as on the outside of the head and ears, so as to lessen the force of the external shock. I saw the hammer pulled back —heard a tap—saw a flash—felt a blast in the face, and knew that my hat was gone; and that was the last that I knew of the world, or of myself, for a time, of which I can give any account. The first that I knew of myself, or of anything afterwards, was rising up at the breech of the gun, seeing the gun itself split open,—two seamen, the blood oozing from their ears and nostrils, rising and reeling near me—Commodore Stockton, hat gone, and face blackened, standing bolt upright, staring fixedly upon the shattered gun. I had heard

no noise—no more than the dead. I only knew that the gun had burst from seeing its fragments. I had gone through the experience of a sudden death, as if from lightning, which extinguishes knowledge and sensation, and takes one out of the world without thought or feeling. I think I know what it is to die without knowing it, and that such a death is nothing to him that revives. The rapid and lucid working of the mind to the instant of extinction, is the marvel that still astonishes me. I heard the tap—saw the flash, felt the blast—and knew nothing of the explosion. I was cut off in that inappreciable point of time which intervened between the flash and the fire—between

the burning of the powder in the touch-hole, and the burning of it in the barrel of the gun. No mind can seize that point of time, no thought can measure it; yet to me it was distinctly marked, divided life from death—the life that sees, and feels, and knows, from death (for such it was for the time), which annihilates self and the world. And now is credible to me, or rather comprehensible, what persons have told me of the rapid and clear working of the mind in sudden and dreadful catastrophes — as in steam-boat explosions, and being blown into the air—and have the events of their lives pass in review before them, and even speculate upon the chances of falling on the deck and being crushed, or falling on the water and swimming: and persons recovered from drowning, and running their whole lives over in the interval between losing hope and losing consciousness.' This account, written by Mr. Benton, several years after the occurrence, shows the vivid impression made upon his mind.

Of similar interest was the experience of Judge Phelps, senator from Vermont, who was nearer to the gun than any other guest, and who had at his side a young lady, Miss Sommerville, from Maryland. The judge was prostrated, his hat and the lady's bonnet disappeared, her dress was also torn, and the judge's apparel rent and demolished. The lady's face was scorched, and she stood like a statue, unconscious. 'I took a glance at the scene,' says the judge, writing to a friend, 'caught her round the waist, and carried her below. I witnessed a scene there which I shall not attempt to describe—it was one of agony, frenzy — the shrieks of a hundred females — wives, daughters, sisters — the beauty, the loveliness of the land. The imploring appeals to know the fate of the nearest and dearest objects of their affection can not be forgotten. '*Sir*,' said one, '*they will not tell me about my husband.*' I knew her not, but she was at that moment a widow — her husband was blown to atoms! You will hardly believe me when I tell you I was calm—collected. It was no time for trepidation. I felt as if introduced in the presence of my Maker. The scene was unearthly; every selfish feeling vanished—even my own life was of no account. I was taken to the portals of eternity, and felt that I was surveying not the paltry interests of time and sense, but man's eternal destiny. The first tear which started in my eye fell upon the few lines which conveyed to my beloved and devoted wife the assurance that she

was not a widow, nor her children fatherless.'

The first hours after the appalling catastrophe were marked, as might be expected, by high excitement. Astonishment, and a feeling of dismay, mingled with intense and painful curiosity, seized upon the entire community. All tongues were busy in pressing or answering inquiries. Men rushed out of doors, crowded the resorts of public intelligence, gathered in knots about the streets, and with eager countenances turned to every new-comer for further information.

The next day, crowds poured down to the wharf where the bodies were expected to be landed, and, though long disappointed, continued to wait, hour after hour, till at length the minute-guns from below announced the departure of the coffins from on board the steamer, and the commencement of their melancholy route up to the city.

As the boat which bore them approached her landing-place, the surrounding shores were covered with spectators, while a long line of carriages stood in waiting to follow in the train which bore the remains of the dead. Six hearses, in sad contiguity, stood side by side, and received in succession their mournful freight, as the coffins, borne by seamen and followed each by an escort of naval officers, were brought along through an avenue of sympathizing citizens, who opened to the right and left to let them pass. Scores of carriages followed to the presidential mansion, whither the dead were carried by the president's particular desire, and deposited in the East room. That vast apartment, so often the scene of brilliant festivity — so often echoing the strains of joyous music and the mingled voices of the gay — was now converted, in the providence of God, into a sepulchral chamber, cold, silent, and dark.

Saturday was fixed upon for the funeral ceremonies, and the city was filled with those who came to witness the solemn rites and pomp of the occasion, the bustle of business being hushed at an early hour. Before the bodies were removed from the executive mansion, religious services were performed by Rev. Messrs. Hawley, Laurie, and Butler. The funeral procession was then formed, and presented an imposing *coup d'œil*. Generals Scott and Jones led the splendid military escort. Among the distinguished pall-bearers were Messrs. Archer, Morgan, Bolton, Totten, Worth, Gibson, Aulick, Shubrick, Crane, Towson, Kennedy, Hunt, Barnard, Fish, Fendall,—all departments of the government, legislative, executive, judicial, military and naval, being largely represented in the vast and magnificent procession. With these honors, accompanied by minute-guns and tolling bells, the bodies were borne to the congressional burying-ground, where the military halted, and, forming in line in front of the gate, received the hearses with martial salutes and dirges. Minute-guns were fired from the west terrace of the capitol grounds, from the navy yard, and from other points, as the cavalcade proceeded on its route; religious services were again performed, on depositing the coffins in the receiving vault; after which, the military, as usual, closed the solemn pageant of outward ceremonial, by firing volleys in honor of the lamented dead.

By direction of the president, Hon. John Nelson became, *ad interim*, secretary of state; and Commodore Warrington, in like manner, secretary of the navy; in place of Messrs. Upshur and Gilmer.

Concerning the great gun used on this occasion, and of which Commodore Stockton was the projector, it may be remarked that it was manufactured in New York, and was far superior in point of workmanship to its companion, the 'Oregon,' which was made in England. The 'Peacemaker' was placed in the bow of the ship, on a revolving carriage, so that it might be fired from either side. An ordinary charge of powder for it was thirty pounds. It carried a ball weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds; and such was the precision with which it could be fired, as ascertained from actual experiments, that

an object the size of a hogshead could be hit nine times in ten, at a distance of half a mile.

The gun being loaded, the first thing was to ascertain the precise distance of the object to be fired at, this being done by means of an instrument, constructed upon trigonometrical principles, the scale on which indicated the distance at a glance. The next thing was to give the gun the proper elevation. This was done by means of a self-acting lock, on an arm of which was a scale that indicated the precise elevation necessary to reach a given distance with the ball. A spring on top of the lock was then brought up to the point indicated, the hammer pulled back, and, at the very point of time when,

R. F. Stockton

by the ship's motion, the gun reached that point, and not before nor afterward, the gun was of itself discharged.

The weight of the 'Peacemaker' was ten tons; its length, fifteen feet; with a bore of twelve inches. It had been tested with a charge of forty-nine pounds of powder; had frequently been fired with thirty; it exploded with twenty-five.

A few days before the exhibition of the ordnance to the presidential party, there was an interesting trial of the gun,—its manner of working and its powers—attended with most satisfactory results. All the preparation for firing, with the exception simply of putting the powder and ball into the gun, was made by Commodore Stockton personally. By means of a tackle fixed to the breech, a motion was given to the gun similar to that imparted by a heavy swell, and when it reached the point indicated it was discharged. The ball in this case traveled about two miles before it hit the water, and then bounded several times. The Princeton went down the river as far as Mount Vernon. In going down, the 'Peacemaker' was discharged three times, and, in returning, twice. On the fourth fire, the ball struck on the land, and its effect was lost sight of by those on board—so that the party demanded another fire, and respectfully requested the captain to put in a little more powder this time. Before firing for the fifth and last time, the captain said he should take the sense of the company. "All those in favor of another fire will say, aye." The air resounded with "aye!" "All those opposed to another fire will say, no." Not a solitary voice. "The ayes have it," said the captain; "I have the assent of congress, and I'll go ahead." Probably fifty pounds of powder went into the 'Peacemaker' this time. As before, the gun was fired by the captain himself. The ball went, probably, four miles before it struck. It bounded fifteen times on the ice, in the course of which it performed a half circle.

Stockton was one of those persevering and enlightened experimenters who, like James, Rodman, Wade, Dahlgren, Ames, Sawyer, Parrott, Hotchkiss, Gillmore, are an honor to the cause of military science. It was in 1839, while in England, that his attention was attracted to the extraordinary and important improvements there introduced in the manufacture of large

masses of wrought iron for objects requiring great strength, and he was thus led to consider the question how far the same material might be employed in the construction of cannon of large caliber. Singular enough, when Commodore Stockton applied to a manufacturer to do the job, he—the manufacturer—declared that it could not be done; and it was not until Commodore Stockton had promised to pay all the expense of an attempt out of his own pocket, that the manufacturer would consent to make a trial. In a short time, the manufacturer, seeing that it was perfectly practicable, became as great an enthusiast in the matter as Stockton himself.

XL.

DISCOVERY OF THE INHALATION OF ETHER AS A PREVENTIVE OF PAIN.—1846.

Performance of Surgical Operations Involving the Intensest Torture, During the Happy Unconsciousness of the Patient.—Account of the First Capital Demonstration Before a Crowded and Breathless Assembly.—Its Signal Success.—Thrill of Enthusiastic Joy —Most Beneficent Boon Ever Conferred by Science upon the Human Race.—Instinctive Dread of Pain.—Fruitless Search Hitherto for a Preventive.—Terror of the Probe and Knife.—Heroes Quail Before Them.—Case of the Bluff Old Admiral.—Discovery of the Long-sought Secret.—Sulphuric Ether the Prize.—Bliss During Amputation —Honor Due to America.—A Whole World Elated.—Medical Men Exultant.—Curious Religious Objections.—Test Case in Surgery.—Startling and Romantic Interest.—Value in Public Hospitals.—War-Sufferings Ameliorated —Various Effects while Inhaling.—Amusing and Extraordinary Cases.—"Thocht the Deil had a Grip o' her!"—Odd Talk of an Innocent Damsel.—Old Folks Wanting to Dance.—Awards to the Discoverers.

"The fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever."—PROF. O. W. HOLMES.

RELIEVING PAIN BY THE USE OF ETHER.

HUMANITY—even the hardiest and bravest portions of it—instinctively shrinks, with dread, from the pain attendant upon a deliberate cutting of the living flesh by surgical instruments. The case is related of a bluff old English admiral—one of the stoutest hearts that ever beat, in a service whose men of every grade are, to a proverb, dauntless,—who, in the opening of his distinguished career, had been engaged in cutting out an enemy's frigate. From the gun-boat, he climbed up the ship's steep side, and, foremost of his crew, had reached the bulwarks, when, receiving a stunning blow, he fell into his boat again, striking his back with great violence. Years afterwards, a tumor had grown on the injured part; and at length the admiral—gray, and bent in years—found it advisable that this growth should be removed. The man that never feared death in its most ghastly and appalling form, now shrank from the surgeon's knife; the removal, contemplated by the man of many battles with feeling almost akin to childish fear, was long deferred; and at length, half stupefied by opium though he was, a most unsteady patient did he prove during the operation.

Numberless instances have there been, too, of women—mothers—who, for their kindred, have been at any time ready to sacrifice their lives, by watching and privation, in loathsome and tainted chambers of infectious disease, but, when themselves became victims of that which they knew required a surgical operation, and which, without this, they were well assured must miserably consume them away,—even these noble minds, resolute in the prospect of death, have yet quailed under the fear of surgical suffering; they have studiously concealed their malady from their nearest friends, and deliberately preferred the misery of a fatal, and unchecked, and gnawing cancer, to the apprehended torture of an operation, temporary though it be. This feeling has been universal, in all ages, among the victims of keen physical suffering.

From time immemorial, means have been sought, and with partial success, to relieve and even to destroy pain, during the manipulations of practical surgery. For this purpose, opium, Indian hemp, mesmerism, and nitrous oxide gas and alcohol, have been employed, and all in their turn abandoned, except that opium in many cases, and mesmerism in a few, still continued to be used with imperfect success, and almost always with the subsequent disadvantage of headache, feverishness, or other general disorder.

It was reserved for the simple inhalation of a certain gas—pure sulphuric ether—to achieve in surgery that for which surgeons had for centuries labored, and labored in vain!

This was in 1846. A certain old gentleman, however,—as the case is narrated,—was not altogether a stranger to the comforting effects of this same anodyne process, some forty years previously. He had discovered that the fumes of ether could lull him into forgetfulness of the pains and disquietude of a bustling and checkered life. He was a man of research in his way; curious in beds, baths, and professing to understand disease and its cure better by far than his fellows. But he was loose in principle, as well as weak in science, and no doubt, most deservedly, had many roughnesses in life which he could wish to rub away. His mode was this: Obtaining an ounce or two of ether, he leisurely sniffed up its vapor, sitting softly the while, and manifestly enjoying a time of calmness and repose, greatly to his liking. Indeed, on being interrogated, he was in the habit of blandly answering, "soothing, sir, soothing to an immeasurable degree." In this oblivion to the disgusting harassments of life, he was in the habit of indulging many times a day. He had curiously discovered that the fumes of ether could relieve, temporarily, from the pains of a mind ill at ease; but he was not to know that it could still more wonderfully assuage the body's worst suffering.

The divulgement of this most beneficent boon to the world since man's moral redemption—by which the most dreaded of surgical operations can be performed during a happy unconsciousness of the patient—not merely with little suffering, but absolutely with none—is due to three Americans, namely, Drs. Morton, Jackson, and Wells; but to which of these is due the priority or chief merit of the discovery, is a question long and bitterly discussed, and still undecided. Certainly, however, the proceedings of each of these gentlemen, in connection with the discovery, show undoubted scientific acuteness, ingenuity, zeal and perseverance.

The enthusiasm with which the announcement of this marvelous discovery was received may well be described as unbounded. Wafted across the Atlantic, it was at once hailed with rapturous exultation in England, and speedily adopted in most of the large hospitals throughout the kingdom—also, in the vast hospitals of Paris, and in the numerous institutions of like character in Germany, including those so celebrated at Vienna and Berlin.

Still, there were not wanting those who regarded the discovery with distrust, and some of the public medical institutions barred their doors against the new alle-

viating agent. Objections based on religious grounds were urged against the employment of ether. Pain, it was argued, was the natural and intended consequence of the primal sin, and therefore any attempt to do away with it must be wrong. These objectors failed to see that their argument, if it proved anything, proved too much, since it held with equal cogency against any and every remedial agency, in all cases whatsoever. Others opposed the anæsthetic on the ground that pain is salutary, and that its annihilation would be this, it was alleged that the new agent might be used for infamous purposes. "A fatal habit," it was said, "had sprung up of using ether, like opium, for purposes of exhilaration, to all intents intoxication. A burglar forced his way into a mansion when all its occupants were in profound slumber, and, applying ether to them, he had the house all to himself." Frequent accidents, moreover, resulted from the use of impure ether by unskillful hands, so frequent, indeed, that prosecution was threatened for administering it at all.

THE THREE CLAIMANTS OF THE DISCOVERY OF PAINLESS SURGERY, BY ETHER.

hazardous to the patient. And an eminent physiologist expressed the doubt whether there were a true advantage in suppressing pain. "It is a trivial matter," said this stoic, "to suffer, and a discovery whose object is the prevention of pain is of slight interest."

Then, too, letters came pouring in upon the discoverer from all over the civilized world, upbraiding him with having announced the claims of a humbug. He also received constant visits from professional gentlemen, who questioned the accuracy of the experiments. Worse than

But the domain of the grim demon, Pain, having once been successfully invaded, humanity and science were ill-disposed to yield the vantage ground. One of the most eminent professors of surgery in America, Dr. O. W. Holmes, said: "The knife is searching for disease—the pulleys are dragging back dislocated limbs—nature herself is working out the primal curse, which doomed the tenderest of her creatures to the sharpest of her trials; but the fierce extremity of her suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness, and the deepest furrow

in the knotted brow of agony has been smoothed forever." So, too, that world-renowned surgeon and anatomist, Dr. John C. Warren,—grave, venerable, and dispassionate,—exclaimed:

"Who could have imagined, that drawing the knife over the delicate skin of the face might produce a sensation of unmixed delight!—that the turning and twisting of instruments in the most sensitive bladder might be accompanied by a beautiful dream!"

It was natural enough, certainly, that benevolence should prompt the humane surgeon to such utterances of congratulation, for it supplied to him a desideratum, long sought, for the relief of the excruciating pain they were necessarily obliged to inflict in the practice of their profession. For screaming, and struggles, and intense suffering under the surgeon's knife, etherization substituted complete exemption from pain, associated in some with the quietude, mental and corporeal, of deep sleep; in others, with pleasing dreams, imaginary busy scenes, and sweet music; and in others, with a perfect consciousness of surrounding objects and events. The obstetrician finds in it the means of alleviating that distress with which woman has always been afflicted, when in the act of becoming a mother. To the physician it affords one of the most useful, as it is one of his most prompt, remedies. He, before, had no reliable means of relieving the spasms of tetanus; he not unfrequently failed to procure sleep, in delirium tremens, when the question was one of sleep or death; his before palliative remedy, opium, for the pain of colic, too often purchased temporary relief at the expense of an aggravation of the cause of the disease, and of increased difficulties in its cure; and he occasionally witnessed the breaking up of the system of a neuralgic patient, more as a consequence of repeated large doses of opium, than of the disease itself.

Heretofore, also, the *shock* of all serious operations had been formidable. The patient, however resigned and courageous, was deeply impressed in system; the pulse became feeble, the surface cold and pale, the eye dim, respiration troubled, and the whole powers of life brought low. With the use of ether, this is otherwise. Parturition may take place, thighs may be amputated, stones extracted, tumors removed, dentistry in all its branches performed; the chief deviations from the normal characters of health being, in all these cases, such as are known to be the effects of ether—and, accordingly, both manageable and transient. In the army, it has been found of incalculable service, in cases requiring the use of the probe and and knife,—the sadly ample opportunity in this field during the war in the Crimea, in Mexico, and on the battle-grounds of the South, adding fresh triumphs to the discovery.

It will be interesting to give, at this point, an account of *the first surgical operation performed under the influence of ether*, the result of which so fully demonstrated this glorious truth of science. It occurred at the Massachusetts General Hospital, the operator being Dr. Hayward.

In his own narration of the circumstances of this deeply interesting and most important occasion, Dr. Hayward says: "It was my fortune to perform the first capital operation on a patient rendered insensible by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. It rarely falls to the lot of a professional man to be the witness of a scene of more intense interest. The operating-room was crowded; many were obliged to stand. Besides the class of students in attendance on the lectures, numbering more than one hundred, and many of the principal physicians and surgeons of the city and neighborhood, there were present several clergymen, lawyers, and other individuals, from the various callings of life. When I entered the theater, before the patient was brought in, I found it, to my surprise, filled in every part, except the floor on which the table stood, with persons on whose countenances was depicted the almost painful anxiety with which they awaited the result of the experiment they were about to witness. I simply told them

that I had decided, with the advice of my colleagues, to allow the patient on whom I was to operate, to inhale an article which was said to have the power of annulling pain. The patient was then brought in. She was a delicate looking girl of about twenty years of age, who had suffered for a long time from a scrofulous disease of the knee-joint. It had at length suppurated; there were extensive openings into the cavity of the joint; the cartilages were ulcerated, and partly absorbed; the bones carious, and symptoms of hectic fever had already made their appearance. As soon as she was well arranged on the table I told her that I should let her breathe something which I hoped would prevent her from suffering much from the operation, and that she need not be afraid of breathing it freely." The critical nature of this case can easily be appreciated, even by the unprofessional mind, and the result is fraught with deep and romantic interest.

It being desirable that the amputation should be performed as rapidly as possible, Dr. Hayward decided to accomplish it by means of the flap operation. One person was to compress the artery, another to withdraw the flaps, a third to hand the instruments, and a fourth to watch the pulse. Dr. Hayward grasped the patient's limb with his left hand, and held the amputating knife behind him in his right, carefully concealed from her view. The mouth-piece of the inhaling instrument was then put into her mouth, and she was directed to take long inspirations. After breathing in this way a short time, the nostrils were compressed, so that all the air that went into the lungs must first pass through the machine, and of course be mixed with the vapor of the ether. She breathed with perfect ease, and without struggling, and in about three minutes from the time the instrument was put into her mouth, Dr. Morton said, 'She is ready.' A death-like silence reigned in the room; no one moved, or hardly breathed. The doctor passed the knife directly through the limb, and brought it out as rapidly as he could, and made the upper flap. The patient gave no sign of feeling or consciousness, but looked like one in a deep, quiet sleep. Every other person in the room took a full inspiration that was distinctly audible, and seemed to feel that they could now breathe again. The second flap was then made, the bone sawed, five arteries were tied, and as the doctor was tightening the ligature upon the sixth and last she groaned, being the first indication of sensibility that had been given. Nothing more was done than to bring the flaps together, cover the stump with cloths dipped in cold water, and apply two or three turns of a roller to keep them in place. Her consciousness soon returned; *she was wholly ignorant that the operation had been done!* For some time she would not believe it, and said that she had felt nothing till the doctor tied the last artery. The operation lasted a minute and three-quarters.

The phenomena, or effects, produced by the administration of ether, are extremely various, depending much, of course, upon the temperament, habits, and condition of the patient. Sometimes the dream is exquisitely charming, and the patient seems passed into another and a better world. Sometimes the opposite state obtains, the patient betraying manifest uneasiness while in the trance, by restless, staring, anguished eye-balls, by groaning, and by wrestling movements of the body. And these are not loath to emerge from the effects of the drug, while the former part with them grudgingly. One poor girl, for instance, had struggled hard during an amputation, yet felt no pain; and, on coming to herself, thankfulness was expressed in every feature, as well as by her blithe tongue, for she "*thocht the deil had a grip o' her a' the time.*"

In some cases, the dreamer is falling from a great height rapidly, down and down into some unfathomable abyss. In other cases, the dream is warlike; personal to the dreamer; or of by-gone days, implicating some great military demonstration; and the crack of tooth-pulling has thus passed

off as the din of ordnance. Sometimes, in youth, the dream has been "all fun;" and the dreamer has been anxious to be back into the midst of his pleasant pastime again, even at the cost of another tooth-drawing. The patient, if a wanderer, and then in a strange land, may dream pleasantly of home—"she had been home, it was beautiful, and she had been gone a month;" so said one poor woman in the midst of what, without the ether, would have been agony.

Sometimes the dream passes steadily on to completion, sometimes it is abruptly closed by some critical procedure on the part of the operator—the extraction of a tooth, with a sudden wrench, for example. A soldier dreams of guns and bayonets, and strife, and clamor; a sailor, of ships, and storms, and grog; an Irishman of whiskey and shillalahs, and a "skrimmage;" a boy of marbles, tops, and "lots of fun;" a mother, of home and children; a girl, of gala-days and finery.

A tippler fancies he is in the grog-shop, and there he may enjoy himself hugely—or he may dream "his wife came to fetch him." Quarrelsome men grow pugilistic, and coats may be doffed with appropriate accompaniment of word and action. Young men, having some one in their list of female acquaintance dearer than the rest, grow active lovers, and in lone walks, earnest conversations, or soft whisperings, seem to make rare progress in their suit. The swearing and dissolute may indulge in oaths and profane jests. The man of fervent piety, who is habitually looking heavenward, may not only suppose himself translated to the realms of bliss, but may take part in imagined exercises there. A patient of this class was known thus to employ himself immediately after a painful operation; four verses of a psalm were sung by him very loudly, with his eyes fixed, his body in a tremor, and intense fervor shown in every movement; he would not be interrupted, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave the operation-room, seeing that he found himself so wonderfully happy there—said he had been in heaven, and had seen his Savior; on reaching his bed, he fell on his knees and was rapt in prayer.

Not always, however, is the dream consistent with the character. Among the instances showing this, is that of a young, simpering and innocent damsel, who, addressing a most amiable and excellent dentist, knitting her brow into something more than a frown, clenching her fist, and scowling defiance, vowed in the most uproarious tone and manner, that if he ventured near her with his profane touch, "big blackguard, as he was, *she'd knock him down.*" And so, too, staid, demure, elderly persons, have, in most abandoned gayety, insisted on the operator forthwith joining them in a joyous polka!

In plain language, as in plain fact—says an English reviewer, whose interesting *resumé* is here quoted—*the patient is drunk.* Sometimes the consciousness of this condition is made apparent by the sensations which are induced in the early period of inhalation. "You'll have me drunk!" cried one; "Oh, you rascals! I know what you are;" evidently supposing that he had fallen into loose society, and that his companions had a design on him. But it is on coming out of the trance, that the intoxication shows most. The patient sways as he tries to stand; is garrulous, sprightly, and humorous; and often insists on shaking hands with all and sundry. The unsteadiness of gait, and lightness of head, sometimes have an inconvenient duration, as is illustrated in the case of a most worthy lady, who, leaving the dentist too soon, had to grope her way along the railing of the street, in noonday, and ran no slight risk of losing all reputation for sobriety.

Among the many amusing examples of the effect produced by the administration of the anæsthetic—in addition to its primary quality of annulling pain—the following may be cited: An Irish woman, who had never heard of ether previous to calling upon the dentist for the purpose of having a large molar tooth extracted, took it on being told that she would suffer no

pain, and would, probably, have an interview with her friends in the old country. Just as its influence commenced, the doctor remarked that he would like to have her observe what occupation her friends were engaged in, if she succeeded in finding them. The tooth was drawn; she moved not a muscle of the face, but remained as in a quiet sleep, for about one minute. Upon opening her eyes, she exclaimed, "I have seen all my friends; they were engaged in spinning—and don't I hear their wheels now, sure?" She said it appeared to her as though she had been absent many months. She recollected that she went home in a steam vessel, heard the noise of steam and machinery, declared herself unhurt by the operation, and wished the doctor to see if there was not "*another tooth what wanted to be drew.*"

Another example of this class, was that of a middle-aged Irishman, who had sustained compound fracture of the leg. The fracture had not united, in consequence of the presence of a dead piece of bone, and it became necessary to remove this by a painful operation, in the following manner:

MONUMENT ERECTED IN HONOR OF THE DISCOVERY OF ETHER.

The patient was seated on a table, and the inhalation was applied. At first, little effect was produced, but after some minutes, the patient fell backwards, as in a swoon. The operator was then about to proceed; but the man immediately ob-

jected, saying that "he was not asleep, and that he trusted nothing would be done till he was asleep." For full twenty minutes more the inhalation went on, the man confused and talkative, but wide-awake, and occasionally expressing very emphatically his conviction that "it would not do." At length, however, while in this wakeful state, the operation was begun. Incisions were made on the shin, and flaps were dissected off so as to expose the bone beneath. A portion of this was sawn and clipped through, and then the dead bone was removed. Only during the clipping of the bone with strong straining pliers did any sign of feeling escape from the patient, who was busy inhaling all the while, and now and then protesting that "it wouldn't do." The operation occupied about ten minutes, and, from the highly sensitive nature of the parts involved, must have been attended with excruciating suffering under ordinary circumstances. After it was over, the operator said to the patient—

"I suppose you won't let me operate to-day?"

"Certainly not," replied the patient, "it won't do; I must be asleep. The thing hasn't succeeded with me, and I am sure it can't succeed with any one else, for I did everything I could to get asleep, for my own sake, and I'd do anything to plase you."

"Then you won't even let me make a cut into the leg?"

"No; I must be asleep; we can try it another time."

This plain proof of his utter unconsciousness of the operation having been performed was acknowledged by the spectators in a hearty round of applause. The patient then sat up, and, seeing the wound, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying—

"No doubt *there's* blood, or something very like it; but I haven't felt a single thing done to my leg. That *bates* the globe!"

On being asked decidedly as to his having felt anything, he repeatedly answered "Not a ha' porth." He got into amazing spirits, and refused to leave the room until he had told "all about the toldrums of the business." And then, with the manner of a tipsy man, and very happy, he kept surgeons and students in a roar of laughter for some minutes with a narrative of his condition during the inhalation, which, Irish-like, seemed to have an interminable medley of imaginary fights and "killings" going on around him.

It has already been stated, that Drs. Jackson, Morton, and Wells, respectively, claim the honor of having discovered this great fact in chemical and medical science, and the claim of each is supported by a formidable army of names and evidence. One of the most candid investigators of the character and weight of these several and conflicting claims, has presented the case in this light, namely: That to Dr. Wells unquestionably belongs the merit of having first demonstrated the happy idea of deadening sensibility in painful operations, by using both nitrous oxide and sulphuric ether; that to Dr. Jackson, the thanks of the world are due for lending that influence which his well-earned reputation qualified him to do, in establishing confidence in the public mind in the use of sulphuric ether, as a substitute for the nitrous oxide; and that, to Dr. Morton's indefatigable exertions in securing the attention of leading medical men to the subject, was due the rapid adoption of sulphuric ether in connection with the practice of surgery. But, singularly enough, though the French Academy has acknowledged, by pecuniary and honorary awards, the indebtedness of mankind to the American discoverers of this vast blessing to humanity, the American government has thus far failed to confer any reward upon any one of the distinguished claimants. A costly and superb monument, designed and executed with consummate skill by Ward, the eminent sculptor, and erected at the cost of a wealthy citizen of Boston, in honor of this great discovery, now adorns the public garden of that city.

XLI.

INVENTION OF THAT WONDROUS PIECE OF MECHANISM, THE SEWING-MACHINE.—1846.

Romantic Genius and Perseverance Displayed in its Production.—Toils of the Inventor in His Garret.—World-Wide Introduction of the Device.—Upwards of One Thousand Patents Taken Out in the United States.—The Industrial Interests of the Country Affected to the Amount of $500,000,000 Annually.—The Humble Inventor Becomes a Millionaire.—The Main Principle Involved.—Comparison with Hand-Sewing.—How it was Suggested.—Listening to Some Advantage.—History of Mr. Howe's Efforts.—Ingenuity, Struggles, Triumphs.—Value of a Friend in Need.—A Machine at Last.—Its Parts, Capabilities, etc.—Reception by the Public.—Doubt Succeeded by Admiration.—Great Popularity and Demand.—Wearisome Litigation with Rivals.—Interesting Question of Priority.—Decided in Howe's Favor.—He Rises to Affluence.—Improvements by Others.—Unique and Useful Devices.—Number of Machines Produced.—Time and Labor Saved.—Effect Upon Prices.—New Avenues of Labor Opened.

"The invention all admired,
And each how he to be the inventor missed,
So plain it seemed once found—which yet unfound,
Most would have thought impossible."

THE INVENTOR TOILING IN HIS GARRET.

DIFFERENCE of opinion there may be, with regard to the abstract question, who first conceived the peculiar principle involved in sewing by machinery, and even in respect to who was the original constructor of a machine capable of fulfilling this idea; but, so far as actual demonstration of its feasibleness and utility is concerned, and for the great results which have followed that demonstration, the world must be considered as indebted to Elias Howe, Jr., a Massachusetts mechanic, born and reared in obscure circumstances, and at an early age thrown upon his own resources of industrious endeavor, for simple subsistence.

It may be remarked, as a general fact, that the peculiar or original principle characterizing the modern sewing-machine, consists in the use of two threads, one being fed by a needle, and the other—

the wrong side thread, or, as it has been termed, the auxiliary thread—being supplied by a shuttle and bobbin. The needle is secured to a stock, whose movement, caused by arms and levers, drives its point through the material to be sewed; the eye of the needle, at a moderate distance from the point, carries the thread through and then retires leaving a loop, through which loop a shuttle is passed, on the under side of the material to be sewed; this shuttle carries a quantity of thread upon a spool, which it supplies as the seam progresses. The needle on retiring draws up the loop, and thus closes the seam, which on the upper or face side of the work presents the appearance of what is called a 'row of stitching,' and on the under, a close resemblance, but differing slightly. The return, or rotation of the shuttle in its orbit, is a matter of course, and the work thus goes on continuously and with great rapidity.

The feed, or the progressive movement of the material to be sewed under the needle, is accomplished in various ways—primarily, by means of the friction of a feeding wheel, whose roughened surface creates sufficient adhesion to move the material forward at the requisite intervals. This feed is effected by the ordinary means of a racket-wheel and click, or paul, the latter being capable of adjustment through shifting levers, so as to give a longer or shorter stitch, at the will of the operator, or the requirements of the work.

These devices and arrangements, with such improved modifications as experience and ingenuity have suggested from time to time, constitute the American sewing-machine.

Although the use of the sewing-machine has become general only within a comparatively recent period, the instrument is, in a certain sense, an old invention. The needle with the eye in the center, and double-pointed, is beautifully employed in the embroidery machine, which is an old French device. This machine worked upon cloth as many as sixty similar figures or flowers at the same time; the whole being directed by one hand, who, by the aid of a pentagraphic guide on a prepared pattern, pointed the needles to their appropriate place of entrance, and returned them with unerring certainty and exactitude. The earliest form of stitch made use of was the 'chain stitch,' which is still employed for ornamental purposes, but is not approved of where strength and durability are required. The next stitch in order was the 'running stitch,' and was accomplished by means of a needle having an eye in the middle and points at each end; this has been extensively used for the cheaper kinds of work, but does not insure durability. The next form of stitch is that already described, as formed by means of two threads, with a needle and shuttle;—and this opens up the wonderful era of modern sewing-machines, beginning with the introduction to the public of that by Mr. Howe.

It would be impossible to follow Mr. Howe through all the details of his varied experience during his early years. Suffice it to say, that it was at Boston, when in his twentieth year, and after he had learned the rudiments of his trade in one of the machine shops of Lowell, and subsequently in Cambridge, working side by side with Nathaniel P. Banks, that the thought of sewing by machinery was first suggested to his mind. As related by Mr. Parton, in his admirable magazine sketch of Howe, this singularly fortuitous incident happened in this wise:—In the year 1839, two men in Boston, one a mechanic and the other a capitalist, were striving to produce a knitting-machine, which proved to be a task beyond their strength. When the inventor was at his wit's end, his capitalist brought the machine to the shop of Ari Davis, to see if that eccentric genius could suggest the solution of the difficulty, and make the machine work. The shop, resolving itself into a committee of the whole, gathered about the knitting-machine and its proprietor, and were listening to an explanation of its principle, when Davis, in his wild, extravagant way, broke in with the question—

"What are you bothering yourselves with a knitting-machine for? Why don't you make a sewing-machine?"

"I wish I could," said the capitalist: "but it can't be done."

"Oh, yes, it can," said Davis; "I can make a sewing-machine myself."

"Well," said the other, "you do it, Davis, and I'll insure you an independent fortune."

Among the workmen who stood by and listened to this conversation—and in this instance at least the old adage concerning *listeners* appears to have been reversed—says Parton, was Howe; and from that time he was in the habit, in his leisure moments, of meditating devices for sewing by machinery. Having inherited a constitution hardly strong enough for the work of a machinist, and burdened even in his opening manhood with the care of a growing family, his attention was more and more concentrated upon the project of building a machine which would furnish him a livelihood more easily earned. In December, 1845, upon a small capital, provided by the generosity of an old friend, he shut himself up in a garret at Cambridge, and set himself seriously to the task of inventing a sewing machine. *After about six months of incessant labor and reflection he produced the first machine that ever sewed a seam, and he was soon the wearer of a suit of clothes made by its assistance.* This first machine, which is one of great beauty and finish, is still in existence, an object of peculiar interest to the curious who inspect it; and it will sew ten times as fast as a woman can sew by hand. Having patented the machine, and finding the tailors of America averse to its introduction, he went to England, where he succeeded in selling two machines; but found so little encouragement that he would have starved to death but for the aid of friends, and he resolved to return home, or at least to send his family. So pinched was he, while in London, that he frequently borrowed small sums of his friend, Mr. Inglis—on one occasion a shilling, with which he bought some beans, and cooked and ate them in his own room,—and through him also obtained some credit for provisions. Arriving home, after an absence of about two years, he found that the sewing-machine was a conspicuous object of public attention; doubt had been succeeded by admiration of its qualities; and several ingenious men having experimented, had finally improved upon the machine as originally constructed. A war of litigation ensued, and, after several years, Mr. Howe's claim to be the original inventor was legally and irreversibly established, the judge deciding that 'there was no evidence which left a shadow of doubt that, for all the benefit conferred upon the public by the introduction of a sewing-machine, the public are indebted to Mr. Howe.' To him, therefore, all other inventors or improvers had to pay tribute. From being a poor man, Howe became, in a few years, one of the most noted millionaires in America; and his bust, executed by Ellis, shows a man of marked personal appearance and striking natural endowments.

Elias Howe, Jr.

But here the very singular circumstances relating to the alleged priority of Mr. Walter Hunt's invention, as described by a graphic and well-informed writer in the New York Galaxy,—showing how precarious, at best, is the basis upon which even the most impartial of legal conclusions are arrived at,—may well be presented, as exhibiting the trials of inventors and public benefactors: It was between the years 1832 and 1834, that Mr. Hunt, in his own workshop in Amos street, New York city, invented, built, and put into full and effective operation a machine for sewing, stitching, and seaming cloth. This first machine was made principally by the inventor's own hands. It was the pioneer sewing-machine of America, and the first really successful one of the world. There had already been a French invention, a tambour machine for ornamenting gloves; but it was of very little general utility. These machines of Walter Hunt all contained the invention of the curved needle with the eye near the point, the shuttle and their combination, and they originated the famous interlocked stitch with two threads. Many samples of cloth were perfectly sewn by these machines, and many of the friends and neighbors of the inventor came to see them work. At length, one G. A. Arrowsmith was so well satisfied with the working of the machines, that he bought them, in 1834, and therewith the right to obtain letters-patent. But no sooner had Arrowsmith got this right, than he became impressed both with the vastness of the undertaking and with the prejudice which any scheme apparently tending to impoverish poor seamstresses would awaken. At the same time he became involved in pecuniary disaster, and for years did nothing with the machine. Fortunately for Mr. Hunt's fame, many persons had seen his machines work, and had seen them sew a good, strong and handsome stitch, and form seams better than hand-sewing. Of these, no less than six directly testified to this fact in a suit afterward brought, and established the fact beyond question that Walter Hunt invented the first sewing-machine, and that it contained the curved, eye-pointed needle at the end of a vibrating arm with a shuttle. The case itself was decided upon another point. These affidavits are still in existence. But this was not all. Fifteen years after he had sold his machines to Arrowsmith, who lost a fortune and a name in not devoting himself to their reproduction, Walter Hunt from memory gave a sworn written description of his first machine in every part, and, to clinch the matter, afterward constructed a machine from that description, which was the counterpart of the machine of 1834, and worked perfectly. Finally, one of the original machines sold to Arrowsmith in 1834, was and is, still preserved, though in a dilapidated condition. Walter Hunt then undertook to make a new sewing-machine, which should be an operative instrument, and should contain all the parts which were preserved of the old machine, with such others as were necessary to present the machine in the same shape that the original one possessed. He did this successfully, and the restored machine, still operative and ready to sew good, strong seams, is yet in existence.

Without drawing further, however, from this curiously interesting chapter in the history of the machine, involving a question of the deepest interest to inventors, it is time to describe the instrument—its parts and peculiar features, and *modus operandi*,—invented by Mr. Howe, and which transformed him from an obscure and struggling mechanic to one of the foremost manufacturers and millionaires in America Seating ourselves therefore before this wonderful elaboration of artistic genius and skill, as it has come fresh from the hands of the toilsome but at last successful inventor, and witnessing its weird and agile movement while its enthusiastic proprietor essays to sew a seam, we find that two threads are employed, one of which is carried through the cloth by means of a curved needle, the pointed end of which passes through the cloth; the

THE OLD AND NEW: SEWING BY HAND AND MACHINE.

needle used has the eye that is to receive the thread within a small distance, say an eighth of an inch, of its inner or pointed end, the other or outer end of the needle being held by an arm that vibrates on a pivot or joint pin, the curvature of the needle being such as to correspond with the length of the arm as its radius.

When the thread is carried through the cloth, which may be done to the distance of about three-fourths of an inch, the thread will be stretched above the curved needle, something in the manner of a bowstring, leaving a small open space between the two. A small shuttle, carrying a bobbin filled with silk or thread, is then made to pass entirely through this open space, between the needle and the thread which it carries; and when the shuttle is returned, which is done by means of a picker staff or shuttle-driver, the thread which was carried in by the needle is surrounded by that received from the shuttle; as the needle is drawn out, it forces that which was received from the shuttle into the body of the cloth; and as this operation is repeated, a seam is formed which has on each side of the cloth the same appearance as that given by stitching, with this peculiarity, that the thread sewn on one side of the cloth is exclusively that which was given out by the needle, and the thread seen on the other side is exclusively that which was given out by the shuttle.

Thus, according to this arrangement, a stitch is made at every back and forth movement of the shuttle. The two thicknesses of cloth that are to be sewed, are held upon pointed wires, which project out from a metallic plate, like the teeth of a comb, but at a considerable distance from each other,—say three-fourths of an inch, more or less,—these pointed wires sustaining the cloth, and answering the purpose of ordinary basting. The metallic plate from which these wires project has numerous holes through it, which answer the purpose of rack teeth in enabling the plate to move forward, by means of a pinion, as the stitches are taken. The distance to which the said plate is moved, and, consequently, the length of the stitches, may be regulated at pleasure.

One of the most formidable of Mr.

Howe's competitors, as a successful inventor and manufacturer, was Mr. I. M. Singer. His biographer speaks of him as a mechanic of some ingenuity but of small means, who, taking up with a casual suggestion made to him by a comrade, that a sewing-machine capable of doing a *greater variety* of work would be a profitable thing, ceased all other labor, and, borrowing forty or fifty dollars of his friend Mr. Zieber, applied himself unremittingly to the accomplishment of his task. He worked, as he states, day and night, sleeping but three or four hours out of the twenty-four, and eating generally but once a day, knowing that he must get a machine made for forty dollars, or not get it at all. The machine was completed the night of the eleventh day from the day it was commenced. About nine o'clock that evening the parts of the machine were finally put together, and a trial commenced with it. The first attempt to sew was unsuccessful, and the workmen, who were tired out with almost unremitting work, left him one by one, intimating that the thing was a failure. Singer continued, however, trying the machine, with Zieber to hold the lamp for him; but, in the nervous condition to which he had become reduced by incessant toil and anxiety, was unsuccesaful in getting the machine to sew tight stitches. About midnight, Singer started for the hotel where he then boarded, accompanied by Zieber. Upon the way, they sat down on a pile of boards, and Zieber asked Singer if he had noticed that the loose loops of thread on the upper side of the cloth came from the needle. *It then flashed upon Singer's mind that he had forgotten to adjust the tension upon the needle thread!* They both started for the shop again. Singer adjusted the tension, tried the machine, and sewed five stitches perfectly, when the thread broke. The perfection of those stitches, however, satisfied him that the machine was a success, and he therefore stopped work, went to the hotel, and had a sound sleep. By three o'clock the next day, he had the machine finished, and started with it to New York, taking immediate steps to secure a patent. *It brought him, in a few years, princely wealth.* The peculiarity of this machine is the chain stitch or single thread device, but with the employment of an eye-pointed needle, and other appliances, so as to make it admirably adapted for the general purposes of sewing. On a similar principle are the Ladd and Webster, and Finkle and Lyon, machines.

Other improvements or modifications of the machine have been patented by Messrs. Grover & Baker, Blodgett, Lerow, Wilson, Morey, Johnson, Chapin, Gibbs, Leavitt, Watson, Clark, Weed, Arnold, McKay, Langdon, and others, but which can only be alluded to here. The principle of the double-thread self-regulating machine brought forward by Mr. Martin, stopping whenever the thread breaks or a loop is missed, is claimed by several parties. A number of the machines patented after Howe's, use needles of a different kind from his, but produce the same stitch; most of these instruments are equally correct in respect to mechanical principles, but differ widely in certain particulars, one being vertical and the other horizontal, one carrying its own cloth and another requiring that it should be carried by hand; with other differences.

But one of the most ingenious and original devices in this line remains to be mentioned, namely, a combination of the sewing-machine and the melodeon, by Wheeler and Wilson, and by them exhibited, on its completion, to an admiring public. The apparatus had the appearance, externally, of a small parlor sideboard or other similar piece of furniture. On lifting the front, there was seen a handsome set of piano keys. On closing it, and turning back a hoop on the top, there opened to the view a complete sewing-machine, conveniently arranged. Concealed below, within side doors, were two pedals, one for the music, the other for the sewing-machine. Thus, by the use of one of these ingenious contrivances, when the lady operating the machine became tired of playing at sewing, she

could change her foot to the other pedal, open the melodeon part, and discourse music! The 'rotating hook' and feeding apparatus of the Wilson machine constitute an admirable feature; and the same may be said of the Grover & Baker or 'double loop' stitch.

Though at first looked upon as of doubtful utility, the value of the sewing-machine was in a short time abundantly demonstrated. Curiosity and doubt were succeeded by admiration, and soon the demand became extensive both at home and abroad, until, at the present time, the annual production of machines is thought to approximate to half a million. Active minds were also not slow to devise what they deemed to be improvements in the machine and its appurtenances; and to this end, the number of patent-claims filed up to the present time does not vary much from one thousand, though only an extremely small proportion of these are of any really practical importance.

Such a revolution in the processes and results of national industry as that effected by this machine could have entered into no man's mind—not even the mind of one given to the wildest romancing. Thus, in the brief period of some dozen years merely, from the time of the introduction of the machine to the public, the value and practical results of the invention may be understood from the following facts, which appeared in evidence in the contest before the commissioner of patents, for the extension of Howe's patent—namely:

At that time, the amount of the boot and shoe business of Massachusetts was fifty-five million dollars annually, and of this amount, the ladies' and misses' gaiter-boots and shoes involved one-half. About one-eleventh of the sum total above named was paid for sewing labor. From this proportion it appeared that the annual expenditure for sewing upon ladies' and misses' gaiter-boots and shoes was two and a half million dollars, and that it would have cost four times as much if done by hand,—so that the saving in a single year, in one state, by this invention, in the manufacture of one special article only, was nearly eight million dollars.

Similarly conclusive evidence was given in regard to the making of shirts, by an extensive manufacturer in Connecticut, who stated that his factory turned out about eight hundred dozen per week; that he used four hundred sewing-machines, and that one machine, with an attendant, would do the work of five hand-sewers at least, and do it better. He paid, at least, four dollars per week; but, reckoning it at three dollars,—the old price for sewing before machines were introduced,—it showed a saving, in this single manufactory, of two hundred and forty thousand dollars. Allowing, then, the males of the United States, at that time, to wear out two shirts a year apiece, a proportional saving would amount to the large sum of between eleven and twelve million dollars annually, in making the single article of shirts.

Another witness, representing the firm of Brooks Brothers, of New York city, manufacturers of clothing, stated that that house alone did a business, at the period named, of over a million dollars annually, using twenty machines in the store, besides patronizing those that others used, and doing about three-fourths of all their sewing by machines, and paying annually for sewing labor about two hundred thousand dollars; seventy-five thousand dollars of this was saved by machines,—that is, the machines saved seventy-five thousand dollars on every two hundred thousand paid for sewing labor. But the great manufactures of this house did not constitute, at most, but one-hundredth part of the machine-made clothing produced in that city; which fact, putting the proportion at one-hundredth part, made the business of manufacturing machine clothing in the city of New York one hundred million dollars per annum; and thus, at the rate paid by that house for sewing, it brought the cost of sewing in that branch of the business in that city,—even with the assistance of the sewing-machines,—up to twenty million dollars. Applying the

same ratio to the estimated amount of this branch of business in the United States, the total would reach the sum of seventy-five million dollars. All this, be it remembered, was in the comparative infancy of the machine. Its pecuniary importance, as a labor agent, is now estimated to reach $500,000,000 annually.

XLII.

SPIRITUAL KNOCKINGS AND TABLE-TIPPINGS.—1847.

Familiar Intercourse Claimed to be Opened between Human and Disembodied Beings.—Alleged Revelations from the Unseen World.—Singular and Humble Origin, in a Secluded N. Y. Village, of this Great Modern Wonder.—Its Development among All Nations in All Lands.—Astonishing and Inexplicable Character of the Manifestations.—First Rappings in Hydesville, N. Y.—Time, Manner, Circumstances.—A Murdered Man's Spirit —How the Mystery was Solved.—Rappings, the Spirit Language.—Its Interpretation Discovered.—Two Young Girls the "Mediums."—Their Harassed Experience.—Public Efforts to Sift the Matter.—No Clue to any Deception.—The Family go to Rochester.—Knockings Accompany Them.—New Forms of "Manifestations."—Many Mediums Spring Up.—Things Strange and Startling.—Universal Wonder Excited.—Theories of Explanation. —Investigations and Reports.—Views of Agassiz, Herschel, Etc.—Press and Pulpit Discussions.— Different Opinions as to the Tendency of the Phenomena —Thirty Years' History.

"I cannot dispose of another man's facts, nor allow him to dispose of mine."—EMERSON.

HOUSE IN WHICH SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS ORIGINATED.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., one of the most beautiful and thriving of American inland cities, has long borne the celebrity which attaches to what are now known, the world over, as "spiritual manifestations,"—knockings, rappings, table-movings, spirit communications, and the like. But, in reality, to the secluded and unambitious village of Hydesville, in the town of Arcadia, Wayne county, N. Y., belongs the pre-eminent distinction of being the place where originated, in a manner most casual, and seemingly insignificant for the time, in respect to duration or results, this most mysterious, wonderful, and wide-spread physico-psychological phenomenon since the world began. It was from Hydesville that these manifestations were introduced—so to speak—in the city first named, and where, by the great notoriety which soon characterized them, they came to be known, universally, as the "Rochester Knockings."

The starting point of all, in the history of this astonishing movement—one which has extended to the remotest bounds of the known world, which has challenged the scrutiny and excited the wonder of monarchs, *savants*, popes, philosophers, divines, councils and synods,—is the humble house in Hydesville, occupied, in 1847, by Mr. Michael Weekman, who, at different times that year, heard rappings upon his door,

but on every occasion failed to discover any person present, or any producing source or cause, notwithstanding the most vigilant watch was kept up and the most industrious search instituted, by the family and neighbors. Under these strange and uncomfortable circumstances, Mr. Weekman left the premises, which, however, were soon tenanted by the family of Mr. John D. Fox. But, so far from a change of occupants being attended by a cessation of the rappings, the very reverse was the fact. From March, 1848, the house was disturbed, from night to night, by the same constantly recurring sounds—rappings, tappings, knocks, and even shuffling of furniture,—and which could not be accounted for on the hypothesis of natural agency.

Nor were these knockings now confined to the door of the house, but pervaded every part, depriving the inmates of their regular sleep. In this state of wakefulness, and the source of the noises appearing to be in close proximity to the bed occupied by two of the Fox girls, it is related that one of them, some ten or eleven years of age, thought she would just try the experiment, sportively, of responding to the raps by as close and accurate a repetition of them as was possible with her fingers. Her efforts were so far successful as to elicit reciprocal sounds from the invisible agency. In a little while, the parties were enabled to open a distinct communication, by means of the following simple method, and with the accompanying results, as narrated by the Rev. Mr. Fishbough, an early investigator of the phenomena. After mutual responses had been opened, one of the girls said:

"Now do as I do; count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6," at the same time striking her hands together, the girl acting more in sport, than in expectation of what really followed. The same number of raps responded, and at similar intervals. The mother of the girls then said: "Count ten;" and ten distinct raps were heard; "Count fifteen," and that number of sounds followed. She then said, "Tell us the age of Cathy (the youngest daughter) by rapping one for each year," and the number of years was rapped correctly. Then, in like manner, the age of each of the other children was by request indicated by this invisible agent. Startled and somewhat alarmed by these manifestations of intelligence, Mrs. Fox asked if it was a human being who was making that noise, and if it was, to manifest the fact by making the same noise. There was no sound. She then said, "*If you are a spirit, make two distinct sounds.*" Two raps were accordingly heard. The members of the family had by this time all left their beds, and the house was again thoroughly searched, as it had been before, but without discovering anything that could explain the mystery; and after a few more questions, and responses by raps, the neighbors were called in to assist in further efforts to trace the phenomenon to its cause; but these persons were no more successful than the family had been, and they confessed themselves thoroughly confounded. For several subsequent days the village was in a turmoil of excitement, and multitudes visited the house, heard the raps, and interrogated the apparent intelligence which controlled them, but without obtaining any clue to the discovery of the agent, further than its own persistent declaration that it was a spirit. About three weeks after these occurrences, David, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, went alone into the cellar where the raps were then being heard, and said, "*If you are the spirit of a human being, who once lived on the earth, can you rap the letters that will spell your name? and if so, rap now three times.*" Three raps were promptly given, and David proceeded to call the alphabet, writing down the letters as they were indicated, and the result was the name 'Charles B. Rosma,' a name quite unknown to the family, and which they were afterward unable to trace. The statement was in like manner obtained from the invisible intelligence, that *he was the spirit of a peddler who had*

been murdered in that house some years previous. It is said that, at first, the raps occurred in the house even when all the members of the family were absent, but subsequently they occurred only in the presence of the two younger daughters, Catharine and Margaretta; and, on the family removing, soon after, to the neighboring city of Rochester, the manifestations still accompanied them; the family took up their abode with a married sister, Mrs. Fish, who subsequently became celebrated as a medium, through whom the manifestations were exhibited.

The original method of communication —the spirit language—it would appear, consisted in conveying an affirmative by a single rap (though perhaps emphasized by more), and a negative was indicated by silence. Five raps demanded the alphabet, and this could be called over by the living voice, or else in a printed form laid upon a table, and the finger or a pencil slowly passed along it—when, on arriving at the required letter, a rap was heard; the querist then recommenced, until words and sentences were spelled out—upon the accuracy or intelligence displayed in which, depended, in a great degree, the amount of faith popularly accorded to the manifestations. It was with this key, the conception of which as adapted to the mastery of the strange phenomenon is utterly incomprehensible, that the above information was evoked from the murdered peddler, who also further stated that the number of the years of his fleshly pilgrimage had been thirty-one; that he had been murdered in that house, and buried in the cellar; and that the murderer was alive, as were also the children of Rosma, his victim.

THE MISSES FOX.

Such revelations as these, which, as soon as received by the interlocutors, were freely given to the world, excited prodigious interest, far and near. The cellar was dug to a great depth, to discover, if possible, some evidence of murder having been committed; the premises and neighborhood examined with great thoroughness; and inquiries made in all directions. But all these efforts failed to elicit any disclosure of fact or circumstance, bearing in the slightest degree upon such a transaction.

At length, on the fourteenth of November, 1849, in accordance, as was said, with directions from 'the spirits,' a public lecture on the origin and character of the manifestations was given in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, at which the 'mediums' were present. Manifestations were had, and a committee was chosen from the audience to make thorough examination into their nature and origin, and report at an adjourned meeting the next evening.

Intense interest was felt in regard to the result of this committee's proceedings, and in due time their report was made to a crowded and breathless assembly. In this report, the committee stated that they had made such investigations as seemed necessary and practicable; that the mediums had apparently afforded every facility for the most minute and ample examination; but that they—the committee—had utterly failed to discover in what manner the mysterious sounds or raps were produced, or what was their cause or origin, there being no visible agency whatever to which, by any process

of ordinary reasoning, the phenomena could be attributed.

Other committees of gentlemen arrived at the same conclusion; whereupon a committee of ladies was appointed, who took the young lady mediums into a private room of a hotel to which they were strangers, and there disrobed and searched them. The mediums were then made to stand on pillows, with handkerchiefs tied tightly around their ankles. The raps were repeated, and intelligent answers to unpremeditated questions were rapped in the usual way.

But the manifestations — 'spiritual' manifestations, as they were now, and have since continued to be, called—were not long confined to the Fox family. Indeed, so rapid and wide-spread was the development of the phenomena, that, in

D. D. HOME.

the short space of two or three years, it was calculated that the number of recognized "media" practicing in various parts of the United States, was not less than thirty thousand.

Various theories continued to be propounded as from the first, though now more learned and scientific, in explanation of the moving of tables and other ponderable substances and objects, as well as the knockings. Concerning the latter, it has been argued that, in spiritualism, it is the mind of the person charging the medium who exhibits all the intelligence—or it may be some one *en rapport* after the medium has been charged to that degree that the electricity overflows in raps, and these raps are of the same character as detonations of electricity when a positive and negative cloud meet in mid air and produce thunder.

Another theory of the cause of the rappings is that of a too great redundancy of electricity congregated upon the involuntary nerves, through passivity of mind, and thus imparting to them extraordinary force.

The theory presented with such philosophical ability by Professor Mahan, is, that there is in nature a power, termed, scientifically, the odylic or mesmeric force, which is identical with the cause of all the mesmeric and clairvoyant phenomena, on the one hand, and with the immediate cause of these manifestations, on the other; that by reference to the properties and laws of this force as developed in the spirit circles, and to its relations to the minds constituting the same, every kind of spirit phenomena can be most fully accounted for, without the supposition of the presence or agency of disembodied spirits; and that the entire real facts of spiritualism demand the supposition that this force, in the production of these communications, is controlled exclusively, for the most part unconsciously, by the minds in the circles, and not by disembodied spirits out of the same.

As indicating most clearly, according to this theory, the presence and action of an invisible but purely physical cause — a cause connected with the organism of particular individuals, its advocates do not hesitate to cite all the various wonders of spiritual manifestation, whether mental or material, not excepting the astonishing occurrences which transpired in Stamford, Conn., in 1850, and which made the name of the occupant of the house, Rev. Dr. Phelps, for a long time so famous throughout the land. In this case, the phenomena consisted in the moving of articles of furniture in a manner not only unaccountable, but baffling all description.

By Professor Agassiz, the knockings and rappings were, from the very first, pronounced a delusion; an opinion shared,

perhaps, by the whole body of learned men in the country. Professor Faraday, of England, claimed to demonstrate that it is by physical power, and not by any magnetic fluid, that tables move on being pressed by the fingers. Herschel suggested that there might be a fluid which served to convey the orders of the brain to the muscles.

Suffice it to add, that, as no authority in respect to these phenomena is held in higher repute among the disciples of the new system, than that of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, his opinion that the producing agencies, in the moving of tables and other inorganic substances by spirits, are terrestrial magnetism and electricity, may be cited as representing the views of a large portion, probably, of the spiritualists in this country.

The variety of phenomena known by the general term of 'spiritual manifestations,' is very numerous. Some of the principal, as enumerated by Mr. Ballou under five several distinctions, and which is perhaps as fair and complete an exposition as the literature of spiritualism affords, are the following:—

First—making peculiar noises, indicative of more or less intelligence, such as knockings, rappings, jarrings, creakings, tickings, imitation of many sounds known in the different vicissitudes of human life, musical intonations, and, in rare instances, articulate speech. Some of these various sounds are very loud, distinct, and forcible; others are low, less distinct, and more gentle, but all audible realities.

Second—the moving of material substances, with like indications of intelligence, such as tables, sofas, light-stands, chairs, and various other articles, shaking, tipping, sliding, raising them clear of the floor, placing them in new positions, (all this sometimes in spite of athletic and heavy men doing their utmost to hold them down;) taking up the passive body of a person, and carrying it from one position to another across the room, through mid-air; opening and shutting doors; thrumming musical instruments; undoing well-clasped pocket-books, taking out their contents, and then, by request, replacing them again; writing with pens, pencils, and other substances, both liquid and solid—sometimes on paper, sometimes on common slates, and sometimes on the ceilings of a room, etc.

Third—causing catalepsy, trance, clairvoyance, and various involuntary muscular, nervous, and mental activity in mediums, independent of any will or conscious psychological influence by men in the flesh, and then through such mediums, speaking, writing, preaching, lecturing, philosophizing, prophesying, etc.

Fourth—presenting apparitions: in some instances, of a spirit hand and arm; in others, of the whole human form; and in others, of several deceased persons conversing together; causing distinct touches to be felt by the mortal living, grasping and shaking their hands, and giving many other sensible demonstrations of their existence.

Fifth—through these various manifestations communicating to men in the flesh numberless affectionate and intelligent assurances of an immortal existence, messages of consolation, and annunciations of distant events unknown at the time, but subsequently corroborated; predictions of forthcoming occurrences subsequently verified, forewarnings against impending danger, medicinal prescriptions of great efficacy, wholesome reproofs, admonitions, and counsels, expositions of spiritual, theological, religious, moral, and philosophical truths appertaining to the present and future states, and important to human welfare in every sphere of existence, sometimes comprised in a single sentence, and sometimes in an ample book.

It is taught by writers on spiritualism, that it is a *grand religious reformation*, designed and destined to correct theological errors, to remove sectarian barriers, and to excite more warmly the religious element among mankind. This claim is denied by those opposed to the movement, who charge it as aiming, or tending, to do

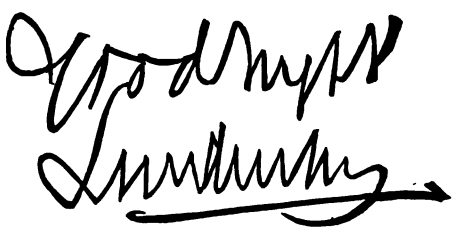
away with the Bible, to overthrow Christianity, and destroy the Church and its institutions, — indeed, to break up the whole frame-work of society as at present constituted. The discussion has engaged, in the press and pulpit, and on either side, the profoundest adepts in theology, science, and philosophy; and, though none dispute that fraud and imposture have played their part, in multitudes of instances, in connection with the matter, it is admitted that the phenomena, under reputable auspices, exhibit great, novel, and astonishing facts.

CORA L. V. HATCH.

A. J. DAVIS.

JUDGE EDMONDS.

Since the initiation of the movement, or phenomena, in 1847, by the Misses Fox, the most distinguished mediums have been A. J. Davis, D. D. Home, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, etc., etc.; the most widely celebrated authors, A. J. Davis, Judge Edmonds, and George T. Dexter, Adin Ballou, and some others. The learned work bearing the joint authorship of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter is generally pronounced one of the ablest productions, devoted to the philosophy of these modern wonders. A notable feature in the contents of this work are the alleged communications received from Swedenborg and Lord Bacon, written, in their own hand-writing, from the spirit world,—they using Dr. Dexter's hand as the instrument to convey their own thoughts, without any knowledge at the time, on his part, of either ideas or subject; the hand-writing of each was unlike that of the other, and, though both were written by Dr. Dexter's hand, they were both wholly unlike his, and this characterized the whole of the voluminous communications, according to these authors' statement.



The different kinds of mediums are classified, by Judge Edmonds, into those who disturb the equanimity of material objects, without any intelligence being necessarily or usually communicated through them, for the purpose of addressing to the human senses the idea of a physical communion with a power out of and beyond mere mortal agency; connected with this class, though with the addition of an intelligent communion between the mortal and the invisible power, are the mediums for table-tippings; another class consists of those who write, their hands being affected by a power manifestly beyond their own control, and not emanating from or governed by their own will; a fourth species are speaking mediums, some of whom speak when in the trance state, and some when in their

normal or natural condition, in which cases the invisible intelligence seems to take possession of the mind of the medium, and compel the utterance of its ideas, sometimes in defiance of the will of the mortal through whom it is talking; impressible mediums are those who receive impressions in their minds to which they give utterance, either by writing or speaking, their faculties being entirely under their own control; still another class are those who see, or seem to see, the objects presented to their consideration.

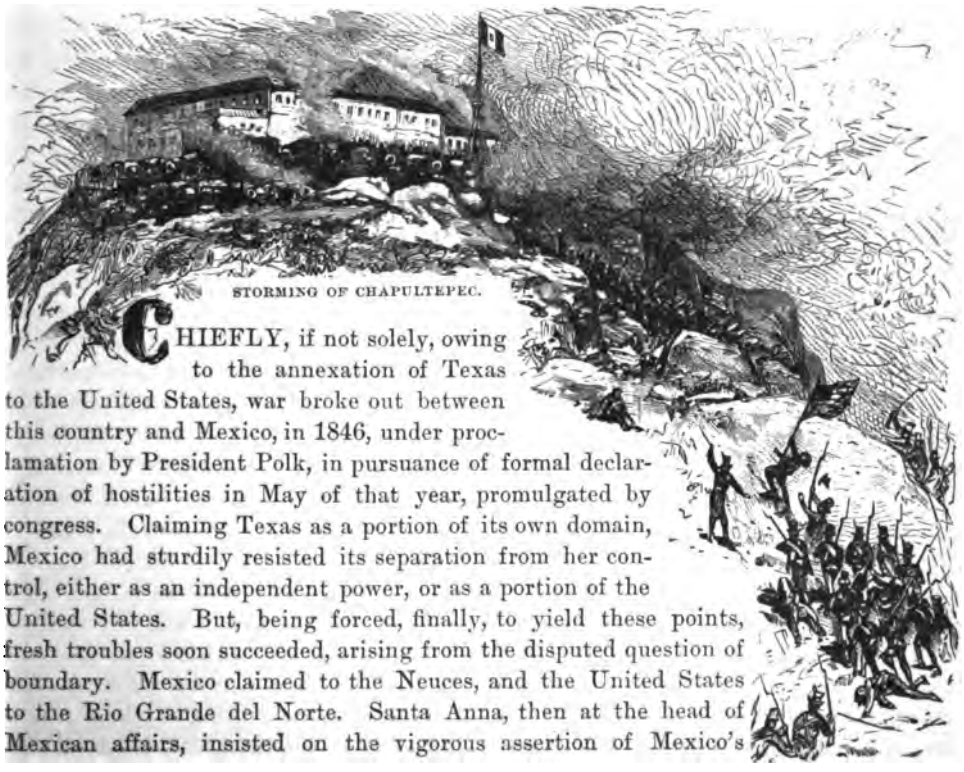
In all the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa, the phenomena of spiritualism have become widely prevalent; and, only ten years subsequent to the first development, its newspapers estimated the number of its avowed adherents at one and a half million, with one thousand public advocates, forty thousand public and private mediums, and a literature of five hundred different works.

XLIII.

GENERAL SCOTT IN THE HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS, AS THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO.—1847.

General Taylor's Unbroken Series of Victorious Battles, from Palo Alto to Buena Vista.—Flight of Santa Anna in the Dead of Midnight.—The Stars and Stripes Float Triumphantly from the Towers of the National Palace.—First Foreign Capital Ever Occupied by the United States Army.—Peace on the Invaders' Own Terms.—Original Irritation between the Two Powers.—Disputed Points of Boundary.—Mexico Refuses to Yield.—General Taylor Sent to the Rio Grande.—A Speedy Collision. —Declaration of War by Congress.—Santa Anna Leads the Mexicans.—Battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.—Raging Fight at Monterey: Its Fall.—Santa Anna's War-like Summons.—It is Treated with Contempt.—His Awful Defeat at Buena Vista.—Doniphan's March of Five Thousand Miles.—Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, etc.—Scott's Order, "On to Mexico!"—Huzzas and a Quickstep.—Terrific Storming of Chapultepec.—Scott Holds the Key to Mexico.—The Last Obstacle Overcome.—Grand Entrance of the Victors.—Territorial Gain to the United States.

"Under the favor of God, the valor of this army, after many glorious victories, has hoisted the flag of our country in the Capital of Mexico, and on the Palace of its Government."—GENERAL SCOTT TO HIS ARMY, SEPTEMBER 14th.



STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

CHIEFLY, if not solely, owing to the annexation of Texas to the United States, war broke out between this country and Mexico, in 1846, under proclamation by President Polk, in pursuance of formal declaration of hostilities in May of that year, promulgated by congress. Claiming Texas as a portion of its own domain, Mexico had sturdily resisted its separation from her control, either as an independent power, or as a portion of the United States. But, being forced, finally, to yield these points, fresh troubles soon succeeded, arising from the disputed question of boundary. Mexico claimed to the Neuces, and the United States to the Rio Grande del Norte. Santa Anna, then at the head of Mexican affairs, insisted on the vigorous assertion of Mexico's

claims, and military force was brought into requisition to this end. It was this proceeding, as alleged, that induced counter military movements on the part of the United States, under the lead of General Taylor, and in a short time collision and open war followed, the belligerents putting their best armies and officers into the field, the contest finally culminating in the occupancy of the Mexican capital by a victorious army under General Scott, and in the signing of a treaty by which the United States came into possession—for a mere nominal pecuniary equivalent — of the whole of Texas, New Mexico, and Upper California.

The principal battles and other military movements which rendered this conflict memorable, were the siege of Fort Brown,

James K. Polk

the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the fall of Monterey, the battle of Buena Vista, Doniphan's expedition to Chihuahua and march of five thousand miles, the reduction of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and Churubusco, the storming of Chapultepec, and the entrance of Scott into the halls of the Montezumas, as the conqueror of the enemy's chief city,—*the first instance of a foreign capital being entered by the army of the United States.* The latter event, and the battle of Buena Vista, formed the most important movements during the campaign, and have earned a conspicuous place—as have also their heroes, Taylor, and Scott,—in American military history.

It was on the twenty-second of February, 1847, that Taylor made those final dispositions of his troops that ended in the famous victory of Buena Vista, and which, in the brief lapse of three years thereafter, carried the victor to the presidential chair, as chief magistrate of the United States.

The first evidence directly afforded the United States troops of the presence of Santa Anna, was a white flag, dimly seen fluttering in the breeze, and which proved, on the arrival of its bearer, to be what the Americans ironically termed a *benevolent missive* from Santa Anna, proposing to General Taylor terms of unconditional surrender; promising good treatment; stating that his force amounted to twenty thousand men; that the defeat of the invaders was inevitable, and that, to spare the effusion of blood, his proposition should be complied with.

But, strange to say, the American general showed the greatest ingratitude; evinced no appreciation whatever of Santa Anna's kindness, and informed him, substantially, that whether his force amounted to twenty thousand or fifty thousand, it was equally a matter of indifference—*the terms of adjustment must be arranged by gunpowder.* Santa Anna's rage at this response to his conceited summons was at the boiling point.

Skirmishing continued until nightfall, and was renewed at an early hour the next morning, the struggle deepening in intensity as the day advanced, until the battle raged with great fury along the entire line. After various successes and reverses, the fortunes of the day showed on the side of the Americans. Santa Anna saw the crisis, and true to his instincts, sought to avert the result by craft and cunning. He sent a white flag to General Taylor, inquiring, in substance, "what he wanted." This was at once believed to be a mere *ruse* to gain time and re-collect his men; but the American general thought fit to notice it, and General Wool was deputed

to meet the representative of Santa Anna, and to say to him that what was "wanted" was peace. Before the interview could be had, the Mexicans treacherously re-opened their fires. The flag, however, had accom-

plished the ends which its wily originator designed—a re-enforcement of his cavalry during the parley,—and, with his courage thus restored, he determined to charge Taylor's line. Under cover of their artillery, horse and foot advanced upon the American batteries, the latter, against all disadvantages, nobly maintaining their positions, by the most brilliant and daring efforts. Such was the rapidity of their transitions that officers and pieces seemed empowered with ubiquity, and upon cavalry and infantry alike, wherever they appeared, they poured so destructive a fire as to silence the enemy's artillery, compel his whole line to fall back, and soon to assume a sort of subdued movement, indicating anything but victory.

Again, the spirits of Taylor's troops rose high. The Mexicans appeared thoroughly routed; and while their regiments and divisions were flying in dismay, nearly all the American light troops were ordered forward, and followed them with a most terrible fire, mingled with shouts which rose above the roar of artillery. The pursuit, however, was too hot, and, as it evinced, too clearly, the smallness of the pursuing force, the Mexicans, with a suddenness which was almost magical, rallied, and turned back with furious onset. They came in myriads, and for a while the carnage was dreadful on both sides, though there was but a handful to oppose to the frightful masses so rapidly hurled into the combat, and which could no more be resisted than could an avalanche of thunderbolts. "*All is lost!*" was the cry—or at least the thought—of many a brave American, at this crisis.

Thrice during the day, when all seemed lost but honor, did the artillery, by the ability with which it was maneuvered, roll back the tide of success from the enemy, and give such overwhelming destructiveness to its effect, that the army was saved and the glory of the American arms maintained.

The battle had now raged with variable success for nearly ten hours, and, by a sort of mutual consent, after the last carnage wrought among the Mexicans by the artillery, both parties seemed willing to pause upon the result. Night fell. Santa Anna had been repulsed at all points; and ere the sun rose again upon the scene, the Mexicans had disappeared, leaving behind them only the hundreds of their dead and dying, whose bones were to whiten their native hills. The loss was great on both sides, in this long, desperate, and sanguinary conflict, the force of the Mexicans being as five to one of the Americans.

Santa Anna was bold and persevering, and turned Taylor's left flank by the mountain paths with a large force, when all seemed to be lost. But the light artillery and the mounted men saved the day. Throughout the action General Taylor was where shots fell hottest and thickest, two of which passed through his clothes. He constantly evinced the greatest quickness of perception, fertility of resource, and a cool, unerring judgment not to be baffled.

One of the bravest deeds of this struggle was that performed by Major Dix, who, when the air was rent with shouts of triumph from the enemy, over the inglorious flight of an Indiana regiment, dashed off in pursuit of the deserters, and seizing

the colors of the regiment as he reached them, appealed to the men to know whether they had determined thus to turn their backs upon their country! He was answered by three cheers. A portion of the regiment immediately rallied around him, and was reformed by the officers. Dix, in person, then led them towards the enemy, until one of the men volunteered to take the flag.

Admiration and honor were showered upon Taylor, who had thus, with his little army of between four and five thousand men, met and completely vanquished Santa Anna, the greatest of Mexican soldiers, with his army of twenty thousand. It was a contest which, with his other victorious battles at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, covered the hitherto almost unknown name of Taylor with a halo of glory from one end of the land to the other; gave immense prestige to American arms; and created, perhaps too largely, the feeling that the conquering party might now go on and overrun the country, and dictate its own terms of peace. But there were strong positions yet to be mastered, and gory fields yet to be won, before that most of all coveted achievement—the capture and occupation of the Mexican capital—was to crown the successes of the invaders and prove that the enemy's country was at their mercy.

A. L. Sta Anna

As events proved, the last named great act in this military drama was reserved for General Scott, who had been appointed by the government at Washington, supreme commander of the army in Mexico. Taylor had led the way, by his splendid movements and victories, for the accomplishment of all that yet remained to be done. Vera Cruz, the key to the Mexican capital, with the almost impregnable fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, soon fell into the hands of the Americans, after a terribly destructive cannonade. A similar fate befell nearly all the principal ports. Again was Santa Anna defeated on the embattled heights of Cerro Gordo, in which tremendous stronghold he had attempted with fifteen thousand men, but in vain, to oppose Scott, who had only six thousand. To this succeeded the battle of Contreras, in which the Mexicans, led by General Valencia, who had an army of some eight thousand, were routed with terrible slaughter, by Gen. P. F. Smith. In a few months from this time, the plains of Churubusco witnessed another battle, the deadly carnage and mortal results of which, no pen could adequately portray, the Americans taking possession of every point, as triumphant victors.

The prize was not yet won, but orders were in due time given by General Scott to march to the capital. *Deafening cheers and a quickstep greeted this order, on its promulgation.* Two strong positions of the enemy were, however, yet to be overcome, namely, that of Molino del Rey, and the strong castle of Chapultepec, before the city could be reached. The first-named was captured by General Worth, after a most bloody fight, and with the loss of nearly one-fourth of his men, the latter having at last found it necessary to burst open an entrance, and with the bayonet to meet the enemy hand to hand.

New and more terrible struggles were

soon to take place. On the eleventh of September, the cavalry were ordered to make a movement on the sloping plains above Chapultepec and Tacubaya, and attack, if possible, the latter place. However, the enemy kept a diligent look-out, and no sooner did the cavalry begin to move out of town than their scouts appeared upon the spot, and, soon after, a small force appeared to dispute the approach.

On the twelfth, the cannon began to roar again, south and west, at the *garita* of San Antonio and Chapultepec, but it soon became evident to them where the real attack was intended, for on the south side the fire was slackened, and after a

Winfield Scott

time it left off altogether—while, on the west it grew more and more violent, until, at about eight o'clock, the Americans opened their battery of mortars upon the castle, and began to throw shell with terrible precision.

General Pillow's approach, on the west side, lay through an open grove, filled with sharpshooters, who were speedily dislodged; when, being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space, at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of the brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor.

Shout after shout rung wildly through the victorious ranks of the assailants, announcing to the castle the fate that impended. The Mexicans were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed no time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who, at a distance, attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by the Americans. There was death below as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached, and the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties. Some of the daring spirits in the assault were cast down, killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made, streams of heroes followed, all opposition was overcome, and several of the regimental colors were flung out from the upper walls, amid long continued shouts and cheers. *All this sent dismay into the capital.* To the Americans, no scene could have been more animating or glorious.

General Quitman performed a distinguished part in these movements, nobly sustained by his officers and men. Simultaneously with the movement on the west, he gallantly approached the south-east of the same works over a causeway with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. These formidable obstacles had to be faced, with but little shelter for troops or space for maneuvering. Deep ditches, flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows; and these, again, were intersected by other ditches. The storming party, however, carried two batteries that were in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support; they then crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer

GENERAL SCOTT'S GRAND ENTRANCE INTO THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

inclosure of Chapultepec just in time to join in the final assault from the west. Captain Barnard, of the voltgeur regiment, was the first to plant a regimental color.

During the period covered by these exciting scenes, the firing in and about the castle had three times apparently reached its crisis or climax, and then suddenly slackened, inducing the belief in some quarters that the assault had been beaten off; but, at about half-past nine o'clock the Mexican flag suddenly disappeared, a blue flag was shown, and directly after the stars and stripes arose and waved over the conquered fortress. Immediately after having taken the place, the Americans hauled down the light field-pieces from the castle, and fired them upon the retreating enemy, upon whose heels they closely followed. The firing came nearer, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon, the innermost intrenchments began to open their fire, and balls to whistle in the town.

It was not long before the forces of Worth and Quitman—the former proceeding by the San Cosme aqueduct, and the latter along that of Belen. Scott joined the advance of Worth, within the suburb, and beyond the turn at the junction of the aqueduct with the great highway from the west to the gate of San Cosme. In a short time, the troops were engaged in a street fight against the Mexicans posted in gardens, at windows, and on housetops—all flat, with parapets. Worth ordered forward the mountain howitzers of Cadwallader's brigade, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with pickaxes and crowbars, to force windows and doors, or to burrow through walls. The assailants were soon in unequality of position fatal to the enemy. By eight o'clock in the evening, Worth had carried two batteries in this suburb. There was but one more obstacle, the San Cosme gate (custom-house), between him and the great square in front of the cathedral and palace—the heart of the city. There was a lull in the firing, and already the inhabitants were hoping to pass a quiet night, when suddenly the dull roar of a heavy mortar resounded close by the town, and shells with fiery tails came with portentous energy. The gallant Quitman pressed on, regardless of gates, batteries, or citadels, and *compelled Santa Anna to break up in the middle of the night and retreat with all his force*, leaving the city to the mercy of the victors. He turned northward to the villa of Gaudaloupe, and after a short rest retreated on to San Juan de Teotihuacan.

On Tuesday morning, September fourteenth, 1847, the first American column made its appearance in the streets of Mexico, and came on in dense masses through the principal avenues—Calle San Francisco, del Correo, de la Professa, and the two Plateros, in a straight line from the Alameda up to the palace and Plaza-Mayor. The Mexican colors now disappeared from the palace, a regimental flag took their place, and directly afterwards the stars and stripes were flung out and waved proudly from the Halls of the Montezumas,—the first strange banner that had ever floated from that palace since the conquest of Cortez.

On entering the palace, one of General Scott's first acts was to require from his comrades-in-arms, their thanks and gratitude to God, both in public and private worship, for the signal triumphs which they had achieved for their country; warning them also against disorders, straggling, and drunkenness.

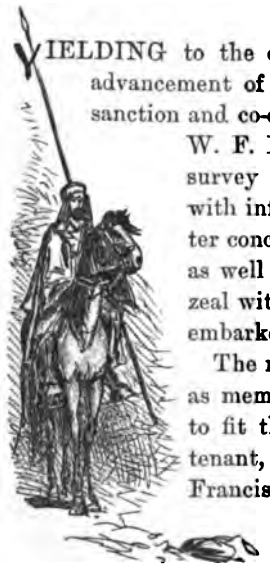
Thus was the prowess of American arms successfully asserted, the conquered nation being also compelled to cede the immensely valuable territory of New Mexico and Upper California to the United States, and accepting the lower Rio Grande, from its mouth to El Paso, as the boundary of Texas.

XLIV.

EXPEDITION TO THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA, BY LIEUT. W. F. LYNCH.—1847.

The Sacred River Successfully Circumnavigated and Surveyed.—Twenty Days and Nights Upon the "Sea of Death."—It is Explored, and Sounded, and Its Mysteries Solved.—Strange Phenomena and Unrelieved Desolation of the Locality.—Important Results to Science.—Zeal in Geographical Research.—Interest in the Holy Land.—American Inquiry Aroused.—Equipment of Lynch's Expedition.—On Its Way to the Orient.—Anchoring Under Mount Carmel.—Passage Down the Jordan.—It is Traced to Its Source.—Wild and Impressive Scenery.—Rose Colored Clouds of Judea.—Configuration of the Dead Sea.—Dense, Buoyant, Briny Waters.—Smarting of the Hands and Face.—Salt, Ashes, and Sulphureous Vapors, etc.—Tradition Among the Arabs.—Sad Fate of Former Explorers.—Temperature of This Sea.—Submerged Plains at Its Bottom.—Sheeted with Phosphorescent Foam.—Topography, Width and Depth.—"Apples of Sodom" Described.—The Pillar of Salt, Lot's Wife.

"But here, above, around, below,
In mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The wearied eye may ken;
But all its rocks at random thrown,—
Black waves,—bare crags,—and heaps of stone."



YIELDING to the earnest desire of individuals and societies interested in the advancement of geographical science, the United States government lent its sanction and co-operative aid to the expedition planned in 1847, by Lieutenant W. F. Lynch, an accomplished naval officer, for the exploration and survey of the Dead Sea. The results of this expedition, so replete with information of the most important and deeply interesting character concerning a spot so singular in its sacred and historic associations, as well as mysterious in its physical peculiarities, fully justified the zeal with which it was advocated and the high auspices under which it embarked.

The names of those whose services were accepted by the commander, as members of the expedition, and whose qualifications were believed to fit them peculiarly for the undertaking, were as follows: Lieutenant, John B. Dale; passed-midshipman, R. Aulick; herbarist, Francis E. Lynch; master's mate, J. C. Thomas; navigators, Messrs. Overstock, Williams, Homer, Read, Robinson, Lee, Lockwood, Albertson, Loveland. At Constantinople, Mr. Henry Bedloe associated himself with the expedition, and, on their arrival at Beirut, Dr. H. J. Anderson became a member of the party, making the number sixteen in all. The services of an intelligent native Syrian, named Ameung, were

also obtained at Beirut, who acted in the capacity of interpreter, and rendered other important aid.

By direction of the government at Washington, the store-ship Supply was placed at the disposal of Lieutenant Lynch, and, as the vessel would otherwise be in ballast, she was laden with stores for the United States naval squadron, then in the Mediterranean.

The Supply sailed from New York, November twenty-first, and in about three months anchored off Smyrna. From the latter place, the officers of the expedition proceeded to Constantinople in the Austrian steamer, with the view of obtaining from the Sultan, through the American minister, permission to pass through a part of his dominions in Syria, for the purpose of exploring the Dead Sea, and of tracing the Jordan to its source. The reception by the young sultan was in all respects favorable; the authorization was granted, and the sultan expressed much interest in the undertaking, requesting to be informed of the results.

Thus armed with all necessary powers, the officers returned to Smyrna, rejoining the Supply. On the tenth of March, the expedition sailed for the coast of Syria, and, after touching at Beirut and other places, came to anchor in the Bay of Acre, under Mount Carmel, March twenty-eighth. The explorers, with their stores, tents, and boats, having landed, an encampment was formed on the beach, and the Supply departed to deliver to the naval squadron the stores with which it was laden, with orders to be back in time for the re-embarkation of the exploring party.

The first difficulty of a practical nature was how to get the boats across to the Sea of Tiberias. The boats, mounted on trucks, were laden with the stores and baggage of the party, and all was arranged most conveniently—only the horses could not be persuaded to draw. The harness was also found to be much too large for the small Syrian horses; and although they manifestly gloried in the strange equipment, and voluntarily performed sundry gay and fantastic movements, the operation of pulling was altogether averse to their habits and inclinations. At last, the plan suggested itself of trying camels. On being harnessed, three of the huge animals to each truck, they marched off with the trucks, the boats upon them, with perfect ease, to the great delight of the sojourners, and equal astonishment to the natives.

All the arrangements being now perfected, the travelers took their departure from the coast, on the fourth of April. They were accompanied by a fine old man, an Arab nobleman, called Sherif Hazza, of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the prophet. As he appeared to be highly venerated by the Arabs, Lieutenant Lynch thought it would be a good measure to induce him to join the party, and he was prevailed upon to do so. Another addition to the party was made next day in the person of a Bedouin sheikh of the name of Akil, with ten well-armed Arabs, or fifteen Arabs in all, including servants.

But little information concerning the Jordan could be obtained at Tiberias, and it was therefore with considerable consternation that the course of that river was soon found to be interrupted by frequent and most fearful rapids. Thus, to proceed at all, it often became necessary to plunge with headlong velocity down the most appalling descents. So great were the difficulties, that, on the second evening, the boats were not more than twelve miles in direct distance from Tiberias.

The banks of the Jordan were found beautifully studded with vegetation; the cultivation of the ground, however, not so extensive as it might be, and as it would be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator from the desperadoes who scour the region. The waters of the Jordan, clear and transparent except in the immediate vicinity of the rapids and falls, are well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. There are often plenty of fish seen in its deep and shady

course. The wide and deeply-depressed plain through which the river flows, is generally barren, treeless, and without verdure; and the mountains, or rather, the cliffs and slopes of the risen uplands, present, for the most part, a wild and cheerless aspect. The verdure, such as it is, may only be sought on and near the lower valley or immediate channel of the Jordan. No one statement can apply to the scenery of its entire course; but this description given of the central part of the river's course, is a fair specimen of the kind of scenery which the passage of the river offers.

Lieutenant Lynch describes the character of the whole scene of this dreary waste as singularly wild and impressive.

W. Lynch.

Looking out upon the desert, bright with reverberated light and heat, was, he says, like beholding a conflagration from a window at twilight. Each detail of the strange and solemn scene could be examined as through a lens. The mountains towards the west rose up like islands from the sea, with the billows heaving at their bases. The rough peaks caught the slanting sunlight, while sharp black shadows marked the sides turned from the rays. Deep rooted in the plain, the bases of the mountains heaved the garment of the earth away, and rose abruptly in naked pyramidal crags, each scar and fissure as palpably distinct as though within reach, and yet were far distant. Toward the south, the ridges and higher masses of the range, as they swept away in the distance, were aerial and faint, and softened into dimness by a pale transparent mist. The plain that sloped away from the bases of the hills was broken into ridges and multitudinous cone-like mounds, resembling tumultuous water at the meeting of two adverse tides, and presented a wild and checkered tract of land, with spots of vegetation flourishing upon the frontiers of irreclaimable sterility. A low, pale, and yellow ridge of conical hills marks the termination of the higher terrace, beneath which sweeps gently this lower plain with a similar undulating surface, half redeemed from barrenness by sparse verdure and thistle-covered hillocks. Still lower was the valley of the Jordan—the sacred river!—its banks fringed with perpetual verdure; winding in a thousand graceful mazes; the pathway cheered with songs of birds, and its own clear voice of gushing minstrelsy; its course a bright line in this cheerless waste.

Concerning an earlier portion of the river's course, about one-third from the lake of Tiberias, Lieutenant Lynch says, that, for hours in their swift descent the boats floated down in silence—the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sang with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own will, darting through the arched vistas, and shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks. There was but little variety in the scenery of the river; the streams sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, at other times meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque. The western shore is peculiar from the high calcarious limestone hills which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the Sea of Galilee, during the

winter and early spring; while the left and eastern bank is low and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, gave it the appearance of a jungle.

No less than twenty-two nights were spent by the party upon the lake. During this time the whole circuit of it was made, including the back-water at the southern extremity, which had never before been explored in boats. Every object of interest upon the banks was examined; and the lake was crossed and recrossed in a zigzag direction through its whole extent, for the purpose of sounding. The figure of the lake, as sketched by the party, is somewhat different from that usually given to it. The breadth is more uniform throughout; it is less narrowed at the northern extremity, and less widened on approaching the peninsula in the south. In its general dimensions it is longer, but is not so wide as usually represented. Its length by the map is forty miles, by an average breadth of about nine miles. The water, a nauseous compound of bitters and salts.

A fresh north wind was blowing as they rounded the point. They endeavored to steer a little to the north of west, to make a true west course, and threw the patent log overboard to measure the distance; but the wind rose so rapidly that the boats could not keep head to wind, and it became necessary to haul the log in. The sea continued to rise with the increasing wind, which gradually freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon the voyagers' clothes, as also their hands and faces; and, while it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. The boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first; but when the wind increased in its fierceness, from the density of the water it seemed as if their bows were encountering the sledge-hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea. Finally, such was the force of the wind, that it was feared both boats must founder. Knowing that they were losing advantage every moment, and that with the lapse of each succeeding one

VALLEY OF THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

After giving a sketch of the sights and scenes attending the bathing of the pilgrims in the Jordan, Lieutenant Lynch says that the river, where it enters the sea, is inclined towards the eastern shore; and there is a considerable bay between the river and the mountains of Belka, in Ammon, on the eastern shore of the sea.

the danger increased, they kept away for the northern shore, in the hope of being yet able to reach it,—their arms, clothes and skin, coated with a greasy salt, and their eyes, lips and nostrils, smarting excessively.

But, although the sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted

mountains loomed terrific on either side, and salt and ashes mingled with its sands, and fetid sulphureous springs trickled down its ravines, the explorers did not despair. Awe struck, but not terrified, fearing the worst yet hoping for the best, preparations were made to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste ever seen. There is a tradition among the Arabs that no one

RIGHT BANK OF THE DEAD SEA.

can venture upon this sea and live, and the sad fates of Costigan and Molyneux are repeatedly cited to deter such attempts. The first one spent a few days, the last about twenty hours, and returned to the place from whence he had embarked without landing on its shores. One was found dying upon the shore; the other expired, immediately after his return, of fever contracted upon its waters.

The northern shore is an extensive mud flat, with a sandy plain beyond, the very type of desolation; branches and trunks of trees lay scattered in every direction—some charred and blackened as by fire, others white with an incrustation of salt. The north-western shore is an unmixed bed of gravel, coming in a gradual slope from the mountains to the sea. The eastern coast is a rugged line of mountains, bare of all vegetation—a continuation of the Hauran range, coming from the north, and extending south beyond the scope of vision, throwing out three marked and seemingly equi-distant promontories from its south-eastern extremities.

Lieutenant Lynch fully sounded the sea, determined its geographical position, took the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which also seems to correspond with the Wady el-Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

At one time, the sea was observed to assume an aspect peculiarly somber. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation inclosed it in a thin transparent vapor, its purple tinge contrasting strongly with the extraordinary color of the sea beneath, and, where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast caldron of metal, fused but motionless. The surface of the sea was one wide sheet of phosphorescent foam, and the waves, as they broke upon the shore, threw a sepulchral light upon the dead bushes and scattered fragments of rocks. The exhalations and saline deposits are as unfriendly to vegetable life as the waters are to animal existence; that fruit can be brought to perfection there, may therefore well be considered improbable.

The celebrated "Apples of Sodom," so often spoken of by ancient and modern

writers, are peculiar to this locality. The plant is a perennial, specimens of which have been found from ten to fifteen feet high, and seven or eight feet in girth. It has a gray, cork-like bark, with long and oval leaves. The fruit resembles a large smooth apple or orange, and when ripe is of a yellow color. It is fair to the eye, and soft to the touch, but when pressed, it explodes with a puff, leaving in the hand only the shreds of the rind and a few fibers. It is, indeed, chiefly filled with air like a bladder, which gives it the round form, while in the center is a pod containing a quantity of fine silk with seeds. When green, the fruit, like the leaves and the bark, affords, when cut or broken, a thickish, white milky fluid. This plant, however, which from being in Palestine found only on the shores of the Dead Sea, was locally regarded as being the special and characteristic product of that lake, is produced also in Nubia, Arabia, and Persia. Thus, this assumed mystery of the 'Sea of Death' is a simple phenomenon of nature, easily explained; as is also that of the alleged fire and smoke of the lake, being, as already described, simply mist and phosphorescence.

In regard to the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned,—one of the most remarkable facts recorded in holy writ,—and the continued existence of which has always been asserted by the natives, as well as by many travelers, Lieutenant Lynch asserts that a pillar is there to be seen; the same, without doubt, to which the reports of the natives and of travelers refer. But that this pillar, or any like it, is or was that into which Lot's wife was transformed, cannot, of course, be demonstrated.

It is a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. Immediately pulling in for the shore, the lieutenant in company with Dr. Anderson, went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments, and flakes of bitumen. They found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is attributable to the action of the winter rains. Lieutenant Lynch gives no credit to the representations that connect this pillar or column with Lot's wife. And this is true of most travelers who have visited the spot, though Montague gives it, as his opinion, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, she, while so lingering, became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation for this extraordinary column; a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience.

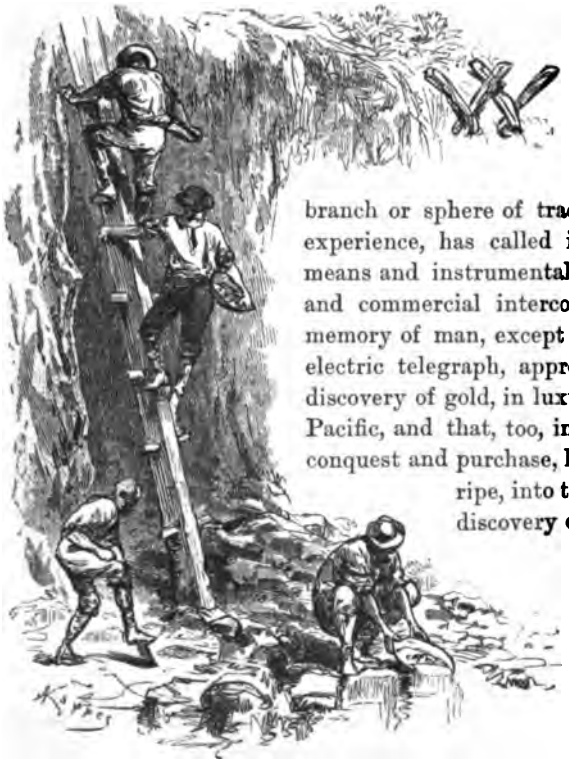
After an absence of a little more than a year, Lieutenant Lynch returned, with his companions, to the United States, the expedition having been highly successful in accomplishing the purpose for which it was planned; comparing most favorably in this respect with the results of explorations made by other parties, and receiving the highest encomiums of English reviewers, some of whose comments, throwing additional light on various points involved in the subject, are here presented.

XLV.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD AT SUTTER'S MILL, CALIFORNIA.—1848.

Widely Extended and Inexhaustible Deposits of the Precious Metal.—The News Spreads like Wild-fire to the Four Quarters of the Globe.—Overwhelming Tide of Emigration from All Countries.—Nucleus of a Great Empire on the Pacific.—California Becomes the El Dorado of the World and the Golden Commonwealth of the American Union.—First Practical Discovery of the Gold.—On John A. Sutter's Land.—Found by J. W. Marshall.—Simple Accident that Led to It.—Marshall's Wild Excitement.—Shows Sutter the Golden Grains.—A Dramatic Interview.—The Discovery Kept Secret.—How it was Disclosed.—A Real Wonder of the Age.—Trials of the Early Emigrants.—Their Bones Whiten the Soil.—All Professions at the Mines.—Impetus Given to Commerce.—Life Among the Diggers.—Disordered State of Society.—Crimes, Outrages, Conflagrations.—Scarcity, Fabulous Prices.—Mining by Machinery.—Order and Stability Reached.—Population in 1857, 600,000.—Gold in Ten Years, $600,000,000.

"Gold to fetch, and gold to send,
Gold to borrow, and gold to lend,
Gold to keep, and gold to spend,
And abundance of gold in future."



MINING OPERATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

WITHOUT any exaggeration, it may be asserted that no modern event has been the cause of so much romance in real life,—no branch or sphere of trade, even though perfected by long experience, has called into employment so many of the means and instrumentalities of diversified human industry and commercial intercourse,—indeed, nothing within the memory of man, except the achievements of steam and the electric telegraph, approaches so nearly to magic, as the discovery of gold, in luxurious deposits, on the shores of the Pacific, and that, too, in the soil of a territory which, by conquest and purchase, had but just fallen, like fruit golden ripe, into the lap of the Great Republic. This discovery occurred at Sutter's mill, in Coloma county, California, in February, 1848.

Here, however, it deserves to be stated as a matter of historical interest, that gold placers were worked in certain portions of California, long before the discovery just mentioned. The

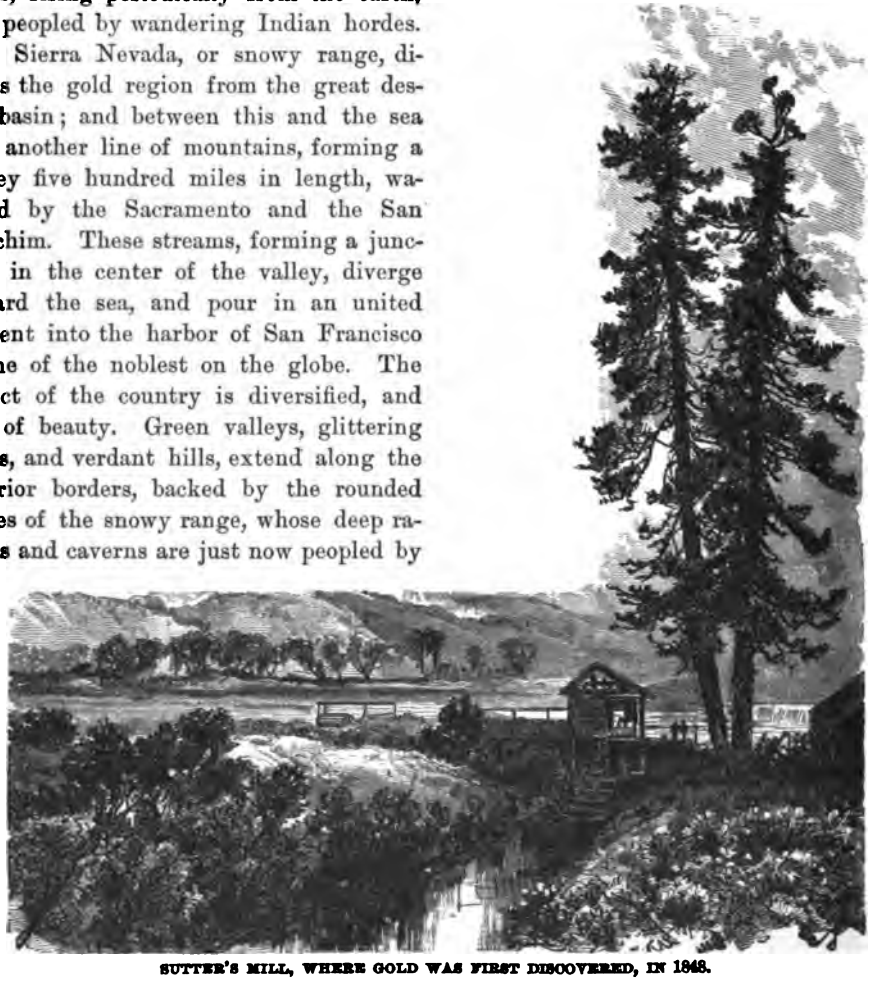
evidence of this appears in a letter addressed by Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles, to Louis R. Lull, secretary of the California Society of Pioneers. Mr. Stearns, who went to California from Mexico in 1829, states that on the 22d of November, 1842, he sent by Alfred Robinson—who returned from California to the states by way of Mexico—twenty ounces California weight, or eighteen and three-fourths ounces mint weight, of placer gold, to be forwarded by him to the United States mint at Philadelphia; the mint assay was returned August 6, 1843. This gold was taken from placers first discovered in March, 1842, by Francisco Lopez, a Californian, at San Francisquito, about thirty-five miles north-west from Los Angeles. It appears that Lopez, while resting in the shade with some companions, during a hunt for stray horses, dug up some wild onions with his sheath knife, and in the dirt discovered a piece of gold. Searching further, he found more pieces, and on returning to town announced his discovery. A few persons, mostly Sonorians, who were accustomed to placer mining in Mexico, worked in the San Francisquito placer from this time until the latter part of 1846 (when the war with the United States disturbed the country), taking out some six thousand to eight thousand dollars in value, per annum. The United States mint certificate for the assay made for Mr. Stearns in 1843, is now in the archives of the "Society of California Pioneers."

Before the great event which made the year 1848 so memorable, the influence of the United States had already become conspicuous in the affairs of California, and had in a degree prepared the way for what was to follow. In the words of a British writer, the United States spread her actual influence long before she planted a flag as the sign of her dominion. For two years previous to the capture of Monterey, in 1846, her authority had been paramount in California. At length, toward the close of the summer of 1845, Fremont appeared in the neighborhood of Monterey, whose park-like scenery — trees scattered in groups over grassy hills, wide sloping fields, plantations of oak and fir, red-tiled houses, yellow-washed church, and white cottages —showed in pleasant contrast to the desolate region of the Rocky mountains he had left. He was accompanied by some of his trappers — men of muscle and daring, dressed in deer-skin coats, with formidable rifles, and mounted on tall, spare horses. They rode in Indian file through the outskirts; their leader viewed the town, and they vanished. Soon again he appeared, with an ominous array of thirty-five followers, encamped on a woody height; was commanded to depart, was driven to the hills, pursued, and again lost sight of. An American ship then sailed into the harbor. Fremont was again at Monterey. The Californians foresaw the probable progress of events, and perhaps secretly desired the fostering protection of the great republic. While balancing between that and independence, two United States vessels simultaneously entered the harbors of Monterey and San Francisco, and in July, 1846, the whole of California came under the rule of America. A new era was again opened. An immediate change appeared. Industry was revived; deserted villages were repeopled; neglected lands were again cultivated; decaying towns were renovated; and the busy hum of toil broke that silence and lethargy which brooded over an ill-governed country.

But another and greater change was at hand, to turn the tide of her fortunes into a new, a wider, and more diffusive channel, and to raise California from the condition of a wild and isolated territory, to be the very focus of the world's attention,—the spot where innumerable streams of emigration from the four quarters of the world, from barbarous and civilized countries, pouring across the Rocky Mountains, or brought over the sea, from distant shores, were to meet in tumultuous confluence, and, flowing upon each other, form an eddying whirlpool of excitement, such as few countries on the globe, in any period of their history, could present to the observation of mankind.

What is the character of this region, independently of its newly-discovered treasures, at the period mentioned? It is wealthy in many natural resources. Its extent is great. From Cape Mendocino, at the borders of the United States, to the root of the peninsula, is seven hundred miles, and Lower California thrusts out its vast tongue to an almost equal distance. The old region is for the most part a broken, hilly, and barren tract of land; but occasional plains of rich fertility alternate with the less favored tracts, and these formed the sites of the old Jesuit missions. Alta California extends from the coast to the provinces of New Mexico. Of the interior desert basin, little is known, except that it is a wild, rocky, and woody territory, watered by a few rivers, and lakes, rising periodically from the earth, and peopled by wandering Indian hordes. The Sierra Nevada, or snowy range, divides the gold region from the great desert basin; and between this and the sea lies another line of mountains, forming a valley five hundred miles in length, watered by the Sacramento and the San Joachim. These streams, forming a junction in the center of the valley, diverge toward the sea, and pour in an united current into the harbor of San Francisco —one of the noblest on the globe. The aspect of the country is diversified, and full of beauty. Green valleys, glittering lakes, and verdant hills, extend along the interior borders, backed by the rounded spires of the snowy range, whose deep ravines and caverns are just now peopled by toiling gold-hunters; and these are drawing more wealth from the bleakest, most barren, and most neglected spots, than a husbandman in the course of many years could derive from the most luxuriantly cultivated land. Along the river banks, light grassy slopes alternate with stony, broken, sandy expanses, honey-combed as it were by time, but now swarming with amateur delvers. However, the country, as a whole, is fertile; producing readily grains, vegetables, and fruits, with fine timber, whilst immense pasture grounds afford nourishment to the flocks and herds that once formed the principal wealth of California.

Up to the year 1847, so comparatively small were the gatherings of gold, in various sections of the globe, that in



SUTTER'S MILL, WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED, IN 1848.

reckoning the average produce of the precious metal, of all parts of the New and Old World for a series of years previous to 1847, it did not amount to the annual value of twenty-five million dollars.

It was in September, 1847, that Captain John A. Sutter, the great pioneer settler in California, commenced an undertaking

JOHN A. SUTTER.

which led, by a very simple and ordinary circumstance, to *the first practical discovery of the prodigiously valuable gold mines of California*—the long-sought *El Dorado* of ancient and modern times. This undertaking consisted in the erection of a saw-mill at Coloma, on a mountainous spot about one thousand feet above the level of the valley, where the Rio des los Americanos pours down from the Sierra Nevada to swell the united streams of the Sacramento and San Joachim.

Such an enterprise, in such a region, at a time when the political and social condition of the country was so unsettled and uncertain, indicated a mind of energy and executive capacity, on the part of the projector. And it was even so, in full measure, in the case of Captain Sutter. He is described, by his biographers, in the annals of San Francisco, as an intelligent Swiss emigrant, who sailed for and reached New York, in July, 1834; but finally settled and for several years resided in Missouri. The wild west had always possessed a charm for him, and he had removed thither; but now his adventurous spirit looked still further towards the setting sun, and roved along the waters that sped their unknown way to the Pacific. Leaving family and home, in company with Sir William Drummond Stewart, he joined a party, under the charge of Captain Tripps, of the American Fur Company, and started for the broad valleys of California, where he knew that rich and fertile lands only awaited an industrious cultivator, and where Providence had even a still richer yielding field that he knew not of. He left the trappers at their rendezvous on the Wind river among the Kansas Rocky mountains, and with a new party of six decided on proceeding to their destination by way of Oregon. Crossing the valley of the Willamette, he finally arrived at Fort Vancouver, and there ascertained that innumerable delays must elapse before he could reach California. Nothing daunted, and apparently urged, like Columbus, to accomplish his object despite of fate, Captain Sutter sailed for the Sandwich Islands, hoping to embark thence direct for the Spanish coast. But when he arrived there, no vessels were about to sail in that direction. Again he threw down the gauntlet to fate, and re-embarked for Sitka Island, in Russian America, and from that immense distance at last reached Yerba Buena, July second, 1839. Not permitted to land here, he again embarked, and was finally allowed to set foot on California soil at Monterey. Having succeeded in overcoming the Spanish opposition to foreign settlers, he obtained the permission of Governor Alvarado to locate himself in the valley of the Rio del Sacramento; more readily granted, perhaps, because it was then the abode of savage Indians. He explored the Sacramento, Feather and American rivers, and in August, 1839, about eighteen months after he commenced his journey, permanently established himself on the latter river, with a colony of only three whites and eight Kanakas. In a short time, he removed to the location afterwards known as Sutter's Fort, and took possession of the surrounding country under a Mexican grant, giving to it the name of New

Helvetia. From this point he cut a road to the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, where he established a quay or landing-place, on the site of which has since been built the city of Sacramento. Here he remained for several years, becoming possessor of a large amount of land, and rapidly carrying on various and extensive improvements. At one time he had a thousand acres sown in wheat, and owned eight thousand neat cattle, two thousand horses and mules, as many sheep, and a thousand swine. He was appointed alcalde of the district by Commodore Stockton, and Indian agent by General Kearney; and with all his sympathies with this country, his earnest wish was to see California brought into the American Union.

Among the followers of Sutter was James W. Marshall, who emigrated from New Jersey to Oregon in 1843, and a year later went to California. By trade he was a carpenter, and to him Captain Sutter intrusted the erection of the saw-mill at Coloma, where good water-power and plenty of lumber had determined its location. It was this enterprise which led to the most famous discovery of gold ever known in the history of the globe. How this happened, has been differently related by different authorities, but perhaps by none more authentically than by Mr. Dunbar, president of the Traveller's Club of New York. The saw-mill was completed in January, 1848, and they had just commenced sawing lumber, when, on the night of February 2d, Marshall appeared at Sutter's Fort, his horse in a foam and himself presenting a singular appearance—all bespattered with mud, and laboring under intense excitement.

And now ensued a scene which can scarcely be exceeded in its elements of dramatic representation. Marshall immediately requested Captain Sutter to go with him into a room where they could be alone. This request was granted, and, after the door was closed, Marshall asked Captain Sutter if he was sure they would not be disturbed, and desired that the door might be locked. Captain Sutter did not know what to make of his actions, and he began to think it hazardous to lock himself in the room with Marshall, who appeared so uncommonly strange. Marshall being satisfied at last that they would not be interrupted, took from his pocket a pouch from which he poured upon the table about an ounce of yellow grains of metal, which he thought would prove to be gold. Captain Sutter inquired where he got it. Marshall stated that in the morning, the water being shut off from the saw-mill race, as was customary, he discovered, in passing through the race, shining particles here and there on the bottom. On examination, he found them to be of metallic substance, and the thought flashed over him that they might be gold. *How big with events was this point of time!* Marshall stated that the laborers—white and Indian—had picked up some of the particles, and he thought a large quantity could be collected.

Captain Sutter was at first quite incredulous as to these particles being gold, but happening to have a bottle of nitric acid among his stores, he applied the test, and, true enough, the yellow grains proved to be pure gold. *The great discovery was made!*

The account given above agrees substantially with Captain Sutter's own narrative of the event, namely: That Marshall had contracted with him for the building of a saw-mill for producing lumber, on the south fork of the American River, a feeder of the Sacramento. In the course of his operations, Marshall had occasion to admit the river water into the tail-race, for the purpose of widening and deepening it by the strength of the current. In doing this, a considerable quantity of mud, sand, and gravel, was carried along with the stream, and deposited in a heap at the foot of the tail-race. Marshall, when one day examining the state of his works, noticed a few glittering particles lying near the edge of the heap. His curiosity being aroused, he gathered some of the sparkling objects;

and he at once became satisfied of their nature and the value of his discovery. All trembling with excitement, he hurried to his employer and told his story. Captain Sutter at first thought it was a fiction, and the teller only a mad fool. Indeed, he confesses that he kept a sharp eye upon his loaded rifle, when he, whom he was tempted to consider a maniac, was eagerly disclosing the miraculous tale. However, his doubts were all at once dispelled when Marshall tossed on the table before him some of the shining dust.

Not less interesting is the account given of the manner in which the discovery became public—owing, as appears by Mr. Dunbar's statement, to that which extracts both wit and wisdom, as well as folly, from the brain of man. After some examination, Captain Sutter became satisfied that gold in considerable quantities would be found in that neighborhood; and while the reflections of Marshall were probably confined to the idea of rapidly acquired wealth for himself, Captain Sutter realized at once how impossible it would be to hold his laborers to their work in carrying on his improvements, gathering his crops, and avoid being overrun by new-comers, should the gold prove abundant and the discovery be promulgated. He therefore begged the laborers to say nothing about the gold for six weeks. His grist-mill and some other improvements would then be completed, and his crops all gathered. The laborers promised to comply with his request, and Captain Sutter returned home on the fifth of February. But the great secret could not long be retained. A bottle of whiskey made it known. A teamster, whom Captain Sutter had dispatched to the saw-mill with supplies, heard of the discovery of gold, and managed to obtain some of the precious grains. On returning to the fort, he immediately went to the neighboring store, kept by a Mormon, and demanded a bottle of whiskey. This was a cash article in that country, and, as the teamster was poor pay, the trader refused to sell him the whiskey. The man declared he had plenty of money, and exhibited some grains of gold. The astonished trader, on being satisfied that these were gold, gave his customer the bottle of whiskey, and earnestly inquired where he got the gold. The teamster refused to make known the secret till he had imbibed considerable of the liquor, when his tongue was loosened, and he told all about the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill. The wonderful tale spread like wild-fire throughout the sparsely inhabited territory of California. It ran up and down the Pacific coast, traversed the continent, reached the Atlantic shores, and in a short time the story of California's golden treasures had startled the whole civilized world.

Naturally enough, the first rumors, as they spread abroad, were lightly tossed

JAMES W. MARSHALL.

aside; but confirmation gave them strength, and as each transmission of intelligence to the United States carried fresh accounts of new discoveries, an enthusiastic ardor was awakened, and within four months of that eventful day, five thousand persons were delving on the river's banks, on the slopes, amid the ravines, hollows, and caverns in the valley of the Sacramento.

And now, from the vast population of the great republic, new streams of emigration broke at once to swell that current which for years had set noiselessly toward the valleys of California. Gradually, the knowledge of the auriferous soil was borne to the four quarters of the world, and from

all the ports of all nations sails were spread toward the coasts of that wealthy region. As by a magnetic impulse, the sands of the Sacramento attracted population. Lawyers, clergymen, physicians, hotel-keepers, merchants, mechanics, clerks, traders, farmers, left their occupations, and hurried with basket and spade to the land that glittered. Homes and houses were closed; the grass threatened to grow over whole streets; deserted ships swung on their anchors in silent harbors. The garrison of Monterey abandoned arms and took up the pickaxe and the shovel. Trains of wagons constantly streamed from the coast to the interior. Stores and sheds were built along the river bank, and crammed with provisions to be sold at more than famine prices; whole towns of tents and bushy bowers sprang up as if by magic; every dawn rose upon a motley toiling multitude, swarming in every nook and corner of the modern El Dorado, and every night was illuminated by the flames of a thousand bivouacs.

Half-naked Indians, sharp-visaged Yankees in straw hats and loose frocks, groups of swarthy Spanish-Americans, old Dons in the gaudy costume of a dead fashion, gigantic trappers with their rude prairie garb, and gentlemen traders from all the States of the Union, with crowds of Californian women, jostled in tumultuous confusion through the gold district. Every method, from the roughest to the most ingenious, was devised for the rapid accumulation of gold; and the strange spectacle was presented of a vast population, without law, without authority, without restraint, toiling together in amicable companionship. But the duration of this condition of things was brief. Outrages were perpetrated, robbery commenced, blood was shed, and anarchy in its most hideous form appeared. But the United States government soon laid the foundations of order, and prepared a system of regular legislation for California. A severe code was established; thieving incurred the heavy penalty of a brand on the cheek, with mutilation of the ears; other crimes were punished with similar rigor.

Within a period of five months, the population of the territory had run up to one hundred thousand, having just quadrupled during that time. Of these, some forty-five thousand arrived in the nine thousand wagons that traversed the overland route, and four thousand on mule-back, while the remainder came *via* Panama, and round Cape Horn. One-third of this multitude was composed of farmers, another of tradesmen and mechanics, and the rest of merchants, professional men, adventurers, and gamblers. The vast emigrant armies acted as pioneers on their various routes, hewing down trees, filling up chasms, leveling the grounds, and bridging torrents. But the sufferings endured in these colossal caravans were severe and terrible. Many perished on the route; many became insane, or wasted away, through lack of food and water. The scourge of cholera also overtook the early emigrants, before they were fairly embarked on the wilderness; the frequent rains of the early spring, added to the hardships and exposure of their travel, prepared the way for its ravages, and the first four hundred miles of the trail were marked by graves, to the number of about four thousand. Many also suffered immensely for want of food. Bayard Taylor, in his narrative of what befell these pioneer emigrants, says that not only were they compelled to kill their horses and mules to keep themselves from starvation, but it was not unusual for a mess by way of variety to the tough mule steaks, to kill a quantity of rattlesnakes, with which the mountains abounded, and have a dish of them fried for supper.

And still the tide of emigration rolled onward, as the richness of the gold product, over so vast a region of territory, became a confirmed fact. Notwithstanding the oft-told story of deprivation, famine and death, parties and companies daily went forth to El Dorado, the golden land. Some took the perilous inland route across the Rocky mountains; some went

round Cape Horn; and multitudes took the Panama route. The tens of thousands who thus went, having no other object than to get gold, had neither means nor inclination to grow their own food nor to manufacture their own necessaries; and hence arose a field of enterprise which the commercial world did not neglect. Valuable cargoes were dispatched to San Francisco to be there sold in exchange for gold dust, and that place in time became a populous, busy, thriving city, distinguished also for reckless speculation, fabulous prices for real estate, excesses of all kinds, and disastrous conflagrations. During one week in 1850, gold dust to the value of three million dollars was shipped and exported from San Francisco. In August of the same year the monthly shipment had reached about eight million dollars. On September 15, 1850, there were in that port six hundred and eighty-four vessels, belonging to twenty-one different nations; some of these vessels, small in size, had crossed the whole breadth of the Pacific from Australia and New Zealand, to exchange their produce for gold dust. In the first two weeks of October, in the same year, ninety-four vessels arrived at San Francisco, not including the regular steamers.

But the most strange and wonderful spectacle of all, was that exhibited by the money-diggers at their avocation. Men with long-handled shovels delved among clumps of bushes, or by the side of large rocks, never raising their eyes for an instant; others, with pick and shovel, worked among stone and gravel, or with trowels searched under banks and roots of trees, where, if rewarded with small lumps of gold, their eyes suddenly kindled with pleasure, and the search was more intently pursued. In the water, knee, or even waist deep, regardless of the shivering cold, others were washing the soil in the tin pans or the common cradle rocker, whilst the sun poured a hot flood upon their heads. The common rocking machine for separating the gold was at first in great demand, but this was soon superseded by a cradle of ingenious construction; then came crushing mills, of various kinds, for pounding the auriferous quartz; and in time, machinery of the most effective adaptability was universally introduced. This operated powerfully to regulate mining operations, and to give order and stability to affairs generally throughout the territory. Society assumed the most advanced organization, churches everywhere dotted the land, education was fostered, and the political institutions of the country patterned after those of the older states. Agricultural, industrial, and commercial pursuits were entered upon largely and with great success; California was admitted as a state into the Union in 1850; and in only ten years from Marshall's curious and accidental discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, in 1848, the gold product of California had reached a total of six hundred million dollars, and the population had increased from between twenty and thirty thousand souls to six hundred thousand!

XLVI.

AWFUL VISITATIONS OF THE "ANGEL OF DEATH."—1849.

Yellow Fever and Cholera Epidemics at Different Periods.—Frightful Mortality and Panic in 1849.—Business Abandoned, Churches Closed, Streets Barricaded, Cities Deserted.—Proclamation by the President of the United States.—The Virtues, Passions, and Vices of Human Nature Strikingly Illustrated.—Tens of Thousands Swept at Once from the Face of the Earth.—Various Eras of American Epidemics.—Wide and Ghastly Ravages.—Self-Preservation the First Law.—Social Intercourse Suspended.—Ties of affection Sundered —Parents Forsake Children.—Husbands Flee from Wives.— Rich Men Buried like Paupers.—Money and Rank Unavailing.—Rumble of the Dead-Carts.—Activity in the Grave-yards —They Look as if Plowed Up.—Women in Childbirth Helpless.—Their Screams for Succor.—Care of a Lunatic Patient.—The Tender Passion Still Alive.—Courageous Marriages. —Death in the Bridal Chamber.—Anecdotes of the Clergy.—Crime, Filth, and Disease.—Quacks and Nostrums Rife.—The Celebrated "Thieves' Vinegar."

"Bring out your dead!"—Cry of the Dead-Cart Drivers.

STRUCK WITH THE CHOLERA.

QUAKER order, cleanliness, and temperance, so characteristic of the "city of brotherly love," did not save Philadelphia from being visited, at an early period after the founding of the republic, by one of the most direful scourges that ever was known in the western world. This was the yellow fever, or "plague," in 1793, an epidemic which, from its remarkable nature and development, is entitled to the first mention in an article like this, and reminiscences of which — deeply interesting and indeed in some instances almost tragical—will be found in the highest degree readable, at the present day.

Following this, was the malignant spotted fever, in which the patient had large red spots here and there; it broke out in Massachusetts, in 1806, and continued until 1815, in the various northern states. In 1812, the United States army in New York and Vermont suffered severely from it. In the latter state, it was the most alarming disease ever known. It usually attacked persons of the most hardy and robust constitution, and often proved fatal in a few hours; not uncommonly, the patient was a corpse before a physician could be brought to his assistance.

In 1822, the yellow fever appeared again in New York, with great virulence, after an inter-

mission of some seventeen years, and though the mortality was much less extensive than previously, the panic was even sharper,—the city south of the park being fenced off and nearly deserted, families, merchants, banks, and even the city government removing to a distance. But in 1833–5, the disease was far more virulent.

In 1832, the Asiatic cholera, or cholera asphyxia, made its appearance in the United States for the first time, coming by way of Canada. Following the course of the large rivers, it soon reached Buffalo, and then spread irregularly, occurring in towns and cities at distances from each other, without affecting intervening districts till a subsequent period. In the city of New York, it appeared June 27th, and continued two months, during which period there were three thousand four hundred deaths. In Albany, it showed itself at the same time as in New York; and while its fury was abating in the latter place, it began to appear in its most formidable shape in Philadelphia, and in a few weeks a thousand fell victims. About the same mortality occurred in Baltimore and Washington, which cities the contagion soon reached. It commenced in Cincinnati in July, became epidemic in September, and continued through most of the summer of 1833. In the southern states, it made great havoc amongst the slave population, who fell ready and easy subjects of its power. Fatal, beyond all precedent, was the malady, in New Orleans and St. Louis. The middle states never before knew so terrible a visitation.

From the north, the disease also extended itself along the borders of the great lakes, and soon its ravages began at Detroit. The six eastern states escaped with only a few cases, principally in the port towns of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

And now again, this awful scourge reappeared, in 1849, to blast the land with death on every side, carrying terror to every home and heart, and sweeping tens of thousands into the grave. In New Orleans, it broke out about the middle of December, 1848, and continued through the winter. So frightful were its devastations, that it is estimated to have decimated the inhabitants that remained in some wards of the city. The raging pestilence appeared in New York in May, and, so violent was its spread, that during the week ending July 21st, more than seven hundred deaths occurred; the mortality that week was the greatest that had ever taken place in any city in the United States, the deaths by all diseases numbering more than fourteen hundred. In Boston, the deaths from cholera, during June, July, August, and September, were rising six hundred. But it was far more terrible in Cincinnati and St. Louis, the victims in each of these cities being upwards of six thousand. Over all the middle and western states, this Angel of Death spread his destroying wings, and in many parts of New England. The third day of August, 1849, was, in view of the terrible scourge thus stalking mightily over the broad land, appointed by the president of the United States as a day of fasting and prayer, that God would "avert the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Again, in 1853, terror and panic seized the land, from another visitation of the yellow fever or plague. It spent its chief force upon that oft-doomed city, New Orleans, where, in the short space of three months, ten per cent. of the whole population fell victims.

Concerning the origin, or producing causes, of these epidemics, authorities have differed so widely, that little of a conclusive character, on these points, can be presented; and the same may be said respecting the modes of treatment. Much, however, that is interesting as well as profitable, relative to these awful visitations, may be learned from the various phenomena and incidents that accompanied them.

In no other place, perhaps, were the manifestations and effects of a deathly epidemic upon human conduct exhibited more strikingly than in the city of Phila-

delphia. The dread of the contagion drove parents from their children, and even wives from their husbands. All the ties of affection and consanguinity were rent asunder, and humanity was left to mourn over its own selfishness, in the ardor of self-preservation.

Such was the degree of consternation, dismay and affright, which possessed people's minds, that, according to Mr. Carey, the historian of that period, most of the inhabitants who could, by any means, make it convenient, fled from the city. Of those who remained, many shut themselves up in their houses, being afraid to walk the streets. The smoke of tobacco being regarded as a preventive, many persons, even women and small boys, had segars almost constantly in their mouths. Others, placing full confidence in garlic, chewed it almost the whole day; some kept it in their pockets and shoes. Many were afraid to allow the barbers or hair-dressers to come near them, as instances had occurred of some of them having shaved the dead, and many having engaged as bleeders. Some, who carried their caution pretty far, bought lancets for themselves, not daring to allow themselves to be bled with the lancets of the bleeders. Many houses were scarcely a moment free from the smell of gunpowder, burned tobacco, sprinkled vinegar, etc. Churches, libraries, and other places of public resort, were closed. Those persons who ventured abroad had handkerchiefs, or sponges, impregnated with vinegar or camphor, at their noses; some had smelling bottles full of thieves' vinegar. Others carried pieces of tarred rope in their hands and pockets, also camphor bags tied around their necks. The corpses of the most respectable citizens, even of those who had not died of the epidemic, were carried to

MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF CHOLERA.

the grave on the shafts of a chair, the horse driven by a negro, unattended by a friend or relation, and without any sort of ceremony. People uniformly and hastily shifted their course at the sight of a hearse coming towards them. Many never walked on the foot-path, but went in the middle of the streets, to avoid being infected in passing houses wherein people had died. Acquaintances and friends avoided each other in the streets, and only signified their regard by a cold nod. The old custom of shaking hands fell into such general disuse, that many recoiled with affright at even the offer of a hand. A person wearing crape, or having any other appearance of mourning, was shunned like a viper; and many congratulated themselves highly on the skill and address with which they got to windward of every person whom they met. When, too, the citizens, summoning sufficient resolution, walked abroad to take the air, the sight of the sick-cart conveying patients to the hospital, or the hearse carrying the dead to the grave,—which were traveling almost the whole day,—soon damped their spirits, and caused them to retrace their steps and seek seclusion. These manifestations and characteristics prevailed alike during the yellow fever and the cholera. Consternation was carried beyond all bounds. Men of affluent fortunes were abandoned to the care of any stranger, black or white, who could by entreaty be procured. In some cases, no money or influence could procure proper attendance. With the poor, the case was, of course, immeasurably worse than with the rich. Many of them perished, without a human being to hand them a drink of water, or to perform any medical or charitable office.

Some of the horrible and heart-rending occurrences, which transpired during these visitations of yellow fever and cholera, will suffice better than any discussions of symptoms and treatment, or any mere general representations of the public terror and panic, to show the nature of the calamities that thus swept over the land, carrying desolation and anguish to so many happy homes. The following are some of the instances referred to, as related by Carey, Simpson, and others.

An old grave digger, named Sebastian, who had long lost the sense of smelling, fancied he could not take the disorder, and therefore followed his business without apprehension. A husband and his wife, who lay sick together, wished to be interred in the same grave. Their deaths happened within a few days of each other. When the latter of the two was to be buried, Sebastian was employed to dig open the other's grave. He struck upon and broke the coffin, and in stooping down, inhaled such an intolerable and deadly stench, that he was taken sick immediately, and in a day or two died.

A man and his wife, once in affluent circumstances, were found lying dead in bed, and between them was their child, a little infant, who was sucking its mother's breast. How long they had lain thus, was uncertain.

Peculiar in its sadness, was the case of a woman, whose husband had just died of the disease; she was seized with the pains of parturition, and had nobody to assist her, as the women in the neighborhood were afraid to go into the house. She lay, for a considerable time, in a condition of anguish truly indescribable; at length, she struggled to reach the window, and cried out for assistance. Two men, passing by, went up stairs; but they came at too late a stage—for she was even then striving with death—and actually, in a few minutes, expired in their arms. Another woman, whose husband and two children lay dead in the room with her, was in the same situation as that of the woman just described,—without a midwife, or any other person to aid her. Her cries at the window brought up one of the carters employed for the relief of the sick. With his assistance she was delivered of a child, which died in a few minutes, as did the mother, who was utterly exhausted by her labor, on account of the disorder, and by the dreadful spectacle before her. And thus lay, in one room,

no less than five dead bodies, an entire family, carried off within a few hours.

Before arrangements could be made and carried out, by the public authorities, to mitigate the severities of the scourge, many fell victims, whose lives would otherwise, probably, have been saved. A servant girl, belonging to a family in which the malady had prevailed, becoming apprehensive of what might be her own fate, resolved to remove to a relation's house, some distance in the country. She was, however, taken sick on the road, and returned to town, where she could find no person willing to receive her. One of the guardians of the poor provided a cart, and took her to the almshouse, into which she was refused admittance. She was brought back, but the guardian could not procure her a single night's lodging; and at last, after every effort to procure some kind of shelter, the unfortunate creature absolutely expired in the cart.

Of the various incidents partaking of the extravagant and farcical, much might be related. A merchant of Philadelphia, who had been absent for several weeks, was returning to the city in the second week of November, having heard that the danger was no more. He met a man on the road going from the city, and naturally inquired into the state of affairs. The other, to indulge the contemptible propensity of hoaxing, told him, that a coffin-maker, who had been employed by the committee for the relief of the sick, had found such a decrease of demand two weeks before, that he had a large supply of coffins on hand; but that the mortality had again so far increased, that he had sold all, and had seven journeymen employed day and night. Alarmed at this information, the merchant and his family instantly turned back.

Several instances occurred, of the drivers of the hospital wagons, on their arrival to deliver up their charge, finding, to their amazement, the wagons empty. A lunatic, who had the malignant disorder, was advised, by his neighbors, to go to the fever hospital. He consented, and got into the cart; but soon changing his mind, he slipped out at the end, unknown to the carter, who, after a while, missing him, and seeing him at a distance running away, turned his horse about, and trotted hard after him. The other doubled his pace, and the carter whipped his horse to a gallop; but the agile lunatic turned a corner, and adroitly hid himself in a house, leaving the mortified carter to return, and deliver an account of his ludicrous adventure.

HORRORS OF THE GREAT EPIDEMIC.

The wife of a man who lived in Walnut street, Philadelphia, was seized with the disease, and given over by the doctors. The husband abandoned her, and next night lay out of the house for fear of catching the infection. In the morning, taking it for granted, from the very low state she had been in, that she was dead, he purchased a coffin for her; but on entering the house, what was his astonishment to find her much recovered. He himself, however, fell sick shortly after, died, and was buried in the very coffin which he had so precipitately bought for his wife. Another example under this class, though with one or two important points of difference, is the following: A woman, whose husband died, refused to have him buried in a coffin provided for her by one of her friends, as too paltry and mean; she therefore bought an elegant and costly one, and had the other laid by in the yard. In a week she was herself a corpse, and was buried in the very coffin she had rejected.

The powers of the god of love might be imagined to lie dormant amidst such scenes of distress as were exhibited at the hospitals, during this period. But his sway was felt there with equal force as anywhere else. Thus it was, that John Johnson and Priscilla Hicks, two patients in the public hospital, who had recovered, and then officiated as nurses to the sick, were smitten with each other's charms, and, procuring leave of absence for an hour or two, went to the city, were joined in the bands of matrimony, and returned to their avocation at the hospital. Another adventure of the same kind, was that of Nassy, a Portuguese mulatto, who took to wife Hannah Smith, a bouncing German girl, employed, like himself, as a nurse. An instance of similar attachment is related as having occurred in New Orleans, when the epidemic was at its height, and the whole city was sunk in grief and mourning. A smiling happy couple appeared one morning before a Catholic clergyman, and requested him to proclaim the bans of their marriage the next day. The reverend gentleman was surprised that any persons should desire to get married at such a time of general misery and distress, and urged the couple that they should postpone it until the epidemic was over. But they declined doing so, and the priest, indignant at what he considered ill-timed levity, turned away, and positively refused to officiate in their behalf, stating that he was too busy attending the sick and administering the last consolations to the dying. The impatient pair next proceeded to the clergyman of St. Patrick's, who exhibited a like surprise at the urgency of the parties, and at first refused to sanction such a marriage, but yielded at last to their importunities. After due publication of the bans they were married, and retired to their new home to spend the honeymoon. In a few days, the bridal chamber presented a solemn and affecting spectacle. The dead body of the husband lay on a couch, and the young and lovely bride writhed in agony on the bed; she quickly followed him, and their honeymoon was passed in another world.

Notwithstanding the devotedness and self-sacrifice of the clergy, generally speaking, during these calamities, and the number who thus lost their lives, there was occasionally an exception. An anecdote, illustrating this fact, used to be related by the Hon. Edward Livingston, who was mayor of New York, while the plague raged in that city, and which will bear repetition: The violence of the epidemic was beginning to abate; its attacks were indeed not less numerous than before, but the proportion of its victims was daily diminishing. I had a few minutes at my own disposal (says Livingston), and I had gone one evening, in a carriage, a short distance from the city, to breathe the pure air of the country, when I met on the road, at the very moment when I was about to return toward the city, a protestant minister—married, and the father of a numerous family. He, like the rest of his co-laborers, had fled the fatal contagion. He was a man truly pious, of exemplary life, and presenting in his own person to his flock an example of the Christian virtues which

he preached to them with sincerity and eloquence. And yet, in the hour of danger, he had not remained, but had fled, —not for himself,—he had been carried away by the panic with which his family were seized. He asked—

"What is going on in town, Edward? Is the sickness abating?"

"We are doing all we can, my reverend friend. We are taking care of the sick. The physicians are discharging most nobly their glorious mission—*but what can we do for men's souls?* The proper material succors abound, for never was charity more lavish of its offerings; but the bread of the Word is wanting. The wretched ask in vain for those physicians of the mind diseased, whose consolations can cure the wounds of the spirit and rob death of its terrors. Well—what do you say? Here is room for you in my carriage. Come in! —the ripe harvest is falling to the ground, and there are no reapers to gather it."

The reverend gentleman pressed Livingston's hand—pointed to his wife and children who were at the door of a small house near the road—and walked away in silence. Had he belonged to any other profession, his anxiety for his family might well have excused him for sharing in that feeling of terror which, seizing like a panic upon all hearts, bid fair to depopulate the city. It was, indeed, a spectacle of sadness calculated to appal the stoutest heart — the mournful gloom of those empty streets, their silence broken only by the rumbling of the dead-cart and the driver's hoarse cry, "Bring out your dead!"—those houses left open and fully furnished, from which the owners had fled —that forest of shipping, deserted and silent as those of the western wilds,—the heart recoiled from such sights and contacts. On the masts of some of these vessels hung still the unfurled sail. On the wharves, too, might often be seen the bales of merchandise which terror had left there. There was no danger of their being carried off. Death was uppermost in men's minds; business was forgotten; *the graveyards looked like ploughed fields.*

But the anecdote of Livingston and the clerical friend is well offset by one related of the Rev. Mr. Whitall, a well-known Episcopal clergyman of New Orleans. Walking on the levee in pursuit of objects of charity, one day at noon, during the epidemic period, he was attracted to a number of laborers collected around some object. Elbowing his way through the crowd, Mr. Whitall found a poor laborer lying on the ground, violently sick with the prevailing disease, exposed to the sun, and suffering extremely. The crowd, though pitying his condition, appeared to be either too much frightened to render him any aid, or ignorant of how they could relieve him. But the experienced Samaritan did not long consider his duty on such an occasion. Seizing one of the wheelbarrows used in carrying bales of cotton from the wharves to the ships, he rolled it up alongside the sick man, and laying him gently in it, wheeled his poor patient to the nearest hospital, and there secured for him such attendance as finally led to his recovery.

As is usual, in times of threatened epidemic, the authorities of most of the principal cities made due provision to avert its approach, by stringent sanitary regulations, or, failing in this, established hospitals for the sick, retreats in the suburbs for those residing in the infected districts, and liberal appropriations of food and money for the thousands of persons thrown out of employment at such a crisis. In some instances, these resolute proceedings were objected to. A few persons refused to go, and one man, who had been forcibly removed, returned clandestinely and shut himself in his house; his foolish obstinacy was not discovered until he was found dead in the place he was so unwilling to leave. Several merchants, too, laughing at the precautions of the authorities, persisted in visiting their counting-houses situated in the dangerous localities; their death atoned for their rashness.

Among the women, the mortality was not so great as among the men, nor among the old and infirm as among the middle-

aged and robust. Tipplers and drunkards, as well as gourmands, were very susceptible to the disorder; of these, many were seized, and the recoveries were very rare. To men and women of illicit pleasure, it was equally fatal; the wretched, debilitated state of their constitutions, produced by lust and excess, rendered them an easy prey to epidemic disease, which very soon terminated their miserable career. A vast number of female domestics likewise fell victims.

Dreadful was the destruction among the poor; indeed, it is computed that at least seven-eighths of the number of the dead were of that class. The occupants of filthy houses severely expiated their neglect of cleanliness and decency. Whole families, in such houses, sunk into one silent, undistinguishing grave. The mortality in confined streets, small alleys, and close houses, debarred of a free circulation of air, greatly exceeded that in the large streets and well-aired houses.

Of the committee appointed in Philadelphia for the relief of the sick, it is related by one of their number, as a fact of peculiar physiological interest, that several of its members declared that some of the most pleasurable hours of their existence were spent during the heighth of the fever. They were released from the cares of business; their committee duties fully occupied their minds, and engrossed their attention for the entire day; they went to the state-house—the place of meeting—in the morning, after an early breakfast; took a cold collation there at dinner-time, the materials of which were constantly spread on a sideboard; and there they remained till night, when they returned to their families; custom robbed the situation of its terrors. The only interruption to this state of their feelings, arose from the death of some friend or intimate acquaintance, or of some person whom they had perhaps seen alive a few hours or a day before. But even these sad impressions, though for the time strong and afflictive, soon wore away, and the tranquil state returned.

Empiricism and quackery were not inactive, even in times like these; and the cholera was no exception among those "ills to which flesh is heir," for the cure of which charlatans had their "unfailing specific." But of all the nostrums thus brought forward, the "*Vinegar of Four Thieves*" was the most universal. A story was tied to its tail which gave it a popularity: Centuries ago, a dreadful plague raged in Marseilles. The people fled; the city was visited by no one except four thieves, who daily entered, robbed the houses, and carried their plunder to the mountains. The astonished citizens, who had hid themselves in the dens and caves of the earth, for fear of the plague, saw them daily pass and re-pass with their ill-gotten gear, and wondered most profoundly why the plague did not seize them. In process of time, however, one of these thieves was captured; they were just going to break him on the wheel, when he said if they would spare his life he would teach them to make the vinegar of four thieves, by means of which they had escaped the plague when robbing the city,—a request which was granted. The "secret" thus imparted, modern quacks claimed to make use of in the preparation of a panacea for the cholera! Of course the venders got rich, for, during the epidemic, multitudes credulously believed in the efficiency of smelling thieves' vinegar, and treated their noses accordingly.

Terribly as some of the cities of the United States have suffered from epidemics, they bear no comparison in this respect to the devastations by cholera in the cities of London and Paris,—in the latter of which, with true French sensibility, the people have erected one of the finest monuments commemorative of the unfortunate victims.

XLVII.

MURDER OF DR. GEORGE PARKMAN, A NOTED MILLIONAIRE OF BOSTON, BY PROF. JOHN W. WEBSTER, OF HARVARD COLLEGE.—1849.

High Social Position of the Parties.—Instantaneous Outburst of Surprise, Alarm, and Terror, in the Community, on the Discovery of the Deed.—Remarkable Chain of Circumstances Leading to the Murderer's Detection.—Solemn and Exciting Trial.—Account of the Mortal Blow and Disposal of the Remains.—Similar Case of Colt and Adams.—Parkman's Wealth and Fame.—Mysterious Disappearance, November 23.—Appointment with Professor Webster, that Day.—Their Unhappy Pecuniary Relations.—Search for the Missing Millionaire.—Webster's Call on Parkman's Brother.—Explains the Interview of November 23.—No Trace of Parkman after that Date.—The Medical College Explored.—Scene in Webster's Rooms.—The Tea-Chest, Vault, and Furnace.—Human Remains Found There.—Identified as Dr. Parkman's.—Arrest of Webster at Night.—Attempt at Suicide on the Spot.—Behavior in Court.—His Atrocious Guilt Proved.—Rendering the Verdict.—He Boldly Addresses the Jury.—Asserts His Entire Innocence.—Final Confession of the Crime.—Hung near the Spot of His Birth.—The Similar and Tragical Case of John C. Colt, Murderer of Samuel Adams.

"It doth seem too bloody,
First, to cut off the head, then hack the limbs—
Like wrath in death, and malice afterwards."

PROF. WEBSTER'S MURDER APPLIANCES.

MEMORABLE, almost beyond a parallel, in the criminal annals of America, is the great crime which finds its record in the following pages. The position of the parties, in their social and professional relations, the nature of the proof, and, indeed, all the circumstances of the case, invest the deed with a universal and permanent interest.

On Friday, the twenty-third of November, 1849, Dr. George Parkman, one of the wealthiest and best known citizens of Boston, of an old family, and highly respected, one of the founders of the Massachusetts Medical College there, about sixty years of age, of rather remarkable person and very active habits, was walking about the city, and transacting business as usual—one of his last acts, on that day, being the purchase of some lettuce for the dinner of his invalid daughter; the only other members of his family being his wife, and one son, who was then traveling on the continent of Europe. Being one of the most punctual of men, his absence from the family table at half-past three o'clock excited surprise; and on the evening of the same day there was serious apprehension, his absence still continuing unexplained. It was thought best to postpone all public search until Saturday after-

noon; at two o'clock, therefore, there being no tidings of him, a most vigorous and minute search was instituted by his friends, with the aid of the police force of Boston and of advertisements offering large rewards for such intelligence as should lead to his discovery. He was described as sixty years of age, about five feet and nine inches high, gray hair, thin face, with a scar under the chin, light complexion, and usually a rapid walker; he was dressed in a dark frock coat, dark pantaloons, purple silk vest, dark figured black stock, and black hat. The search was continued without intermission until the following Friday, men being sent in all directions for fifty or sixty miles, on all the railroads, to all the towns on the coast; they searched over land and water, and under water.

It was known the next Sunday following his disappearance, that on the previous Friday, at half-past one o'clock, Doctor Parkman had, by appointment, met with Dr. John W. Webster (Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University, and Lecturer on Chemistry in the Medical College, Boston,) in his rooms at the Medical College, and no further trace could be found; the fact of this interview having been first communicated by Professor Webster.

The nature of this interview, and the circumstances under which it took place, may be here stated. In 1842, Doctor Parkman had lent Professor Webster, on his promissory note, four hundred dollars, and in 1847 a further advance was made to Professor Webster by Doctor Parkman and some other parties, in acknowledgment of which there was a promissory note given Doctor Parkman for two thousand four hundred and thirty-two dollars, payable by yearly installments in four years; a balance due on a former note, to the amount of three hundred and thirty-two dollars, being included. Doctor Parkman had held two mortgages; one to secure the four hundred dollar note, which was given in 1842, and another which secured that note, and the other large note given in 1847. The mortgage which was given in 1847, covered all Professor Webster's household furniture, his books, and all his minerals, and other objects of natural history. That cabinet, however, he secretly disposed of, so that all that was left to secure that mortgage was the household furniture, and what books he may have had. From a memorandum, prepared in April, 1849, it was shown that the amount of Professor Webster's debt to Doctor Parkman was, at that time, four hundred and fifty-six dollars, being made up of three items due at different times. Doctor Parkman had for some time pressed urgently for the balance due to himself, and there were frequent and by no means friendly communications between the parties on the subject.

The account given by Professor Webster to the Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman—with whom he was on intimate terms, having formerly been a member of his congregation, and having very recently received from him pastoral offices,—of the last interview with his missing brother, was, that he called upon Doctor Parkman at half-past nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, November twenty-third, and arranged that the doctor should meet him at the college at half-past one; that Doctor Parkman came at that hour, having some papers in his hand, and received from Professor Webster four hundred and eighty-three dollars, and some odd cents, upon which Doctor Parkman took out one of the notes, and hurriedly dashing his pen across the signature, went away in great haste, leaving the note behind him, saying, as he left the room, that he would have the mortgage canceled. On the last interview between them in the presence of any witness, and which took place in the college on the previous Monday, Doctor Parkman indignantly complained to Professor Webster that the cabinet of minerals, which was mortgaged to him in security of the advances he made, had been afterwards fraudulently sold to his brother-in-law, Mr. Robert G. Shaw; and to another person he made some very severe remarks in relation to this transaction, substantially, if not in express terms, charging Professor

Webster with dishonesty. At parting, Doctor Parkman is reported to have said with much energy, "something must be done to-morrow!" The following day, Professor Webster sent a note to Doctor Parkman, in response to which the doctor went out to Cambridge, on Thursday, to Professor Webster's house.

Every clue discovered led the searchers back to the medical college in Boston, and there ended; no person being to be found who had spoken with Doctor Parkman after his interview with Professor Webster. Along with other buildings, the college was searched; first on Monday—slightly, and merely by way of excuse for searching other houses in the neighborhood,—and again upon Tuesday, but with no serious suspicions and with no discovery, Professor Webster cheerfully accompanying the officers through his own apartments.

In the meantime, another investigation had been going on in the hands of Littlefield, the janitor of the college, who had as early as Sunday evening begun to entertain suspicions, which all his subsequent assiduous watching increased, and which led to the discovery, upon Friday, in the laboratory, and in a vault connected with it, of certain human remains, believed to be those of Doctor Parkman, and to the apprehension and ultimately to the trial of Professor Webster on the charge of murder. It was a case, in comparison with which, those of Hare, Avery, Robinson, Strang, Ward, Washburn, Thomas, and Rogers, appear but ordinary.

The premises in the medical college used by Professor Webster, consisted of a lecture-room in front; an upper laboratory behind the lecture-room, furnished with a stove, water and a sink, and a small room adjoining, where chemical materials were kept. These were on the first floor. On the basement story there was a lower laboratory, reached by a staircase from the upper one; this contained an assay furnace, was provided with water and a sink, had a store-room adjoining, and a private closet, with an opening into a vault at the base of the building, into which vault the sea-water had access through the stones of the wall, which had been some years before slightly pushed out of their original position. Into this vault there was no opening except that in the private closet. After all the other parts of the college had been repeatedly searched without success, the janitor resolved to make an examination of this vault, which he effected by secretly breaking a hole through the brick and lime wall, at a point almost directly under the private closet, taking care to work only during Professor Webster's absence.

On the afternoon of Friday, the thirtieth of November, exactly a week after Doctor Parkman's disappearance, the opening was made; and there were discovered, lying in the vault, parts of a male human body. These consisted of the pelvis or hip bones, the right thigh from the hip to the knee, and the left leg, from the knee to the ankle.

In consequence of this disclosure, Professor Webster was immediately apprehended; and a more careful search was made in the laboratory on the next and the following days, which resulted in further discoveries. Buried among tan in a tea-chest, and covered with specimens of minerals, there were found a large hunting-knife; a thorax or chest, with both clavicles and scapulæ attached, and having a perforation in the region of the heart; and a left thigh, to which a piece of string

was fastened. In the ashes of the furnace, also, were found grains of gold, a pearl shirt button, a human tooth, blocks of mineral teeth, and about fifty fragments of bone belonging to the skull, face, and other parts of the human body. There was also found in the laboratory a large double-edged sheath-knife—called also a Turkish knife—a small saw, a hammer, and some other articles.

In arresting Professor Webster, three of the Boston police proceeded at night, under the direction of Mr. Clapp, in a coach, to his residence in Cambridge, on knocking at the door of which and inquiring for the professor, the account of what transpired is as follows: That he came forward to see what was wanted; we told him that we wanted him to go with us and assist at one more search of the medical college. He said something about its having been searched two or three times before, but was very willing to accompany us, and putting off his slippers, drew on his boots, and came out. Just as we started, he remarked that he had forgotten his keys, and would go back and get them; he was told that they had keys enough to unlock all the rooms in the college, and it would not be necessary for him to go back after them—he said it was very well, and got into the coach. The driver turned toward Boston, and on the way Professor Webster conversed on indifferent subjects. The conversation finally fell upon the disappearance of Doctor Parkman. Professor Webster remarked that a Mrs. Bent, of Cambridge, had seen Doctor Parkman at a very late hour on the Friday evening when he disappeared, and he said as she lived near the bridge, it might be well to call and see her; this was declined, with the reply that they could go some other time.

On the party coming over the bridge, Professor Webster asked if anything further had been done in the search for the doctor; he was told that the doctor's hat had been found in the water at Charlestown, and that the river had been dragged above and below the bridge. As the coach went along, the driver passed beyond the street leading to the college, and directed his way up towards the jail. Professor Webster remarked that he was going in a wrong direction. To this, policeman Clapp made reply, that the coachman was a new hand and somewhat green, but he would doubtless discover and rectify his mistake. This reason satisfied him. The coachman still drove on, and shortly after arrived at the jail. Clapp got out of the coach and went into the jail, to see if there were any spectators there—found there were not, and then went back and said to those in the coach, "I wish, gentlemen, you would alight here for a few moments." The officers got out of the coach, and the professor followed. They passed into the outer office, and Clapp then said, "Gentlemen, I guess we had better walk into the inner office." Looking strangely at Clapp, Professor Webster said—

"*What is the meaning of all this?*"

"Professor Webster," replied Mr. Clapp, "you will perhaps remember that in coming over Cambridge bridge, I told you that the river above and below it had been dragged; we have also been dragging in the college, and we have been looking for the body of Dr. Parkman. *You are now in custody, on the charge of being his murderer!*"

On hearing this announcement, he uttered two or three sentences which were not distinctly understood, but which were supposed at the time to refer to the nature of the crime with which he was charged; he finally spoke plainly, and said he would like his family to be told of his arrest. Mr. Clapp replied, that if his family were informed, as he requested, it would be a sad night to them, and advised him farther—as he was beginning to talk—that he would better not say anything to anybody at that time. On afterwards carrying the prisoner to the college and laboratory, he was greatly agitated, and looked as though he did not know what was going on about him. He appeared to act precisely as some persons are known to when in delirium tremens; some one handed

him water, but he could not drink, and snapped at the glass like a mad dog. Concerning this period, Professor Webster states, in his own words: 'When I found the carriage was stopping at the jail, I was sure of my fate. Before leaving the carriage I took a dose of strychnine from my pocket and swallowed it. I had prepared it in the shape of a pill before I left my laboratory on the twenty-third. I thought I could not bear to survive detection. I thought it was a large dose. The state of my nervous system probably defeated its action partially.'

After a long investigation of the case, the grand jury found an indictment against

the prisoner for the murder of Doctor Parkman, which came on for trial at Boston, before Chief Justice Shaw and three associate justices, Wilde, Metcalf, and Dewey, of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, upon the nineteenth of March, 1850. Some time before the judges took their places upon the bench, Professor Webster,—until now the intimate companion of senators, judges, divines, men of literature and science—entered, and immediately took his seat in the felon's dock. His step was light and elastic, in crossing towards his place, and his countenance betrayed a marked degree of calm and dignified composure. On sitting down, he smiled, as he saluted several of his friends and acquaintances, to some of whom he familiarly nodded; and a stranger would have taken him for an ordinary spectator. He wore his spectacles, and sat with ease and dignity in the dock, occasionally shaking hands with friends. The countenance of Professor Webster indicated strong animal passions, and irascible temperament. The cheek-bones high, and the mouth, with compressed lips, betrayed great resolution and firmness of character. The forehead inclined to angular, rather low, and partially retreating. Standing below the middle height, and by no means a man of muscular strength, his general appearance made no very favorable impression. On the reading of the indictment, by the clerk, the prisoner stood up in the dock and listened with marked attention. Almost every eye was turned towards him at this time, but he exhibited the same self-possession and determined control as from the first, pleading 'Not Guilty,' in a strong and emphatic tone of voice. Ex-Governor Clifford was his senior counsel.

The trial lasted during eleven days, there having been no fewer than one hundred and sixteen witnesses examined—forty-seven of them being called on behalf of the accused, including his professional friends and neighbors, Presidents Sparks and Walker, Professors Peirce, Bowen, Hosford, Palfrey, and Wyman. Scientific testimony was also given by Prof. O. W. Holmes, and others; and the court sat eight or nine hours each day. The testimony was of a most deeply interesting and exciting character. The various parts of the body found in the vault, furnace, and tea-chest, were, by the marvelous and beautiful science of anatomy, under the skillful hand of Prof. Jeffries Wyman, reintegrated, and found to constitute a body, positively recognized by some of Doctor Parkman's intimate associates as his. Doctor Keep identified the mineral teeth as the set made by him for the doctor. The general figure and appearance indicated by the remains, including a very peculiar hairiness of the back, corresponded perfectly with Doctor Parkman's; the

height, which, on the evidence of the anatomists examined, 'could be determined certainly within half an inch,' was just the same; the form of the lower jaw, too, shown by four fragments of the right half, implied a rising chin, which was so prominent a feature of the doctor. Every circumstance brought forward tended to show that Doctor Parkman's last known whereabouts was at the medical college, on the day when he was there to meet Professor Webster; that the remains found in the apartments of the latter were those of the doctor; that the professor, during the week succeeding the day of Doctor Parkman's disappearance, was locked in his laboratory at unusual hours; that during that week, intense fires had been kept up in the furnace, and water was used in prodigious quantities. So overwhelming was the evidence substantiating these and kindred facts, and so strong and unbroken the chain of circumstances which connected Professor Webster's movements with the great and awful deed, that the verdict of guilty seemed inevitable, when the question should be finally passed upon by the jury. But, through all the protracted trial, the prisoner maintained perfect composure, even when facts and objects were disclosed which would have made most men tremble. He also had the hardihood to address the jury, previous to the charge from the bench, explaining away the evidence against him, and asserting his entire innocence.

At the conclusion of the judge's charge, the case was committed to the jury, and in about three hours they returned to deliver their verdict. Professor Webster also soon appeared in the charge of an officer; he moved with a quick, nervous step, and took his place in a chair beside the prisoner's dock, which he soon after changed for the arm-chair in the iron picket inclosures. His appearance was pale and thoughtful, with a serious dejectedness which was apparent in the contraction of the muscles about the mouth. The profound and death-like stillness was now broken by the clerk, who said—

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?"

"We have," was the response.

"Who shall speak for you, gentlemen?"

"The foreman," answered some of the jury.

"John W. Webster, hold up your right hand," said the clerk.

The prisoner rose and looked steadily and intensely upon the foreman; and the clerk then continued—

"Mr. Foreman, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the jury."

Professor Webster still maintained his fixed and intense look of inquiry upon the foreman, trying to gather from his countenance some indication of the sentiments of the jury upon which depended life or death to him.

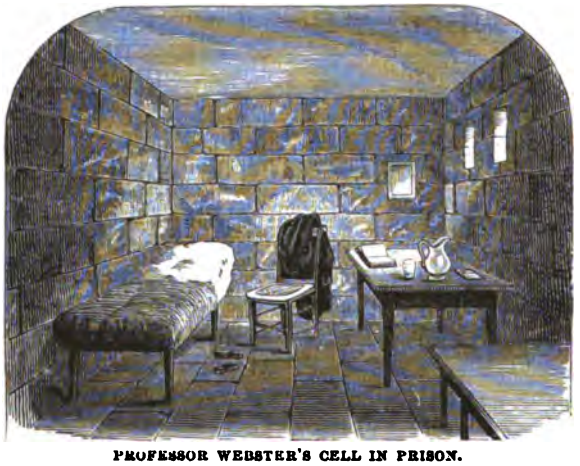
"What say you, Mr. Foreman, is John W. Webster, the prisoner at the bar, guilty, or not guilty?" demanded the clerk.

"*Guilty!*" was the solemn response.

When the foreman pronounced the word Guilty, the prisoner started, like a person shot; and his hand, which had hitherto been held erect, fell to the bar in front of him with a dead sound, as if he had suddenly been deprived of muscular action. He soon sat down; his chin drooped upon his breast. He put his hand up to his face, but his nerves trembled so that he appeared to be fumbling with his fingers under his spectacles, and, shutting his eyes, he gave a deep, heart-breaking sigh, which spoke of the inexpressible anguish of his soul. All eyes were fixed in sadness upon the doomed man. On the ensuing Monday he received his sentence to be hung.

Subsequently, proceedings were taken, but unsuccessful, on the part of Professor Webster, to set aside the trial, on the ground of some alleged technical informalities; and a petition to Governor Briggs, —likewise unavailing—for a commutation of the sentence, on the ground that the killing, now confessed by Professor Webster, was done in the heat of excessive provocation. In this confession, Professor Webster states, as follows, the manner in

which the murder was committed:—Doctor Parkman agreed to call on me as I proposed. He came, accordingly, between half-past one and two o'clock, entering at the lecture-room door. I was engaged in removing some lecture-room glasses from my table into the room in the rear, called the upper laboratory. He came rapidly down the step, and followed me into the laboratory. He immediately addressed me with great energy—'Are you ready for me, sir? Have you got the money?' I replied, 'No, Doctor Parkman;' and I was then beginning to state my condition and my appeal to him, but he would not listen to me, and interrupted me with much vehemence. He called me a scoundrel and a liar, and went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets. While he was speaking, he drew out a handful of papers from his pocket, and took from among them my two notes, and also an old letter from Doctor Hosack, written many years ago, congratulating him on his success in getting me appointed Professor of Chemistry. 'You see,' he said, 'I was the means of getting you into your office, and now I will get you out of it.' He put back into his pocket all the papers except the letters and the notes. I cannot tell how long the torrent of threats and invectives continued, and I can recall to memory but a small portion of what he said; at first I kept interposing, trying to pacify him, so that I might obtain the object for which I sought the interview, but I could not stop him, and soon my own temper was up; I forgot everything, and felt nothing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion, and while he was speaking and gesticulating in the most violent and menacing manner, thrusting the letter and his fist into my face, in my fury I seized whatever thing was handiest, (it was a stick of wood,) and dealt him an instantaneous blow with all the force that passion could give it. I did not know, or think, or care, where I should hit him, nor how hard, nor what the effect would be. It was on the side of his head, and there was nothing to break the force of the blow. He fell instantly upon the pavement.



PROFESSOR WEBSTER'S CELL IN PRISON.

There was no second blow; he did not move. I stooped down over him, and he seemed to be lifeless. Blood flowed from his mouth, and I got a sponge and wiped it away. I got some ammonia and applied it to his nose, but without effect. Perhaps I spent ten minutes in attempts to resuscitate him, but I found he was absolutely dead. In my horror and consternation I ran instinctively to the doors and bolted them, the doors of the lecture-room, and of the laboratory below. And then, what was I to do? It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance. I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful movement and concealment of the body on

the one hand, and of infamy and destruction on the other. The first thing I did, as soon as I could do anything, was to draw the body into the private room adjoining, where I took off the clothes and began putting them into the fire, which was burning in the upper laboratory. They were all consumed there that afternoon.

The painful details of the separation and disposal of the parts are then described by Professor Webster,—the body dismembered; the head, viscera, and some of the limbs thrown into the fire of the furnace, 'and fuel heaped on;' and the remainder of the body put in two cisterns with water, one of which was under the lid of the lecture-room table, and the other in the lower laboratory, into the latter of which a quantity of potash was at the same time thrown.

In continuation of this ghastly narrative, Professor Webster says:—When the body had been thus all disposed of, I cleared away all traces of what had been done. I think the stick with which the fatal blow had been struck, proved to be a piece of the stump of a large grape-vine—say two inches in diameter, and two feet long. It was one of several pieces which I had carried in from Cambridge long before, for the purpose of showing the effect of certain chemical fluids in coloring wood, by being absorbed into the pores. The grape-vine, being a very porous wood, was well adapted for that purpose. Another longer stick had been used as intended, and exhibited to the students. This one had not been used. I put it into the fire. I took up the two notes either from the table or the floor; I think the table, close by where Doctor Parkman had fallen. I seized an old metallic pen lying on the table, dashed it across the face, and through the signatures, and put them in my pocket. I do not know why I did this rather than put them in the fire, for I had not considered for a moment what effect either mode of disposing of them would have on the mortgage, or my indebtedness to Doctor Parkman and the other persons interested, and I had not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the object or result of my interview with Doctor Parkman. I left the college to go home as late as six o'clock. I collected myself as well as I could, that I might meet my family and others with composure.

It was on Sunday that Professor Webster, according to his own assertion, for the first time made up his mind what course to take, and what account to give of the appointed meeting between him and Doctor Parkman; that on the same day he looked into the laboratory but did nothing; on Monday, after the officers' visit of search to the college, he threw the parts which had been under the lecture-table into the vault, and packed the thorax into the tea-chest; the perforation of the thorax was made by the knife; and at the time of removing the viscera on Wednesday, he put on kindlings, and made a fire in the furnace below, having first poked down the ashes; some of the limbs were consumed at this time. This, he says, was the last he had to do with the remains. The fish-hooks, tied up as grapples, were to be used for drawing up the parts in the vault. On the very night of the murder, he and his family made a neighborly call at Professor Treadwell's, passing the evening in social conversation and playing whist! It was that baneful feature in American society — extravagance — which alone brought Webster to calculate the life of his creditor and benefactor, and which, in so many other eminent examples, like those of Huntington, Ketchum, Edwards, Schuyler, and Gardiner, took the shape of gigantic frauds and peculation.

So plain were the facts involving Professor Webster's terrible guilt, however, that no efforts to palliate his atrocious crime had the least effect upon the public mind in lightening the crushing weight of infamy from his name, nor did the arm of retributive justice for a moment swerve or falter. Upon a scaffold, in the same quarter of his native city where he and his victim first breathed the breath of life, and

in full view of the classic halls of Harvard College, John White Webster paid the extreme penalty of the law, and his form now lies interred in one of the sequestered dells of Mount Auburn, not far from the spot where rest the shattered remains of the ill-fated Parkman. Professor Webster owed his appointment at Harvard University to the influence of Doctor Parkman and the eminent and honored Dr. Caspar Wistar, of Philadelphia, president of the American Philosophical Society.

No such deep and wide-spread excitement had, for many years, attended any other of the numerous murders committed for pecuniary motives, excepting, perhaps, the cold-blooded killing of Samuel Adams, a highly respected printer, by John C. Colt, author of the system of book-keeping and penmanship bearing his name, and brother of the well-known inventor of the revolver. This deed occurred in the city of New York, in September, 1841. Colt had for some time owed Adams a bill for printing, which he was unprepared to pay. The final call made by Adams, at Colt's room on Broadway, for a settlement of the account, resulted in a tragedy rarely equaled in the annals of crime.

For some days, the mysterious absence of Mr. Adams was the subject of universal comment in the newspaper press. The discovery of the murder was made through the instrumentality of Mr. Wheeler, who occupied a room adjoining that of Colt. About four o'clock, P. M., on the day of Mr. Adams's disappearance, Mr. Wheeler thought he heard an unusual noise in Colt's room, and was induced to go to the door and rap. Not receiving any answer, he looked through the key-hole, and saw two hats standing upon a table, and Colt kneeling upon the floor, as if scrubbing it. After waiting a little while, Mr. Wheeler peeped into the key-hole again, and saw Colt still engaged in the same operation. This excited his suspicions, and he caused a person to watch at the door all night. In the morning, Colt was seen to take a box, about four feet long and two high, down stairs. The box was directed to somebody in St. Louis, via New Orleans. Mr. Wheeler gave information of these facts to the mayor, who immediately instituted search for the box; it was found, after some difficulty, on board of the ship Kalamazoo, and in it the body of Mr. Adams, wrapped up in sail-cloth and sprinkled with salt and chloride of lime.

Colt was at once arrested, and an indictment for willful and deliberate murder found against him. His trial resulted in his conviction; and, notwithstanding the efforts of numerous and powerful friends, and the lavish use of money, in his behalf, the fatal day arrived when he was to pay the extreme penalty of the law for his great crime. The scaffold was erected—the whole city surged with excitement—the crowd gathered around the prison was immense.

At eleven o'clock, Rev. Dr. Anthon visited Colt's cell, in company with Colt's brother, for the purpose of marrying the murderer to his mistress, Caroline Henshaw. The ceremony was performed, Colt manifesting a deep interest in their child. He also handed a package containing five hundred dollars for its benefit to Doctor Anthon, who proffered to become sponsor for it, which was eagerly accepted by Colt.

About one o'clock, Colt's brother, Samuel, again arrived, and entered the cell. Colt was still engaged in conversation with his wife, who was sitting on the foot of the bed, convulsed with tears. At Colt's request, John Howard Payne and Lewis Gaylord Clarke then went into the cell to take their leave of him. Colt appeared exceedingly pleased to see them, shook them cordially by the hand, and conversed with apparent cheerfulness with them for five minutes, when they bade him farewell, both of them in tears. Colt's wife, and his brother Samuel, also soon left, both deeply affected. The wife could scarcely support herself, so violent were her feelings and acute her sufferings. She stood at the door of the cell for a minute—Colt kissing her passionately, straining her to his bosom, and watching intensely her receding form, as she passed into the corridor.

Here she stood and sobbed convulsively, as though her heart would break, until led away by friends.

Colt now desired to see the sheriff, who went into his cell. Colt then told him emphatically that he was innocent of the murder of Adams, and that he never intended to kill him; he also said that he had hopes that something would intervene to save him from being hung, and begged the sheriff not to execute the sentence of the law upon him. The sheriff told him to banish all hope of that kind, for he must die at four o'clock. He then asked to see Doctor Anthon, who went into his cell, and remained in prayer with him about ten minutes. At the close of this, Colt again sent for the sheriff, and said to him, "If there are any gentlemen present who wish to see me, and take their leave of me, I shall be happy to see them."

This was announced by the sheriff, and all present, with one or two exceptions, passed up to his cell door, shook him by the hand, and took their leave of him. To one gentleman connected with the press, he said: "I've spoken harshly of some of the press, but I do not blame you at all; it was all my own fault. There were things that ought to have been explained. I know you have a good heart, and I forgive you from my soul freely; may God bless you, and may you prosper."

He then requested the keeper, Mr. Greene, to let him be left alone until the last moment. This was about two o'clock. His cell was closed, and he was left alone till twenty minutes to three, when some friends of the sheriff, apprehending that an attempt at suicide might be made by Colt, desired deputy sheriff Hillyer to go to Colt's cell door, and request to wish him 'good bye.' Colt was then walking up and down his cell, but turned around on the door opening, smiled on Hillyer, shook him by the hand and kissed him, as he did several of those who had just previously bid him farewell in this life. He said to Hillyer, "God bless you, and may you prosper in this life, which is soon to close on me."

From this time, the excitement around the prison increased tremendously, and the feelings of those in the prison were also worked up to a pitch of great intensity. No one, however, entered his cell till precisely five minutes to four o'clock, at which time Sheriffs Hart and Westervelt, dressed in uniform, and accompanied by Doctor Anthon, proceeded to the cell. On the keeper opening the door, Doctor Anthon, who was first, threw up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and uttering a faint ejaculation, turned pale as death and retired. "As I thought," said the keeper. "As I thought," said others. And going into the cell, there lay Colt on his back, stretched out at full length on the bed, quite dead, but not cold. A clasp knife, like a small dirk knife, with a broken handle, was sticking in his heart. He had stabbed himself about the fifth rib, on the left side. His temples were yet warm. His vest was open, the blood had flowed freely, and his hands, which were lying across the stomach, were very bloody; he had evidently worked and turned the knife round and round in his heart after stabbing himself, until he made quite a large gash. His mouth was open, his eyes partially so, and his body lay as straight on the bed as if laid out for a funeral by others. Most strange to say, just at this moment, the large cupola of the prison was discovered to be on fire, and burned furiously. The scene and circumstances were tragical to a degree altogether indescribable.

XLVIII.

BRILLIANT MUSICAL TOUR OF JENNY LIND, THE "SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE."—1850.

This Queen of Song Comes under the Auspices of Mr. Barnum.—Twenty Thousand Persons Welcome Her Arrival.—Transcendent Beauty and Power of Her Voice.—A Whole Continent Enraptured With Her Enchanting Melodies.—Pleasant Exhilaration of Feeling Throughout the Land by the Presence of the Fair Nightingale.—Honors from Webster, Clay, and Other Dignitaries.—Her Praises Fill the Wide World.—The Vocal Prodigy of the Age.—In Opera, 'The Daughter of the Regiment."—Barnum's Happy Conception.—Proposes to Her this American Tour.—His Generous Terms Accepted.—She Reaches New York.—Sunny and Joyous Outburst.—A Real "Jenny Lind" Era.—First Concert at Castle Garden.—Tempest of Acclamation.—Encores, Showers of Bouquets.—Public Expectation Exceeded.—Jenny's Complete Triumph.—All the Receipts Given to Charity.—Equal Enthusiasm Everywhere.—Beautiful Incidents.—She is a Guest at the White House.—Henry Clay at Her Concert.—Webster and the Nightingale.—A Scene "Not Down on the Bills."—Ninety-Five Concerts Yield $700,000.

"So soft, so clear, yet in so sweet a note,
It seemed the music melted in her spirit."

ZEALOUSLY watching, with a practiced professional eye, every opportunity to cater to the ever-varying tastes of a pleasure-loving public, Mr. Barnum, the "prince of showmen," conceived the felicitous idea of inviting the renowned Swedish songstress, Jenny Lind, whose praise filled the wide world as that of a very divinity, to enter into an engagement with him to visit the United States, on a prolonged musical tour, under his managing auspices; and this enterprising design, the accomplished showman in due time brought successfully about,—its consummation forming one of the most brilliant, joyous and exhilarating episodes, viewed from whatever aspect, in the experience of the American nation,—an outburst of sunny excitement and delight, all over the land, at the presence of that transcendent musical genius, that wonderful vocal prodigy, of modern times.

But before proceeding to the details of this splendid and triumphant tour, some account of the distinguished songstress, in respect to her fascinating personal history and previous public career, will be in place,—derived and condensed from authentic sources,—presenting, as it does, such peculiar points of interest.

The "Swedish nightingale"—the "divine Jenny,"—as she came to be called, as her powers of song were developed, was born at Stockholm, in 1821, and her taste for music was indicated while yet in her third year. At nine or ten, her parents, who were in reduced circumstances, suffered her to go upon the stage, where her success in juvenile characters was astonishing. But when she had reached her twelfth year, after receiving

instruction from some of the first music masters, she lost her voice. Loving music for its own sake, the "nightingale" was bitterly afflicted at this calamity, the more especially as her voice had become a source of comfortable existence. At sixteen, however, it returned, to her infinite joy, under the following peculiar circumstances.

At a concert, in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* had been announced, it was suddenly discovered that a singer to take the part of Alice was wanting. A short solo being all that Alice has to sing in this act, none of the professionals were found desirous of undertaking the character. So trifling a part, her teacher thought, would not be marred, even by Jenny Lind, and accordingly she was intrusted with the execution of the insignificant solo. As, from the most arid spot in the desert, water, sparkling and fresh, will sometimes gush forth, so broke out, on this occasion, the rich fountain of song which had so long been latent in the humble and hitherto silent nightingale. Her voice returned with all its pristine sweetness, and with more than its early power, and the most overwhelming applause followed the unexpected discovery of this mine of melody.

All doubt as to her lyrical excellence was now gone, and towards the winter of 1838, she made her first appearance on the stage as a singer, in the character of Agatha, in *Der Frieschutz*. Her exquisite singing, and her acting, abounding in point and originality, created a deep sensation; and she won new laurels by her representation of Alice, in the spring of 1839, and fully established her fame by her subsequent performance of Lucia, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She afterwards visited Paris, to receive lessons from Garcia, the father and instructor of the ill-fated Madame Malibran,—a vocalist who, like Jenny Lind, carried with her the hearts of her auditory. The reception which that eminent composer gave her was, at first, rather discouraging. After hearing her sing, he said—

"My dear young lady, you have no voice; you have *had* a voice, and will lose it; you have been singing too early or too much, and your voice is worn to ruin. I cannot instruct you—I cannot give you any hope at present. Sing not a note for three months, and then see me again."

This counsel she followed, and when she re-appeared before Garcia, he thought there was some hope of her, and gave her the instructions which she coveted; but it is remarkable that Garcia should never have had sufficient penetration to discover her innate genius. Soon after this, she made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, whose discrimination was more searching. A rehearsal was given, with a full orchestra, at the grand opera, where the performance of Jenny Lind so gratified the composer, that he at once offered her an engagement at Berlin.

At the close of 1842, she returned to Stockholm, where her popularity continued to increase. Her fame, however, extending beyond the limits of Sweden, she was induced to make a professional visit to Germany, where public opinion confirmed that high estimate of her abilities which had been sanctioned at home.

But it was in England, that her success first touched the marvelous and sublime; and there it was, that the tribute appropriated by Shakespeare to one of his beautiful creations—"*She sings like one immortal*"—became fact, applied to the Swedish nightingale. Her Majesty's theater was the first arena of her triumphs in England, Queen Victoria, by her presence on the opening night, offering her a flattering and graceful tribute. On the evening of May fifth, she made her first essay before an English audience, in the character of Alice. The uproar excited by her appearance on this occasion was tremendous. The whole crowded mass displayed an astounding power of lungs, and hats and handkerchiefs waved from all parts. People came prepared to admire, but they admired beyond the extent of their preparation. The delicious quality of the performance—the rich, gushing notes, were something entirely new and fresh. The

auditors did not know what to make of it. They had heard singers over and over again; but there—that wondrous thing! —a new sensation was actually created. The sustained notes swelling with full richness, and fading down to the softest piano, without losing one iota of their quality, being delicious when loud, delicious when whispered, which dwelt in the public ear and reposed in the public heart, —these were the wonder-exciting phenomena. The impression made as an actress was no less profound; and even in Vienna, the most exacting critics applauded her performance of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, in Donnizetti's renowned opera, as they also did in other cities.

Jenny Lind

On returning to Stockholm, in 1848, she entered into an engagement with the royal opera, to give a series of concerts. On the evening of her first performance, the newspapers of the city published a note signed by the renowned cantatrice, in which she stated that, in order to give her native country a souvenir that might last beyond her existence as an artist, she had determined on devoting the whole profits of her performance to the establishment of a school for poor young persons of both sexes, born with happy dispositions, in which they should be gratuitously taught music and the dramatic art. This generosity excited to the wildest pitch, the public enthusiasm, and on the time arriving for the sale of tickets for the next day, the place was densely crowded. This state of things continued to increase, until about eleven o'clock, when the multitude was such that the police interfered, and made the people form *en queue*. This was accomplished quietly enough; but a little after midnight a compact mass of people suddenly made an irruption from the neighboring streets, rushed on the said *queue*, broke it, and besieged the theater. The first crowd now returned, attacked their aggressors, and in a few minutes a desperate fist and foot combat ensued. The police proved unavailing, and several detachments of infantry arrived; these also were formidably opposed, and only with great trouble did they succeed in keeping order. Tickets were paid for as high as one hundred dollars. And thus it was, indeed, in all the cities where the great melodist held forth in her discourse of song,—the favor shown her increasing and accumulating with her progress from place to place. And, certainly, all this success and fame was as much a matter of surprise to herself as to anybody else; for, even in 1845, remarking on her intended performance in Copenhagen, at which city she had just arrived, she said, with characteristic modesty—

"I have never made my appearance out of Sweden. Everybody in my own land is so affectionate and loving to me. If I made my appearance here, and should be hissed! I dare not venture on it."

But the persuasions of Boumonville, the ballet-master, eventually prevailed, and gained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment they ever had. At one concert

she sang her Swedish songs. They were so peculiar and so bewitching, that, uttered by such a purely feminine being, their sway was absolutely enrapturing. Her singing was a new revelation in the realm of art. The fresh young voice found its way into every heart. In her truth and nature reigned; everything was full of meaning and intelligence. She was the first artist to whom the Danish students gave a serenade. Torches blazed around the villa, when the serenade was given, and she appeared and expressed her thanks by singing one of her native songs; after which, she was observed to hasten back into the darkest corner of the room and weep for emotion.

In the history of the opera, her advent marked a new and striking epoch. She showed the art in all its sanctity. Miss Bremer, writing to Hans Andersen, said: "We are both of us agreed as to Jenny Lind as a singer. She stands as high as any artist of our time well can stand. But as yet you do not know her in her real greatness. Speak to her of her art, and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind. Her countenance is lighted with inspiration. Converse with her upon God, and of the holiness of religion, tears will spring from those innocent eyes. She is a great artist, but she is still greater in the pure humanity of her existence." Indeed, according to Andersen himself, who was familiar with the in-door life of the winsome Swede, nothing could lessen the impression made by Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage, save her personal character in her own home. Her intelligent and child-like disposition exercised there a singular power; and there she was happy, belonging no longer to the world. Yet she loved art with her whole soul. She felt her vocation. Her noble and pious disposition could not be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only, says Andersen, did she express, in his hearing, her joy and self-consciousness in her talent, and this occurred as follows: She heard of a society, the object of which was to encourage the rescue of unfortunate children from the hands of their parents, by whom they were compelled to beg or steal, and place them in better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually for their support, yet the means for this excellent purpose were but small. "I have an evening disengaged," said Jenny Lind; "I will give a performance for these poor children, but we must have double prices." Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she heard the amount, her countenance lit up, and tears filled her eyes. "It is, however, beautiful," said she, "that I can sing so."

Having performed in almost all the principal cities and towns in Europe, to vast crowds who were almost frantic in their demonstrations of delight, as well as in the presence of almost every crowned head on the continent, winning their admiring homage, and gaining a fame wide as the world and as bright and pure as the stars, Jenny Lind's inclination appeared to be to retire, at least for a while, on the conclusion of her engagement in England, to the tranquillity of home life.

It was at this point in her wonderful career, that Mr. Barnum, through his specially commissioned agent, proposed the most liberal and honorable terms to Jenny Lind, to give a series of concerts in the United States. The proposals made by Mr. Barnum were so generous, and characterized by such delicate and gentlemanly consideration, in every respect, that, notwithstanding several parties were likewise attempting, at the same time, to negotiate with her for an American tour, she unhesitatingly decided to treat with Mr. Barnum, who was, on his own bidding, to assume all the responsibility, and take the entire management and chances of the result upon himself. The manner in which that sagacious and accomplished gentleman carried on an enterprise of such vast magnitude,—nearly one hundred concerts, in all parts of the land, from Boston to Louisiana, and involving *more than seven hundred thousand dollars in total receipts*,—was a monument alike to his genius and to his superlative executive

abilities;—a statement, the truth of which will be found abundantly confirmed in the history of this enterprise, as written by Mr. Barnum himself, and from which some of the facts and incidents given below are collated.

On Wednesday morning, August twenty-first, 1850, Jenny Lind and her two professional companions, Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, sailed from Liverpool in the steamer Atlantic. It was expected that the steamer would arrive on Sunday, September first, but, determined to meet the songstress on her arrival, whenever it might be, Mr. Barnum went to Staten Island on Saturday night, to be in readiness to greet the fair stranger. A few minutes before twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, the Atlantic hove in sight, and, immediately afterwards, Mr. Barnum was on board the ship, and had taken Jenny Lind by the hand. After a few moments' conversation, she asked him—

"When and where have you heard me sing?"

"I never had the pleasure of seeing you before in my life," replied Mr. Barnum.

"How is it possible that you dared risk so much money on a person whom you never heard sing?" she asked in surprise.

"I risked it," answered Mr. Barnum, "on your reputation, which in musical matters I would much rather trust than my own judgment."

Thousands of persons covered the shipping and piers, and other thousands congregated on the wharf, to see her, the wildest enthusiasm prevailing as the noble steamer approached the dock. So great was the rush on a sloop near the steamer's berth, that one man, in his zeal to obtain a good view, accidentally tumbled overboard amid the shouts of those near him. Jenny witnessed this incident, and was much alarmed. He was, however, soon rescued. A superb bower of green trees, decorated with beautiful flags, was arranged upon the wharf, together with two triumphal arches; upon one of the latter, was inscribed, "*Welcome, Jenny Lind!*" and the other, surmounted by the American eagle, bore the inscription, "*Welcome to America!*" Jenny Lind was escorted to Mr. Barnum's private carriage at once, by Captain West. The rest of the musical party entered the carriage, and, mounting the box at the driver's side, Mr. Barnum directed him to the Irving House. As a *few* of the citizens had probably seen Mr. Barnum before, his presence on the outside of the carriage aided those who filled the windows and sidewalks along the whole route in coming to the conclusion that *Jenny Lind had arrived;* and a reference to the journals of that day will show, that seldom before had there been such enthusiasm in the city of New York, or indeed in America.

P. T. Barnum

Within ten minutes after their arrival at the Irving House, not less than ten thousand persons had congregated around the entrance in Broadway. At twelve o'clock that night, she was serenaded by the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering on that occasion two hundred musicians. They were escorted to the Irving House by about three hundred firemen in their red shirts, bearing torches. At least twenty thousand persons were present. The calls for Jenny Lind were so vehement, that Mr. Barnum led her through a window to the balcony; and now, the loud cheers from the throng lasted several minutes, before the serenade was permitted again to proceed.

For weeks afterwards, the excitement was unabated. Her rooms were thronged

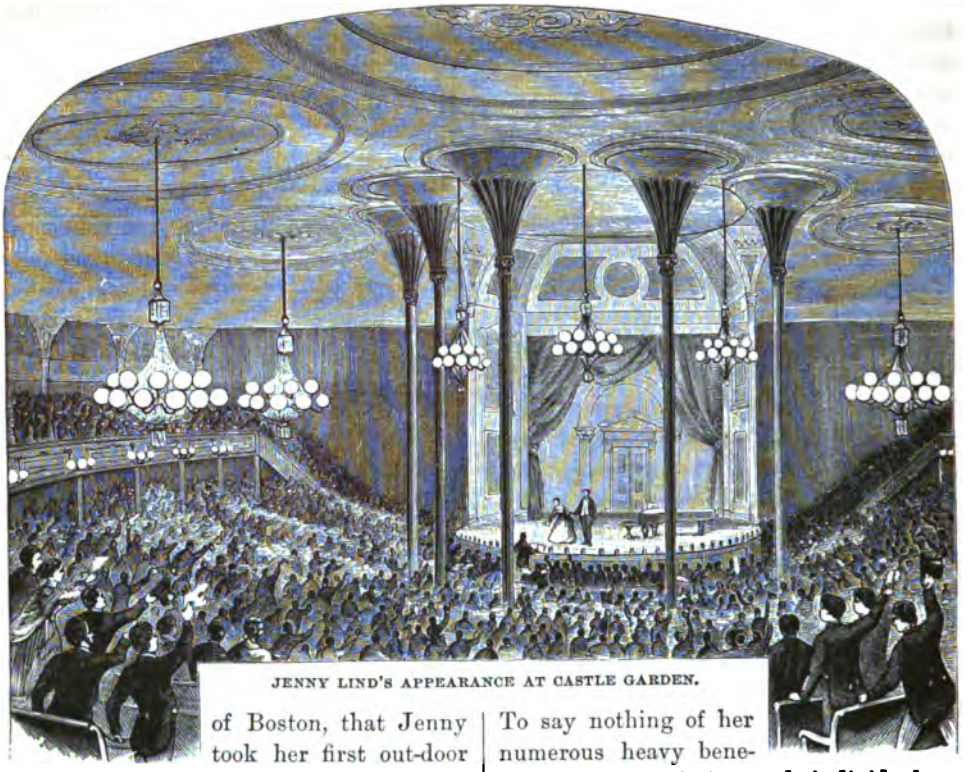
by visitors, including the magnates of the land, both in church and state, and the carriages of the *beau monde* were to be seen in front of her hotel, at all fashionable hours. Presents of all sorts were showered upon her. Milliners, mantuamakers, and shopkeepers, vied with each other in calling her attention to their wares, of which they sent her many valuable specimens, delighted if in return they could receive her autograph in acknowledgment. Songs, quadrilles, and polkas, were dedicated to her, and poets wrote in her praise. There were Jenny Lind gloves, Jenny Lind bonnets, Jenny Lind riding hats, Jenny Lind shawls, mantillas, robes, chairs, sofas, pianos—in fact, everything was "Jenny Lind." Her movements were constantly watched, and the moment her carriage appeared at the door, it was surrounded by multitudes, eager to catch a glimpse of the fair "nightingale."

Jenny Lind's first concert was fixed to come off at Castle Garden, Wednesday evening, September eleventh, and most of the tickets were sold at auction on the previous Saturday and Monday. Genin, the hatter, purchased the first ticket at two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The arrangements of the concert room were very complete. The great *parterre* and gallery of Castle Garden were divided by imaginary lines into four compartments, each of which was designated by a lamp of a peculiar color. The tickets were printed in colors corresponding with the location which the holders were to occupy, and there were one hundred ushers, with rosettes, and bearing wands tipped with ribbons of the same hue; and, though five thousand persons were present, their entrance was marked by the most perfect order and quiet.

The reception of Jenny Lind on this her first appearance, in point of enthusiasm, was probably never before equaled in the world. As Mr. Benedict led her towards the foot-lights, the entire audience rose to their feet and welcomed her with three cheers, accompanied by the waving of thousands of hats and handkerchiefs, and the casting of bouquets before her. This was by far the largest audience that Jenny had ever sung in the presence of. She was evidently much agitated, but the orchestra commenced, and before she had sung a dozen notes of "Casta Diva," she began to recover her self-possession, and long before the scene was concluded, she was calm as if sitting in her own drawing-room. Towards the last portion of the *cavatina*, the audience were so completely carried away by their feelings, that the remainder of the air was drowned in a *perfect tempest of acclamation*. Enthusiasm had been wrought to its highest pitch, but the musical powers of Jenny Lind exceeded all the brilliant anticipations which had been formed, and her triumph was complete. At the conclusion of the concert, Jenny Lind was loudly called for, and was obliged to appear three times before the audience could be satisfied. They then called vociferously for "Barnum," who reluctantly responded to their demands; and, on his concluding by saying that *the whole proceeds of the concert were to go to charitable objects*, it seemed as though the audience would go frantic with applause.

From New York, Jenny Lind went to Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,—to all the chief cities in the Union, east, west, north, and south; vast audiences everywhere awaiting her, —municipal, musical, and other deputations, tendering their honors,—and, during every performance, there was a constant succession of hurrahs, encores, and other demonstrations of intense delight. In Boston, the highest price paid for a ticket was six hundred and twenty-five dollars, by Ossian E. Dodge; in Providence, six hundred and fifty dollars, by Col. William C. Ross; in Philadelphia, six hundred and twenty-five dollars, by M. A. Root; in New Orleans, two hundred and forty dollars, by Mr. D'Arcy; in St. Louis, one hundred and fifty dollars, by the keeper of a refreshment saloon; in Baltimore, one hundred dollars, by a daguerreotypist.

It was in one of the beautiful environs



JENNY LIND'S APPEARANCE AT CASTLE GARDEN.

of Boston, that Jenny took her first out-door walk in America. Her love for the charms of nature was always intense, as the following incident which occurred on another occasion, as related by a stage-driver, will show. A bird of brilliant plumage perched itself on a tree near, as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and, reaching out, Jenny gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side, and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy, and quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience, delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains, that set the echoes flying; whereupon little birdie took it up, and sang and trilled and sang, till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly outcaroled the "Swedish nightingale."

Jenny Lind's generosity was unbounded. To say nothing of her numerous heavy benefactions to societies and individuals,—amounting to some fifty thousand dollars, during her brief stay in America,—here is an illustration of her sweet tenderness. One night, while giving concerts in Boston, a girl approached the ticket-office, and laying down three dollars for a ticket, remarked, "There goes half a month's earnings, but I am determined to hear Jenny Lind sing." Her secretary heard the remark, and in a few minutes afterwards, coming into Jenny's room, he laughingly related to her the circumstance. "Would you know the girl again?" asked Jenny, with an earnest look. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, she placed a twenty-dollar gold coin in his hand, and said, "*Poor girl! give her that, with my best compliments.*"

While in the same city, a poor Swedish girl, a domestic in a family at Roxbury, called on Jenny. Jenny detained her visitor several hours, talking about "home" and other matters, and in the evening took her in her carriage to the concert, gave her a seat, and sent her back to Rox-

bury in a carriage at the close of the performance. Doubtless the poor girl carried with her substantial evidences of her countrywoman's bounty.

On the morning after her arrival at Washington, President Fillmore called, and left his card, Jenny being out. She returned his call the next day, and subsequently, by presidential request, passed an evening at the White House, in the private circle of the president's family.

Both concerts in Washington were attended by the president and his family, and every member of the cabinet. It happened that, on the day of one of these concerts, several members of the cabinet and senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister, whose good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert had progressed quite far when Webster, Crittenden, and others, came in. Whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried. After the applause with which these dignitaries were received had subsided, and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind, with "Hail Columbia." At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over. He could stand it no longer, and, rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous, bass voice to the chorus. Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing; but it was of no earthly use. At the close of each verse, Webster joined in; and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience was the most delighted. At the close of the air, Mr. Webster arose, hat in hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, sweetly blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo. Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Jenny Lind re-curtesied, the house re-applauded; and this was repeated several times.

And so, in the case of Mr. Clay. Scarcely had the overture been half played through, than a murmur was heard from the end of the building. It was hushed instantly, and the overture was played to its close. And now burst out a long and loud shout of applause. For a moment, Benedict, the conductor, looked around, somewhat astonished. He, however, saw immediately that this applause had not been called forth by the orchestra. The tall, slim, thin figure of an aged man—with a grayish blue eye, vivid and sparkling, and a capacious, broad mouth—was slowly advancing up the room. *It was Henry Clay.* As he moved on, the shouts and applause redoubled. He, bowing on every side, continued his path feebly, and somewhat cautiously. At length he reached his seat, and the applause ceased for a moment. Then a voice at the upper end of the hall cried out, "Three cheers for Harry Clay!" The building almost rocked with the vehemence of the response.

While in Washington, Jenny Lind was called on by hosts of the eminent men of the land, including Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, General Cass, and Colonel Benton. And, indeed, wherever she went, from one end of the country to the other, the same scene presented itself, of distinguished honors to this Divinity of Song,—admiring and enthusiastic communities turning out to welcome,—and crowded audiences rapturous under the overpowering enchantment of her voice. Jenny Lind's net avails of the ninety-five concerts given by her under Mr. Barnum's auspices, in the short space of eight months, were little short of $177,000, or nearly double the amount, per concert, named in their original contract. Subsequently, she gave a few concerts on her own account. In February, 1852, she was married, in Boston, to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a young German composer and pianist, who had studied music with her in that country, and who played several times in her Amer-

ican concerts. Shortly after her marriage, they left for Europe. Her professional tour in America was far more brilliant and successful than that of any other performer, male or female, musical, theatrical, or operatic, who ever appeared before an American audience. The names of Kemble, Malibran, Celeste, Ellsler, Tree, Kean, Garcia, Ole Bull, Paganini, Rossini, Julien, Ristori, Rachel, Parepa, Alboni, Dean, Phillips, Kellogg, Sontag, Wood, Gottschalk, etc., etc., all pale before that of the fair Swede.

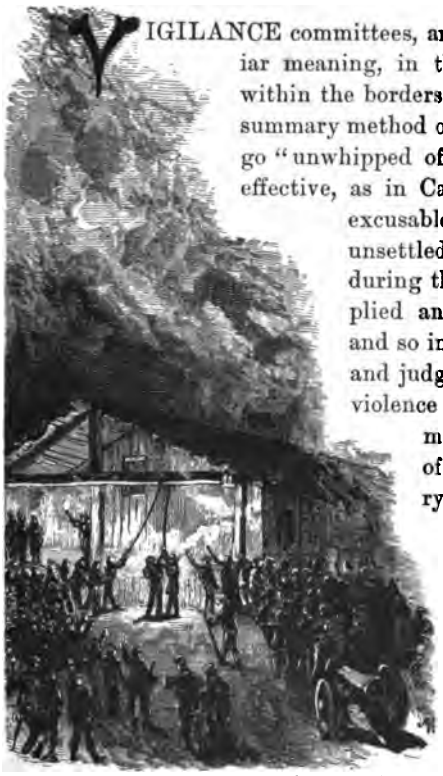
Describing Jenny Lind's voice scientifically, it should be spoken of as a soprano, embracing a register of two and a half octaves. Clear and powerful, susceptible of the greatest variety of intonation, it met all the demands of the composer with the greatest facility to its possessor. No difficulties appalled her; a perfect musician, she suffered herself to revel in all the *roulades* of which the time and occasion admitted. Her upper notes filled the vastest area with an effect to which nothing but the striking of a fine-toned bell could be compared, while her most gentle and subdued passages were audible at the greatest distances. In a word, there was a rare combination of qualities which raised her above all other singers ever heard. Her voice—sweet, powerful, mellow, resonant, faultless in tone, and full of sympathetic emotion; her execution—ready and facile; her manner—earnest not only in the expression of every word, but in her looks, her air, her abstraction from every surrounding object;—to have seen and heard this, even once, was, in the language of one who had been thus favored, "*a treat to last until we go to heaven, where, and where alone, such music can be heard.*"

XLIX.

REIGN OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN CALIFORNIA.—1851.

Revolution in the Administration of Justice.—Powerlessness and Indifference of the Regular Authorities.—Robbery, Arson, and Murder, Alarmingly Prevalent.—The Committee's Secret Chamber of Judgment.—Sudden Seizure and Trial of Noted Criminals.—Solemn Tolling of the Signal Bell.—Swift and Terrible Executions.—Renovation of Society.—Swarming of Desperate Felons.—England's Penal Colonies Emptied.—Organized Society of "Hounds."—A Band of Cut-throats.—Society at Their Mercy.—Harvests Reaped by Them.—Corrupt Courts and Officers.—The Vigilance Committee Formed.—Prompt, Resolute, Powerful.—The Criminals Taken Unawares.—Instant Summons to Death.—A Gallows at Midnight.—Extraordinary Horrors.—Confessions by the Victims.—Astounding Revelations.—Magistrates Implicated.—Warnings by the Committee.—A Double Execution.—Thousands of Spectators.—Wild Shouts of Approval.—The Lawless Classes Terrified.—The Results of the Movement.

"We are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary, assassin, ballot-box stuffer, or other disturber of the peace, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice."—ADDRESS OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.



DOUBLE EXECUTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

VIGILANCE committees, and "lynch law," are terms of similar and familiar meaning, in the American vocabulary. But nowhere else within the borders of the great republic has the operation of this summary method of dealing with offenders who would otherwise go "unwhipped of justice," been so resolute, so frequent, and so effective, as in California. Nor, perhaps, has it ever been more excusable, as an extreme public necessity. Such was the unsettled condition of society in that remote territory, during the earlier years of its mining history, so multiplied and daring the crimes against life and property, and so inefficient as well as glaringly corrupt, the courts and judges, that, for a time, robbery, murder, arson, and violence were completely in the ascendant, so that every man not actually in league with the perpetrators of these outrages, was put on the defensive,—carrying his weapons by day, and sleeping on them at night. Bold and defiant in their successful career of crime, numbers of these outlaws formed themselves into a mutual organization, with regular head-quarters, and assumed the name of "*hounds.*" They swarmed the city and the country, and, in their skilled arts of villainy, as thieves, pickpockets, gamblers, incendiaries, and assassins, numbered their victims by hundreds. In addition to this,

large numbers of felons found their way to California, from the convict islands of Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales, and there, under the existing laxity of law and audacity of crime, reaped a rich harvest.

Such, then, was the condition of affairs throughout the state, when, goaded and outraged beyond endurance, the well-disposed citizens determined to become a law unto themselves, and to administer that law in the interests of justice and self-protection, with promptness and decision. Examples were not long wanting for the execution of their purpose; and, in pursuance of the same end, the citizens of San Francisco soon found their wrongs being redressed by a powerful voluntary organization of the most influential men in the city, styled the Vigilance Committee, who, in the constitution of their association, declared that they thus united themselves together, "to preserve the lives and property of the citizens of San Francisco,— binding themselves, each unto the other, to do and perform every lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered, — but *determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary, or assassin, escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity on the part of those pretending to administer justice.*"

The first, and one of the most exciting of the cases growing out of this extraordinary organization, occurred in San Francisco, in June, 1851, when a Sidney convict was caught in the act of carrying away a small safe which he had stolen. The man, a desperate character, was seized by some members of the vigilance committee, who conducted him forthwith to their head-quarters, where he was tried in the presence of about eighty members of the association sitting with closed doors, by them convicted, and sentenced to be hung in Portsmouth Square, that night. During the progress of the trial, the citizens had assembled in large numbers about the building and in Portsmouth Square, the bell on the engine-house at the latter locality having *rung the pre-arranged signal*, to give notice of the proceedings going on.

Though very much excited, the populace were not disorderly. Some disapprobation was manifested at the secrecy of the committee's doings; but when the result was known, there was a very general acquiescence, although there were many who deemed the punishment too severe for the offense, and others thought he should be executed in broad daylight. As soon as the sentence was passed, the bell on the California Engine House, near by, commenced to toll the funeral knell of the wretched man. *This was at one o'clock, midnight.* Captain Ray, of the police force, applied at the door of the committee's room, and demanded the prisoner, but was refused several times, and although others of the police force were on the ground, they saw it was of no use to attempt a rescue.

Some person climbed the liberty pole to rig a block for the execution, but a loud shout of "*Don't hang him on the liberty pole,*" arose from all quarters. Voices screamed out, "To the old adobe," and a rush was made for that edifice, upon the corner of the square, formerly occupied as the custom-house. At the end of the building, a block was rigged, and a long rope run through it. In the meantime, a number of the police who were on the ground, made several attempts to obtain possession of the prisoner, whose arms were tightly pinioned and who was closely surrounded by an armed and resolute body of the committee, but they were sternly prevented; had they persisted, they would have been riddled with balls. Several citizens denounced the execution, and sought to aid the police.

The prisoner by this time was nearly dead with fear and rough handling, when a rush was made toward him, a noose thrown over his head, the rope manned by twenty ready hands, who ran backwards, dragging the wretched man along the ground, until, raising him swiftly to the

beam, the heavy form of the convicted felon dangled from the block. A few fearful struggles, a quiver of the hempen cord, a few nervous twitches, and the crowd gazed upon the lifeless corpse of him upon whom such speedy and terrible vengeance had been executed by an outraged people. At six o'clock, the city marshal cut down the body and consigned it to the dead-house.

Thus ended the first execution which ever took place in San Francisco, where more crime had been committed during the year past than in any other city of the same population in the Union, without one single instance of adequate punishment. Of the guilt of Jenkins there was no doubt. He had long been known to the police as a desperate character from the English penal colonies, where he had passed many years as a transported convict. A profound impression was produced throughout California, as also in every other section of the country, by these extraordinary but imperative proceedings.

SEAL OF THE CALIFORNIA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Only a month elapsed from this time, when another and similar scene of horror was enacted. This was the case of James Stuart, one of a regular gang of thieves and murderers, and who, from his own confession, had committed almost every known crime and outrage. He was deliberately tried on various charges by the vigilance committee, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung, all of which he acknowledged to be just. At nine o'clock in the morning, July eleventh, the bell of the Monumental Engine Company's house on the plaza, attracted everybody's attention —known, as it was, to be a signal of the vigilance committee,—and people soon began to throng down in the direction of the committee's quarters. The bell tolled for about half an hour, guns were fired from a brig in the harbor, and many of the vessels in the harbor had their flags displayed. About half-past one o'clock, some one came out of the "chamber of judgment," and read a portion of Stuart's confession, and it was stated that he would be hung in an hour,—a proposition which the crowd sanctioned almost unanimously. The news spread, and the crowd increased immensely. The committee now came down stairs, and formed three abreast; there were hundreds of them, principally composed of the oldest, best known, and most prominent citizens. Previous to this, a clergyman had been sent for, who remained with Stuart two hours.

A gallows of plain uprights and a cross-beam had been erected, a block with a rope in it, and the noose ready made. On the way down, Stuart appeared perfectly cool and collected. On reaching the gallows, the rope was placed around his neck, and, with the exception of a slight paleness, there was no change in his appearance, no trembling, no agitation. He appeared to feel as though he was satisfied with his sentence and did not desire to live longer.

The immense crowd remained breathless, and Stuart, when under the gallows, said, "*I die reconciled; my sentence is just.*" The rope was pulled, and in a moment he was swinging in the air. As he went up, he closed his eyes and clasped his hands together. He had previously requested that his face might not be covered. He scarcely gave a struggle; and although the knot was on the back of his neck, appeared to suffer but little pain. A slight contraction of the lower limbs, and a strained heaving of the chest for a moment, were all the symptoms of approaching death. After hanging about five minutes, his hat blew off, and exposed to view the ghastly features of the murderer and robber.

When he had hung about twenty minutes, he was cut down by the coroner. There was no attempt at a rescue, and everything was conducted with perfect order, but the greatest determination. Stuart's confession was one unvarying record of daring crimes, showing, in a startling manner, the dangers of California life and property. A large number of persons, some of them holding office, and of reputable standing, were implicated in Stuart's confession, — it appearing that the association of thieves, burglars, and assassins, to which Stuart belonged, extended throughout the entire state—that judges and public prosecutors were in some places in league with the association—that subornation of perjury was one of the commonest expedients to achieve the impunity of the criminal, and to baffle the working of the law—that the burning of San Francisco was several times resolved upon in revenge—and that life was not regarded at a straw's value when money was to be obtained by murder.

Determined to be thorough in their work of purification, the committee served notices upon every vicious or suspected person, whose name could be obtained, with a warning to depart forthwith. This, with the swift and terrible executions already witnessed, caused multitudes to flee for their lives. Crime rapidly diminished, and now, for the first time, almost, for years, citizens felt secure in their persons and possessions.

But the vigilance of the committee did not for a moment relax, and, in a few weeks after the disposal of Stuart, they had in their hands two notorious robbers and incendiaries, named Whittaker and McKenzie. They were tried, found guilty, and condemned to the gallows. They themselves confessed their guilt, and a day was fixed for their execution. In the meantime, Governor McDougall issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was handed to Sheriff Hayes, commanding him to take the bodies of Whittaker and McKenzie, and bring them into court, to be dealt with according to law.

Colonel Hayes and some of his deputies immediately repaired to the rooms of the committee, having declined a posse of police offered to accompany them. The police, however, followed, with some stragglers who wished to see the result. The sheriff and Mr. Caperton walked up stairs and entered the room, unresisted. Mr. Caperton advanced to the room in which the prisoners were confined, announced himself to be the deputy sheriff, and called on the two men, Whittaker and McKenzie, to accompany him, Colonel Hayes meantime guarding the door. When the party was about to leave, one of the committee laid his hand upon the sheriff's shoulder and attempted to push him from the door, but Colonel Hayes told him he was there to do his duty and was obliged to do it; to prevent bloodshed, they were allowed to proceed. Two of the members of the committee, suspecting treachery, had at the same time let themselves down from the windows, and at once gave the alarm by ringing the bell.

This was a little before the break of day, and immediately the members came pouring in from all directions. Amid intense excitement, the meeting organized, and the circumstances were detailed. The person who had charge of the room was bitterly denounced. Various propositions were made, but no action taken. *The sequel was yet to come.*

It was about half-past two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, August 24th, that the bell of the Monumental Engine Company commenced tolling in a very rapid manner, and the news soon spread like wildfire, that the prisoners, Whittaker and McKenzie, had been taken out of the county jail by some members of the vigilance committee!

The manner of the rescue was as follows: About quarter-past two o'clock, the prisoners were taken out of their cells to attend the usual Sunday services conducted by Rev. Mr. Williams. Soon after they were called out, the attention of Captain Lambert, keeper of the jail, was called to the gate, by the sentry who was on the roof, and instantly the doors were burst open, a

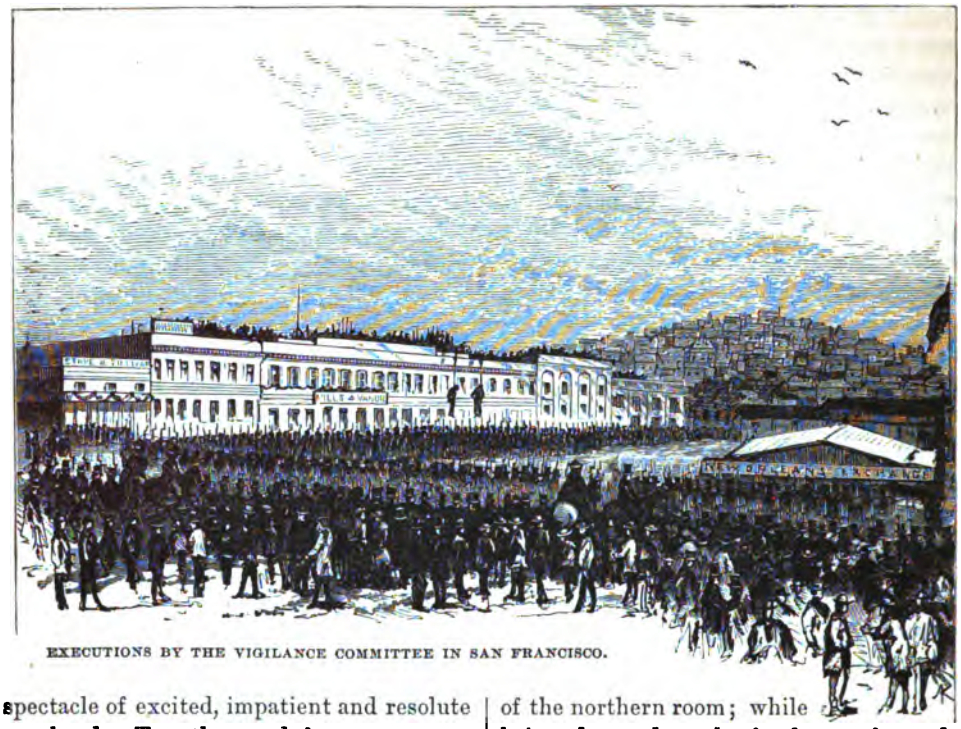
rush made, and Captain Lambert thrown upon the ground and held. The prisoners were at the same moment seized and carried out. A carriage was outside, in which the criminals were placed, and a pair of fine, dashing gray horses sprang at the word in the direction of Dupont street. At this juncture, the bell of the Monumental was rung in quick, sharp strokes. The excitement and uproar were terrific, the multitude surging now this way, now that, as the carriage dashed fiercely along. Pistols were held at the heads of the captives while they rode along, and almost before the crowd realized what had happened, the prisoners were safe in the committee's chamber of judgment. The prisoners were taken by about forty armed persons, just as the sermon in the prison had been concluded, and resisted to the utmost the strong arm of the capturers, weapons being presented with deadly aim on both sides.

From every ward in the city, and from the most remote suburban parts within the sound of the Vigilance bell, people came flocking, breathless and excited, to the scene of execution. The streets presented a scene of furious, mad disorder. Living masses surged down the by-ways, through the thoroughfares, and over the planked roads, until the tramp and roar of the multitude sounded like the beating of the ocean waves upon a stormy shore. Montgomery street poured its tide of human masses into California street, and the latter emptied its living contents, like a mighty river, upon the spot where the prisoners had been taken by their captors, namely, the vigilance committee's chambers—two large frame-houses, ranged side by side, of two-story construction, their gable ends fronting Battery street, in the block between California and Pine streets. The lower floors of these buildings were occupied as stores—the upper apartments as the Vigilance chambers, each having heavy double doors, opening upon Battery street, above which projected timbers and pulleys, such as are used in store-lofts for the purpose of hoisting goods from the ground.

And now an outcry and huzza rent the air, and was borne up from the rooms of the committee far into the city, until ten thousand throats seemed to join in a general cheer and shout of congratulation. *The committee were prepariny to execute justice upon the criminals!* A carriage dashed round the corner and up California street. It was greeted with cheer after cheer. The driver stood up in his box, waved his hat, and huzzaed in reply. This was the carriage in which the prisoners had been carried off from the county jail, and which was now returning from the committee rooms. It was drawn by gray-white horses, whose sides were reeking with foam and perspiration.

In the southern chamber, a rope had been 'reeved' through the block attached to the beam above the left door. When the door of the northern chamber opened, a few members appeared without their coats, and addressed a few words to the masses below, announcing the capture of the prisoners. Cries of "*hang them up!*" "*now and here!*" ensued, and the tumult each moment grew greater. "*We have them—never fear—it is all right,*" responded the committee; and a thundering shout of wild congratulation went up from the surging mass. A few of the committee then smashed out the glass above the door of the southern chamber, and one of their number mounted into the opening, holding one end of a rope. Dexterously clinging to the clapboards on the outside, he managed to pass the rope through the block, and returned with the two ends to the floor. Both doors of the committee rooms were then closed—*the fatal ropes inside.*

Seventeen minutes had now been spent in rescuing the prisoners from the jail, conveying them to the rooms, and completing the preliminaries of their execution. The great, dense, agitated crowd that covered the roofs, and clung by dozens to the sides of all the adjoining houses, and packed the streets, darkened the walls, and filled the rigging and boats along the docks, presented an awful and imposing



EXECUTIONS BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

spectacle of excited, impatient and resolute manhood. Ten thousand faces were upturned, when the doors of both chambers were simultaneously jerked open, presenting to view each of the prisoners, half surrounded at each door by committee men. A terrific shout rent the air.

The multitude tossed to and fro—above all, amid all, calmly but sternly stood the band of vigilants, and in their hands the fainting, drooping, gasping criminals, their arms pinioned and their feet secured. The rope was about their necks, their coats having been removed, and they stood aghast and trembling in the brief second of lifetime allowed them to confront the stormy sea of human beings below. Another second of time, and they were tossed far out into space, and drawn like lightning to the beam's end. Both were executed at one and the same instant, the signal being given throughout the chambers, and the members rushing back with the rope until the culprits each had been dragged to the block, and hung almost motionless by the neck. Then a few convulsive throbs, and all was over. McKenzie was attired in gray pants and coarse shirt, and was hung from the beam in front of the northern room; while being dragged to the fatal spot from the further end of the room, he manifested the most overwhelming fright and terror, and the countenance he exhibited, when brought up to the door, was one never to be forgotten by those who looked upon it—his face was pallid, his eyes upturned, his hair appeared to stand out from the scalp, and every fiber of his flesh quivered and seemed to clutch existence. Whittaker was more indifferent and unmoved; but he was cleanly dressed, and was much the better looking man of the two.

Such terrible and repeated examples of swift justice at the hands of the committee, proved effective, to a great degree, in cleansing San Francisco from the horde of criminals with which it had so sorely been infested, and, for a long time after, the citizens ceased to live in terror of burglars, robbers, assassins, and incendiaries. In Sacramento, too, where similar scenes of retribution had been enacted, resulting in the summary execution of those noted felons, Roe, Robinson, Gibson, and Thompson, the work of reformation seemed well-nigh effectual. Indeed, the occupation of a vigilance committee appeared to be over

—and it existed, therefore, for years, as scarcely more than a nominal organization.

In 1856, however, crime had again become so rampant and stalked abroad with such impunity, that the vigilance committee once more took justice into its own hands, with an iron and uncompromising sway, though this time not without a fearful struggle with the constituted authorities.

The great exciting provocation to the resumption of the committee's work, at this period, was the deliberate and cold-blooded murder of James King of William (an appellation which he carried with him from Virginia), editor of the Evening Bulletin, by James P. Casey, editor of the Sunday Times, both of San Francisco. Mr. King was one of the earliest emigrants to California, and was a man universally respected and admired for his probity and independence. He began the publication of the Bulletin with the avowed purpose of denouncing the political and moral corruption which had gained for San Francisco such an unenviable reputation. The manliness and courage with which he pursued this work of reform gained for him the friendship of right-minded people of every class, and, as a matter of course, the enmity of the dishonest and criminal. Casey, the murderer, was, both in private character and habits and in his connection with municipal politics, a man of the class to whom Mr. King was most likely to be obnoxious.

On the fourteenth of May, Mr. King, in a rejoinder to an attack made upon him in the Times, stated that the editor of that journal, Casey, had been an inmate of Sing Sing prison, and had secured his election to an office in San Francisco by fraud. Casey called on King for satisfaction, failing to obtain which, he at once watched for him on the street, and, at five o'clock on the evening of the same day, the two met in public. With hardly a word of warning — giving his victim no time for defense,—Casey drew a revolver, and shot Mr. King through the left breast. The latter lingered for a few days and died on the 20th.

The murder was followed by the arrest of Casey, and he was conveyed to jail amidst intense popular excitement, his immediate execution being demanded by the infuriated multitude. A party of men, numbering several hundred, got together, armed themselves, put several small cannon on drays, and were on the point of starting to attack the jail, but finally desisted. It soon became evident that nothing could be done without an organization, now deemed imperative. A horde of murderers and other notoriously bad men had collected in the city, and had long gone unpunished and unterrified. The next morning, therefore, the members of the old vigilance committee met, and began to admit new members. For three days they sat in almost constant session secretly. About twenty-five hundred members, old and new, were admitted, these binding themselves to obey a committee of fifty, who alone knew what was to be done.

On the following Sunday morning, the committee were ordered to assemble, and be armed with a musket and revolver each. They were divided off into companies, and officers appointed. A six-pounder cannon was provided, and at ten o'clock they marched to the jail, which they surrounded. The cannon was loaded, and every musket was loaded with ball and had a fixed bayonet. At one o'clock, Casey, at his own request,—desirous, as he said, to prevent bloodshed,—was surrendered to the committee, who conducted him in a carriage to their chambers. Subsequently they took Charles Cora, the murderer of General Richardson, United States marshal, unconvicted on account of the jury disagreeing, and lodged him in one of their rooms. All this took place amidst the most perfect silence and order; the forces of the committee marched to the jail without bugle or drum, and hardly a word was spoken, even by the thousands of spectators who witnessed the scene.

The funeral of Mr. King was marked by every manifestation of popular respect for the deceased. Stores were closed, houses were hung with black, men wore crape on

their arms, bells were tolled, and flags were displayed at half-mast. Meanwhile, Casey and Cora's crimes had been adjudged worthy of death, and, notwithstanding the great gathering at the funeral, the rooms of the committee were surrounded by about twenty thousand people, who had got an intimation that the committee, fearing a rescue, had determined to hang the criminals forthwith.

A most formidable guard was arranged by the committee, numbering about three thousand stand of muskets and two field-pieces. The streets in the immediate vicinity of the rooms were cleared by the soldiers, and the bristling bayonets that were displayed in every direction made the scene one of great solemnity.

At about one o'clock, the workmen were seen preparing the gallows in front of the committee rooms,—now located in a two-story granite building,—a platform being extended from each of two front windows of the second floor, extending about three feet beyond the line of the building, and provided with a hinge at the outer line of the window sill, the extreme end being held up by means of a cord attached to a beam, which projected from the roof of the building, and to which the fatal rope was also attached.

Soon the prisoners were brought to the windows, in view of the multitude, dressed in their usual garments, and mounted the platform, having their arms pinioned. They both appeared to be firm, and but little affected by the dreadful fate that awaited them. Before placing the rope upon their necks, an opportunity was given them to speak to the people assembled. Casey made a few remarks, but Cora did not speak. At twenty minutes past one o'clock, everything being ready, the signal was given, the cord that held up the outer end of the scaffolds or platforms was cut upon the roof of the building, and the doomed men were both launched into eternity.

The work of death being ended, the body of armed men who had acted as guards, were all drawn up in line, and reviewed by the superior officers; after which, they countermarched down to the rooms, and, entering one door, stacked their arms, filed out at another door, and mingled with the citizens.

Extending its operations throughout the state, the committee determined to effect a complete renovation of society,—to break up and drive from the state the bands of felons with which it was infested,—and to awe into submission the political bullies who so largely controlled the elections. After executing some four criminals, and transporting or banishing many more, thus securing comparative quiet and order, the committee relinquished its administration of justice; the same was the case in Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, and other places, where crime, unawed and unpunished by courts, had been thus summarily and sternly dealt with by an outraged community. The committee on no occasion denied the illegality of their acts; they defended their course solely on the ground that there was no security for life or property either under the regulations of society, as then existing, or under the laws as then administered.

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VICTORIOUS RACE OF THE YACHT "AMERICA," IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.—1851.

She Distances, by Nearly Eight Miles, the Whole Fleet of Swift and Splendid Competitors, and Wins "the Cup of all Nations."—Grandest and Most Exciting Spectacle of the Kind Ever Known.—Queen Victoria Witnesses the Match —Universal Astonishment at the Result.—Admiration Elicited by the "America's" Beautiful Model and Ingenious Rig —Scenes at the "World's Exhibition" at London — Grand Finale Yet to Come Off—Championship of the Sea.—England Sensitive on this Point.—Her Motto, "Rule Britannia!"—George Steers Builds the America.—Commodore Stevens Takes Her to England —His Challenge to All Countries —An International Prize Race.—Eighteen Yachts Entered. —The Scene on Wave and Shore.—All Sails Set: The Signal.—Every Eye on "the Yankee."—Her Leisurely Movements.—Allows Herself to be Distanced —Her Quality Soon Shown.—No "Bellying" of Canvas —Amazing Increase of Speed.—All Rivals Passed, One by One.—They Return in Despair.—Great Odds for the America.—Is Visited by Queen Victoria.

On every side was heard the hail, "Is the America first?"—The answer, "Yes!"—"What's second?"—The reply, "NOTHING!"—LONDON TIMES.

GRATIFYING, in the highest degree, to the pride of every American, was the announcement that, in the great and exciting international yacht race,—which formed, in an important sense, the *grand finale* of the "Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations," held in London, in 1851,—the victory had been won by the clipper yacht America, of one hundred and seventy tons, built by Mr. George Steers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and commanded by Commodore John C. Stevens, also of New York. The prize was no less than *"The Cup of all Nations."*

Making but an indifferent show of contributions to the various departments of art, science, and manufactures, at that renowned exposition, the conclusion had become universal, that the United States would gain but little *eclat* in that magnificent congress of the industries of civilization. One trial of championship, however, was yet to be made and determined,—the supremacy, in respect to architectural model, equipment, nautical skill, and power of speed, upon that element, the dominion of which has ever been the coveted achievement of every maritime coun-

try, and of England in particular,—the high claims put forth by the latter being well understood.

How happily it was reserved for the United States to take this honor to herself, in a manner, too, undreamed of by any compeer or rival, will appear from the following history of the great fact, as given at the time by the press of both England and America. Indeed, in respect to the English journals and the English public, it can truly be said, that *fair play and manly acknowledgment of a fair beat were never more honorably exhibited.* And this last-named fact is all the more creditable, when all the circumstances of the case are considered. A large portion of the British peerage and gentry left their residences and forsook their usual diversions, to witness the struggle between the yachtsmen of England, hitherto unmatched and unchallenged, and the Americans who had crossed the Atlantic to meet them. All the feelings of that vast population swarming in British ports and firmly believing in "Rule Britannia," as an article of national faith; all the prejudices of the nobility and wealthy aristocracy, who regarded the beautiful vessels in which they cruised about the channel and visited the shores of the Mediterranean every summer as the perfection of naval architecture, were roused to the highest degree; and even the Queen of England did not deem the occasion unworthy of her presence.

Until the very day, August twenty-second, 1851, of this celebrated contest, no Englishman ever dreamed that any nation could produce a yacht with the least pretensions to match the efforts of White, Camper, Ratsey, and other eminent builders; and in the pages of the *Yacht List* for that very year (1851), there was an assertion which every man within sight of sea water from the Clyde to the Solent would swear to, namely, that "yacht building was an art in which England was unrivaled, and that she was distinguished pre-eminently and alone for the perfection of science in handling them." Of the seventeen yacht clubs in various parts of the united kingdom, not one of them had ever seen a foreigner enter the lists in the annual matches. It was just known that there was an imperial yacht club in St. Petersburg, maintained, it was affirmed, by the imperial treasury, to encourage a nautical spirit among the nobility, and that a few owners of yachts at Rotterdam had enrolled themselves as a club; but, till the America came over, the few who were aware of the fact that there was a flourishing club in New York did not regard it as of the slightest consequence, or as at all likely to interfere with their monopoly of the glory of the manliest of all sports. The few trial runs made by the America, on her arrival in English waters, proved her to be of great speed, and satisfied the English critics that her owners were not so little justified as at first they had been thought, in offering to back an untried vessel against any other yacht for the large sum of fifty thousand dollars, or for a cup or piece of plate. An interesting reminiscence or two, in this connection, related by Colonel Hamilton, a member of the club, may here be given, namely:

There had previously been some talk among the members of the New York yacht club, of a race with the yachts of England, and Mr. W. H. Brown, the well-known and skillful ship-builder, had undertaken to build a schooner that should outsail any other vessel at home or abroad, and he agreed to make the purchase of her contingent upon her success. His offer was accepted by the yacht club. And now, to the master hand and brain of that accomplished architect, GEORGE STEERS, was confided the task of furnishing the model of this—to be—nautical wonder. *The America was built.* Failing, however, in repeated trials, to beat Commodore Stevens's yacht Maria, the club were not bound to purchase. But the liberality of the original offer was so great, in assuming all risk, and the vessel in fact proved herself so fast, that several gentlemen, the commodore at the head, determined to buy

her and send her out. She was accordingly purchased, and sent to Havre, there to await the arrival of the members of the club, who were to sail her, they following in a steamer.

Everything being made ready and completed at Havre, they sailed thence to Cowes, a seaport of the Isle of Wight—the scene of the contemplated regatta. Their arrival was greeted with every hospitality and courtesy, not only by the noblemen and gentlemen of the royal yacht club, but by the officers of government. Lord Palmerston issued an order that the America should be admitted in all the English ports on the footing of English yachts; the custom-houses were all made free to her; and the admiral of the station at

GEORGE STEERS.

Portsmouth offered every assistance and civility. The Earl of Wilton, and the veteran Marquis of Anglesea, the latter eighty years of age, were among the first visitors on board.

When the time for the regatta came, which was to take place on the most dangerous course possible for a stranger—in the waters of the Isle of Wight, with their currents and eddies, familiar only to those accustomed to the water—great solicitude was naturally felt by the Americans, as to the pilot to be employed. Warnings of all sorts, from various quarters, reached them, not to rely too much on any pilot that might offer; and the commodore was naturally perplexed. But here again the English admiral, with an intuitive perception of the difficulty—of which no mention, nevertheless, had ever been made to him—told Commodore Stevens that he would furnish him with a pilot for whom he himself would be answerable. The offer was as frankly accepted as it was honorably made. The pilot came on board, and never, for a moment, was there a suspicion on any mind that he was not thoroughly honest and reliable. Yet, so strong was the distrust among Americans *outside*, that even after the pilot was in charge, the commodore was warned, by letter, not to trust too much to him, and urged to take another pilot to overlook him. But the commodore's own loyalty of character would not entertain such a proposition—he gave his confidence to the pilot the admiral sent him, and it was completely justified.

The London Times said that never, in the history of man, did Cowes present such an appearance as on the eventful day appointed for this race. Upwards of one hundred yachts lay at anchor in the roads; the beach was crowded; and the esplanade in front of the club swarmed with ladies and gentlemen, and with the people inland, who came over in shoals, with wives, sons, and daughters, for the day. Booths were erected all along the quay, and the roadstead was alive with boats, while from sea and shore arose an incessant buzz of voices mingled with the splashing of oars, the flapping of sails, and the hissing of steam, from the excursion vessels preparing to accompany the race. Flags floated from the beautiful villas which stud the wooded coast, and ensign and bargee, rich with the colors of the various clubs or the devices of the yachts, flickered gayly out in the soft morning air. The windows of the houses which commanded the harbor were filled from the parlor to the attic, and the "old salts" on the beach gazed moodily on the low black hull of "the Yankee," and spoke doubtfully of the chances of her competitors. Some thought "the Volante" might prove a teaser if the wind was light; others speculated on "the Alarm" doing mischief, if there was wind enough to bring out the qualities of that

large cutter in beating up to windward and in tacking; while more were of the opinion that the America would carry off the cup, "blow high—blow low." It was with the greatest difficulty the little town gave space enough to the multitudes that came from all quarters to witness an event so novel and interesting. Among the visitors were countless strangers—Frenchmen *en route* for Havre, Germans in quiet wonderment at the excitement around them, and Americans already triumphing in the anticipated success of their countrymen.

Eighteen yachts were entered, and were moored in a double line from Cowes castle, the Beatrice being nearest that point, the America about midway, and the Aurora farthermost. The mist which hung over the fields and woods from sunrise was carried off about nine o'clock by a very gentle breeze from the westward, which veered round a little to the south soon afterwards, and the morning became intensely warm.

At five minutes before ten o'clock, the preparatory gun was fired from the club-house battery, and the yachts were soon sheeted from deck to topmast with clouds of canvas, huge gaff topsails and balloon jibs being greatly in vogue, and the America evincing her disposition to take advantage of her new jib by hoisting it with all alacrity. The whole flotilla, not in the race, were already in motion, many of them stretching down towards Osborne and Ryde, to get a good start of the clippers. Of the yachts that entered, fifteen started, seven of these being schooners and eight cutters.

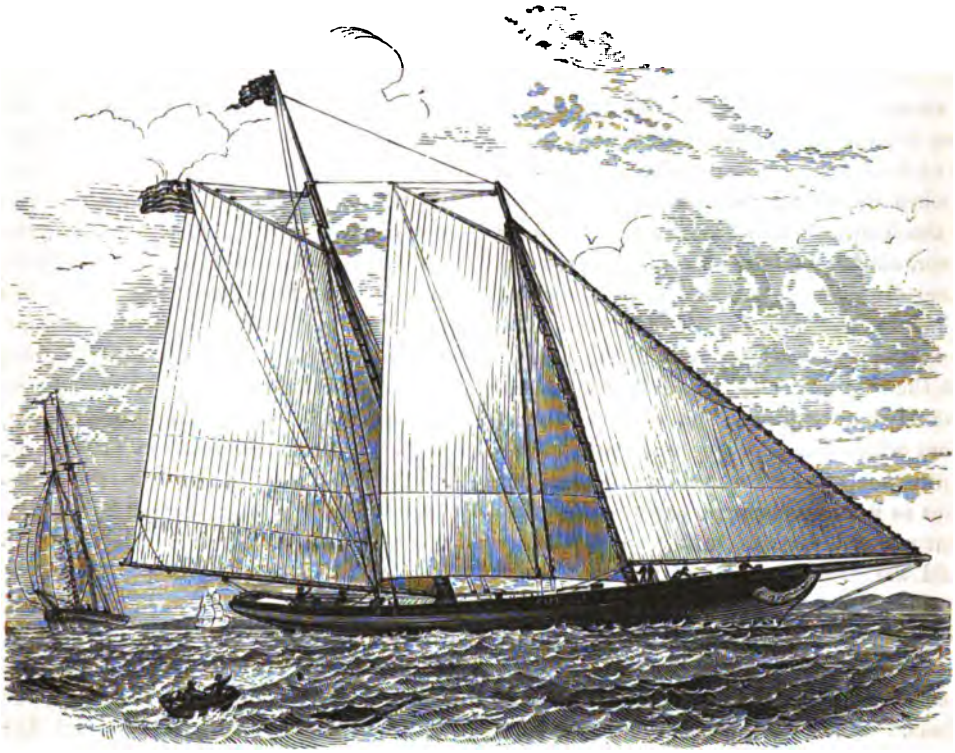
Precisely at ten o'clock, the signal gun for sailing was fired, and before the smoke had well cleared away the whole of the beautiful fleet was under way, moving steadily to the east, with the tide and a gentle breeze. The start was effected splendidly, the yachts breaking away like a field of race-horses; the only laggard was the America, which did not move for a second or so after the others. Steamers, shore-boats, and yachts, of all sizes, buzzed along on each side of the course, and spread away for miles over the rippling sea—a sight such as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice—such, indeed, as was never before known in the annals of yachting. Soon after they started, a steamer went off from the roads with the members of the sailing committee—Sir B. Graham, Bart., commodore, of the royal yacht squadron, and other distinguished gentlemen. The American minister, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, and his son, Colonel Lawrence, *attaché* to the American legation, arrived too late for the sailing of the America, but were accommodated on board the steamer, and went round the island in her.

The Gipsey Queen, with all her canvas set and in the strength of the tide, took the lead after starting, with the Beatrice next, and then, with little difference in order, the Volante, Constance, Arrow, and a flock of others. The America went easily for some time under mainsail, (with a small gaff-topsail of a triangular shape, braced up to the truck of the short and slender stick which served as her main-topmast,) foresail, fore-staysail and jib; while her competitors had every cloth set that the club regulations allowed. *She soon began to creep upon them*, passing some of the cutters to windward. In a quarter of an hour she had left them all behind, except the Constance, Beatrice, and Gipsey Queen, which were well together, and went along smartly with the light breeze. Once or twice the wind freshened a little, and at once the America gathered way, and passed ahead of the Constance and Beatrice. Another puff came, and she made a dart to pass the Gipsey Queen, but the wind left her sails, and the little Volante came skimming past her with a stupendous jib, swallowing up all the wind that was blowing. The glorious pageant, passing under Osborne-house, formed a pageant surpassingly fine, the whole expanse of sea, from shore to shore, being filled as it were with a countless fleet, while the dark hull of the Vengeance, eighty-four, in the distance at Spithead, towered in fine relief above the tiny little craft that danced around her;

the green hills of Hampshire, the white batteries of Portsmouth, and the picturesque coast of Wight, forming a fine frame-work for the picture.

As the Volante passed the America, great was the delight of the patriotic, but the nautical knowing ones shook their heads, and said the triumph would be short-lived; the breeze was freshening, and then the sprightly cutter must give way, though she was leading the whole squadron at the time. At half-past ten, the Gipsey Queen caught a draught of wind and ran past the Volante,—the Constance, America, Arrow, and Alarm, being nearly in a line; but in fifteen minutes, the breeze freshened again for a short time and the America passed the Arrow, Constance, and Alarm, but could not shake off the Volante nor come up to the Gipsey Queen, and exclamations were heard of "Well, Brother Jonathan is not going to have it *all* his own way," etc.

Passing Ryde, the excitement on shore was very great, and the vast pier was densely crowded. But the America was forging ahead, and lessening the number of her rivals every moment. The Sandheads were rounded by the Volante, Gipsey Queen, and America, without any perceptible change in point of time, at eleven o'clock, the last being apparently to leeward. Again, the wind freshened, and the fast yachts came rushing up before it, the run from the Sandheads being most exciting, and well contested. Here one of the West India mail steamers was observed paddling her best, to come in for some of the fun, and a slight roll of the set inwards began to impart a livelier motion to the yachts, and to render excursionists, whether male or female, ghastly-looking and uncomfortable.



YACHT AMERICA: J. C. STEVENS, COM.

The yachts Volante, Freak, Aurora, Gipsey Queen, America, Beatrice, Alarm, Arrow, and Bacchante, were timed off Norman's Land buoy; the other six were staggering about in the rear, and the Wyvern soon afterwards hauled her wind, and went back towards Cowes.

At this point, the wind blew somewhat more steadily, and the America began to show a touch of her quality. Whenever the breeze took the line of her hull, all the sails set as flat as a drumhead, and, without any careening or staggering, she "walked along" past cutter and schooner, and, when off Brading, had left every vessel in the squadron behind her, with the exception of the Volante, which she overtook at half-past eleven, when she very quietly hauled down her jib,—as much as to say she would give her rival every odds,—and laid herself out for the race round the back of the island. The weather showed signs of improvement, as far as yachting was concerned; a few sea-horses waved their crests over the water, the high lands on shore put on their fleecy "nightcaps" of cloud, and the horizon looked delightfully threatening; and now "the Yankee" flew like the wind, leaping over, not against, the water, and increasing her distance from the Gipsey Queen, Volante, and Alarm, every instant. The way her sails were set evinced superiority in the cutting which the English makers would barely allow, but, certain it was, that while the jibs and mainsails of her antagonists were "bellied out," her canvas was as flat as a sheet of paper. No foam, but rather a water-jet rose from her bows; and the greatest point of resistance—for resistance there must be somewhere—seemed about the beam, or just forward of her mainmast, for the seas flashed off from her sides at that point every time she met them. While the cutters were thrashing through the water, sending the spray over their bows, and the schooners were wet up to the foot of the foremast, the America was as dry as a bone. She had twenty-one persons on her deck, consisting of the owners, the crew, cook, and steward, a Cowes pilot, and some seamen. They nearly all sat aft, and, when the vessel did not require any handling, crouched down on the deck by the weather bulwarks. The Gipsey Queen, when a little past Brading, seemed to have carried away her foresail sheets, but even had it not been so, she had lost all chance of success. The America, as the wind increased, and it was now a six-knot breeze, at least, hauled down her wee gaff-topsail, and went away under mainsail, foresail, and fore-staysail, so that it required the utmost the steamer could do to keep alongside of her. *This was her quickest bit of sailing*, for on rounding the east point of the island it was necessary to beat to the westward, in order to get along the back of the Wight.

At 11:37, the Arrow, Bacchante, Constance, and Gipsey Queen, stood away to the north, to round the Nab, imagining that it was requisite to do so, as the usual course was to go outside the lightship, though the cards did not specify it on this occasion. The America and most of the other yachts kept their course round the Foreland and by Bembridge. She ran past the white and black buoys at a tremendous rate, and, at 11:47, tacked to the west, and stood in towards the Culver cliffs, the nearest yacht being at least two miles to leeward or astern of her. She was not very quick in stays on this occasion, and it would seem she was not very regular in that maneuver, sometimes taking a minute, sometimes thirty seconds, to perform it. At 11:58, she stood out again to the south-east, and, having taken a stretch of a mile or so, went about and ran in towards Sandown. The breeze died off at this point, and to keep the cutters and light craft off, the America hoisted her gaff-topsail and jib once more. Under Shanklin Chine the set of the tide ran heavily against her, but still there was nothing to fear, for her rivals were miles away, some almost hull down.

While running under Dunnose, at 12:58, her jib-boom broke short off; it was broken by mismanagement on the part of the men when straining on it with the windlass, and did not snap from the action of the sail. This accident threw her up in the wind, and gave the advantage of about a quarter of an hour to her opponents, while she was gathering in the wreck. But it was of little use to them. Looking away to the east, they were visible at

great distances, standing in shore, or running in and out, most helplessly astern —the Aurora, Freak, and Volante, in spite of light winds and small tonnage, being two or three miles behind. The wind fell off very much for more than an hour, and it was but weary work stretching along the coast against a baffling tide, every moment making the loss of her jib of greater consequence to the America.

"CUP OF ALL NATIONS," WON BY THE AMERICA.

At about 3:20, the breeze freshened, and the America, still some miles ahead, slipped along on her way, making tacks with great velocity, and standing well up to windward. Her superiority was so decided that *several of the yachts wore, and went back again to Cowes in despair;* and, for some time, the America increased her distance every second, the Aurora, Freak, and Volante, keeping in a little squadron together — tack for tack—and running along close under the cliffs. This was rather unfortunate in one respect, for, in going about, the Freak fouled the Volante and carried away her jib-boom; and the boatman's pet became thereby utterly disabled, and lost the small glimpse of fortune which the light winds might have given her.

Meanwhile, minute after minute, "the Yankee" was gaining ground, and at 3:30 was flying past St. Lawrence towards Old Castle, while the Bacchante and Eclipse, which had been working along honestly and steadily, were about two and a half miles to leeward behind her. Further away still, were visible five or six yachts, some hull down, some dipped further still, digging into the tideway as hard as they could, and lying into the wind as well as their sails might stand it.

By this time, the America had got the wind on her quarter, having gone round Rocken-end, and thus having a tolerably fair course from the south to north-west, up to the Needles, the wind being light and the water somewhat broken. The persons on board the steamers were greatly astonished at seeing ahead of the America, after she had rounded Rocken-end, a fine cutter with a jib and foresail together— "two single gentlemen rolled into one," bowling away with all speed, as if racing away for her life, and it was sometime before they could be persuaded she was not the Aurora; but she was in reality the Wildfire, forty-two tons, which was taking a little share in the match to herself, and had passed the End at 3:40. The America, however, bore straight down for the cutter, which was thoroughly well-sailed, and passed her after a stern chase of more than an hour, though the Wildfire, when first sighted, was reckoned to be some two and a half miles ahead.

At 5:40, the Aurora, the nearest yacht, was fully seven and one-half miles astern, the Freak being about a mile more distant, and the rest being "nowhere." The America was at this time close to the Needles, upon which she was running with a light breeze all in her favor.

Two of the excursion steamers ran into Alum Bay, and anchored there to see the race round the Needles. While waiting there in intense anxiety for the first vessel that should shoot round the immense pillars of chalk and limestone which bear the name, the passengers were delighted to behold the Victoria and Albert, with the royal standard at the main, and the Lord Admiral's flag at the fore, steaming round from the north-west, followed by the Fairy, and the little dock-yard tender. Her majesty, Prince Albert, and the royal family, were visible by the aid of a glass from the deck of the steamers. The royal yacht went past the Needles, accompanied by the Fairy, at 5:35, but quickly returned, and at 5:45 lay to, off Alum Bay. The Fairy was signaled to proceed round the Needles, to bring tidings of the race, and at once started on her errand.

But all doubt and speculation, if any there could have been, was soon removed by the appearance of the America hauling her wind round the cliff, at 5:50. The breeze fell dead under the shore, and the America lowered out her foresail and forestaysail so as to run before it. All the steamers weighed and accompanied her, giving three cheers as she passed, a compliment which owners and crews acknowledged with uncovered heads and waving hats. At 6:04 the Wildfire rounded the Needles, and bore away after the schooner, which by this time had got almost in a line with the Victoria and Albert; and, though it is not usual to recognize the presence of her majesty on such occasions as a racing match—no more, indeed, than a jockey would pull up his horse to salute the queen, when in the middle of his stride,—the America instantly lowered her ensign, blue with white stars, the commodore took off his hat, and all his crew, following his order and example, remained with uncovered heads for some minutes, till they had passed the royal yacht. The steamers, as she passed on, renewed their cheering.

On turning towards the Needles, at 6:30, not a sail was in sight, but the breeze was so very light that all sailing might be said to have finished; and it was evident that the America had won the cup, unless some light cutter ran up with a breeze in the dusk and slipped past her. The steamers returned towards Cowes, and the royal yacht, having run close by the America under half-steam for a short distance, went on towards Osborne. Off Cowes were innumerable yachts, and on every side was heard the hail, "*Is the America first?*"—The answer, "*Yes.*" "What's second?"—The reply, "*Nothing.*"

As there was no wind, the time consumed in getting up from Hurst Castle to the winning flag was very considerable, the America's arrival first not having been announced by gunfire till 8:37. The Aurora, which slipped up very rapidly after rounding the Needles, in consequence of her light tonnage and a breath of wind, was signaled at 8:45; the Bacchante at 9:30; the Eclipse at 9:45; the Brilliant at 1:20 a. m., August 23d. The rest were not timed. Thus the America made good all her professions, and to Commodore Stevens was presented, by the royal yacht squadron, the well-won cup.

On the evening after the race there was a splendid display of fire-works by land and water along the club-house esplanade, at which thousands of persons were present. A re-union also took place at the club-house, and the occasion was taken of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence's presence to compliment him on the success of his countrymen; to which his excellency made a suitable reply, humorously remarking that, though he could not but be proud of his fellow-citizens, he still felt it was but the children giving a lesson to the father—and if the America should be purchased by English friends, the Yankees would nevertheless try to build something better in New York, so as to beat even her!

The queen having intimated her desire to inspect the America, the latter sailed from Cowes to Osborne, where the Victoria and Albert also dropped down. As the queen, with Prince Albert, and suite, neared

the America, the national colors of that vessel were dipped, out of respect to her majesty, and raised again when she had proceeded on board. The queen made a close inspection of the vessel, attended by Commodore Stevens, Colonel Hamilton, and the officers of the yacht, remaining half an hour on board, and expressing great admiration of the famous schooner. Indeed, the America's beautiful and ingenious model, and her remarkable sailing qualities, were the astonishment of everybody.

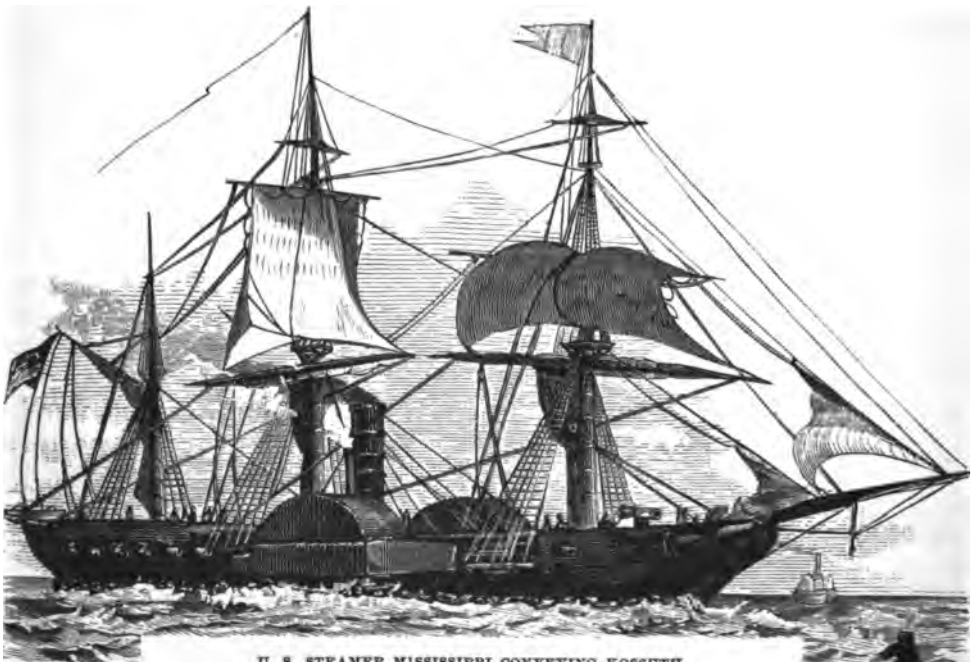
The triumph of the America was due alike to her superior model and to the unique cut and fit of her sails. The first thing that met the eye, whether the vessel was afloat or in dock, was the position of the greatest transverse section—in appearance situated at about ten-seventeenths of her whole length from forward; at this section, the bottom was nearly straight for several feet out from the keel, while the two sides included an angle of about one hundred degrees. At the forepart, her appearance contrasted strangely with the observances of modern ship-building, namely, the avoidance of hollow water-lines, hers being very concave, and her forefoot exceedingly short, or, in other words, the lower part of the stem and gripe forming a long curve, and therefore only a small rudder being needed; in consequence of this, there was, in steering, but little impediment opposed to her passage through the water; the great draught of her water aft, eleven feet four inches, with only six feet forward, added also to her facility in steering. Any defect that might be expected to result from this in sailing on a wind, was quite avoided by her great depth of keel,—two feet two inches amidships. The copper was placed upon her bottom with great care, and every possible projection avoided, in order to diminish the friction in passing through the water. But by far the most distinguishing feature of the America was the set of her sails. The bellying of the sails of yachts universally — not only when running free, but also when sailing on a wind—was, in the case of the America, avoided to a very great extent, and from this arose much of her superiority.

LI.

RECEPTION OF GOV. KOSSUTH, THE GREAT HUNGARIAN EXILE, AS THE INVITED GUEST OF THE NATION.—1851.

Splendid Military Pageant in New York, on His Arrival.—Welcomed and Banqueted by President Fillmore.—Received with Distinguished Official Honors on the Floor of Congress.—He Eloquently Pleads His Country's Cause in all Parts of the Land.—Processions, Congratulatory Addresses, Acclamations, etc.—A True-Hearted Patriot.—What Hungary Fought for.—Austrian Despotism Resisted.—Independence Demanded.—Kossuth the Leading Champion.—Armies in the Field.—Successes and Reverses.—Russia's Sword for Austria.—Kossuth's Flight to Turkey.—Long an Exile There.—America Interposes for Him.—Offers a Conveyance to the United States.—The Nation's Courtesy Accepted.—Frigate Mississippi Sent.—Kossuth and Suite on Board.—His Landing at New York.—Magnificent Preparations for Him.—Invited to Washington.—Speech before Congress.—An Unprecedented Distinction.—His Untiring Labors.—Greatest Orator of the Day.

"FREEDOM and HOME! what heavenly music in those words! Alas, I have no home, and the freedom of my people is down-trodden."—KOSSUTH, ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.



U. S. STEAMER MISSISSIPPI CONVEYING KOSSUTH.

KOSSUTH'S reception in the United States, as the great advocate of Hungarian independence, was, in some of its most interesting aspects, like that accorded to the illustri-

ous Lafayette. In the case of Kossuth, however, instead of homage for services rendered in the dark hour of our nation's peril, the welcome extended him was the tribute, spontaneous as well as universal, of a great and admiring republic, to one of the bravest and most eloquent of patriots, enthusiastically appealing, in his exile, to the generous sympathies of mankind, in behalf of his father-land,—a people strong and valorous, but crushed beneath the heavy chains of Austrian despotism, backed by the power of Russian bayonets.

Louis Kossuth was born in 1806, at Monok, in the north of Hungary, of parents not rich, yet possessing land, and calling themselves noble. His native district was a Protestant one, and in the pastor of that district young Kossuth found his first teacher. His parents dying, the youth, more devoted to books than farming, was dispatched to the provincial college, where he remained till the age of eighteen, having earned even at that time the reputation of being the most able and promising youth of the whole district. In 1826, he removed to the university of Pesth, where he came in contact with the progressive political influences and ideas of the time; and these, blending with his own historic studies and youthful hopes, soon produced the ardent, practical patriot.

According to the constitution of Hungary, the electoral body—called "Comitats,"—treated those elected to sit in the Diet more as delegates than as deputies. They gave them precise instructions, and expected the members not only to conform to them, but to send regular accounts of their conduct to their constituents for due sanction, and with a view to fresh instructions. This kind of communication was rather an onerous task for the Hungarian country gentlemen, and hence many of the deputies employed such young men as Kossuth to transact their political business, and conduct their correspondence. Acting in this capacity for many members of the Diet, Kossuth not only became an expert parliamentary agent, but won great political esteem and influence.

This kind of position soon made Kossuth a member himself, and from the very first he distinguished himself in the Diet as a speaker. Under his lead, too, the Diet proceeded to establish a journal for the publication of its debates, but which, being garbled and curtailed by the Austrian censors, soon passed into Kossuth's hands exclusively, who extended the scope of the journal by inserting editorial articles. The character of these articles so incensed the Austrian authorities, that they seized his presses. In a short time, however, Kossuth's reports and articles were printed by the then new method of lithography, and circulated even more largely, notwithstanding the increased labor and expense. This success but redoubled the inveteracy of the Austrian government, which dissolved the Diet, and were no sooner rid of its control and importunity, than they discovered and destroyed all Kossuth's lithographic apparatus. But even this did not stop his pen nor those of his many amanuenses; until at last Metternich, the prime minister, exasperated by Kossuth's obstinacy, caused him to be seized and condemned to imprisonment, for the crime of treason. The indignation and agitation which followed this act, ended, eventually, in his release.

Unterrified by prisons and dungeons, Kossuth, aided by the counsels and co-operation of his associates, continued to stir the hearts of his countrymen, and to demand political independence for his country. Among the many men of noble birth, wealth, national renown, and exalted talents, who surrounded him, Kossuth shone pre-eminent. In 1847, he was the acknowledged leader of the constitutional party, and member for the Hungarian capital. Nor did he falter when many broke off from him, and refused to follow his extreme measures of resistance. Of this last class were the Hungarian aristocracy, turning to whom, Kossuth ironically said, "*With you, if you choose; without you, or against you, if it must be.*"

The vehemency with which he advocated the right and ability of the people of

Hungary to govern themselves was astonishing, and multitudes rallied to his standard. Nothing in modern eloquence equals his speeches and proclamations at this time. He also vigorously assailed the tariff system imposed upon Hungary, and which crippled her industry, thrift, and power,—a point which he used to great advantage in gaining public opinion. Up to 1847, he thus continued, with matchless eloquence and amazing activity, to secure a reform in the institutions and laws affecting his country,—a transformation of her moral, political, and material interests, as against the hostile policy of Austrian absolutism. It was a struggle for the rights of Hungary, in all circumstances and against all foes. And now came that eventful year in the history of Europe, 1848, which drove Louis Philippe in terror from the throne of France, and filled almost every capital of empires and kingdoms with the bayonets of those who, long oppressed, resolved now to be free. *This was the hour for Hungary, and Kossuth was the man!* In a long series of years, with the pen, with the press, and as an orator, he had circumvented and repelled the arts of Austrian despotism. The time had now come to create a treasury, organize an army, and accept the wager of battle. Under the lead of Kossuth's animating spirit was this accomplished; and the motley bands of Hungarian recruits, under the direction of Kossuth as governor of the nation, waged, for a time, such victorious warfare against the veteran legions of Austria, as fairly astonished the world.

It was in March, 1848, that the spirit of revolution broke out in Vienna, the Austrian capital. Metternich, the wily tool of tyrants, fled in dismay. *Kossuth entered the capital in triumph!* Terror-stricken at the gulf of ruin which yawned before him, the emperor made haste to grant concessions, namely, the emancipation of the Hungarian peasantry from feudal burdens, a fair representation of the whole people in the Diet, the abolition of all exemptions from taxation, the freedom of the press, and trial by jury. But, notwithstanding the emperor's assent to these enactments, the Austrian government was soon engaged in fomenting grave difficulties in Hungarian affairs, and this led to those great military preparations on the part of Kossuth, which rapidly took the form of active and bloody war.

With great vigor and spirit did the brave Hungarians carry on the campaign, and for a time their armies were everywhere successful. But afterwards, Russia came and flung both sword and purse into

the scale, and, though the armies of the tyrants had suffered five great defeats and lost every military position they had gained, the odds of numbers against the struggling patriots had now become too vast to admit of successful resistance on their part. Buda was stormed and taken possession of by the Hungarians in May, but immense Russian forces were in a few weeks collected on the frontiers, and in July they simultaneously poured into Hungary from the north and east, while the Croats, under Jellachich, advanced from the south, and the Austrians from the west. The struggle was soon terminated. Görgey, the Hungarian general, surrendered with his army of forty thousand men to the Russians, only two days after the governorship of the country had been resigned to him by Kossuth. Other surrenders soon followed, and thus the war ended.

During this struggle, the forces brought into the field at any one time by the Hungarians, never exceeded one hundred and thirty-five thousand men, with four hundred pieces of artillery; against whom were opposed, in the final campaign, one hundred and fifty thousand Russians, and one hundred and ten thousand Austrian troops, besides insurgent Wallacks, Servians, etc., making a total of three hundred thousand men.

Thus perished, through Russian intervention, the cause of Hungarian nationality.

Kossuth's name had been nailed to the Austrian gallows, and he fled as an exile into Turkey. Austria and Russia demanded that he be delivered up, but France and England interposed in his behalf, and the sultan continued to protect him in the asylum which he had chosen. At length, the offer of a resolution in the senate of the United States, that the American government should exert its influence in behalf of the exiles, seemed likely to solve the difficulty. This resolution passed. As soon as the sultan —who certainly had risked the safety of Turkey in disregarding the threats of Austria and Russia— received the assurance of the support of America and England, he not only attached no condition to their liberation, but gave them the choice of being conveyed to England or America, as they preferred. The legation of the United States at Constantinople having assured Kossuth that no restraint would be put upon his liberty in America, he gratefully accepted the offer made by congress, and wrote a letter of thanks to President Fillmore.

In September, 1851, the fine American steam-frigate Mississippi arrived for the conveyance of the late governor of Hungary, his wife, his three children, and his friends, to whatever country they desired. Soliman Bey, the Turkish guard of the refugees during their exile, and who had never failed in the most respectful attentions to them, was overcome with emotion when Kossuth came to leave, and in parting said to him, "You are free, and now you will find friends everywhere; do not forget those who were your friends when you had no other." From their first entrance into Turkey to the hour of their leaving, the Hungarians had experienced unvarying kindness, hospitality, and courtesy.

Kossuth proposed to pay a short visit to England, on his way to the United States. As the Mississippi approached the coasts of Italy and France, bonfires were kindled along the heights, as a sign of rejoicing. Kossuth proposed to stop at Marseilles, and travel thence to England, but the French authorities, by direction of Louis Napoleon, would not permit him to land. The people of France, however, gave him ample demonstration that they were not responsible for the acts of the government; they crowded around the ship, offering him garlands of laurel, while they presented wreaths of everlasting to the Americans, and filled the air with enthusiastic cheers. While opposite the shores of Marseilles, an operative came, notwithstanding the cold, swimming through the water, on board the frigate, to grasp Kossuth's hand. Kossuth pressed the workman's hand most warmly, and gently reproached him for his temerity. 'Que voulez vous,' he replied; 'I desired to touch your hand, I could not find a boat, I took to the water, and here I am. Are there any obstacles to him who wills?'

Landing at Gibraltar, Kossuth took passage in the English steamer Madrid for Southampton, and, after a most enthusiastic reception in the principal English cities by the hard-working masses, they left for America. To the great republic of the west he had been invited by congress, and here he was received as the nation's guest by the president, by senators and representatives, by governors and legislators, by men in the highest station, and by the whole mass of the people. He arrived off Staten Island, December fifth, and was received by an official deputation who came on board to welcome him to the United States.

Saturday, December sixth, was the day

fixed upon by the great metropolis of the nation, to celebrate his landing in America; a few days before, President Fillmore had announced to congress the arrival of their illustrious guest. The very skies of heaven, by their brightness and serenity, seemed to participate in the welcome accorded to the distinguished chief. At an early hour, the streets were filled with a vast concourse. The decorations of the streets, public buildings, private houses, and places of business, were on a large scale and in a style of imposing magnificence. Myriads of eager spectators filled the space from the Park to Castle Garden, intent on gaining an early glimpse of the world-renowned guest of patriotic American hospitality.

The steamer that had been provided to bring Kossuth up to the city, was decorated at the bows with a large Hungarian standard, and underneath, on the same flag-pole, was the flag of the ship. At the stern, a large United States banner, bearing the stars and stripes, floated, and showed a beautiful contrast with the Hungarian flag. On the arrival of the chieftain at the steamer, he was recognized by his Hungarian hat, and large velvet embroidered coat, and a spontaneous burst of applause rose from the anxious company who were looking out from the vessel. At this moment, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the salute from the guns of the steamer began, which was the signal for another burst of enthusiastic applause. After much pushing and crowding, in which neither ladies nor Hungarians were much respected, the party got on board, and the steamer put off into the bay, the greeting of crowds on the shore being perfectly tumultuous. On getting upon the boat, Kossuth remained for some time viewing the expansive bay, and listening to the descriptions of its various portions.

At half-past twelve o'clock, the steamer came to, at Castle Garden, and the company began to debark. An avenue was formed by the police and military, through which, Kossuth, his staff, and the other gentlemen passed to the large room, which they reached after much crushing and pushing. Among the throng of eager expectants in the Garden was a large representation of ladies. The actual arrival of Kossuth was the signal for an uncontrollable uproar, and a fearful rush was made toward the door by which he was to enter. There was no such thing as keeping order; cries of "There he is," "Hurrah," deafening cheers and shouts, set law and order completely at defiance. When he was fairly recognized by the multitude, a shout was given that threatened to raise the vast roof from its place. Nearly a quarter of an hour of indescribable exultation ensued, and all the beseeching gestures of the mayor and committee were unheeded.

Finally, the mayor, who was surrounded by the common council and the officers of the military companies, presented an address to Kossuth, and then said:

"*I present to you, my fellow-citizens,* KOSSUTH, *the illustrious Chief of Hungary.*"

Kossuth bowed his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd, and then proceeded to reply in a speech of most masterly eloquence and power.

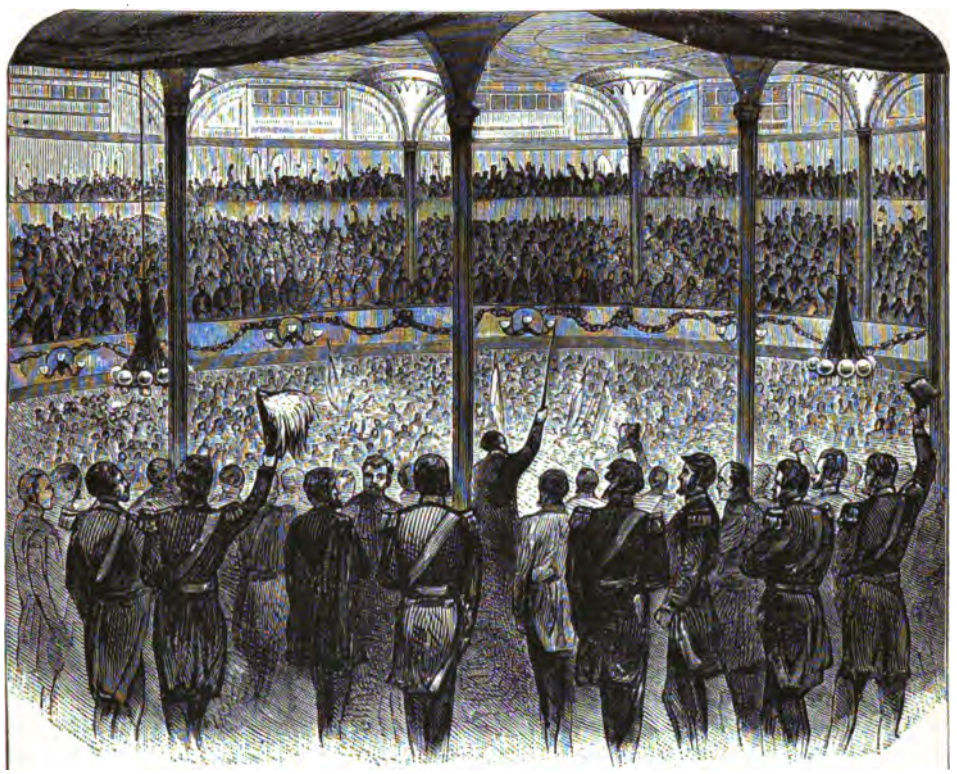
As soon as the illustrious exile left the Garden and made his appearance in the Battery, the acclamations of the tens of thousands present burst forth in almost a simultaneous cheer, dense and far-reaching though the crowd was. He was provided with a horse, and, surrounded by his companions in exile, rode round the ranks. The different companies, with their emblazoned standards, shining armor, and splendid uniforms, went through their evolutions in superb style.

The scene at the moment Kossuth's carriage, in its place in the grand procession, entered on Broadway, surpassed description. Every window of that wide and magnificent thoroughfare, as far as the eye could see, was alive with human beings, and, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, by as beautiful an array of the fair sex as could be witnessed, who were most enthusiastic in their applause, the

honored guest passed onward. It was with the greatest difficulty that the line of the movement could be kept in order, in consequence of the rush of the human tide that endeavored to keep up with the carriage containing Kossuth. Every avenue leading from Broadway, lent its quota of spectators, to swell up the teeming mass. Many who had witnessed similar exhibitions of popular enthusiasm from the time of Lafayette's arrival in 1824, said that this ovation to Kossuth exceeded all. Kossuth returned the greetings he received with that grace and dignity always so characteristic of him. Yet, he seemed the least interested of any one in the pageant—the key to his sadness being found, doubtless, in that memorable sentiment uttered by him in one of his speeches: "Freedom and home! what heavenly music in those two words! Alas, I have no home, and the freedom of my people is down-trodden!" Such, indeed, was the pensive strain in which Kossuth always spoke of himself and of his ill-fated father-land.

For some time, Kossuth gave himself up to receiving deputations and their congratulatory addresses. These hailed from all parts of the land, and represented states, municipalities, corporations, ecclesiastical and political bodies, and innumerable societies of various names, objects, and nationalities. One of these deputations consisted of German citizens from Albany, and, after the usual exchange of formal addresses, Kossuth, taking each one kindly by the hand, bade him adieu, and spoke a few words of cheer. Approaching one of the bystanders who had accompanied one deputation, Kossuth took him by the hand and inquired if he too was an Albanian.

"No, I am a Jersey man," replied the interrogated, whose fair complexion, and presence with the German company, had evidently occasioned the mistake. "There are several of us here from the state of New Jersey," exclaimed an old farmer, "*we have come fifty miles to see you.*" "Believe me, my friends," replied Kos-



GRAND MILITARY RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR KOSSUTH, IN NEW YORK.

suth, "I deeply appreciate your kindness. It is these little attentions that most touch my heart. Adieu." Incidents like this were constantly occurring.

In Philadelphia, Kossuth was received in Independence Hall, where the immortal Declaration of American Independence had been proclaimed just three-quarters of a century ago. From Philadelphia he went to Baltimore, where he was escorted to his hotel by a vast concourse of people, and a long line of military. The city council had voted resolutions expressive of their sympathy with the exiles, and with their struggles for independence, and had sent to New York an address welcoming Kossuth and his companions. Kossuth now, therefore, in the hall of the Maryland Institute, expressed his thanks to the citizens of Baltimore.

He reached Washington on the thirtieth of December, where a committee consisting of Senators Seward, Cass, and Shields, had been appointed to officially welcome him to the nation's capital. The secretary of state, Daniel Webster, was among the first to visit Kossuth, and to mark his respect for him. When asked, a few days later, what he thought of the Hungarian exile, he replied: "*He has the manners of a king—his is a royal nature.*"

The following day, after the president's levee, the rooms of Kossuth were crowded with visitors, citizens and dignitaries, who came, not only to see the man whose fame had filled two hemispheres, but to honor the noble cause he represented. On the sixth of January, Kossuth dined with the president of the United States, and other high officials, at the executive mansion. He was also invited to an audience given by the president to the Indian delegations from the far west. On the seventh, the congress of the United States invited him to the capitol, an honor which had never before been bestowed upon any individual, excepting Lafayette. The galleries and lobbies were crowded with ladies, and as he entered, the members of the house all rose, while the chairman of the committee introduced him in these words:

"Mr. Speaker, I have the honor on the part of the committee, to present Governor Louis Kossuth to the house of representatives."

To which the speaker replied:

"As the organ of this body, I have the honor to extend to Louis Kossuth a cordial welcome to the house of representatives."

Kossuth then said:

"Sir, it is a remarkable fact in the history of mankind, that while, through all the past, honors were bestowed upon glory, and glory was attached only to success, the legislative authorities of this great republic bestow honors upon a persecuted exile, not conspicuous by glory, not favored by success, but engaged in a just cause. There is a triumph of republican principles in this fact. Sir, I thank in my own and my country's name, the house of representatives of the United States, for the honor of this cordial welcome."

After he had taken the seat prepared for him, the house was adjourned, to allow those who had assembled to witness this introduction to be presented to Kossuth.

In the evening, a banquet was given him by the members of both houses of congress, presided over by Hon. W. R. King, vice-president of the United States. Kossuth was placed at his right hand, and Daniel Webster, secretary of state, at his left. The speaker of the house sat at Kossuth's side. This was indeed a great occasion for Kossuth, and nobly did he bear himself. Senators, judges, diplomats, military and naval dignitaries, and cabinet ministers, were there to do him honor. After the health of the president, and of the judiciary of the United States, had been given, Judge Wayne of the supreme court proposed: "Constitutional liberty to all the nations of the earth, supported by Christian faith and the morality of the Bible;" a toast which was enthusiastically received. The presiding officer then gave: "Hungary: represented in the person of our honored guest; having proved herself worthy to be free, by the virtues and valor

of her sons, the law of nations and the dictates of justice alike demand that she shall have fair play in her struggle for independence." Kossuth replied in a long and eloquent speech. The secretary of state, in his speech, gave an authorized assurance of President Fillmore's "kindness and good wishes toward the guest of the nation," and also expressed his own high appreciation of Kossuth, his country and his cause. Other speeches were made by the great orators of the nation there assembled, and nothing could exceed the magnificence of this occasion, in respect to the character and fame of those in attendance, the splendor of the intellectual efforts of the speakers, and the sumptuousness of the banquet in its material aspects.

To the far west, the south, and again to the east, Kossuth extended his tour, pleading the cause of his down-trodden country, and receiving honors and distinctions, such as a king might covet, from one end of the broad land to the other. Cities gave him the freedom of their municipalities; legislatures and governors invited him to the capitals of their states; and the people everywhere rushed to welcome him. But in one thing, Kossuth was bitterly disappointed, namely, in not securing the *active interference* of the United States in behalf of his country's rights. With all his vast powers of eloquence and logic, in demonstrating the law of nations in this regard, he invoked the strong arm of the American republic to interpose for Hungarian nationality. But, though willing to proclaim to the whole world, sympathy and accord with the Hungarian movement, the American government felt obliged to refrain from any acts of positive intervention, as contrary to national usage and policy.

After remaining in the United States about six months, during which he made nearly three hundred speeches, about one hundred of which were elaborate orations, Kossuth departed for England. A patriotic fund which had been raised in America for the cause he advocated, was intrusted to him for the service of his country; but, after watching for many years the political skies of Europe, and bringing to bear all the resources of his fertile mind upon the questions and events affecting the destiny of his country, he at last saw the once brightened horizon of his beloved father-land settle in the hopeless darkness of confirmed and accepted Austrian rule.

In his appearance and manners, while a visitor to this country, Kossuth was described by those who enjoyed frequent opportunities of personal contact, as being five feet eight inches in height, with a rather slight frame, and a face expressive of a penetrating intellect—long, with a broad forehead, and the chin narrow, but square in its form. His hair thin in front, and of a dark brown, the same as his beard, which was quite long, but not very thick, and arranged with neatness and taste. He wore a moustache, heavy and somewhat long. His eyes, very large and of a light blue, well set beneath a full and arched brow; complexion pale, occasioned, doubtless, by his long captivity and incessant application. His countenance was characterized by an aspect of almost melancholy earnestness, of refinement, and of gentleness, mingled with manly fire, and an air of prompt, decisive action.

In speaking, nothing could be more incomparably dignified and graceful than Kossuth's manner; gestures more admirable and effective, and a play of countenance more magnetic and winning, could not be conceived. He always stood quite erect, instead of frequently bending forward, as is the case with some orators, to give emphasis to a sentence. His posture and appearance in repose indicated greatness, by their essential grace and dignity, and impressed the beholder with a sense of marked individuality and power. This sense of reserved power in the man—the certainty that he was not making an effort and doing his utmost, but that behind all this strength of fascination, there were other treasures of ability not brought into notice, and perhaps never made use of—

constituted one of the great charms of his oratory. He spoke as if with little preparation, and with that peculiar freshness which belongs to extemporaneous speaking; every movement seemed perfectly easy, and he gesticulated a good deal, equally well with either arm. The universal remark concerning him in this respect was, that he was the greatest of living orators.

LII.

EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS, IN NEW YORK.—1853.

Construction of the Crystal Palace, a Colossal Building of Glass and Iron.—Four Acres of Surface Covered with the Treasures of Art, Science, and Mechanism, from Every Land.—Inauguration of the Enterprise by President Pierce.—Five Thousand Contributors.—Splendor of the Palace of Industry by Day; Its Gorgeous Illumination at Night.—Eclat of the Great London Fair.—Emulation Stimulated Abroad.—An American Exhibition Proposed.—Popularity of the Idea.—Plan for a Building Accepted.—Its Style, Size, and Decorations.—Admirable Adaptation of the Structure.—Superiority to the London Palace.—Rapid Progress of the Enterprise.—Interest of Foreign Countries Enlisted.—Programme of Management.—Brilliant Ceremony at the Opening.—Celebrities Present: Speeches Made.—Grand Hallelujah Chorus Sung.—Constant Tide of Visitors.—Beauty, Utility, Amusement.—Attractions from Abroad.—Contributions by Monarchs.—Victoria's Beautiful Offering.—The Grand Industries of Civilization.—Lesson Taught by Such a Display.—Luster Reflected on America.

"Worthy of the grandest circumstances which could be thrown around a human assembly, worthy of this occasion, and a hundred like this, is that beautiful idea, the CORONATION OF LABOR."—ELIHU BURRITT.

INTERIOR OF THE WORLD'S FAIR, NEW YORK.

FOLLOWING the brilliant and successful example of England, in the erection of a colossal crystal palace in Hyde Park, London, for a World's Fair, in 1851,—and into which flowed the treasures of art, science, and mechanism, from the four quarters of the globe,—American enterprise conceived the idea of a similar structure, for the exhibition of the industry of all nations, in the commercial metropolis of America; and this idea, so popular in view of the splendid *eclat* attending the vast and magnificent display in London, was soon carried forward to a complete and happy consummation.

The idea of such a grand national display became, in a short

time, the all engrossing one, from one end of the land to the other, and the public men at the seat of government urged upon the United States representatives at foreign courts, a sense of the importance of the great enterprise, and the desirableness of contributions from abroad. It was viewed as an undertaking which, if conducted with energy and sagacity, would add luster to the American nation, as showing its appreciation of the luxuries and refinements of art, as well as of the more substantial exhibitions of human industry, in the shape of manufactures, machinery, etc.

In one respect, the American exhibition differed from its London predecessor, namely: the latter was under the free and unlimited auspices of the English government, with its boundless resources, while the former was undertaken by a company of individuals. It was not, however, an exclusively private speculation, but existed under a charter granted by the legislature, the company being known, in their corporate style, as the "Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations," comprising men of eminence in all the influential spheres of society, and of this Association. Mr. Theodore Sedgwick received the high honor of being elected president. So vast and multitudinous, however, were the details of such an undertaking, that much delay attended the operations of those charged with its active responsibilities. Gradually, after the encountering of many formidable obstacles, the preliminary matter of a suitable building was decided; and then, with instinctive American speed, the speculation in Crystal Palace stock at once commenced, and was one of the most active "fancies," the gains of forty and fifty per cent., as was in some cases experienced, being quite stimulating. The stock rose, at one time, to seventy or eighty per cent. above par. One gentleman, who had watched the building closely as it advanced in the course of construction, observed one day something which he thought might injure the safety of the edifice. It was only a fancy of his; but, being impressed with it, he walked quietly into Wall street, and, selling out, pocketed a gain of fifteen thousand dollars. The distribution of the stock into so many hands, and the widely extended commercial interests involved, gained for the enterprise much of a national character. The public support given by the government to its operations, at home and abroad, helped also to dignify it, and to take away the invidious reputation which would have attached to a project having no higher aim than mere private gain. Following up this system of encouragement, the affair obtained the confidence and co-operation of all classes, and its consummation was looked forward to as one of the marked events in American history.

On the attention of foreign governments being called to the exhibition, His Sublime Highness, the Sultan of Turkey, was one of the first to respond to the appeal, by ordering a steam-frigate to be prepared for the reception and transmission of those splendid fabrics of the Ottoman empire—richly carved cabinet constructions, and carpets of wonderful elaboration—so much admired the world over. The senate of the United States, at once appropriated twenty thousand dollars, for the purpose of receiving, in a becoming manner of appreciation, the frigate thus so generously dispatched by his oriental majesty. England sent commissioners, and Queen Victoria, the Emperor Napoleon, and other sovereigns, vied with each other in their personal contributions and in those from their respective countries.

Great pains were taken to obtain such a plan for the building as would present the highest architectural merit, and be as perfectly adapted as possible to the great object in view. At that time, the matter of iron construction on a large scale was almost entirely new in the United States, there being no edifice wholly of that material to be found in the country, and, therefore, the want of experience on the part of both architects and engineers, presented serious obstacles. Many ingenious plans, how-

ever, were offered, from the abridged account of which, as well as of the building itself, prepared by Mr. D. A. Wells, it appears that Sir Joseph Paxton, the architect of the London structure, furnished one of singular beauty, but the peculiar shape of the ground to be occupied rendered it impossible to use it. Mr. A. J. Downing offered another, of striking originality, but this was also excluded by the peremptory conditions imposed by the city, namely, that the building should be exclusively of iron and glass. Another plan, by Mr. Eidlitz, contemplated a suspension roof, so as to obviate the difficulty of spanning great widths by arches. Mr. Bogardus submitted a design for a circular building, consisting of successive colon-

nades, placed one over the other, somewhat resembling the coliseum at Rome, and involving a new and ingenious method of joining. A plan was also proposed, by Mr. J. W. Adams, consisting of a great octagonal vault or dome, supported by ribs made of fasces or clusters of gas-pipe. The presentation of so many plans, each of a different character, and some of them of great beauty and originality, made the task of selection very difficult. Finally, after much consultation, the plan accepted was that of Messrs. Carstensen and Gildemeister, of New York, the latter gentleman being recently from Copenhagen, where he was well-known as the designer of some of the principal public works in that city. After the final adoption of a plan, which was in August, 1852, no time was lost in putting the work under way. The piece of ground for the erection of the building, in Reservoir Square, granted by the city, was somewhat unfavorable for architectural purposes; but in other respects it was quite favorable, and the structure, when completed, was a magnificent spectacle, its main features being as follows:

With the exception of the floor, the whole of this splendid palace was constructed of iron and glass. The general idea of the edifice was a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection, each diameter of the cross being three hundred and sixty-five feet and five inches long. There were three similar entrances, each forty-seven feet wide, and approached by flights of steps. Over each front was a large semi-circular fan-light, forty-one feet wide and twenty-one feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. Each arm of the cross was on the ground plan one hundred and forty-nine feet broad. This was divided into a central nave and two aisles, on each side, the nave forty-one, and each aisle fifty-four feet wide. The central portion, or nave, was carried up to the height of sixty-seven feet, and the semi-circular arch which spanned it was forty-one feet broad. There were thus, in effect, two arched naves crossing each other at right angles, forty-one feet broad, sixty-seven feet high to the crown of the arch, and three hundred and sixty-five feet long; and, on each side of these naves, an aisle fifty-four feet broad and forty-five feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave was seventy-one feet. Each aisle was covered by a gallery of its own width, and twenty-four feet from the floor. The central dome was one hundred feet in diameter, sixty-eight feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, one hundred and eighteen feet to the crown, and, on the outside, with the lantern, one hundred and forty-nine feet. The exterior angles of the building were ingeniously filled up with a triangular lean-to, twenty-

four feet high, which gave the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being one hundred and forty-nine feet wide. At each angle was an octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter and seventy-five feet high.

Ten large, and eight winding staircases, connected the principal floor with the gallery, which opened on the three balconies situated over the entrance halls, affording ample space for flower decorations, statues, vases, etc. The building contained, on the ground floor, one hundred and eleven thousand square feet of space, and in its galleries, of fifty-four feet width, sixty-two thousand square feet more, making a total area of one hundred and seventy-three thousand square feet, for the purposes of exhibition; being a total, within an inconsiderable fraction, of four acres.

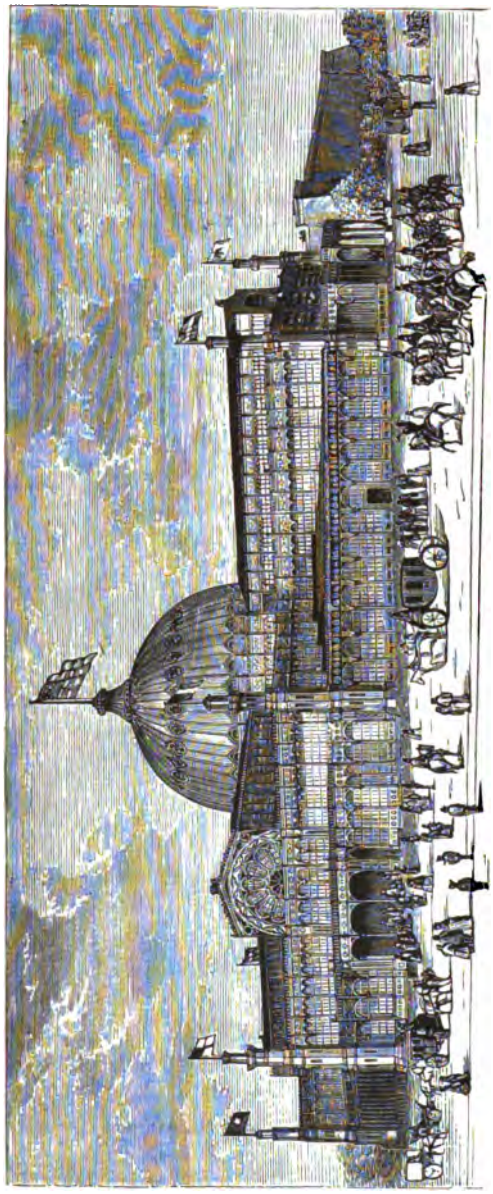
There were on the ground floor of this wonderful structure, one hundred and ninety octagonal cast-iron columns, twenty-one feet above the floor, and eight inches diameter, cast hollow, of different thicknesses, from half an inch to one inch. These columns received the cast-iron girders, the latter being twenty-six feet long and three feet high, and served to sustain the galleries and the wrought-iron construction of the roof, as well as to brace the whole structure in every direction. The girders, as well as the second-story columns, were fastened to the columns in the first story, by connecting pieces of the same octagonal shape as the columns, three feet four inches high. The number of lower floor girders was two hundred and fifty-two, besides twelve wrought-iron girders of the same height, and forty-one feet span over a part of the nave. The second story contained one hundred and forty-eight columns, of the same shape as those below, and seventeen feet seven inches high. These received another tier of girders, numbering one hundred and sixty, for the support of the roofs of the aisles.

The dome, noble and beautiful in its proportions, constituted the chief architectural feature of the building. Its diameter, one hundred feet, and its height—nearly seventy feet to the springing line, and one hundred and twenty-three to the crown of the arch—made it the largest, and, with one or two exceptions, the only scientifically constructed dome in the United States; a dome of oriental characteristics, in its light and graceful beauty, —seemingly borne in upon a zephyr, and capable of being lifted away by a breath, —floating over the whole structure, pure and fascinating, like an aerial grace.

Twenty-four columns supported the dome, the columns rising to the second story, and to a height of sixty-two feet above the principal floor. The system of wrought-iron trusses which connected them together, and was supported by them, formed two eccentric polygons, each of sixteen sides; these received a cast-iron bed-plate, to which the cast-iron shoes for the ribs of the dome were bolted, the latter being constructed of two curves of double angle-iron, securely connected together by trellis-work, the requisite steadiness being secured by tie-rods, which braced them both vertically and horizontally. At the top, the ribs were bolted to a horizontal ring of wrought and cast iron, having a diameter of twenty feet in clear, and surmounted by the lantern. As in the other roofs of the building, the dome was cased with matched deal and tin sheathing, light being communicated to the interior through the lantern, and also in part from the sides, pierced for thirty-two ornamental windows, these being glazed with stained glass one-eighth of an inch thick, and representing the arms of the Union and of its several States,—a feature which formed no inconsiderable part of the interior decoration, and won the admiration of every beholder, foreign as well as American.

The enamel, with which the whole of the glass used in the structure was covered, was laid upon the glass with a brush, and, after drying, subjected to the intense heat of a kiln, by which the coating became vitrified, and as durable as the glass itself; the effect produced being similar to that

of ground glass, translucent but not transparent, the sun's rays, diffused by passing through it, yielding an agreeable light,—deprived of that intensity of heat and glare which is so peculiar to them in this climate. In the absence of a similar precaution in the London crystal palace, whose roofs, as well as walls, were inclosed with transparent glass, it was found necessary to cover the interior of the building with canvas, to produce the required shade. The external walls of the New York building were of cast-iron framing and panel-work, into which were inserted the sashes of the windows and the louvers for ventilation.



CRYSTAL PALACE OF NEW YORK, FOR THE EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRIES OF ALL NATIONS.

But the rapid and unexpected increase of applications for space by exhibitors, led to the erection of a large addition to the structure thus described. It consisted of two parts, of one and two stories respectively, and occupied the entire ground between the main building and the reservoir; its length, four hundred and fifty-one feet, and its extreme width seventy-five feet. It was designed for the reception of machinery in motion, the cabinets of mining and mineralogy, and the refreshment rooms, with their necessary offices. The second story, nearly four hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-one wide, and extending the whole length, was entirely devoted to the exhibition of pictures and statuary.

In the work of decorating the building, the leading idea was to bring out to advantage the beautiful architectural character of the edifice itself—to decorate construction, rather than to construct decoration. The result proved surprisingly attractive. The colors employed on the exterior were mixed in oil, the base being white lead. The outside presented the appearance of a building of a light-colored bronze, of which all features purely ornamental were of gold. The inside had a prevailing tone of buff, or rich cream color, which was given to all the cast-iron constructive work. This color was relieved by a moderate and judicious use of the three positive colors, red, blue, and yellow, in their several tints of vermilion, garnet, sky-blue, and orange—certain parts of the ornamental work being gilt—to accord with the arrangement of colors employed in the decoration of the ceilings. The only exceptions to the use of oil colors were the ceiling of the lean-to and the dome, these being executed on canvas.

The effect of the interior of the dome was particularly splendid. The rays from

a golden sun, at the center, descended between the latticed ribs, and arabesques of white and blue, relieved by stars, surrounded the openings, the effect of the whole being very fine. This splendid appearance by day was even excelled by the gorgeous illumination of the structure at night, produced by countless gas-burners.

In the construction of this vast and splendid palace of industry, the whole quantity of iron employed amounted to one thousand eight hundred tons, of which three hundred tons were wrought and fifteen hundred tons cast iron; the quantity of glass used, fifteen thousand panes, or fifty-five thousand square feet; and the quantity of wood amounted to seven hundred and fifty thousand feet, board measure. The general mode of erection by base pieces, columns, connecting pieces and girders, was the same with that of the great London palace; but the construction of the arched nave, and of the dome, was of course entirely peculiar, and the general effect of the structure completely different. The London building was regarded as deficient in architectural effect. The form of the New York edifice furnished scope for a pleasing variety of embellishments, by which all monotony was avoided.

Exclusive of the naves, the total amount of space on the floor, occupied by different countries for exhibition, was about one hundred and fifty-two thousand square feet, of which a little more than ninety-four thousand was on the ground floor. The total amount of space occupied by foreign exhibitors was nearly one hundred thousand square feet; and the total number of this class of exhibitors was nearly three thousand. In the United States department, the number of exhibitors was not far from two thousand, the largest proportion of whom were included under the following classes: mineralogy, metallurgy, and mining; machinery and tools; agricultural implements; hardware; and the fine arts.

The details of the exhibition, with the collecting and arranging of the various departments, was intrusted to the following gentlemen: General superintendents, Captains Dupont and Davis; arrangement of space and classification, Samuel Webber; department of mineralogy and chemistry, Professor B. Silliman, Jr.; director of machinery, J. E. Holmes; director of agricultural implements, B. P. Johnson; director of sculpture, Felix Piatti; director of textile fabrics, Edward Vincent;—these having the co-operation of a large corps of assistants, experienced in the various specialties named.

It was the intention of the officers of the association, that the building should be finished and the exhibition opened to the public by the first day of May, 1853. But many unlooked-for delays intervened, and the opening was necessarily deferred until the fourteenth of July, on which day the palace was formally inaugurated with appropriate services. On a platform were assembled the officers of the association, and many of the distinguished men of Europe and America, including His Excellency, Hon. Franklin Pierce, president of the United States, and members of his cabinet. The devotional exercises, on opening the exhibition, were led by Bishop Wainwright; and then a choral, written for the occasion, and commencing with the line, "Here, where all climes their offerings send," was sung to the tune of Old Hundred. Mr. Sedgwick, the president of the association, then pronounced an address, stating the objects and prospects of the exhibition, and was followed by the president of the United States, in a brief and appropriate congratulatory speech, in which he bespoke for the great national enterprise the cordial patronage of all classes and sections, and characterized it as an event fitly reflecting the progress, power, and glory of the republic. After this, the organ poured through the aisles the sublime music of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus,"—and the palace of glass, with its myriad forms of wonder and beauty, and its mighty lesson of civilization, was a completed fact. The tide of humanity that flowed into the palace, from day to day, was constant and prodigious.

Such a magnificent display of the products of human ingenuity and skill had never before been witnessed in the western world. Not only did America present its choicest elaborations of industry, in almost infinite variety, but climes and countries to the furthermost quarters of the globe were there represented in countless contributions of the useful and the beautiful. England and France made vast and superb offerings to the great transatlantic bazaar, and their example was followed by the other continental nations. Scandinavia, Norway, Sweden, and the German Zollverein, poured forth the selectest contents of their mines, manufactories, workshops, and studios. Among the former were iron ore, steel, wrought iron for gun-barrels, stearin candles, nickel, cobalt, copper, geological specimens, snow-shoes, reindeer antlers, a musical instrument called the psalmodicon, wood carvings by Norwegian peasants, and for which they are celebrated. From the Zollverein States, there was an attractive variety of objects, the most interesting of which were the works of art, principally paintings. The first artists of modern Germany contributed to this part of the collection, and in such quantity as far surpassed general expectation. The names of eminence which appeared in this connection, were those of Huebner, Achenbach, Muller, Elsasser, Openheimer, and from Vienna, Waldmuller and Swobada.

Conspicuous also among the foreign attractions, was the celebrated picture contributed by Queen Victoria, representing the duke of Wellington presenting a birthday gift to the infant Prince Arthur, the youngest member of the royal family. This picture was painted by Winterhalter, at the queen's express desire; as a work of art alone it secured great attention, and was deservedly extolled by all lovers of beauty and perfection. But the fact of its being the queen's most valued and pet picture, and forwarded, in her own name, as a tribute of recognition to America's great exhibition, heightened the interest with which it was viewed.

The splendid colossal group of Christ and his apostles, by Thorwaldsen—one of the masterpieces of sculpture—was the theme of much praise, drawing crowds of admirers daily. The same also may be said of that matchless piece of art, Kiss's "Amazon," a copy from the original work in bronze, erected near the museum in Berlin. Next to the fine equestrian statue of Washington, this of the Amazon was considered the boldest and most striking piece of statuary exhibited. But some of the most beautiful contributions, in the department of fine arts, were to be found among those which, in point of size, were comparatively diminutive. The veiled statues, for example, seemed almost like angelic creations. The cast-iron statuettes from the royal iron foundry at Vienna, were also beautiful; each stood on an arabesque pedestal, and was about twelve inches in height, of a dead black color, nearly resembling ebony, and of the most exquisite quality of casting.

More grand and impressive than anything else in the Italian department, was the statue of Columbus, in the purest marble, his left hand resting upon a terrestrial globe, to which the right pointed. This superb statue was of life size, and from the chisel of Del Medico, of Carrari.

An admirable little group, which riveted the attention of every observer, was the Cage of Cupids, all in marble,—a bevy of the little creatures, represented as tired of their confinement and striving to escape; this happy and unique conception was executed in a style of workmanship that may well be termed marvelous.

Most amusing, to old and young, was the plastic model of Gulliver in Lilliput, made by A. Fleischmann, in Sonneberg, Saxony. From the opening to the close of the exhibition, there was a constant crowd of visitors around this admirably executed work. Quite different in character and in the kind of interest which it inspired, was the collection of ancient armor sent by the English government from the tower of London, and which comprised a helmet worn in Henry the

Eighth's time, or about the year 1520; an ancient shield of the time of King Edward IV., in 1547; a helmet of the time of Queen Elizabeth, about 1560, and a pikeman's lance, eighteen feet long, of the same period; a heavy breast-plate, one-quarter of an inch thick, bearing date 1685; also, some very interesting specimens of ancient muskets, one of which, a flint lock with a plug bayonet, was used during the reign of King James the Second, in 1686.

From France came the rarest and most delicate tapestries and porcelains, including some of the celebrated Gobelin carpets, sent expressly by the French government. These carpets are remarkable for smoothness, softness, and fineness of texture, as well as for their strength and evenness, excelling even the Persian in these respects, and the colors and designs are perfect. Some of these carpets require from five to ten years for their completion, and at a cost of ten thousand to thirty thousand dollars. None are sold, being exclusively of government manufacture and use. The largest ever made was more than one thousand three hundred feet. Among other exquisite pieces sent to the exhibition, was the "Subject taken from the Chase and Still Life," and pronounced to excel in the softness, delicacy, and brilliancy, with which all the minute traits of both animal and vegetable life are rendered in this wonderful species of manufacture.

But no details possible within the compass of a few pages merely, would do justice to the vast and varied contents of this World's Fair, with its four acres of richly teeming surface, from nearly five thousand contributors; nor, indeed, has any attempt been here made to describe those more practical and extensive features of the exhibition,—those grand industries, covering so wide and important a range in the elements and activities of modern civilization,—which constituted the chief scope and lesson of the undertaking. Of this numerous class are those ingenious and useful inventions pertaining to the various processes of agriculture, mines and their products; machinery for constructive, motive, and manufacturing purposes; etc., etc.

For several months, the palace was open to the public, according to its original plan, and subsequently it was decided to make the building and its attractions permanent, the occasion being celebrated by public ceremonies appropriate to the event. Among the speakers was Elihu Burritt, who, in the course of one of the most brilliant of speeches, said: "Worthy of the grandest circumstances which could be thrown around a human assembly, worthy of this occasion and a hundred like this, is that beautiful idea—the CORONATION OF LABOR. Not American labor, not British labor, not French labor, not the labor of the New World or the Old, but the labor of mankind as one undivided brotherhood—Labor, as the oldest, the noblest, prerogative of duty and humanity." Most unfortunately, this beautiful palace, so wonderful in its construction, and such an ornament to the chief city of America, was totally destroyed by fire, in October, 1858.

LIII.

LOSS OF THE SPLENDID COLLINS STEAMSHIP ARCTIC, OF NEW YORK, BY COLLISION WITH THE IRON STEAMER VESTA.—1854.

Occurrence of the Disaster in Mid-Ocean, at Noonday, in a Dense Fog.—Sinking of the Noble Ship Stern Foremost.—Hundreds of Souls Engulfed in a Watery Grave.—Experiences Crowded Into That Awful Hour.—The Wail of Agony and Despair from the Fated Throng.—Her Non-Arrival, Painful Suspense.—The Dreadful News at Last.—Shock to the Public Mind.—Strong Build of the Arctic.—Prestige of the Collins Line.—A Casualty Undreamed Of.—Surging Crowd in Wall Street.—Names of Lost and Saved Read.—Hope, Joy, Grief, Anguish.—The Sad Tale on all Lips.—Captain Luce in the Hour of Woe.—Manliness of His First Order.—Ship Deserted by the Crew.—"Every Man for Himself."—A Raft Constructed, but in Vain.—Courage of the Women.—Not One of Their Sex Saved.—Instances of Cool Bravery.—An Engineer's Heroic Fidelity.—£30,000 for a Chance in a Boat.—Pleasure Tourists on Board.—All of Mr. Collins's Family Lost.

"The fate of the ship shall be mine."—Captain Luce, Commander of the Arctic.

STEAMSHIP ARCTIC.

LEAVING Liverpool, England, on the twentieth of September, 1854, the magnificent steamer Arctic, of the Collins line, plying between that city and New York, was, on the seventh day out, at noon, while running in a fog, totally engulfed,

with hundreds of souls, millions of treasure, and a heavy mail of incalculable value, in consequence of collision with the French iron screw-steamer Vesta. The Arctic was commanded by Captain Luce; the Vesta, by Captain Duchesne.

For many a long day after the time when this superb vessel was due at New York, the public mind was in agonizing suspense as to her fate. From the well-known immense strength and complete equipment of the Arctic, this was the only sort of casualty likely to be serious to her, and this does not appear to have been anticipated by even the most sagacious sea-faring man. In every respect, the success of the Collins line reflected the highest honor upon American nautical enterprise and skill.

The news of this lamentable catastrophe carried deep and heart-rending sorrow to the homes of thousands both in this country and in Europe. On the news reaching New York, October 14th, that city assumed the appearance of one great funeral. The flags waved at half-mast throughout the metropolis, upon all the public buildings and hotels, as also upon the shipping in the harbor. The office of Mr. E. K. Collins, the founder and proprietor of this splendid line of steamships, was crowded with anxious visitors from early in the morning until the place was closed in the afternoon. All who wished to hear of relatives or friends called there, as the most likely place to learn the fate of those for whom they hoped even against hope. It was a sad gathering of grief-stricken citizens, among whom were fathers, brothers, and sons, tremulously waiting for intelligence which would either give the death-blow to all hope itself, or give back again all the buoyancy of life by the promised restoration of the lost. Often during the day was heard the inquiry put to the attendants in the counting-room of Mr. Collins, 'Have you any news of my brother?' 'Do you think my son is safe?' 'Have you seen any of the passengers who could probably tell me of the affair, and give me intelligence of my father?' Many, too, with tears in their eyes, grasped the hands of friends, and the questions were exchanged, 'Who of your friends were on board?' and 'Who of yours?' It seemed as if everybody had either relations or acquaintances on board the sad-fated vessel. As each report came in of the passengers heard from as safe, it was a picture full of interest to see the eagerness with which all turned their ears to hear the report read, and the faces lighten up with gladness as the wished-for name fell from the lips of the reader.

Some, upon receiving information of a rescue of the supposed lost, were at once engaged in receiving the congratulations of those about them; others turned around to offer condolence and mingle sympathy with the rest, for whom had come no happy tidings; and others, again, rushed in haste from the building to circulate the report among friends outside, or to convey it to mourning families at home. Wherever this intelligence came, it was like the news of a resurrection from the dead. Notwithstanding in all hope flickered dimly, yet the catastrophe was so appalling, and the chances of a rescue so few, that each was filled with the greatest fear, and all were alike prepared for the worst, though continually hoping for the best.

Not only in the office of the Ocean Steam Company, but in all places, were the same evidences apparent, that some heavy blow had fallen upon the heart, and, crushing out what was happy and peaceful, had placed the burden of sorrow there. At all frequented corners, along the streets, at store doors, in banking-houses, groups were assembled, each with the other canvassing the chances of safety for some friend, or recapitulating the calamitous story of the shipwreck. All business in Wall street was for a time stopped; and merchants and bankers, forgetting the rise of stocks and the fluctuations of trade, by 'one touch of nature' were brought together as participants in the general grief. The Exchange was crowded during the day, but the loss of the Arctic was the sole engrossing topic.

At the time of the collision, Captain Luce was below, working out the position of the steamer. He immediately ran on deck and saw the iron steamer under the starboard bow, and passing astern, grazing and tearing the guards in her progress. The bows of the strange vessel seemed to be literally cut or crushed off for ten feet, and seeing that she must probably sink in ten minutes, Captain Luce took a glance at his own ship, and believing her to be comparatively uninjured, the boats were cleared and the first officer and six men left with a boat to board the stranger and ascertain the extent of her damage. The engineers were immediately instructed to put on the steam pumps, and the four deck pumps were worked by the passengers and crew. The ship was at once headed for the land, and several ineffectual attempts were made to stop the leak by getting sails over the bows. Finding that the leak was gaining very fast, notwithstanding the very powerful efforts made to keep the ship free, Captain Luce resolved to get the boats ready, and have as many ladies and children in them as possible.

No sooner, however, had an attempt been made to do this, than the firemen and others rushed into the boats in spite of all opposition. Seeing this state of things, the captain ordered the boats astern to be kept in readiness until order could be restored, when, to his dismay, he saw them cut the rope in the bow, and soon disappear astern in the fog. Another boat was broken down by persons rushing in at the davits, and many were precipitated into the sea and drowned. This occurred while the captain had been engaged in getting the starboard guard-boat ready. He had placed the second officer in charge, when the same scene was enacted as with the first boat. He then gave orders to the second officer to let go and tow after the ship, keeping near the stern, to be ready to take the women and children as soon as the fires were out and the engine should stop. The quarter-boat was found broken down, but hanging by one tackle; a rush was made for her also, some fifteen getting in, and, cutting the tackle, were soon out of sight. Not a seaman was now left on board, nor a carpenter,—there were no tools to assist in building a raft as the only hope,—and the only officer left was Mr. Dorian, the third mate, who worked nobly for the success of all.

To form a raft, it became necessary to get the only remaining boat—a life-boat—into the water. This being accomplished, Mr. Dorian, the chief officer of the boat, taking care to keep the oars on board the steamer to prevent those in the boat from leaving the ship, proceeded to work, still hoping to be able to get the women and children on board his boat at last. They had made considerable progress in collecting spars, when the alarm was given that the ship was sinking, and the boat was shoved off without oars or anything to hold themselves.

In an instant after, at about a quarter-past five, P. M., *the ship went down, carrying every soul on board with her.*

Captain Luce soon found himself on the surface, after a brief struggle, with his fragile child in his arms; then again found himself impelled downward to a great depth, and, before reaching the surface a second time, had nearly perished, losing the hold of his child as he struggled upwards. On thus getting upon the surface of the water, once more, the most awful and heart-rending scene presented itself—over two hundred men, women, and children were struggling together, amid pieces of the wreck, calling upon each other for help, and imploring God to assist them! Amid this struggling mass of human beings, he discovered his child, and was in the act of trying to save him, when a portion of the paddle-box came rushing up edgewards, just grazing the captain's head and falling with its whole weight upon the head of the helpless child. Captain Luce then succeeded in getting on the top of the paddle-box in company with eleven others; one, however, soon left for another piece, and others remained until relieved by death. Those who were left, stood in water up to their knees, the sea

frequently breaking over them; and the suffering party were soon reduced by death to Captain Luce and one other, who, after an exposure of forty-six hours, were rescued by the ship Cambria, Captain Russell, bound to Quebec.

Mr. Dorian, the energetic and faithful officer named above, asserted, in his account of the disaster, that if all the officers and men had remained by the ship, all, or nearly all, of the passengers, would have been saved; that, with the masts, spars, and the cutting off of the hurricane deck, a raft could have been formed capable of carrying the whole of them. He further states that among the passengers on board the Arctic he never saw men more coolly courageous, and that their quiet resignation and implicit confidence in the captain and officers of the ship were such as it was impossible to surpass. A particular illustration of this, was the fidelity exhibited by a young gentleman named Holland, of Washington, who was on board the steamer for the purpose of gaining instruction in engineering. He had been deputed by the captain to fire the signal gun—when all others had fled,—and, amid the melancholy wail, he pursued his duty. When all hope had fled, and the vessel was nearly level with the sea, Holland was seen busy with the gun. His last shot boomed out as the Arctic sank, and he went down with her—persevering in the strict performance of his duty.

In the construction of the raft, the two foreyard arms were cut down and lashed together, making the raft about forty feet long and three or four feet wide. On being finished, it was launched on the larboard side, and in a few minutes after there were about seventy persons clinging to it, four of whom were women. Several other rafts were made, but none of them were so large as this. Doors, barrels, and, in fact, everything that floated, came into use. On some of these there were two and three, but the largest could not support more than four or five.

How a man feels during the process of drowning may be judged by the statement of Mr. McCabe, a passenger, who says: I remained on the vessel until she sank, when I went down with her. I had been employed a few minutes before with two others, one of whom was called 'Tom the storekeeper,' in lashing some casks together, when I was driven away by the water, which rushed in with fearful impetuosity. Jumping upon the paddle-box, I sprang on the saloon deck, and in an instant was engulfed in the surging waters, which soon closed over our heads. *Down, down we sank, with our noble vessel, into the bosom of the ocean,* and the terrible thought took possession of my mind that I was drowning. I retained my consciousness, however, all the time I was under the water, and it was with a feeling of intense joy that I found, after about half a minute, that I was rapidly rising towards the surface. It was all darkness before, but now I could see a dim light above me, and in a few seconds I was on the top of the water, struggling for life. Being a good swimmer, and having, besides, the support of a life-preserver, I succeeded in reaching a door, which was floating a few feet from where I rose. I looked around me, but there was no trace of the vessel except a few loose timbers and the rafts which were floating about, some with and others without passengers. Finding I could not retain my hold of the door with safety, I left it and swam to a barrel which lay a few feet from me, and from this again I swam to the large raft, to which some seventy persons were clinging. The sea, though not strong, was rough, and the waves, as they dashed remorselessly over the raft, washed away a portion of its living freight. It was an awful scene—a multitude of human beings, in the midst of the ocean, without the slightest hope of assistance, while every minute one by one was dropping into a watery grave, from sheer exhaustion. Those who had life-preservers did not sink, but floated with their ghastly faces upwards, reminding those who still remained alive, of the fate that awaited them. Of those who dropped away, some floated off and were gnawed

and eaten by fishes, while others were washed under the raft, where their faces could be seen through the openings, as they were swayed to and fro by the waves. The raft at one time was so crowded that many had to hold on by one hand. Very few words were spoken by any, and the only sound to be heard was the splash of the waters or the heavy breathing of the poor sufferers, as they tried to recover their breath, after a wave had passed over them. Nearly all were submerged to their armpits, while a few could with great difficulty keep their heads above the surface. The women were the first to go; they

LOSS OF THE COLLINS STEAMSHIP ARCTIC, BY COLLISION AT NOONDAY, IN MID-OCEAN.

were unable to stand the exposure more than three or four hours. They all fell off the raft without a word, except one poor girl, who cried out in intense agony, "*Oh, my poor mother and sisters!*"

At the expiration of some eighteen hours, there were not more than three or four persons remaining upon it, including McCabe. One of these gave to the latter what appeared to be a small map, but which the giver was understood to say was a sort of title-deed to his property. In a few moments after thus transferring it, he, too, unloosed his hold, and was added to the number that floated about the raft. McCabe endeavored to get the paper into his pocket, but finding this impossible, on account of being in so cramped a position, placed it between his teeth until overtaken by a tremendous wave, when he lost his hold upon it and it was washed away. Another, who had on an oiled silk coat, called on McCabe, for heaven's sake, to render assistance, as his strength was rapidly failing, and he must fall off if not relieved. As he was about four or five feet distant, it was difficult to reach him, but after considerable exertions this was done, McCabe helping him by the use of a knee, until, becoming himself quite faint, the hapless man was, by necessity, left to his fate. Poor fellow, he promised if he ever got to New York alive, he would reward his deliverer well. He clung with terrible tenacity to life, but he, too, dropped off in his turn.

McCabe was now the only one left upon the raft—not a solitary person being alive, of all the seventy who, within a few hours, were his companions. The night of the second day was about closing on him, and during the whole time he had been in the water, he had not eaten a particle of anything nor drank a drop. His strength was beginning to give way, and his sight had become so dim as to render objects invisible a few feet off—even the ghastly

faces of the dead that looked up from under the raft were hardly discernible. Determined to make one more effort for life, he raised himself on his knees upon the raft, and through the dusk of evening saw, or thought he saw, a vessel. At this, his strength revived, and in a few moments was heard the voice of some one approaching in a boat. And so it proved. After twenty-six hours of exposure, he was rescued from a watery grave, by a boat manned by Mr. Dorian, some sailors, and Captain Grann, one of the Arctic passengers.

A lucid description of the whole scene, as given by Captain Grann, who was below at the time of the collision, states that upon going on deck, the Vesta was on the starboard quarter of the Arctic, about half a cable's length off, with her starboard bow completely stove, from stem to fore-rigging, to the water's edge. The Vesta lowered a boat, which got under the starboard wheel of the Arctic, and was swamped. When I came on deck (continues Captain Grann,) they were lowering away the boats. Both anchors were on the starboard side of the deck, and I went aft and asked Captain Luce if I should remove the anchors to the port side, as all of the ship's officers were aft, lowering away the boats and rigging pumps. He gave orders so to do, and, with the assistance of some passengers and a few of the crew, I carried the same into execution. I then went on the topgallant forecastle and examined into the state of her bows. Could see no evidences of her being stove, excepting some bad chafes, the oakum hanging out, and a piece of the iron boat protruding from the planks. As soon as I discovered this, I reported it to Captain Luce, *which was the first known of the Arctic having received serious damage.* He then requested me to go below and ascertain, if possible, where the leak was. Went below and broke cargo—could hear water rushing in. The carpenter was ordered below between decks to stop the leak, and commenced cutting away the ceiling. I went to work with crew and passengers, breaking out cargo from lower hold, but very soon discovered that it would be impossible to stop the leak, as the water was over the cargo. I then left the hold and went on deck, where I learnt that the lower fires were out, and from this time all order and discipline ceased on board. The water was up to the lower deck, and gaining rapidly, passengers and crew still laboring at the pumps.

There were six boats on board. The first boat was lowered with the chief mate, boatswain, and three men; she was lowered to ascertain the condition of the other steamer, and was left behind on its being found that the Arctic was in a sinking condition. Two of the quarter-boats were taken by the second and fourth officers and crew. Another boat was taken by the engineers, and was supplied with provisions, water, etc.; there were only eight or nine in this boat, and, though it was not full, they would not permit any one else to come on board—indeed, it was said that revolvers were threatened to be used on this occasion. The fourth quarter-boat was hauled alongside by Captain Luce, the third mate, and Captain Grann. Into this boat, placed in charge of one of the ship's quartermasters, Captain Luce put a number of ladies; immediately, several of the gentlemen passengers made a rush and jumped into the boat, and, as it was full, the painter was cut and the boat drifted astern. The sixth boat was on the quarter-deck, and, a lot of spare spars being secured for making a raft, this boat was launched, for the purpose of aiding the construction—the oars being taken out of her, so that those who got on board should not desert while the lashing of the raft was going on. This latter work being completed as far as was possible, the boat, which was now full, was shoved off from the raft, and, in about ten minutes after, the noble steamer went down, stern foremost. *One fearful shriek went up to heaven from that agonized company, as they were swept forward against the smoke-stack; and then all was over.*

At the time of the collision, the passen-

gers had gathered in the cabin, preparatory to luncheon, and some of them were engaged in drawing the numbers of the daily lottery, the chances of the same being based upon the number of miles run during the preceding twenty-four hours. The Arctic was then running at the rate of twelve and one-half miles an hour, the usual speed in foggy weather in that latitude. Two men were on the lookout, stationed on the forecastle, and there was all the usual precaution against such a calamity. The advancing vessel was seen but a moment before she struck, but the instant she was discovered through the dense fog, the order was given, "*Hard starboard the helm and reverse the engine.*" The order was as quickly obeyed; and, though at first there was no realization of the actual damage done, the terror and confusion became very great when the extent of the injury was disclosed. The conduct of Captain Luce was calm, manly, courageous; to the last he declared, "*The fate of the ship shall be mine.*" Catherwood, the eminent artist, Professor Reed, and Messrs. Sandford and Benedict, the well-known jurists, were early among the lost.

On its appearing that the Arctic was inevitably lost, the captain put Mrs. Collins—wife of the owner of the line—and her children, with other women, children, and passengers, into a boat which was on the larboard side of the ship, near the wheel-house; a little biscuit and water were provided, but they were without compass, and not a single man able to guide their course. Unfortunately, at the moment of lowering this boat, one of the pulleys gave way, the other remaining entangled. The boat was precipitated nearly perpendicularly, and all who were in it, excepting three persons, were thrown into the sea and lost. At such a moment, a misfortune like this was without a remedy.

The overhauling of the boat, now empty, was achieved at last, and it was impossible to regulate her destiny, by any mere official orders. Passengers and sailors, without ceremony, jumped into the boat, which was in a few seconds filled. M. de Grammont tried to jump, but fell into the sea, and would immediately have perished, had it not been for his servant, who, by a superhuman effort, hoisted him on board. Dulaquais (the servant) regained the boat by means of a rope, inviting the master to follow his example, but the boat had already got under way. Dulaquais made a great jump, and fell like an inert mass into the boat. M. de Grammont, from lack of strength to imitate him, was obliged to allow the precious moment to pass unimproved which separated safety from death.

One passenger offered thirty thousand pounds sterling, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, if the boats would put back to save him. They turned to do so, but before they reached him he sank, uttering, as he disappeared, the most piercing moan of deathly agony.

Another instance was that of a man who, just as one of the boats was shoving off from the Arctic, called piteously to a friend in the boat, and, bidding him good-bye, requested him to bear his love to his wife in Philadelphia, and tell her he was gone.

Mr. Brennan, one of the engineers, had an opportunity to be saved in the chief engineer's boat, but he had charge of a boy whom he would not abandon; both, however, were saved in another boat. An unknown gentleman threw a heavy purse of gold from the ship to the boy, after the latter got into the boat.

The following statement, made by a gentleman who was saved from the wreck, exhibits human nature in one of its strange phases, in view of so terrible a crisis:—Among our passengers was a gentleman about thirty-five to thirty-eight years of age, of very reserved manners, and evidently depressed spirits. Being located in the same berth, I was one day accidentally struck by the significant fact that his linen was marked with initials differing from those of the name by which he passed and in which he had shipped. A few remarks from me induced him

(under promise of secrecy, which the extent of this communication does not violate), to explain how circumstances of a distressing nature had induced his expatriation. Subsequent conversations revealed to me that blighted hopes constrained him to regard his existence but lightly, and, from his stolid indifference when the encounter took place, it is my belief that he courted those embraces of death which, alas! so many have vainly struggled to resist.

Every account confirms the statement that the ladies exhibited the most admirable coolness, and stared death in the face with a heroism which should have put to blush the men who deserted and left them to their fate. At the moment when one of the unfortunate boats was disappearing from mortal view, a French lady, remarked for her dark complexion, was seen to be courageously using her oar. Not a single female, however, of whom there were some sixty on board, escaped the awful doom, though every possible effort was made by Captain Luce to have the women, children, and passengers first cared for. Thus, when one of the men attempted to leave, the captain caught him, and tore the shirt off the man's back to prevent him from going, exclaiming, "Let the *passengers* go in the boat." He also seized a kind of axe, and attempted to prevent the firemen reaching the boat; but it was 'every one for himself,' and, finally, no more attention was paid to the captain than to any other man on board.

The Arctic was built in New York, and was considered as staunch and splendid a vessel as was ever constructed; her measurement was three thousand five hundred tons, and the whole cost nearly a million dollars. Of the more than four hundred souls who left Liverpool in this ill-fated ship, full of hope, gayety, and health, only about one-tenth escaped a watery grave. Many of these, including a large number of professional and business men of eminence, were returning from an European tour of pleasure. The accident happened within forty miles east of Cape Race, the eastern extremity of Newfoundland, in the neighborhood of the Virgin Rocks.

After striking the Arctic, the Vesta appeared to be sinking, but immediately rose again; but no hope was entertained of her ultimate safety, the passengers and crew looking upon the Arctic as their only chance of saving their lives. One man was killed, and others severely wounded. Two boats were put over the side, the first of which was sunk; the second was immediately boarded by some of the crew and passengers, who, heedless of the captain's order to return, abandoned the vessel. The fog continuing very thick, they lost sight of the Arctic altogether, still hoping, however, that she would not desert them. Lightening the vessel in the fore part, her bows were thereby considerably raised, thus greatly stopping the rush of water; and, by other means and contrivances, they were enabled to run, under small steam, for the nearest port, St. John's, where she arrived September 30th.

For many days, as already remarked, the terrible fate of the Arctic, and the many melancholy incidents connected with it, made a profoundly painful sensation in business circles—everywhere, indeed. The sympathies of the community were especially with Mr. Collins, whose misfortune was a double and overwhelming one—*the loss of his beloved family and his noble ship at the same time.* The Collins line of steamers did more to give character and prestige to the mercantile marine of America than can readily be estimated; and the loss of the Arctic, therefore, was everywhere regarded as a national calamity.

LIV.

ASSAULT ON THE HON. CHARLES SUMNER, BY HON. PRESTON S. BROOKS.—1856.

Twenty Sudden and Terrible Blows, with a Solid Gutta Percha Cane, Dealt upon Mr. Sumner's Bare Head.—He Staggers and Falls, Senseless, Gashed, and Bleeding.—Sumner's Great Kansas Speech for Free Soil and Free Labor.—Speech by Senator Butler, of South Carolina.—Mr. Sumner's Scorching Reply.—South Carolinians Offended.—An Assault Determined On.—Mr. Brooks their Champion.—Two Days' Watch for His Victim.—Finds Him Alone at His Desk.—Approaches Unobserved.—A Quick and Deadly Blow.—Mr. Sumner Instantly Stunned.—His Ineffectual Defense.—Brooks's Accomplices at Hand.—Their Advantage over Sumner.—Storm of Public Indignation.—Action Taken by Congress.—Reign of Terror at the Capital.—Mr. Sumner's Three Years' Illness.—Recovery, Illustrious Career.—Death of Brooks and His Allies.—Time's Retributions.

"In the name of the Constitution, which has been outraged—of the Laws trampled down—of Justice banished—of Humanity degraded—of Peace destroyed—of Freedom crushed to the earth; and in the name of the Heavenly Father, whose service is perfect Freedom, I make this last appeal."—SENATOR SUMNER'S SPEECH, "THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS."

LIBERTY FOR KANSAS.

HISTORY records but one instance of a great and honored statesman—one of the foremost men of the age, in fact, in his advocacy of human rights—being struck down by the instruments of bloody violence, while in his seat in the senate chamber of his country's capitol, and there lying prostrate, bleeding, and insensible, until removed by friendly hands.

This barbarous deed transpired at Washington, on the twenty-second of May, 1856; and it would be difficult to name any other event, up to this period, which so shook the country to its center—culminating, too, in the brief space of but five succeeding years, in that terrible shock of arms, which changed the destinies of the republic, and gave new life and the national guaranty to human rights.

On the nineteenth of May, the Hon. Charles Sumner, United States senator from Massachusetts, began a speech in the senate, in favor of admitting Kansas into the Union, under a state constitution which she had adopted, prohibiting slavery. The question had for a long

time produced the most intense political excitement all over the land, the south, as the advocate of slave territory, and the north, as the defender of free soil and free labor, being bitterly arrayed against each other. Mr. Sumner treated the subject with his accustomed power of argument and rhetoric, and at great length, his speech occupying two days. A portion of it was directed with remarkable vigor and sarcasm, though entirely within parliamentary bounds, to the arguments of the Hon. A. P. Butler, senator from South Carolina, delivered some days previously, —this part of Mr. Sumner's speech giving great offense to the members of congress from that state.

On the twenty-second, the senate adjourned at an early hour, in consequence of the announcement of the death of Hon. Mr. Miller of Missouri. After the adjournment, as is the custom of some senators, Mr. Sumner remained at his desk, and was there writing unsuspectingly and busily, when he was approached by Preston S. Brooks and L. M. Keitt, congressmen from South Carolina, each with a cane. Brooks was a nephew of Senator Butler. Several persons had been about Mr. Sumner's desk after the adjournment, but just now he was alone. Senator Wilson had left him only a few moments before, on his way out passing Brooks, who was sitting in a back seat. Brooks walked up in front of Mr. Sumner's seat, and, saluting him, made the following remarks:

"Mr. Sumner, I have read your speech carefully, and with as much calmness as I could be expected to read such a speech. You have libeled my state, and slandered my relative, who is aged and absent, and I feel it to be my duty to punish you for it."

Without waiting for any reply, or asking for any explanation, Brooks instantly struck Mr. Sumner a violent blow upon the top of his bare head, while the latter was still in a sitting posture, with a heavy gutta percha cane. Brooks followed this blow immediately with other blows, from twelve to twenty in all, dealing them with all the force which his herculean size and great strength made him master of.

Mr. Sumner had no distinct consciousness after the first blow. He involuntarily strove to rise from his seat, but being confined by his writing position, he wrenched his desk from its iron fastenings, in attempting to extricate himself. Stunned and blinded, however, from the first, his efforts at self-defense were ineffectual, and, staggering under the fast-repeated blows, he fell senseless to the floor, gashed, bleeding, and powerless. The cane used was a deadly weapon, being as hard as hickory or whalebone; it was one inch in diameter at the larger end, and tapered to the diameter of about five-eighths of an inch at the smaller end, and so violently did Brooks deal his blows upon the defenseless senator's head, that the deadly weapon was shattered into many pieces by the time the assault terminated.

Mr. Morgan and Mr. Murray, of the New York delegation, were in the front ante-chamber, and, hearing the noise, went in. Mr. Murray seized hold of Brooks, and Mr. Morgan went to the relief of Mr. Sumner, whom he found prostrate and nearly insensible. The persons present in the senate were Mr. Sutton, one of the reporters, the assistant sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Simonton, Senators Crittenden, Iverson, Bright, Toombs, Pearce, and a few others. No one of the senators seemed to offer to interfere but the venerable Mr. Crittenden, who pronounced it an inexcusable outrage. Mr. Wilson rushed into the senate-chamber on hearing of the attack, but found Mr. Sumner had been removed to the vice-president's room, and that a surgeon was in attendance. He then helped to put his colleague into a carriage, and went with him to his lodgings. The senator's condition was deplorable. There were frightful cuts on his head, and his clothes were literally covered with blood. Upon the papers and documents covering his desk, as well as upon the adjoining desks, blood was also freely spattered.

But for the interference of Messrs. Murray and Morgan, Mr. Sumner would have certainly been killed, under the remorseless and unceasing blows of his assailant; the former seized Brooks around the waist, while he was striking Sumner, and, with Morgan's help, pulled him away. The advantage which Brooks had over his victim was complete; stunning him with the very first attack, he afterwards seized him by the shoulder, held him with the left hand, while, with the other, he kept laying deadly blows upon his head.

It appears that as early as Tuesday, before Mr. Sumner's speech was concluded, Brooks took exception to the senator's remarks; and that on Wednesday morning, after the delivery of the speech, he

A. P. Butler.

declared to Mr. Edmundson, a member of congress from Virginia, by whom he was met in the capitol grounds a short time before the meeting of the two houses, that he had determined to punish Mr. Sumner, unless he made an ample apology for the language he had uttered in his speech; Brooks expressed a desire that he, Edmundson, should be present and witness the scene, and they thereupon took a seat near the walk leading from Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol, where they remained some fifteen minutes, awaiting the approach of Mr. Sumner, but, as he did not make his appearance, the two proceeded to the capitol.

On Thursday morning, Brooks and Edmundson were again together at the western entrance of the capitol grounds, on Pennsylvania avenue, a point which commands a view of all the approaches to the capitol from that portion of the city in which Mr. Sumner resided. Here, Brooks talked with Edmundson about his being on the lookout for Mr. Sumner, and his determination to resent the language of the speech. They failed to see Mr. Sumner, and went to the capitol together. In addition to Edmundson, Mr. Keitt had also been informed of Brooks's purpose to make the assault—indeed, was one of the chief planners of the whole thing. Keitt was near by, when Brooks commenced the attack, and Edmundson took a position in an ante-room adjoining; and, as soon as an attempt was made by the bystanders to protect Mr. Sumner, Keitt rushed up with a cane in a threatening manner, Edmundson also entering the chamber soon after Mr. Sumner fell. It thus appeared that the murderous assault was premeditated during a period of at least two days, and that the only provocation consisted in Mr. Sumner's response to Mr. Butler's coarse aspersions uttered some days before,—Mr. Sumner's words being lawfully spoken in debate in the senate chamber, not once being ruled out of order by the presiding officer, nor objected to by any senator as in any way violative of the parliamentary rules established for the government and order of that body.

On the ensuing day, the outrage was brought to the attention of the senate, by Mr. Wilson, who said: "The seat of my colleague is vacant to-day. For the first time after five years of public service, that seat is vacant. Yesterday, after the touching tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Miller, of Missouri, a deceased member of the house of representatives, the senate adjourned. My colleague remained in his seat, engaged in public duties. While thus engaged, with pen in hand, and in a position which rendered him utterly incapable of protection, or

defending himself, Mr. Preston S. Brooks, a member of the house from South Carolina, approached him unobserved, and abruptly addressed him. Looking up, and before he had time to utter a single word in reply to him, he received a stunning blow on the head from the cane in the hands of Mr. Brooks, which made him almost senseless and unconscious; endeavoring, however, to protect himself, in rising from his chair, his desk was overthrown; and while in that powerless condition, he was beaten upon the head and shoulders by repeated blows from Mr. Brooks, until he sank upon the floor of the senate, unconscious, exhausted, and covered with his own blood. He was raised from the floor by a few friends, taken into an ante-room, and his wounds dressed. From thence he was carried to his house, and placed upon his bed. He is thus unable to be with us to day, to perform the duties which belong to him as a member of this body. To hold a member of the senate responsible out of this chamber for words spoken in debate is a grave offense, not only against the rights of a member, but against the constitutional privileges of this body; but, sir, to come into this chamber, and assault a member in his seat, until he falls exhausted upon this floor, is an offense requiring the prompt action of this body. Sir, I submit no motion,—I leave it to older senators, whose character and position in the senate, and before the country, eminently fit them to take the lead in a measure to redress the wrongs of members of this body, and vindicate the honor and dignity of the senate." A committee of investigation was appointed.

In the house of representatives, also, the outrage was the subject of legislative action, after an exciting debate, in which Mr. Burlingame of Massachusetts, thus gave expression, in the course of a manly and truthful speech, to the sentiments of every noble-minded citizen in the land: "On the 22d day of May, when the senate and the house had clothed themselves in mourning for a brother fallen in the battle of life in the distant state of Missouri, the senator from Massachusetts sat, in the silence of the senate chamber, engaged in employments appertaining to his office, when a member from this house, who had taken an oath to sustain the constitution, stole into the senate—that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence—and smote him as Cain smote his brother. . . . . One blow was enough; but it did not satiate the wrath of that spirit which had pursued him through two days. Again, and again, and again, quicker and faster, fell the leaden blows, until he was torn away from his victim, when the senator from Massachusetts fell into the arms of his friends, and his blood ran down the senate floor. Sir, the act was brief, and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow; I denounce it in the name of humanity; I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged! I denounce it in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize-fighters respect. What! strike a man when he is pinioned—when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that!" Similar legislative action to that of the senate was adopted, on motion of Mr. Campbell, for inquiring into the circumstances of so brutal, murderous, and cowardly an assault.

Being waited on, some days after the assault, by the committee of investigation, Mr. Sumner, who was confined in great suffering to his bed, gave the following testimony: "I attended the senate as usual, on Thursday, the 22d of May. After some formal business, a message was received from the house of representatives, announcing the death of a member of that body from Missouri. This was followed by a brief tribute to the deceased from Mr. Geyer, of Missouri, when, according to usage and out of respect to the deceased, the senate adjourned at once. Instead of leaving the senate-chamber with the rest of the senators, on the adjournment, I con-

tinued in my seat, occupied with my pen, and while thus intent, in order to be in season for the mail, which was soon to close, I was approached by several persons, who desired to converse with me, but I answered them promptly and briefly, excusing myself for the reason that I was engaged. When the last of these persons left me, I drew my arm-chair close to my desk, and, with my legs under the desk, continued writing. My attention at this time was so entirely drawn from other subjects that, though there must have been many persons in the senate, I saw nobody. While thus intent, with my head bent over my writing, I was addressed by a person who approached

Charles Sumner

the front of my desk: I was so entirely absorbed, that I was not aware of his presence until I heard my name pronounced. As I looked up, with pen in hand, I saw a tall man, whose countenance was not familiar, standing directly over me, and at the same moment caught these words: 'I have read your speech twice over, carefully; it is a libel on South Carolina, and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine.' While these words were still passing from his lips, he commenced a succession of blows with a heavy cane on my bare head, by the first of which I was stunned so as to lose my sight. I saw no longer my assailant, nor any other person or object in the room. What I did afterwards was done almost unconsciously, acting under the instincts of self-defense. With head already bent down, I rose from my seat—wrenching up my desk, which was screwed to the floor—and then pressing forward, while my assailant continued his blows. I had no other consciousness until I found myself ten feet forward in front of my desk, lying on the floor of the senate, with my bleeding head supported on the knee of a gentleman whom I soon recognized, by voice and manner, as Mr. Morgan, of New York. Other persons there were about me, offering me friendly assistance, but I did not recognize any of them. Others there were at a distance, looking on and offering no assistance, of whom I recognized only Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, and I thought also my assailant standing between them. I was helped from the floor, and conducted into the lobby of the senate, where I was placed upon a sofa. Of those who helped me here I have no recollection. As I entered the lobby, I recognized Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, who retreated, but I recognized no one else until I felt a friendly grasp of the hand, which seemed to come from Mr. Campbell, of Ohio. I have a vague impression that Mr. Bright, president of the senate, spoke to me while I was on the floor of the lobby. I make this statement in answer to the interrogatory of the committee, and offer it as presenting completely all my recollections of the assault and of the attending circumstances, whether immediately before or immediately after. I desire to add, that besides the words which I have given as uttered by my assailant, I have an indistinct recollection of the words 'old man;' but these are so enveloped in the mist that ensued from the first blow, that I am not sure whether they were uttered or not."

On the cross-examination, Mr. Sumner stated that he was entirely without arms of any kind, and that he had no notice or warning of any kind, direct or indirect, of any such assault. In answer, also, to a cross-question, Mr. Sumner replied that what he had said of Senator Butler, of

South Carolina, was strictly responsive to Mr. Butler's speeches, and according to the usages of parliamentary debate.

The dastardly blow which stunned Senator Sumner, also stunned, for the moment, the great north and west, from Maine to Nebraska — but only to arouse them, as they had never been aroused before, to a realization of the true character of the conflict which was being waged from one end of the land to the other, and to make them more determined than ever, in behalf of free soil, free labor, and free speech. Indignation meetings, composed of the solid worth and intelligence of the population throughout the free states, were immediately held, to protest against so cowardly and murderous an attempt to suppress the freedom of debate. In every city and town, the masses poured forth, to demonstrate their reprobation of so brutal and atrocious a wrong, and to express sympathy for Senator Sumner, in view of the anguish and peril of his condition. In Massachusetts, in especial, the outrage upon their great and honored senator produced such an outburst of universal indignation as was never known before. And in addition to this, the riches of the wealthy were freely proffered him, to defray the expenses incident to his disability; and, in Boston, a memorial token in approbation of the great speech for which he was stricken down, was only prevented from being consummated, by the senator's earnest request. This memorial was to have been a massive and elaborate silver vase, two feet in height, and of grand proportions. According to the design, there was to be, upon the summit of the vase, a figure representing Mr. Sumner holding his Kansas speech in his right hand; on either side were the figures of Justice and Freedom, crowning him with a wreath of laurel; a winged genius sat at his feet, inscribing his name on a tablet. Figures representing Victory were upon the arms of the vase, heralding the triumph of Freedom. Above the inscription to Mr. Sumner, and in the center, was the coat of arms of Massachusetts. On the foot of the vase was the coat-of-arms of the nation, between masks and appropriate emblems of Liberty and Slavery. By Mr. Sumner's special desire, the large amount contributed for this purpose was devoted to the interests of freedom in Kansas.

But no less was the brutal conduct of Brooks applauded throughout the south, than was the character of Mr. Sumner eulogized, and his condition compassionated, at the north. Almost without exception, the newspapers in the interests of slavery exulted over the outrage, and urged similar treatment of Wade, Seward, Wilson, Giddings, Hale, and others. Letters of admiration for his exploit poured in upon Brooks, day after day, and he was soon in possession of a dozen choice and costly canes, the gifts of friends in South Carolina and elsewhere, in place of the gutta percha weapon which was broken to pieces in the blows dealt upon the head of Senator Sumner. These presentation canes were all elegantly mounted with silver or gold, and bore commemorative inscriptions; they were also very solid and and heavy, one blow from either of them, in the hands of so powerful an assailant as Brooks, would finish a man of ordinary thickness of skull. The one which he most prized, was of massive live oak, silver-looped, and inscribed with a grateful tribute from the northern shipmasters doing business in Charleston, S. C.

In due time, the committee of investigation appointed by the senate made a report, but the only action taken by that body was to transmit a message to the house, complaining that Mr. Brooks, one of its members, had made a violent assault upon Senator Sumner, but that, as Mr. Brooks was a member of the house of representatives, the latter alone had the power to arrest, try, and punish him. In the debate in the senate, on the committee's report, there was much excitement. Notwithstanding it was known to all, that Mr. Sumner was confined to his bed, in intense suffering, Senator Butler, of South Carolina, said, among other things, that, "had he been in Washington, he should have

assumed all the responsibility taken by his gallant relative. Mr. Brooks assaulted Mr. Sumner with no other purpose than to disgrace him. Mr. Brooks was one of the best tempered fellows, though impetuous, no doubt, and quick at resentment. Mr. Sumner received two flesh wounds, and, being rather handsome, did not just now expose himself. If he had been in the army, and had not gone out the next day after the fracas, he would have deserved to be cashiered. On some accounts it was fortunate he (Butler) was not here at the time, for he did not know what he might have done. To be sure, it was thirty or forty years since he had been engaged in a personal conflict, and his hand was out of practice, but he did not know but he might have had a trial at him. One thing he had no doubt of, namely, if he (Butler) were a young man, *he would have left him* (Sumner) *in a worse condition than he is now.*" In response to Senator Wilson's denunciation of the act as brutal, cowardly, and murderous, Mr. Butler exclaimed from his seat, "*You are a liar.*"

Brooks immediately challenged Mr. Wilson to mortal combat, for having thus characterized the assault, which challenge Mr. Wilson declined to accept, on the ground that "dueling is a relic of barbarous civilization, which the law of the country has branded as crime," and preferring to throw himself on "the right of self-defense, in its broadest sense." Mr. Burlingame was also challenged by Brooks, and the latter immediately agreed to meet him, but other parties interposing, hostile proceedings were stopped. Both northern and southern senators went armed constantly, and there was a "reign of terror" in the capital of the nation. Being complained of, in one of the criminal courts of the city for assault and battery, in his attack on Mr. Sumner, Brooks appeared before the judge, made an elaborate speech in vindication of his course, waived a trial, asked for judgment, and, on the judge

ASSAULT ON SENATOR SUMNER, BY P. S. BROOKS.

imposing a fine of three hundred dollars, paid it on the spot.

The committee of investigation appointed by the house of representatives reported resolutions of expulsion against Brooks, and censure against Keitt and Edmundson. The resolution to expel Brooks received, after a violent debate, one hundred and twenty-one votes, and there were ninety-five votes in the negative; a two-thirds vote being required to expel a member, the resolution failed. The resolution of censure passed. Mr. Hoffman, of Maryland, was the only southern member who voted to expel Brooks.

Brooks, however, stung by the rebuke conveyed by the vote of a majority of the house, made a speech of coarse defiance, in which he said, "If I desired to kill the senator from Massachusetts, why did I not do it? You all admit that I had it in my power. Let me tell you, that, expressly to prevent taking life, I used an ordinary cane presented by a friend in Baltimore. I went to the senate deliberately. I hesitated whether I should use a horsewhip or a cowhide, but knowing that the strength of the senator from Massachusetts was superior to mine, I thought he might wrest it from me. If he had, I might have done what I should have regretted for the remainder of my life. (A voice: *He would have killed him!*) Ten days ago, foreseeing what the action of the house would be, my resignation was put into the hands of the governor of South Carolina. And now, Mr. Speaker, I announce to you and to the house, I am no longer a member of the thirty-fourth congress." Senators Butler and Mason sat near Brooks during the delivery of his speech — of the tone of which the preceding brief sentences afford some idea,—and were quite merry over it. Mr. Brooks retired amid the applause of the south gallery, which was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and, upon reaching the lobby, was embraced and showered with kisses by the ladies.

Returning home to South Carolina, Brooks was feted and feasted, and made the recipient of every possible mark of honor and admiring gratitude. An election was soon held to fill the vacancy caused by his resignation, and he was elected by a unanimous vote. Once more,

PRESTON S. BROOKS.

namely, on the eighth of January, 1857, he made a characteristic speech on the floor of congress, against the prohibition of slavery in Nebraska. But his career was suddenly terminated, on the twenty-seventh of the same month. His sickness was brief—inflammation of the throat—and he expired in terrible pain. In the intensity of his sufferings from strangulation, he endeavored to tear open his throat, that he might get breath. He was but thirty-eight years old, and left a wife and four children. His frame was pronounced, by the undertaker, the largest for which he had ever been called upon to furnish a coffin.

Only four months after the decease of Brooks, Senator Butler died at Edgefield court-house, S. C., in the sixty-first year of his age. Keitt met his death during the war of the rebellion, he being at the time an officer in the confederate army.

From the very first, Mr. Sumner's condition was critical in the extreme, so much so, that his physicians considered the chances to be against his recovery, and visitors were peremptorily forbidden to see him. His head and the glands of the neck became swollen, the cuts soon ulcerated, and there was a constant torturing pain in the head. An appearance of erysipelas presented itself, a form of inflammation greatly to be dreaded. As soon as he could be removed with safety, he was

carried into the country, remaining for some time under the hospitable roof of Hon. F. P. Blair, at Silver Spring. In the spring of 1857, he went to Europe by the advice of his physicians, and there passed some months, returning in the autumn, with a view to engaging in his public duties.

Undervaluing, however, the seriousness of his condition, Mr. Sumner's anticipations of active usefulness were not to be so speedily realized. At the time of the assault upon him, he failed to comprehend the full extent and peculiar nature of the injury received, and continued to cherish, from the outset, the constant hope of an early restoration to sound health. But the spring of 1858 found him still in such impaired health, as to necessitate another visit to Europe, principally with a view to the curative influences of travel, exercise in the open air, and absence from political excitement. At Paris, he met Dr. George Hayward, the eminent Boston surgeon, who at once urged 'active treatment'—that is, the application of a system of counter-irritants, in order to reach the malady in the cerebral system and in the spine. With the sanction of Doctor Hayward, Mr. Sumner then put himself in the hands of Doctor Brown-Sequard, the celebrated physiologist, so well known, on both sides of the Atlantic, for his success in diseases of the spine and nervous system.

A careful and acute investigation of Mr. Sumner's case, by this eminent surgeon, resulted in ascertaining that, though the brain itself was free from any serious remaining injury, the effects of the original commotion there were still manifest in an effusion of liquid about the brain and in a slight degree of congestion, chiefly confined to the membrane around the brain; it was also found that the spine was suffering in two places from the effect of what is called *contre-coup*. Mr. Sumner being seated and inclined over his desk at the time of the assault, the blows on his head took effect by counter-stroke, or communicated shock in the spine. Doctor Brown-Sequard agreed with Doctor Hayward, as to the necessity of an active treatment, doubting very much whether any degree of care or lapse of time, unless the morbid condition of the system were directly acted upon, would not always leave the patient exposed to a relapse. *He proceeded, therefore, at once, to apply fire to the back of the neck and along the spine.* "I have applied"—writes M. Sequard to a friend, at this time—"six *moxas* to Senator Sumner's neck and back, and he has borne these *exceedingly* painful applications with the greatest courage and patience. You know that a 'moxa' is a burning of the skin with inflamed agaric (*amadou,*) cotton wool, or some other very combustible substance. I had never seen a man bearing with such a fortitude as Mr. Sumner has shown, the extremely violent pain of this kind of burning." The recovery, by Mr. Sumner, of his general health, from the original shock, was due to what his English and French physicians called the wonderful recuperative energies of his constitution and to a remarkable power of resistance to injury. It was this, too, in alliance with his untouched vigor of will, that enabled Mr. Sumner to bear the moxa without the chloroform which Doctor Sequard recommended, and without the shrinking which the doctor expected.

This severe medical treatment was succeeded by that of baths and other remedial resorts. In a letter written by Mr. Sumner, in September, 1858, he says: "My life is devoted to my health. I wish that I could say that I am not still an invalid; but, except when attacked by the pain in my chest, I am now comfortable, and enjoy my baths, my walks, and the repose and incognito which I find here. I begin the day with *douches*, hot and cold, and when thoroughly exhausted, am wrapped in sheet and blanket, and conveyed to my hotel and laid on my bed. After my walk, I find myself obliged again to take to my bed, for two hours before dinner. But this whole treatment is in pleasant contrast with the protracted sufferings from fire which made my summer

a torment. And yet I fear that I must return again to that treatment. It is with a pang unspeakable that I find myself thus arrested in the labors of life and in the duties of my position." It was not until the autumn of 1859, that Mr. Sumner was sufficiently restored in health, to justify him in returning home and resuming his seat in the senate.

Though originally elected to the United States senate by a majority of only one vote, in a legislature composed of several hundred members,—and not even then until after many and wearisome ballotings, running through several weeks,—he was almost unanimously re-elected in 1857; again, in 1863, with but few dissentient votes; and again, in 1869, with similar unanimity;—making a period of twenty-four consecutive years, and by which he became "the Father of the Senate," in point of protracted official service. He died, in office, in 1874. The fame of his career, as statesman, orator, and philanthropist, may be said to be world-wide. Such are time's impressive changes.

LV.

TERRIBLE CRISIS IN THE BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL WORLD.—1857.

Known as "the Great Panic."—A Sudden, Universal Crash in the Height of Prosperity.—Caused by Wild Speculations and Enormous Debt.—Suspension of Banks all Over the Country.—Failure of the Oldest and Wealthiest Houses.—Fortunes Swept Away in a Day.—Prostration of Every Branch of Industry.—Prolonged Embarrassment, Distrust, and Suffering.—The Panic of 1837 a Comparison.—Extravagance and High Prices.—Chimerical Railroad Schemes.—Mania for Land Investments.—Reckless Stock Gambling.—Western Paper Cities.—Fabulous Prices for "Lots."—Money Absorbed in this Way.—Bursting of the Bubble.—The First Great Blow.—A Bomb in Money Circles.—Widespread Shock and Terror.—Fierce Crowds at the Banks.—A Run Upon Them for Specie.—They "Go to the Wall."—Savings Bank Excitement.—Rare Doings at the Counters.—Wit, Mirth, Despair, and Ruin.—Forty Thousand Persons in Wall Street.—Factories, Foundries, etc., Stopped.—Business Credit Destroyed.—Root of the Whole Difficulty.

"The most extraordinary, violent, and destructive panic ever experienced in this country."—GIBBONS'S HISTORY OF BANKS AND BANKING.

RUN ON A BANK.

MANY persons will recall, even at this remote lapse of time, the terrible commercial and business revulsion which preceded, by just a score of years, that more general and calamitous one of 1857,—the latter being universally known to this day as *"the Great Panic."* During the first-named, every bank in the Union failed and suspended specie payment, with a comparatively few exceptions. Extravagance pervaded all classes of society, and so general and feverish was the excitement in western lands' speculation, that men grasped at 'lots' in that boundless and then almost untracked region, as if the supply was about to be exhausted. Indeed, the picture is but slightly if at all overdrawn, which represents the land mania of that period as swallowing up, in its mad whirl, all classes. The "man of one idea" was visible everywhere; no man had two. He who had no money begged, borrowed, or stole it; he who had, thought he made a generous sacrifice, if he lent it cent per cent. The tradesman forsook his shop; the farmer his

plough; the merchant his counter; the lawyer his office; the clergyman his study —to join the general chase. The man with one leg, or he that had none, could at least get on board a steamer, and make for Chicago or Milwaukee; the strong, the able, but above all, the "enterprising," set out with his pocket map and his pocket compass, to thread the dim woods, and see with his own eyes,—for who could be so demented as to waste time in planting, in building, in hammering iron, in making shoes, when the path of wealth lay wide and flowery before him! A ditcher, hired by the job to do a certain piece of work in his line, was asked—

"Well, John, did you make anything?"

"Pretty well; I cleared about ten dollars a day, but I could have made more by standin' round"—that is, watching the land market, for bargains.

The host of travelers on their western speculating tours met with many difficulties, as might be supposed. Such searching among trees for town lines!—such ransacking of the woods for section corners, ranges, and base lines!—such anxious care in identifying spots possessing "particular advantages!" And then, alas! after all, such precious blunders,—blunders which called into action another class of operators, who became popularly known as "land lookers." These were plentiful at every turn, ready to furnish "water-power," "pine lots," or anything else, at a moment's notice. It was impossible to mention any part of the country which they had not "personally surveyed." They would state, with the gravity of astrologers, what sort of timber predominated on any given tract, drawing sage deductions as to the capabilities of the soil! Did the purchaser incline to city property? Lo! a splendid chart, setting forth the advantages of some unequaled site.

But at last this bubble burst—thousands of fortunes vanished into thin air—the crisis and the panic came like a whirlwind.

Similar was the state of things preceding the awful crash in 1857. The times were characterized by excessive debts and almost incredible extravagance and speculations. The cities, and many parts of the country, were drained of means for legitimate purposes, being devoted, instead, to the construction of unproductive railroads, or absorbed in western land speculations. The new territories, and some parts of the western states, were almost covered with paper cities, selling to the credulous at almost fabulous prices. In Kansas alone, where scarcely one legal title had as yet been granted, there were more acres laid out for cities, than were covered by all the cities in the northern and middle states. Nearly the whole west swarmed with speculators, who neither intended to cultivate the soil nor settle there, but who expected to realize fortunes, without labor, out of the bona fide settler. Lots in "cities," where was scarcely a house, were sold to the inexperienced and the unwary, at prices equaling those in the large cities. These operations, with others of a similarly chimerical character, made money scarce everywhere, and diverted thousands of men, and much of the capital of the country, from the business of producing,—tending, of course, to extravagant prices of food.

But the omens of disaster began to cast their spectral shadows athwart the financial sky, the first manifestation being a regular decline in the value of leading railroad stocks, especially the western roads. But the first great blow to public confidence was given by the unexpected failure, in August, of the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company. The magnitude and importance of the operations of this institution throughout the country, amounting to millions of dollars, and involving so many individuals and corporations, rendered its suspension a fearful disaster. The announcement fell like a bomb in the money circles, and, by the first or second week of September, banks and business houses began to stop payment, and a panic ensued, which became almost universal during the month. The

best mercantile paper was at a discount of from three to five per cent. a month. Toward the close of the month three of the leading banks of Philadelphia failed, and the remainder resolved upon a temporary suspension of specie payments. This was followed by a similar step on the part of most of the banks of Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and New Jersey.

No such intense excitement had ever before prevailed in Philadelphia, as that which reigned when the bank of Pennsylvania closed its doors. Crowds of people poured into Third street from the distant extremities of the city, and the street became a perfect jam, everybody who had any money in those banks which had not yet stopped specie payment, being in haste to obtain their dues. From this vast mass of people there radiated lines reaching to the counters of all the banks, demanding coin for bills and deposits; and all the various applicants, as they presented themselves, received their money, and retired in good order. This scene continued until the hour of closing, the amount of coin thus paid out, from eleven to three o'clock, being nearly two million dollars. Very early on the same day, the Girard and Commercial banks ceased paying their deposits, but continued to pay their bills. Checks were marked good and returned to the holders. After three o'clock, the city was full of all sorts of rumors, and, at a meeting of the bank presidents, a universal suspension was agreed upon. These tidings became rapidly known throughout the towns and villages of the state, and the next morning a vast number of anxious people flocked into the city by steam-boat and railroad. As if unwilling to believe the unwelcome news, they gathered in crowds opposite the various banks, patiently awaiting the hour for opening. All appeared bent on getting coin for their checks and bills. At ten o'clock the doors opened, police officers being everywhere about, to preserve order. Each customer went up in turn, presented his check, and had it marked good; while such as held bills were told that the redemption of them in specie was temporarily suspended.

EXCITEMENT IN BUSINESS CIRCLES DURING THE GREAT PANIC.

And now, all over the land, east, west, north, and south, the dark days of fear, alarm, and ruin, settled down upon the

people, and panic raged like a pestilence. Indeed, the extent of the crash far exceeded what it would have been, but for the shock and terror which so needlessly possessed men's minds at the instant, and unbalanced their judgment. Universal distrust prevailed—a loss of that mutual confidence between man and man, without which, the foundations of mercantile credit are washed away as so much sand, but with which, temporary difficulties, even though stringent, may be surmounted, and total ruin to individuals and the public prevented. No more fitting illustration of the working of this principle of confidence could be cited, in sustaining or overturning the steadiness of business affairs, than the anecdote of the little Frenchman who loaned a merchant five thousand dollars, when times were good, but who called at the counting-house on the times becoming "hard," in a state of agitation only faintly portrayed in the following hasty colloquy which ensued:

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant, as the French creditor presented himself at the counter.

"Sick—ver sick,"—replied monsieur.

"What is the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"*De times?*—what disease is that?"

"De malaide vat break all de marchants, ver much."

"Ah—the times, eh? Well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"Not in me, I hope?"

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; but I do not know who to trust à present, when all de marchants break several times, all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money."

"Oui, monsieur, I starve for want of *l'argent*" (the silver).

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have him."

"You must?"

"Oui, monsieur," said little dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, not von other leetle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank book, drew a check on the good old 'Continental' for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it *bon?*" (good,) said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *l'argent* in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And is it parfaitement convenient to pay de same?"

"Undoubtedly! What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times."

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me von leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Well, monsieur, you shall keep *l'argent* for me some leetle year longare."

"Why, I thought you wanted it!"

"*Tout au contraire.* I no vant de *argent.* I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much—suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. *Vous comprenez,* eh?"

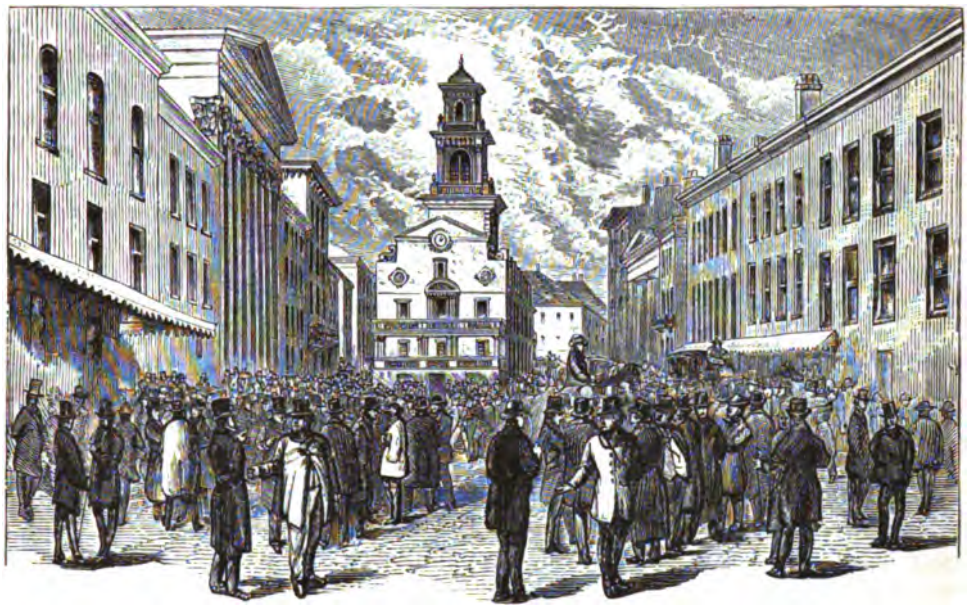
After some further conference, the little chatterer prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart, and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His *confidence* was restored—he did not stand in need of the *money.*

The banks of New York and New England remained firm, far into the month of October, but so rapid and numberless were the failures, each succeeding day, of

railroad and other corporations, and business houses which had—some of them—breasted all the financial storms of the last half century, that these were finally obliged to succumb to the avalanche of pressure, and fell into the vortex of universal suspension. Tuesday, the thirteenth of October, the day preceding the suspension, was the climax of the struggle, and Wall street, New York, as the great center of money operations in the United States, presented a scene of wild excitement never before witnessed.

The account of that scene, as given by the reporter for the Tribune, is here in part reproduced. At ten o'clock in the morning, says that journal, the fronts of the different institutions indicated, by the crowds gathered around them, that the ability of the vaults to yield up their treasure at the call of depositors and bill-holders was to undergo no ordinary test. Check after check was presented and paid, and still they came. Word soon went forth that a run had commenced on the banks, and it passed from one house to another until the whole lower part of the city was alive with excitement. Bank books were examined; but a moment was required to prepare a check—a signature was hurriedly dashed off at its foot, and in another moment it was on its way to the bank.

The crowd increased in numbers. Each person took his place in the line and awaited his turn, while policemen kept those out who were present only from motives of curiosity. One after another was paid, and with the shining treasure departed. Scores of hands, skilled by long experience in counting coin, were taxed to their utmost in their efforts to keep pace with the demand for gold. Altogether, the scene presented was one of the wildest excitement. *Thirty to forty thousand persons were at the same moment in the street*—some rushing onward in the hope to secure their deposits before the hour of closing should arrive, and others clustered together, discussing the condition of affairs. One after another of the announcements made, of banks failing under the continued drain upon them, fell with dismay among the crowd, and confident predictions were uttered that ten o'clock of Wednesday would tell the story of the suspension of all. But not a few there were, whose belief in the ability of the moneyed institutions was still unshaken, and they asserted, with earnestness, that



EFFECTS OF THE HARD TIMES.

every demand in checks and bills would be met to the last, and Panic be laughed to scorn.

But, with all the anxiety and resoluteness depicted upon so many countenances, there were those who laughed and cracked jokes about their deposits in banks which had suspended, and about their stock in smashed-up railroads, as though the whole thing were a huge joke. From the top of Wall street to the bottom—from Broadway to Water street—the sidewalks were crowded with people, desirous to know the truth of the rumors which filled the air.

In other parts of the city, stirring scenes were transpiring, and not a few that were quite illustrative of human nature in its different veins. During the run upon the Bowery Savings Bank, an old Irishwoman, short, thick, resolute, and 'a little in for it,' made herself conspicuous by elbowing her way through the distrustful depositors, very unceremoniously, and denouncing, in no measured terms, "the big blackguards that would be afther chating a poor body out iv her hard earned wagis." Some order of precedence is customary at such times, but the heavy shoes of the Irishwoman did such execution upon the corns of all who stood in her way, that she soon obtained a good place near the door, in spite of the remonstrances of a dozen or two of younger Biddys, Maggies, Marys, and Kathleens, who had been waiting an hour or two. At the door, she had a wordy quarrel with a broad-shouldered black man in advance of her, calling him a "runaway nagur;" and anon she varied her performances by shaking her fist in the face of a policeman—who, as an official conservator of the peace, had undertaken to check her,—and, at length, very red and sweaty, she stood before the paying teller and presented her book, with a vocal invocation to him to do the clean thing. "What's this mean?" said he, looking at her somewhat impatiently. "What's your name?" "Can't yoos rade writin' hand?" she rejoined sharply; "shure, me nam's on the book!" "But this," said he, "is only a grocer's old pass book! What's your name, I say?" "Mary McRagan I was christened, but I married Pat Millikens." The teller turned rapidly to his index of depositors. "You have got no money in this bank!" said he, when he had ascertained the fact. She left the premises in company with an officer, to whom she confessed that she had found the pass book near the crowd, and thinking it had been dropped accidentally by a depositor, she had thought to obtain the money before the depositor applied for it. At the same bank, one man who drew out his deposits was so intoxicated that he could hardly stand; quite likely, he lost the savings of years before the night was over. At another savings bank, one poor girl had her pocket picked of her little all—about seventy-seven dollars, before she had got out of the crowd. A vast deal of chaffing occurred among those who thronged the doorways of the banks. "I don't know," said one to a bystander, "where to put my money when I get it!" "Give it to me," rejoined the other. "Sew it up in your shirt," said another; and several other methods were promptly and merrily suggested by the sympathizing spectators, such as "Stick it in your wig"—"Let the old woman have it"—"Put it in your boots, and let me wear them;" etc.

At the Sixpenny Savings Bank, a little newsboy, without a jacket, and only one suspender (and that a string), confronted the teller on Monday, and demanded to know whether "She was all right"—meaning the Institution—because if she was, he didn't mean to be scared, if everybody else was. He'd got forty-two cents salted down there, and all he wanted was his (the teller's) word of honor that it wouldn't spile. The teller assured him that his money was ready for him at any moment. "'Nuff said, 'tween gen'l'men, but I don't want it," rejoined the youth, and with a self-complacent, well-satisfied air, walked out of the bank. "Is she good?" cried two or three other newsboys who were awaiting the result, at the doorsteps. "Yes, s-i-r-r-e-e!" he replied,

"as good as wheat. Ketch *our* bank to stop! Yoos ought to seed the gold I seed in der safe!" "How much was they?" inquired a companion. "More'n a house-full!" was the prompt response, "an' yoos don't ketch dis 'ere chile a-makin' an oold woman of his-self, an' drawin' out his money; I ain't so green—I ain't!"

It will require but little strain of the imagination to realize, to one's mind, the case of Mrs. Jones, who, on receipt of the news of the banks suspending specie payments, hastened to her savings bank, elbowed her way smartly to the desk, presented her book, and demanded her money.

"Madam," said the clerk, persuasively, "are you sure you want to draw this money out in specie?"

"Mrs. Jones," said a director, with an oracular frown, "do you know that you are injuring your fellow depositors?"

"And setting an example of great folly to less educated persons in this community?" struck in another director.

"Let us advise you simply to reflect," interposed the clerk, blandly.

"To wait for a day, at least," said the director.

At last there was a pause.

Mrs. Jones had been collecting herself. She burst now. In a tone which was heard throughout the building, and above all the din of ordinary business, and at which her questioners turned ashy pale, she said:

"*Will you pay me my money?*—YES *or* NO!"

They paid her instantly.

Not only in the great centers of business and finance, like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans, but in every town and village, the scarcity of money and the failure of banks and commercial houses, operated to paralyze industry and bring want to thousands of families. In consequence of the universal stoppage of factories, the poorer classes in some of the manufacturing communities saw winter approaching, with no prospect of earning a livelihood. Whole families began to suffer for bread—the fathers willing and eager to work, but absolutely nothing to do. Tales of distress were to be heard at almost every step, for the factories, forges, and foundries, had all ceased their cheerful hum of activity, and every day's intelligence from different parts of the land was that of fresh accumulations of disaster, increasing the severity of the situation, and adding to the general gloom. The oldest, heaviest, richest, and firmest money-eyed institutions, corporations, companies and firms, which were considered equal to any pressure that might be brought to bear against them, were daily chronicled as having "gone to the wall." Fortunes were swept away, like ashes in a whirlwind. Not even in 1837, when the banking system of the country was in so precarious a condition, was there such a terrible downfall of old and wealthy houses. At the west, there was one short, tremendous collapse, that seemed to bring ruin, at one quick blow, upon everything and everybody; and at the south, the devastation was no less wide-spread and fatal.

Various means were resorted to, to realize cash for stocks of goods on hand, even at a ruinous discount. At numberless shop windows were to be seen in staring letters, such announcements as: 'These goods sold at wholesale prices.' 'Selling off at half cost.' 'Bargains to be had for two days—now or never!' 'We must realize ten thousand dollars to-day, at any sacrifice;' etc. Indeed, in all the large cities, the dry goods dealers, being severely pressed for money, offered their goods in this way, and effected large sales. A large number of the most prominent wholesale dealers threw open their vast warehouses to retail customers, and by this means, probably, not a few houses, of that class, managed to escape the hard fate that befell others.

Thus, in a word, there was exhibited the melancholy spectacle of a great nation's commercial, financial, manufacturing, and industrial interests in utter ruin, from one end of the broad land to the other; prosperity succeeded by abject adversity; con-

fidence supplanted by total distrust; a paralysis of all trade; the stoppage of almost every bank in every part of the United States, the cessation of factories, the discharge of thousands of laborers, the inability to bring our large crops of produce to market, the ruinous rate of two or three per cent. a month on the strongest paper, and a ruinous depreciation in the price of all stocks. The steamers on the great rivers and lakes stood still; the canal boats ceased to ply; the railroad trains conveyed less than half the usual amount of travelers and merchandise; the navigating interest shared the common distress, so that the cargoes, brought from abroad, either passed into the public stores, or were re-exported at great loss; the freighting business was nearly annihilated. Alarmed, too, at the prospect before them, ship-loads of emigrants were taken home to their native land, in the packets running from Boston and New York to Europe. Nor did the fortune-tellers fail to drive a brisk business in informing ignorant and credulous inquirers what was to "turn up."

That this great national calamity had its root in the fever for land and railroad speculation, involving enormous debt, with no corresponding sound basis or adequate means, cannot be doubted. Mr. Gibbons, one of the very ablest of American financial writers, argues, in respect to this point, that, notwithstanding the appearances of prosperity previous to the panic, there existed all the conditions of extraordinary financial disturbance. A prodigious weight of insolvency had been carried along for years in the volume of trade. Extravagance of living had already sapped the foundations of commercial success, in hundreds of instances where credit supplied the place of lost capital. Mismanagement and fraud had gained footing in public companies to an incredible degree; hundreds of millions of bonds were issued with little regard to the validity of their basis, and pressed upon the market by dishonest agents, at any price, from sixty down to thirty cents on the dollar. False quotations were obtained by sham auction sales. The newspaper press, in particular instances, was bribed into silence, or became a partner in the profits to be derived from the various schemes which it commended to general confidence. The land grants by congress to railway companies gave added impetus to speculation, and state legislatures were bribed to locate roads to serve individual interests. Public, as well as private credit, was compromised.

It could not be otherwise than that bankruptcy and an overwhelming crash should succeed such an inflated and precarious state of things. Even when trade and business are conducted in accordance with fair and legitimate rules, the records of insolvency among American merchants tell a woful tale. Thus, General Dearborn, who for twenty years was collector of the port of Boston, and who had ample opportunities for observing the vicissitudes of trade, ascertained, on investigation, that among every hundred of the merchants and traders of that city—whose character for carefulness and stability will compare favorably with that of merchants in any other portion of the land—not more than three ever acquired an independence. This conclusion was not arrived at without great distrust; but an experienced merchant, who was consulted, fully confirmed its truth. A Boston antiquarian in the year 1800 took a memorandum of every person doing business on Long Wharf, and in 1840 only five in one hundred remained; all but these had either failed or died insolvent. The Union Bank commenced business in 1798, there being then only one other bank. The Union was overrun with business, the clerks being obliged to work till midnight, and even on Sundays. An examination, some fifty or sixty years from the starting of the bank, showed that of one thousand accounts opened at the commencement, only six remained; all the others had either failed, or died insolvent,—houses whose paper had passed without question, the very parties who had constituted the solid men of the city, all had gone down in that period.

Of the direful havoc, therefore, created by a sudden and violent panic, sweeping over the whole country like a hurricane, some idea may be formed from the statistics here given.

Notwithstanding the resumption of business on a specie basis, in about two months from the time of their suspension, by most of those banks which were in a solvent condition, it was a long while before trade and industry recovered from their crippled state; and the embarrassment and suffering which consequently weighed, during so protracted a period, upon all classes of the community, were painful to the last degree.

LVI.

THE "GREAT AWAKENING" IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD; AND THE POPULAR REVIVAL MOVEMENT (IN 1875–6) UNDER MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.—1857.

Like a Mighty Rushing Wind, it Sweeps from the Atlantic to the Pacific.—Crowded Prayer-Meetings Held Daily in Every City and Town, from the Granite Hills of the North to the Rolling Prairies of the West and the Golden Slopes of California.—Large Accessions, from all Classes, to the Churches of Every Name and Denomination.—The "American Pentecost."—Early American Revivals.—Dr. Franklin and Mr. Whitefield.—The Revival of 1857 Spontaneous.—No Leaders or Organizers.—Its Immediate Cause.—Universal Ruin of Commerce.—Anxiety for Higher Interests.—All Days of the Week Alike.—Business Men in the Work.—Telegraphing Religious Tidings.—New York a Center of Influence —Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting.—Scenes in Burton's Theater.—New Themes and Actors. —Countless Requests for Prayers.—A Wonderful Book.—Striking Moral Results.—Men of Violence Reformed.—Crime and Suicide Prevented.—Infidels, Gamblers, Pugilists.—Jessie Fremont's Gold Ring.—"Awful" Gardner's Case.

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

BOOK OF REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS.

REVIVALS of religious feeling and interest, attended with great numerical accessions to the church, have been not unfrequent among the various denominations of Christians in America, from the very earliest period of the country's settlement; and, during the eighteenth century, under the labors of such men as Whitefield, Edwards, the Tennents, and others, such results followed as had never before characterized any age or people. The labors of Whitefield, in especial, stirred the public mind to its depths, and reached all hearts. Even Dr. Franklin, rationalist though he was, was won upon, head, heart, and pocket, by the power of this mightiest of pulpit orators. Happening to attend one of his meetings in Philadelphia, and perceiving, in the course of the sermon, that Whitefield intended to finish with a collection, Franklin silently resolved that the preacher should get nothing from him, though he had in his pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As Whitefield proceeded, Franklin began to soften, and determined to give the copper. Another stroke of the preacher's oratory, made Franklin ashamed of that, and determined him to give the silver instead; but

the preacher finished so admirably, that the philosopher emptied his pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. On the same occasion, another gentleman, suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before leaving home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor, who stood near him, to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was made to, perhaps, the only man in the assembly who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses." The multitudes, of all denominations, that went to hear this wonderful man, were enormous—indeed, one great secret of his success was, his freedom from sectarian prejudice and animosity. As an illustration of this quality, it is related that in the midst of one of his most overpowering discourses, he stopped short for an instant, and then uttered the following impressive apostrophe: "Father Abraham, who have you in heaven? any Episcopalians?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Baptists?" "No." "Have you any Methodists, Seceders, or Independents there?" "No, no!" "Why who have you there?" "We don't know those names here. All who are here are Christians, believers in Christ—men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony." "Oh, is that the case? then God help me, God help us all, to forget party names, and to become Christians, in deed and in truth." The labors of such a champion could not be otherwise than fruitful of good.

Without dwelling upon the scenes and results relating to the early religious efforts alluded to above, it may be said of the revival in 1857–8—known as "the *Great Awakening*," and which is the subject of this chapter,—that it depended not upon any leader or preacher, however eloquent, but was the spontaneous outgrowth of the heart's necessities, felt in common by the great mass of the public, in view of the financial tornado which, sweeping with such universal destructiveness over the land, had given impressive weight to the truth, that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." No words could convey a better idea of the general feeling which thus possessed men's minds at this period of mercantile ruin on the one hand, and of religious anxiety on the other, than those uttered by a prominent merchant of New York, at one of the business men's daily prayer-meetings in that city. "Prayer," said he, "was never so great a blessing to me as it is now. I should certainly either break down or turn rascal, except for it! When one sees his property taken from him every day, by those who might pay him if they were willing to make sacrifices in order to do it, but who will not make the least effort even for this end, and by some who seem designedly to take advantage of the times, in order to defraud him—and when he himself is liable to the keenest reproaches from others if he does not pay money, which he cannot collect and cannot create—the temptation is tremendous to forget Christian charity, and be as hard and unmerciful as anybody. If I could not get some half hours every day to pray myself into a right state of mind, I should either be overburdened and disheartened, or do such things as no Christian man ought." Testimonies like this were innumerable from business men,—they, as well as the laity in general, being most prominent in carrying on the work.

But, though this movement was, in a very great degree, spontaneous, it was early accompanied by a systematic plan of family visitation, in the principal cities, and by noonday prayer-meetings, in almost every city, town, and village, from one end of the country to the other. In such places as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, Richmond, as well as farther south and west, not only were the usual houses of worship crowded daily, but

the largest public halls were hired for the same purpose, and resounded every day with fervent prayers, songs of praise, and earnest exhortations.

Thus, in Philadelphia, the vast audience room of Jayne's Hall, and, in New York, Burton's well-known theater, were appropriated for religious assemblings. The room hitherto occupied in the first-named hall, contained accommodations for about three hundred persons, and when it was decided upon to remove into the large hall, it was with no expectation that the room would be filled, at such an hour as noonday. To the amazement of all, however, it was densely crowded, every seat being occupied, including the settees in the aisles, and a large portion of the immense galleries, and those who left for want of room upon the main floor, are said to have exceeded the number who could not gain admission on the day previous, when the meeting was held in the small room adjoining. It was estimated that there were certainly not less than three thousand persons who entered the hall during the hour, and it was conceded, by those whose means of knowledge enabled them to judge, that this was the largest meeting convened for the simple purpose of prayer to God, that had ever been assembled in this country.

From New York city, a vast religious influence went forth to all parts of the land, and details of the daily proceedings in the prayer-meetings held at Burton's theater, and in the Fulton street and John street church vestries, were published far and wide by the secular press. Indeed, the fullness and candor characterizing the reports contained in the city journals, were, with scarcely an exception, most honorable to those influential mediums of public enlightenment. Of the now almost world-renowned Fulton street prayer-meeting, held at first in one room, but to which, as the revival progressed, it was found necessary to add two more, the Daily Tribune of March 6, 1858, said: "All three are now not only filled to their utmost capacity, but would be still more largely attended if there were sitting or even standing-room to be offered to the multitude. A placard is posted on the gate, inviting persons to enter, though such an invitation seems no longer necessary: 'Step in for five minutes, or longer, as your time permits.' Inside notices are hung on the walls, to the effect that prayers and remarks should be brief, 'in order to give all an opportunity,' and forbidding the introduction of 'controverted points,' for the purpose of preventing theological discussion. These precautions are taken, in order to give as much variety as possible to the exercises, for it is always unpardonable to render a crowded meeting dull. The frequenters of this meeting come from all classes of society, and are invited as such, without regard to their differences. Many clergymen of the city churches, and many prominent laymen, including merchants and gentlemen in the legal and medical professions, are seen there every day—as they ought to be seen—side by side with the mechanic and the day laborer, and even the street beggar. Draymen drive up their carts to the church, and, hitching their horses outside, go in with the crowd; and 'fine ladies,' who sometimes have Christian hearts in spite of unchristian fashions, driven down from 'up town' in their fine carriages, also step in and mingle with the same multitude. The exercises consist about equally of prayers, remarks, and singing. Of course it is impracticable for so many to take part in the speaking or the audible praying, but they all join in the singing with great zeal and emphasis. On one occasion, the volume of sound was so heavy as to dislodge from its place on the wall the clock which had been securely fastened, as was supposed, and bring it crashing to the floor. It is not unfrequent, during the continuance of the meeting, to see a crowd of persons collected in the street in front of the church, to listen to the spirit-stirring hymns that are sung inside. The prayer-meeting held in the old Methodist church in John street is similar to this. The attendance here is already found sufficient

to crowd the entire ground floor of the building. Many Methodist brethren attend this meeting in preference to the other, but the proceedings are characterized with entire catholicity and freedom from sectarianism." Perhaps no better illustration could be afforded of this unsectarian feeling, as well as of the prevailing spirit of the times, than the following dispatch, which was sent by telegraph, at noon, March 12th, to the great union prayer-meeting in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia:

"*Christian Brethren*—The New York John street Union Meeting sends you greeting in brotherly love: 'And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of Hosts—I will go also. Praise the Lord—call upon his name—declare his doings among the people—make mention that his name is exalted.'"

To the above message, the following dispatch from Mr. George H. Stuart, a prominent Old School Presbyterian and chairman of the Philadelphia meeting, was immediately telegraphed and read to the John street meeting:

"Jayne's Hall daily Prayer Meeting is crowded; upwards of three thousand present; with one mind and heart they glorify our Father in heaven for the mighty work he is doing in our city and country, in the building up of saints and the conversion of sinners. The Lord hath done great things for us, whence joy to us is brought. May He who holds the seven stars in his right hand, and who walks in the midst of the churches, be with you by His Spirit this day. Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you."

Even among those denominations unaccustomed to what are known as 'revival measures' for the furtherance of religion, such as the Unitarian, Universalist, and Episcopalian, a disposition was manifested to co-operate, in prayers and labors, for the success of the good work. In Boston, and other places, prayer-meetings were conducted by the Unitarian clergy and laity, which were thronged to the utmost capacity of the halls used for the purpose. In New York, the Orchard Street Universalist church, Rev. Dr. Sawyer, exhibited a warm sympathy with the revival, and took an active part in its progress; prayer-meetings were held twice a week, which were fully attended, a deep religious feeling pervaded the congregation, and large numbers united with the church. The card of invitation to their prayer-meeting, which, like that of other denominations, was extensively circulated, read as follows: A general prayer-meeting will be held every Wednesday and Friday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, in the lecture-room of the Rev. Dr. Sawyer's church, Orchard street, near Broome. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.'

Among the Episcopalians, meetings of deep interest were held, including regular evening services for prayer and short addresses, at the Church of the Ascension, New York, Rev. Dr. Bedell's. One of these meetings was of a very impressive character. The meeting commenced with singing the hymn, "Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay," a series of prayers followed, after which Rev. Mr. Dickson delivered a short address, founded on the words, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" Other hymns were sung, and then remarks made by Rev. Drs. Dyer and Cutler, Episcopal rectors. Doctor Cutler said that, twenty years ago, such a meeting as the present one would have been denounced as Methodistical; but he felt that he could almost say, with Simeon of old, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace," for he had witnessed that glorious "leviathan," the Episcopal Church, which for forty years he had lamented to see, with all its noble qualities and precious gifts, being fast in the stocks, at last launched and making full headway in the river that flows from the City of God.

Next to the Fulton street prayer-meeting, in point of wide-reaching influence,

GROUP OF EMINENT REVIVAL PREACHERS DURING THE NATIONAL CENTURY.

the meetings for prayer held daily, at noon, in Burton's theater, may be spoken of as most conspicuous. It was hired for this purpose by the New York Young Men's Christian Association, and was crowded daily with earnest-minded men and women, fervent in their songs, prayers, and exhortations. The place made so famous, in years past, by the histrionic performances of Burton, Blake, Placide, Holland, Davenport, Johnston, Lester, Jordan, Fisher, Brougham, and other celebrities, now resounded with the soul-stirring appeals of such men as Cuyler, Beecher, Hatfield, Armitage, and a host of warm-hearted merchants and professional men, all enlisted in the good work of extolling the glad tidings of salvation. Instead of polkas, schottisches, and waltzes —instead of fiddle and bow, orchestra and overture,—there were the grave and serious hymns, "Children of the Heavenly King," and "Salvation, O the joyful sound," "Return, my wandering soul, return," etc. With the exception of now and then a fervid "Amen," or a hearty "Yes, Lord," the order and quiet of the audience during the speaking were entirely uninterrupted.

At all the multitudinous prayer-meetings held in different places throughout the country, one marked feature of the proceedings was that of receiving and reading requests for prayers. The requests of this character sent to the Fulton street meeting have all been carefully preserved in a book, constituting a volume upon which no one can look without the deepest interest. The scope and variety of these requests afford so apt a reflection of the state of feeling during the revival period, that a few specimens of those presented at different times and places, will be a fair illustration of all:

'A Christian merchant earnestly desires the prayers of God's people for his co-partners in business, and for all the young men in their employment unconverted to God.'

'An anxious wife is praying earnestly at this hour for her husband, who once made a profession of religion, but is now fearful that he never was born of the Spirit, and is in darkness. She asks for an interest in your prayers in his behalf.'

'The prayers of those who are accustomed to intercede with God, are requested by a San Franciscan, that the Almighty would visit the city of San Francisco with a gracious outpouring of his Spirit. Remember your brothers and fathers on the Pacific coast.'

'The prayers of this meeting are requested for a young lady who scoffs at religion. Don't forget her, brethren. She has no one to pray for her but the writer of this. Oh, pray for her.'

'A widow asks for the prayers of the brethren and sisters for a son brought up under careful religious instruction, who last night *cursed his mother*—that he may this day be brought to the feet of Jesus.'

'Prayers are requested for a sister who is given to intemperance.'

'The prayers of Christians are most earnestly requested by a son in behalf of an aged father, nearly seventy years old. A family of ten children are praying morning, noon, and night for him.'

'The prayers of Christians are requested for a young man—the son of a clergyman —who is an idle jester on the subject of religion, and who has, within the last hour, been heard to ridicule these meetings, and to jest upon these subjects.'

'My husband is not a Christian, though often thoughtful. I have prayed for his conversion every day since our marriage —nine years. May I ask an interest in your prayers that my husband may seek *now* an interest in Christ, and that we may both become devoted, earnest, Bible-Christians?'

'The prayers of the Fulton street meeting are earnestly requested for a bible class of twenty-two young ladies, connected with one of the Dutch Reformed churches in this vicinity, some of whom appear to be anxious for their souls.'

It was in this spirit that the Great Awakening showed its character and its power in all sections of the land, north,

south, east, and west, the Wind of God sweeping benignly from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—reaching across the length and breadth of the continent,—from the granite mountains of the north to the rolling prairies of the west and the golden slopes of California. It was, in a word, the American Pentecost,—the great religious epoch of the national century, unequaled in earnestness, union, and universality, by any similar movement that had preceded it, in the history of the western world. The spiritual activities of the denominations were everywhere constant and fruitful, the accessions to the churches being numbered by scores of thousands. In places the most obscure, remote and isolated, the most fervid religious engagedness was to be found, while, in the larger towns and cities, no business man, whatever his location, needed to go forty rods to find a prayer-meeting in operation, with a printed invitation outside for him to enter and listen to the prayers and experiences of others, and, if he so desired, take a part in the exercises himself. There were special meetings for prayer, also, in behalf of firemen, policemen, waiters at hotels, seamen, and boys, maintained wholly or in part by the classes specially named, and resulting in a large amount of good. Men of established Christian character were strengthened in their good purposes; the indifferent and heedless were awakened to thoughtfulness on religious themes; and multitudes, everywhere, who had led lives of immorality and wickedness, dangerous to society, were reclaimed, and henceforth walked in the path of virtue and honor.

Of the many interesting incidents which transpired during this wonderful period, only a few can here be cited.

Just after the commencement of the great panic, (says Rev. Mr. Adams, a well-known Methodist preacher in New York,) a young man called on me late on Saturday night. He was the picture of distress and despair. Supposing him to be one of the many cases that daily came under my notice, I invited him in. He sat some minutes in perfect silence, and finally burst into tears. It was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to go on, and then said, "Can you do anything for me?" I requested him to state his case. He said he was miserable beyond description—had been blessed with pious parents and a religious education, but had gone far away from the counsels of his fathers; he had fallen into shameful sin, until his soul loathed himself, and he had been on the verge of self-destruction. "This afternoon," said he, "feeling a hell within, I went and bought poison,—went into my room, and was about to take it, when something seemed to say to me, 'Go down and see the minister,' and I have come. Will you pray for me?" He fell on his knees and cried aloud for mercy. After two hours of prayer, he grew calm, and finally joyful. He gave me a package, and requested me to destroy it; there was laudanum in it—enough to have killed half a dozen men.

One of the first conversions among the sailors, was that of a man who had been greatly addicted to gambling, and to other vices that usually accompany this. When he went to the meeting, he had just left the gaming-table; but when he returned, his first act was to consign his cards and dice to the flames. He then knelt down, prayed, and was converted. He went to sea, and on board the ship daily prayer-meetings were held both in the cabin and forecastle.

A merchant, after having attended one of the crowded prayer-meetings held in the city, determined, on returning home, to make an effort for the spiritual good of some of his friends and neighbors. One of these was a man who avowed himself an infidel. A prayer-meeting was organized, to which this man with others was invited, and, after several days' attendance, rose on one occasion, and requested that prayer should be made in his behalf. To the surprise and almost astonishment of his acquaintances, he shortly afterward renounced infidelity, and embraced the Christian religion.

At many of the telegraph offices, messages were constantly being sent to all parts of the land, announcing conversions. Some of these were exceedingly tender and touching, such as, 'Dear mother, the revival continues, and I, too, have been converted.' 'My dear parents, you will rejoice to hear that I have found peace with God.' 'Tell my sister that I have come to the Cross of Christ.' 'At last I have faith and peace.'

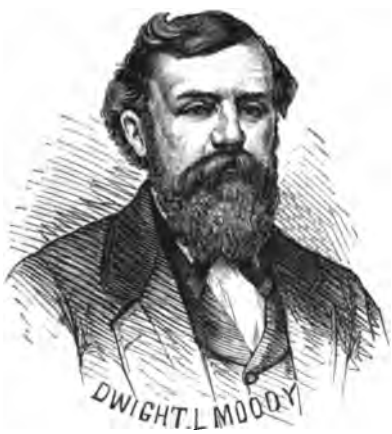
The influence of personal effort and a good example was forcibly illustrated in the following case of a man and wife, who were utterly regardless even of the forms of religion, the husband, indeed, being an infidel. The wife had, however, been taken by some one to the meetings in a neighboring Methodist church, and, unknown to her husband, had become interested in them. One day he was scoffing in her presence at the revival, expressing his disbelief in everything of the kind, especially ridiculing the Methodist modes of labor, and winding up with a threat that he would soon stop any of *his* family who should be guilty of the folly of going up to the altar. "Why," said his wife, throwing her arms round his neck, and giving him a kiss, "do you know that *I* was there last night?" "No," he replied, returning her kiss; "but I am glad of it." He was softened; that same evening he accompanied her to meeting, and went up to the altar himself.

St. Paul's Episcopal church, on Broadway, New York, was filled with multitudes, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, in attendance on the devotional services performed there. On one of these occasions, soon after the exercises commenced, the large and fashionable congregation was surprised by the entrance of three Indian maidens, wrapped in their blue blankets. They paused for an instant at the door, and then advanced to the front of the altar with quiet dignity and self-possession, and knelt down to their devotions. As the solemn ceremonies drew near to a close, they rose, crossed themselves, and, saluting the altar, glided down the aisle and from the church. They were of the Caughnewaga tribe, residing near Montreal, and had visited New York for the purpose of selling their trinkets, bead moccasins, and baskets. Being mostly Catholics, they usually worshiped in the church of that order on Canal street; but it seemed that they had observed the brilliantly illuminated church in passing by, and had entered, forgetful of form or sect, to kneel with their white sisters before the common Father of all.

In Mr. Beecher's church, Brooklyn, at the close of one of the morning meetings, a charitable collection was taken up. Among the audience was Mrs. Fremont ("Our Jessie"), who, happening to have no money in her pocket, as the plate was passed, took from her finger a heavy gold ring, and threw it in as the only contribution which she was able at the moment to make. The ring contained on the outside an engraved *bee*,—in allusion to a beautiful incident in Fremont's passage of the Rocky Mountains,—and, on the inside, the inscription, 'March 4, '57.'

One of the most remarkable conversions among the dangerous and criminal classes, was that of Orville Gardner, commonly called "Awful" Gardner, a noted prize-fighter and trainer of pugilists. He was induced to attend one of the Methodist meetings, and, to the surprise of multitudes, he requested the prayers of the congregation, a request which on three different occasions he repeated. At this time, he was residing in the vicinity of New York. Having some unimportant business to do in that city, a friend asked him if he would "jump into the cars and go down and attend to it." He replied, "I have more important business to attend to first, and I shall not go to the city till it is done." He had then three men under his training for a prize-fight. On being asked if he would give them further lessons, he replied that "he would go to them soon, but on a different errand from boxing and training—he would try to persuade them to reform, and to embrace religion."

A young man, hearing himself prayed for by some friends, became so angry, that he resolved to sell his farm and go west, away from such interfering relatives. They continued to pray, and he finally sold his farm, and was going to start for Albany, on his way to the west. While going to take the cars, he passed the prayer-meeting, and, having some time to wait for the train, thought he would just step in, to pass the time away, and see what was going on. He went in, was deeply impressed, and his case was immediately added to the great multitude of similar instances of reformation, which made the Great Awakening of 1857–8 so memorable in the religious history of the nation.



But, in addition to the Great Awakening thus distinguishing the periods described, and which wrought such mighty results, there was to succeed another, which, in some of its aspects, was to prove even more noteworthy. Indeed, it may be said, without exaggeration, that one of the most happy, conciliatory, and widely useful religious movements characterizing the history of our country, and, in fact, the history of modern times,—creating an enthusiasm as genial and far-reaching as it was decorous and practical,—was that which commenced in the fall of 1875, under the personal auspices of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, lay evangelists of world-wide fame, who had some time previously been on a tour of active and successful religious labor in different parts of Europe. Returning to their native land, they devoted themselves, for consecutive months, and with great and disinterested earnestness, among the masses, and this, too, as it appeared, not only without stated or assured pecuniary compensation, but absolutely without consideration of money or hire, beyond what was voluntarily contributed by friends for their current expenses.

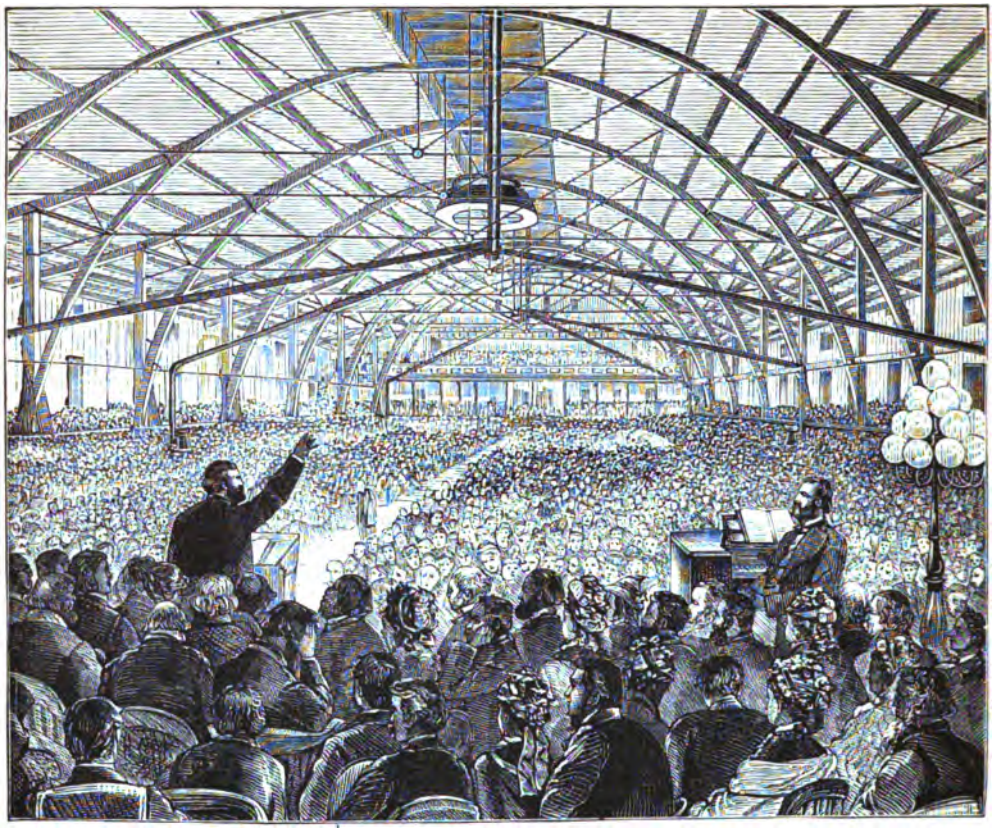
Never before, perhaps, were the fountains of the higher life in man opened up so abundantly and universally in our land, as by the efforts of these simple-spoken but intrepid and warm-hearted reformers, as they went from town to town and from city to city, with the proclamation, by fervent discourse, and cheering, melting song, of the "glad tidings of good."

Standing aloof from even the shadow of sectarian propagandism or theological disputation, they enlisted the co-operation—or, at least, the good will and God-speed—of all denominations of Christians, and, so conciliatory was their speech, and so rational their methods, in appealing to the irreligious or indifferent, that, unlike the experience which would probably have attended a different course, little if any time was lost in provoking criticism or combating objections. And this, in a word, was

the cause of the welcome extended them, wherever they went, and of the almost invariably rich harvests which accompanied their labors. Nothing, in fact, could better evince the favorable impression made by these evangelists upon society, than the judgments of the value of their work, expressed by those not holding their opinions. Thus, the Tablet, an influential journal of the Roman Catholic faith, published in New York, spoke of Mr. Moody as affording, in "the midst of an age of mocking and unbelieving, a kind of earnest testimony to Jesus, and we can not find it in our heart to say it is not of God;" and, though guarding its concessions by the claim for its own Church of possessing solely the real truth, it admitted, nevertheless, that "it is something in cities where the divinity of Christ and His divine teaching are openly blasphemed, and where to the great bulk of the population the Christian religion is a matter of complete indifference, when it is not one of scorn, that their ears should be accustomed to words of adoration and love of Him, and that even the dreary wastes of heresy should echo with the name of Jesus. . . . This work of Mr. Moody's is not sin. It cannot be sin to invite men to love and serve Jesus Christ."

And in a similar spirit to that just cited, the Jewish Messenger, referring to the meetings contemplated to be held by these evangelists, in the vast hippodrome, New York city, expressed it as its opinion that, whatever objection might be urged to emotional religion as spasmodic, lacking in substantial good, no man of sense could declaim against such services, if conducted in the same orderly and earnest way that had characterized the meetings elsewhere. In the same vein was the utterance of a distinguished preacher in Brooklyn, N. Y.,—one representing the extreme wing of the 'liberal' school,—who declared, in a sermon, that, if Moody and Sankey could reach the masses of the people, "they would perform a work for which all lovers of mankind would be grateful." That this hope was largely realized, in the case of Brooklyn itself, is well known.

One of the events in Mr. Moody's career which peculiarly conspired to awaken popular enthusiasm in behalf of him and his cause, on this side of the Atlantic, was the account, which preceded his arrival in America by some weeks, of the extraordinary occasion attending the close of the evangelists' wonderful labors in London, and which, on being read by their friends in this country, seemed like a prophecy of great things in store for their native land, when their homeward voyage should be accomplished. It appeared, according to the account of the meeting referred to—the last of the immense gatherings of this kind in that metropolis — that, for some days prior to its taking place, the anxiety of the people to obtain admission to the hall amounted almost to a frenzy, and not altogether a harmless one. Numbers were waiting for admission as early as three o'clock in the morning, or hours before the opening,—all the approaches were crowded with surging throngs, some of whom had come from great distances, — and, all around, dense masses of men, women, and children, were present, worked up to the highest point of interest and expectation. Mr. Moody found entrance through a private house adjoining, and with the help of a ladder. Meetings were held outside, but nothing less than seeing and hearing Mr. Moody would satisfy the densely packed multitude. Among the great dignitaries present were the Queen of the Netherlands and the Duchess of Sutherland. The last words of the evangelist were very impressive, as, indeed, was the whole scene of this most memorable occasion, and his sentiments, as then and there uttered—rapid, spontaneous, gushing, — may be said to fitly represent the preacher's character and power. "It is," he said, "the last time I shall have the unspeakable privilege of preaching the gospel in England. I have never enjoyed preaching so much as I have in this country." "Have another week," shouted a man. "I want to have you *all* saved *to-night*," said Mr. Moody, looking



REVIVAL MEETING IN BROOKLYN, CONDUCTED BY MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

toward the speaker. "If I were to stay another week, I could tell you no more. I have not told you a hundredth part of the story, but I have done the best I can with this stammering tongue. I don't want to close this meeting until I see you safe behind the walls of the city of refuge. During the past thirty days I have been preaching here, I have tried to allure you away to that world of light. I have told you of hell to warn you, and I have told you of the love of God. To-night I have been trying to illustrate salvation. You can receive Christ and be saved, or reject him and be lost. By-and-by there will be a glorious future, and I want to know how many there are willing to join me for eternity. How many will stand up here before God and man, and say, by that act, you will join me for heaven? Those who are willing to do so to-night, will you just rise?" Multitudes rose to their feet.

Of this remarkable European tour of the evangelists, one of them afterwards said, "I remember when we left home, not knowing what was before us. We landed in Liverpool, and found the friends who invited us over both dead. We were strangers, but God led us; His Spirit directed us up to a dead town, where we held a prayer-meeting, at which, at first, there were *but four persons present.* Afterward more came. People thought we were two Americans with sinister designs. The meetings, however, increased in interest and power, and then the work began."

In due time, after returning to this country, the evangelists commenced their public labors, selecting Brooklyn, N. Y., as their first field. No church edifice, however, in that city, having the seating capacity to accommodate the throng of people who desired to listen to Mr. Moody's powerful exhortations and Mr. Sankey's

singing, the large structure known as the rink, on Clermont avenue, was fitted up for this purpose. It accommodated five thousand persons. The interior of this vast building, as viewed from the platform, a large semi-circular dais, was in the highest degree inspiring. Mr. Moody's position, when speaking, was at the center of this platform, in front; on his left were seats for visiting clergymen; on his right, in front, was Mr. Sankey's position, at a small organ, on which he played the accompaniment to his admirable rendering of the hymns which formed such a marked and helpful feature of these services. It was in this rink, that, day after day and night after night, for successive weeks, dense throngs assembled, and discourse, song, and prayer united to bring thousands of hearts to religious consecration. Outdoor meetings, as well as meetings in the neighboring churches, were also held daily, with the most beneficial results, the pastors joining heartily in the work,—and, in fact, all over the land, the stimulus to renewed zeal and activity in spiritual things, received from this source, was most decided.

Commencing in Brooklyn, October 24th, and continuing some weeks, only a brief interval elapsed before the revivalists commenced their labors in Philadelphia, namely, on Sunday morning, November 21st, the meetings being held in the old freight depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, which had been fitted up for this use. The inclemency of the weather did not prevent the assembling of at least ten thousand persons at the opening services, including hundreds of prominent persons. Indeed, long before the hour of opening, the streets leading to the building were alive with people of every age and condition, and of both sexes; thousands came by the various lines of passenger railway running by or near the spot, and other thousands wended their way thither on foot, many of them coming weary distances. Within the building, the sight of such a vast sea of humanity—now eager to catch the earnest words of the speaker, and, again, with heads bowed in solemn prayer—was most impressive; nor was it less so, when, under Mr. Sankey's inspiring leadership, the joyous multitude united in singing those sweet and favorite songs, "Hold the Fort," "The Ninety and Nine," "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by," etc. The interest and enthusiasm in these meetings continued without abatement for consecutive weeks, not the least interested among the attendants, during one of the December sessions, being President Grant, with members of his cabinet.

New York city was the next field of labor chosen by the evangelists, the hippodrome being chosen by the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, for the meetings, the opening one taking place February 4, 1876. Both halls, the larger containing seven thousand persons, and the smaller, containing four thousand were filled, and several thousand persons more stood outside. Distinguished preachers occupied the platform; a choir of twelve hundred voices conducted the singing; Mr. Moody preached with great power; and the spectacle altogether was truly sublime. Mr. Sankey carried all hearts with him while he sang "Hold the Fort," the people joining in the chorus. There was not only no diminution in enthusiasm or attendance while the meetings were in progress, but rain and storm offered no obstacle to the pressing throngs. Mr. Moody gained favor constantly by the judicious judgment which he showed in his management both of the people and himself; and when, on one occasion, he said, "I want no false excitement," the expressions of approval were unmistakable. On Sunday, February 13th, the entire attendance was estimated to be from twenty to twenty-five thousand; even as early as eight o'clock, A. M., at a special meeting for Christians, the admission being by ticket, over four thousand persons were present; at three o'clock, P. M., a meeting specially for women was attended by more than six thousand of them; and in the evening, when men alone were admitted, the audience numbered some ten

thousand. At all these services the order was perfect, and all hearts seemed in accord. Though a Roman Catholic, Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, being in the city on his American tour, during the holding of the meetings, became an auditor, and was not only deeply moved by such a vast and unusual spectacle, but expressed his admiration of Mr. Moody's fervid preaching and Mr. Sankey's beautiful songs. The New York meetings were succeeded by visits from the evangelists to the south and west, with the most beneficial results.

LVII.

PETROLEUM EXCITEMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—1859.

Discovery of Prodigious Quantities of Illuminating Oil in the Depths of the Earth.—Boring of Innumerable Wells.—Fabulous Prices Paid for Lands.—Poor Farmers Become Millionaires.—The Supply of Oil Exceeds the Wants of the Whole Country.—Immense Exportations of the Article.—Vast Source of National Wealth and Industry.—Revolution in Artificial Light.—Ancient Knowledge of this Oil.—Floating on Ponds and Creeks.—Its Collection and Use.—Native Sources: Origin.—Locality of the Springs.—Great Value of the Oil.—First Attempt at Boring.—Plans for Sinking Wells.—Their Exhaustless Yield.—Intense Excitement Prevails.—Eager Crowds at the Oil Region.—Buying and Leasing Lands.—Enterprise of the Pioneers.—Sudden Fortunes Made.—Other Side of the Picture.—Towns and Cities Built.—Fire: Awful Scenes and Losses.—Bringing the Oil into Market.—Its Cheapness and Excellence.—Universal Introduction.—Valuable for Various Purposes.

"The rock poured me out rivers of oil."—Job.

PETROLEUM WELLS.

RICHER than the gold mines of California, in the qualities of usefulness and convenience to the human race, are the oil wells which, so unexpectedly to the country and the world, spouted forth their liquid treasures from the bowels of the earth, in the year 1859, and in such quantities as soon to revolutionize both the material and mode of artificial illumination, — bringing untold wealth into regions hitherto comparatively valueless,—creating, almost as if by magic, new, vast, and profitable industries, — and well-nigh realizing the wildest conceptions of sudden and golden fortune found in Arabian legends.

But, even long prior to the year just named, the existence of this oleaginous substance was known at the head-waters of the Alleghany river in New York and Pennsylvania. A writer in the American Cyclopedia states that the Indians collected it on the shores of Seneca lake, and it was sold as a medicine by the name of Seneca or Genesee oil. A stream in Alleghany county, New York, was named Oil creek, in consequence of the appearance of oil in its banks; and the same name was given to another branch of the Alleghany river in Venango county, Pennsylvania. Several localities are designated upon the old maps of this part of the country as affording oil; and upon Oil creek in Venango county, two spots were particularly noted, one of which was close to the north line of the county, and one about twelve miles further down the stream. At these points, springs

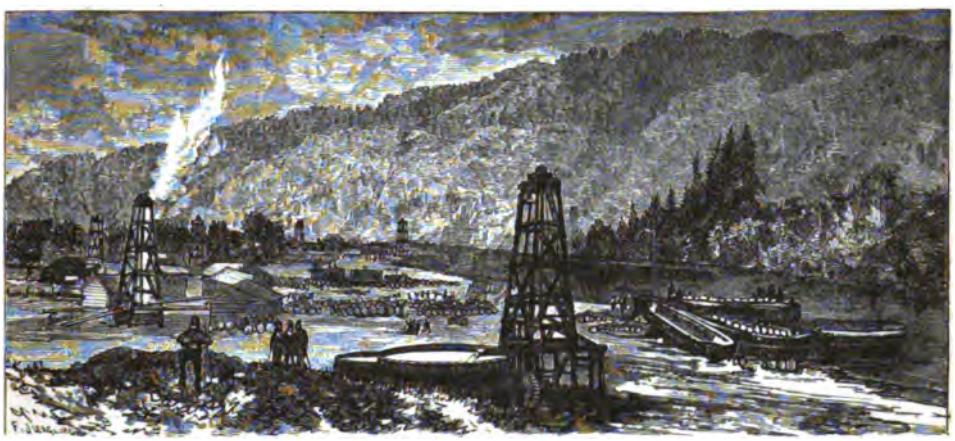
issued from the banks of the stream, bringing up more or less oil, which collected upon the surface of the water as it stood in the pools below the springs. The inhabitants were accustomed to collect the oil by spreading woolen cloths upon the water, and wringing them when saturated. Down the valley of this creek there are numerous ancient pits which appear to have been excavated for the purpose of collecting oil, but by whom made no one can now tell. From the fact that logs have been found in them notched as if with an axe, some have supposed that the work was done by the French, who occupied this region in the early part of the last century; but others believe that the Indians, who are known to have valued the oil, dug the pits. Day, in his history of Pennsylvania, gives an account of the estimation in which they held this product, using it mixed with paint to anoint themselves for war, and also employing it in their religious rites. He quotes an interesting letter from the commander of Fort Duquesne to General Montcalm, describing an assembly of the Indians by night on the banks of the creek, and in the midst of the ceremonies their firing the scum of oil that had collected upon the surface of the water. As the flames burst forth, illuminating the dark valley, there rose from the Indians around triumphant shouts that made the hills re-echo again.

As early as 1826, the knowledge that such a natural illuminating substance existed on the Little Muskingum river, in Ohio, was quite general, on account of its appearance in the wells that were bored in that region for the purpose of obtaining salt. In a communication to the American Journal of Science for the year 1826, by Doctor Hildreth, he says: They have sunk two wells, which are now more than four hundred feet in depth; one of them affords a very strong and pure water, but not in great quantity. The other discharges such vast quantities of petroleum, or, as it is vulgarly called, 'Seneka oil,' and beside is subject to such tremendous explosions of gas as to force out all the water and afford nothing but gas for several days, that they make but little or no salt. Nevertheless, the petroleum affords considerable profit, and is beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. It affords a brisk, clear light, when burnt in this way, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street-lamps in the future cities of Ohio.

So useful was the product of the oil springs gradually found to be, that, in 1854, the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was formed. It is said, by a writer thoroughly conversant with the subject, and from whose well-stored pamphlet, "The Petroleum Region of America," much of the information here given is drawn, that this was the first oil company ever formed, and was also prior to the sinking of any well, and before any such thing was suggested. Great quantities of the oil had, however, been collected during the year 1853, by absorbing it in blankets, and wringing it out,—a method originated by Dr. F. B. Brewer, of the eminent firm of Brewer, Watson & Co., so conspicuous in their efforts to develop the wonderful resources of the oil region. The Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company purchased one hundred acres of land on Oil Creek, below Titusville, for the purpose of collecting the surface oil, but the project was in a short time abandoned.

No important progress took place in the business until the winter of 1857, when Col. E. L. Drake, of Connecticut, arrived at Titusville, and *he was the first man who attempted to bore for oil.* In December, 1857, he visited Titusville, examined the oil springs, and gave the subject of surface oil a thorough investigation. He soon concluded that rock oil could be obtained by sinking a well; and acting upon this, he, in company with James M. Townsend and E. B. Bowditch, leased the lands of the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, for the term of twenty-five years, for the purpose of boring for oil. The operations were to commence the following spring. Soon after closing this lease, Colonel Drake and friends from Connecticut formed

a company called the Seneca Oil Company, for the purpose of working the lands and sinking wells, under the management and control of Colonel Drake. Early in the spring he removed his family to Titusville, then containing not over one hundred and fifty inhabitants. He first informed himself thoroughly on the subject of boring, and visited the salt-wells on the Alleghany river for that purpose, where, after some difficulty, he employed a man who agreed to sink wells for the Seneca company; but he and others to whom he had applied failed to keep their engagements, and it was not until the following spring, that he could obtain a suitable person to commence the well.



PETROLEUM WELLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

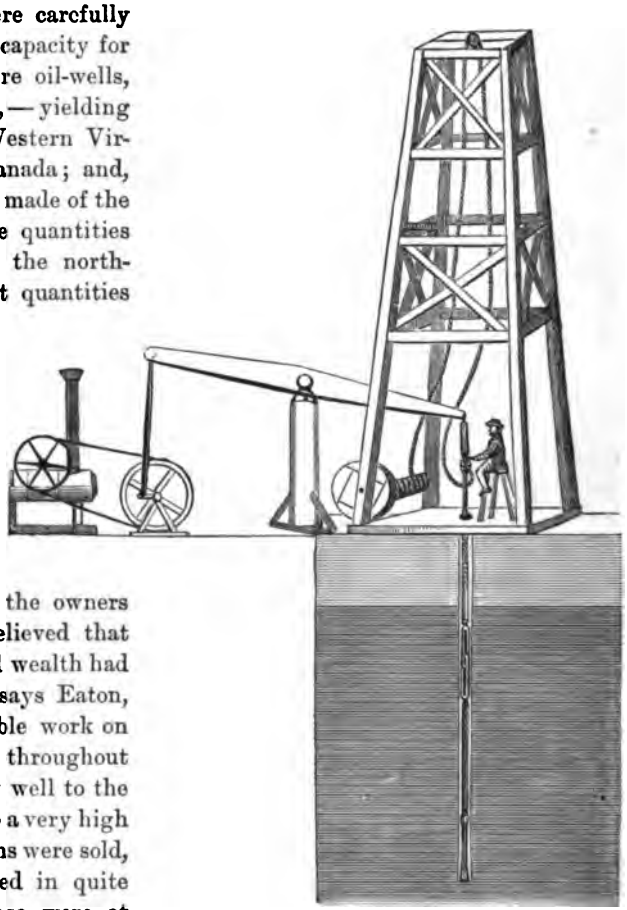
Boring through forty-seven feet of gravel and twenty-two feet of shale rocks, with occasional small apertures in it, he struck, on the twenty-ninth of August, 1859, at the depth of about seventy feet, a large opening, filled with coal oil, somewhat mixed with water and gas. A small pump on hand brought up from four hundred to five hundred gallons of oil a day. An explosion soon blew it up. One of three times its size and power was put in its place, and during the first four days threw up five thousand gallons of oil—one thousand two hundred and fifty gallons per day, or one gallon per minute for twenty hours fifty minutes per day.

And now commenced an intense excitement in all the oil-region of Pennsylvania, lying along the valley of Oil Creek and its tributaries in Venango, Warren, and Crawford counties. The Drake well—the first ever sunk for oil, and the first petroleum ever obtained by boring—was immediately thronged with visitors, and within two or three weeks thousands began to pour in from the neighboring states. Everybody was eager to purchase or lease oil-lands at any price demanded. Almost in a night, a wilderness of derricks sprang up and covered the entire bottom lands of Oil Creek. Merchants abandoned their storehouses, farmers dropped their ploughs, lawyers deserted their offices, and preachers their pulpits. The entire western part of the state, in especial, became so wild with excitement upon the subject, that scarcely anything else was thought of.

Very soon after the success of Colonel Drake, Messrs. Brewer, Watson & Co. leased the farm of Hamilton M'Clintock, and commenced a well on it, which was successful at the depth of seventy feet; then followed the sinking of many wells on the different farms on Oil Creek. The Barnsdell Mead and Rouse well was opened in the spring of 1860; then the Crosley well, in April of the same year. During this summer, many wells were opened in the vicinity of Tideoute on the Alleghany river. In June, 1861, A. B. Funk sunk a well four hundred and seventy feet deep, on the M'Illheny farm, which was the first large flowing well. Then followed the Brewer, Watson & Co.

well on the G. W. M'Clintock farm, the Phillips well on the Tarr farm, the Willard well on the H. M'Clintock farm, and the Rouse, Mitchell, and Brown well on the Buchanan farm. This latter well flowed a stream of oil without pumping, equal to one thousand barrels per day. In every direction, new borings were undertaken, and new discoveries of flowing wells were made, almost daily; while other regions of similar geological structure were carefully explored for evidence of their capacity for producing oil. Soon there were oil-wells, —either pumping or flowing,— yielding considerable quantities, in Western Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, and Canada; and, subsequently, discoveries were made of the existence of petroleum in large quantities in California and in some of the north-western states. At first, vast quantities of oil flowed into the creek and were wasted, before suitable tanks could be prepared to receive it; but after a while, the flowing wells were fitted with strong tubing and stop-cocks, by means of which the supply was entirely controlled.

As might well be expected, the owners of farms in the oil-regions believed that the fortune of almost unlimited wealth had now smiled upon them, and (says Eaton, in his exhaustive and invaluable work on the subject,) the price of lands throughout its whole extent, from the new well to the Alleghany, immediately rose to a very high figure. Sometimes entire farms were sold, but generally they were leased in quite small lots. The terms of lease were at first easy, the operators giving one-fourth or one-fifth of the oil as a royalty to the owner of the soil. Gradually, the terms became more exacting, until not unfrequently one-half and even five-eighths of the oil was demanded, with the addition of a considerable sum of money as a bonus. Sometimes the proprietor of the soil required the proposed operator to furnish him his share in barrels; that is, not only turning him over a third or a half of the oil, but furnishing him the barrels to contain it. With this arrangement, it afterwards came about that, as the price of oil fell and the price of barrels advanced, the entire proceeds of some wells would hardly purchase barrels to contain the royalty share pertaining to the owner of the land. The leasing of land for oil purposes amounted, at one time, to a monopoly, in some sections of the oil valley. The landholders in many places were men in very moderate circumstances. By great frugality, they had been able to live comfortably, but had no extra means with which to embark in speculations. Sometimes they had neither taste nor energy for this business, or lacked faith in the general result, but were willing that others should embark in the business by sharing the



PROCESS OF BORING FOR PETROLEUM.

profits with them. In this state of affairs, shrewd and enterprising men made a business, for a time, of leasing all the lands in certain localities, with no intention of operating themselves, but with the design of sub-leasing to real operators.

In the midst of the excitement occasioned by the prodigious success of the Rouse well, the gas and oil issuing therefrom took fire from some unknown cause, and, as described by an unknown witness, columns of black smoke rolled upward into the air, the blazing oil leaped heavenward, and, falling over on all sides from the fiery jet, formed a magnificent fountain of liquid fire. The sight was awfully grand, but, sad to relate, involved a most melancholy loss of life, no less than nineteen human beings meeting their death in the flames. The scenes of terror and woe accompanying such a catastrophe can be better imagined than described. Among the victims of this destructive occurrence was Mr. Rouse, one of the proprietors of the well and a very prominent man in the oil region. Mr. Rouse lived for several days after being injured, and, in framing his will, after making certain bequests, left to the county of Warren a handsome sum—subsequently reaching one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in value,—to be applied one-half for road purposes and one-half to the poor of the county.

Other terrible scenes caused by the combustion of the oil and gas in the wells,—of natural or accidental origin,—though happily not involving loss of life, have occurred from time to time in the oil regions. The phenomenon of the "burning well" has been often described as one of those grand and amazing exhibitions to be found only within the arena of nature's kingdom. Before approaching near enough to see the well, (says an eye witness,) the observer's ears were saluted with a roaring sound similar to that of the Geysers in Iceland, and seemingly due to the rush of gas from the depths below, or from the flame itself as it rises high in the air. The well was of course bored for oil. It had reached a depth of some five hundred feet, when the immense column of gas rushed up and became ignited from the furnace of the engine. Soon, of course, the derrick, engine-house, and fixtures were consumed, and the engine itself a wreck. An attempt was made to fill up the pit with earth and extinguish the flames. But this proved a failure, as the pressure of the gas was so great that it rushed through the loose earth in a thousand jets, the result being that a column of flame constantly emerged from the pit equal to its size—about eight feet square; this column rose to a height of from fifty to one hundred feet, varying every few seconds from the minimum to the maximum height. The pillar, rough and jagged in form, and sometimes divided, sent out its tongues of flame in every direction. As it reached its greatest height, the top of the flame leaped off and was extinguished. This was the appearance in daylight. At night, the appearance was awfully grand and imposing. Every three or four seconds, a cloud of dark smoke rolled up with the flames, and, after being swept to its very summit, disappeared. Some visitors computed the height at one hundred and fifty feet. The roaring sound was constant, and almost resembled that of distant thunder. For successive weeks, the well continued to burn, with no apparent diminution in its power, or in the quantity of gas. At one time, the phenomenon assumed a very strange appearance. The atmosphere was somewhat cloudy, and, in addition to the usual ruddy glow, the light appeared to concentrate itself into a bright lance-like figure, about four or five degrees in length, that remained stationary about midway between the horizon and the zenith, where it continued all the evening. Immense destruction of oil and other property, by fire, has, in fact, taken place in almost every part of the petroleum region, from the very first, and in spite of every precaution.

The next large flowing well that was opened was the Empire, in the vicinity of the Funk well, that flowed three thousand barrels of oil per day. The Sherman well

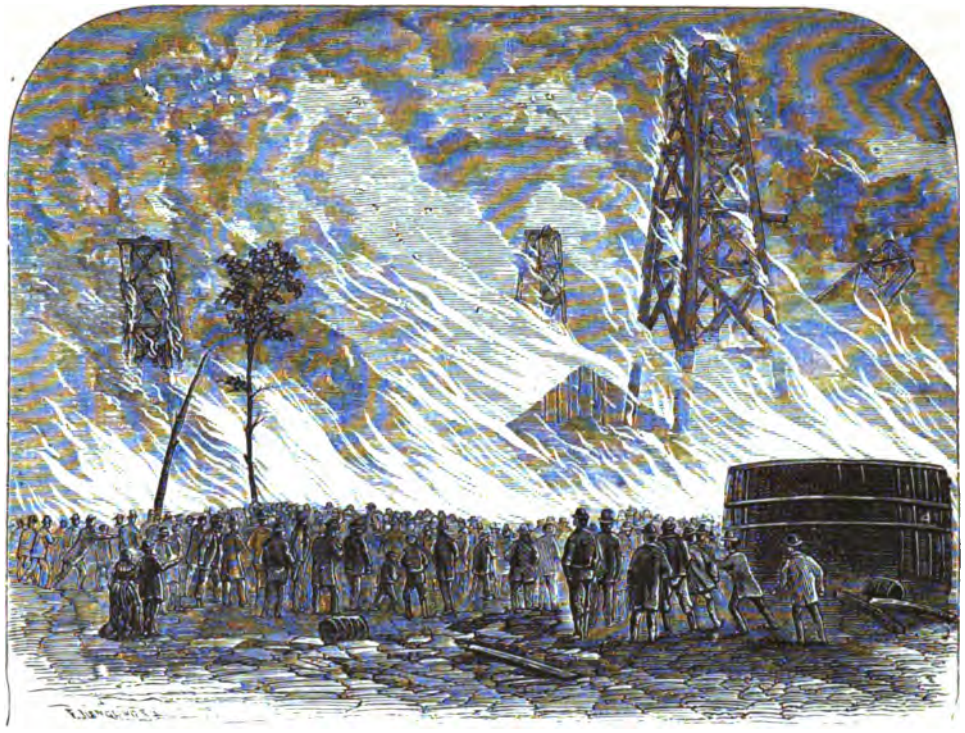
was opened in April, 1862, then the Noble and Delameter well in May, 1863. This celebrated well was commenced in 1860, and was bored to the depth of one hundred and sixty-seven feet, and then abandoned. Mr. Noble went further down the creek and became interested in other wells on the Tarr farm, but in the spring of 1863 he re-commenced the work on his old well, and went down to the depth of four hundred and seventy-one feet, without, however, any indications of oil. At that depth he concluded to tube and pump, abandoning the idea of obtaining a flowing well,—but, to the great astonishment of himself and every one else, after pumping a very short time, suddenly the great Noble well commenced to flow. Long before the opening of this well, petroleum had become so plenty that most of the pumping wells were abandoned. Every person wanted a flowing well.

The discovery of a method of refining the crude oil is said to be due to Mr. Samuel M. Kier, of Pittsburg. Mr. W. H. Abbott, of Titusville, erected the first large refinery at Titusville, which was before the days of railroads in that region. The heavy iron castings and machinery were brought in wagons from Union Mills and Franklin, through mud that was axle-deep. Parties interested with him became disheartened, and would have abandoned the enterprise had it not been for the energy of Mr. Abbott, who finally succeeded in completing his building. But the really great pioneers in the introduction of petroleum in large quantities, were Brewer, Watson & Co., whose enterprise was so determined and untiring, that they expended nearly eight hundred thousand dollars in cash for barrels alone, before they realized one cent of profit. All they required was the actual cost of the barrel. They however ultimately reaped a rich harvest from their arduous efforts in this new field of business, and were handsomely repaid for the hardships and trials through which they had passed. During the summer of 1861, Samuel Downer, of Boston, established a branch of his works and commenced the refining of oil at Corry, giving his entire attention to the business, and during that year his refinery absorbed nearly all of the oil product. George M. Mowbray, agent for Scheifflin & Co., of New York, made the first extensive purchase of petroleum for shipment. Messrs. Drake, Watson, Brewer, Kier, Abbott, Mowbray, Downer, the firm of Brewer, Watson & Co., and others, exerted their utmost endeavors to acquaint the public with the value of the article, and to create a demand equal to the supply; but before this could be accomplished, oil at the wells was offered for sale at prices ranging from ten to fifty cents a barrel.

In consequence of the abundant supply of the oil, its cheapness, and the continued small demand, the entire oil regions of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio became, for a while, almost wholly deserted, and the then so-called "oil bubble" exploded. Most of those who had taken leases and had opened wells, now removed the tubing, sold their engines, tools, etc., and retired from the oil trade disgusted with their enterprise, and, no doubt, much displeased with themselves, returned to their deserted homes to be ridiculed by the knowing ones, who "always said the undertaking would prove a failure."

Much time, however, did not elapse before a new demand for petroleum was created, and once more thousands poured into the oil regions, and ultimately the use of petroleum became almost universal, as a cheap and excellent oil for burning. So vast did the business now become, that, from the third of March, 1865, to the close of that year, the quantity of crude petroleum produced in the Venango county region was 1,020,126 barrels; in western Virginia, 13,666; in Ohio, 10,676; in Kentucky, 2,405. The trade involved in this immense production became the most important business of several cities in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, affording employment and support for tens of thousands of people.

An immense export trade soon began, amounting, in 1863, to 252,000 tons'



BURNING OF ONE OF THE GREAT OIL WELLS.

weight, or 28,000,000 gallons, valued at $12,000,000, and employing no less than 252 vessels of one thousand tons burden. Of course, many hitherto comparatively poor persons became millionaires all of a sudden, and of these, "some were wise and some foolish," in the use of their wealth.

An illustration of the latter class was that of a widow, whose farm proved to be one of the earliest and best for the production of oil, in the whole county of Venango, several wells with products ranging from two hundred to twenty-five hundred barrels per day being struck at intervals, and the income in money from the territory proving almost fabulous in amount. The old lady did not live long to enjoy her good fortune, and, dying, left her great property, without any reservation, to her adopted son John, then about twenty years old. This youth,—like the hero of that well-known novel, "Half a Million of Money," who came suddenly into possession of a like sum,—had not been taught to understand the value of dollars and cents; and, unlike that character, he had no refined tastes, and threw his wealth away with the most lavish folly. Of course he rushed to New York; and there, in only a year and a half, he squandered two millions of dollars. Presumably the most ingenious extravagance was necessary to accomplish this enormous result. "Johnny," as his associates called him, not only entered into every species of debauchery, not only lost a hundred thousand dollars in two nights at faro, but bought superb teams and gave them away after an hour's ownership, supported a swarm of human leeches of both sexes, and even equipped a negro-minstrel troupe, presenting each member with a costly diamond ring and pin. By-and-by, however, Johnny's brilliant career came to a close, and, oddly enough, he was glad at last to fill the position of door-keeper to the traveling minstrel company which his own munificence had organized,—his farm on Oil Creek having been disposed of at public sale, for arrears due the government.

Time and space would indeed fail to adequately record the doings of those sham

and reckless companies, which, availing themselves of the oleaginous fever and a credulous public, involved themselves and others in operations well-nigh ruinous. One of these companies selected a site in the woods, which had been "prospected" by one of their number and highly recommended (located about six miles from a railroad station laid down on the map, but not yet built), and having organized, agreed to have the first of a series of proposed wells dug, not by contract, as was usual, but by day's work. Having procured the necessary tools, including a compass for guidance in the woods, the work was duly proceeded with, and progress from time to time reported. Calls for the "sinews" were also made, and promptly met, until the well was said to be down over one hundred feet, with a good show for oil. This was about the time for the "Annual Meeting," and more money being called for, it was deemed advisable to have the well re-measured and reported on. Judge of the surprise of the stockholders when, to use the language of one of the patriarchs in oil, *the force of the oil from below had shoved the hole up to eighty-six feet!* Here was a stunner; and, as the well had already cost a good round sum, and the resources of the company were limited, matters continued to remain *in statu quo.* The most plausible plan for getting out of the difficulty was that which proposed to have the balance of the hole taken up and cut into lengths for pump logs!—a fair hit at many of the chimerical oil projects of that day.

Various opinions are entertained as to the origin and source of this remarkable substance. According to Professor Silliman, it is of vegetable origin, and was produced by the agency of subterranean heat. Professor Dana says that it is a bituminous liquid resulting from the decomposition of marine or land plants, mainly the latter, and perhaps, also, of some non-nitrogenous animal tissues. By many, it is supposed to be a product of coal; some supposing that the coal, being subjected to the enormous pressure of the overlying beds, has yielded oil, as a linseed cake under an hydraulic press. The theory has even been advanced, that the coal, heated (as it evidently has been in the coal regions of eastern Pennsylvania), gave off oily vapors which, rising to the cold region of the upper air, condensed, and subsequently fell in oily showers, making its way as best it could to the hollows of the earth's interior, where now it is found by the oil-borer.

An extensive survey and examination of the coal region by Mr. Ridgeway, an eminent geologist, convinced him that the petroleum was not produced from the coal fields, as in that case it would have had to flow up-hill into the oil basin; it is, rather, the result of the decomposition of marine plants, in the Oil Creek valley, though that found in bituminous coal basins, originates, no doubt, from beds of coal. According to this theory, the plants which produced the oil in the rock existed and flourished at a long period of time before the vegetation which now forms coal beds; they are unlike the vegetable impressions found in the accompanying shales and clays associated with beds of coal, and they grew where the flag-stones and shales of Oil Creek were laid down by salt water currents. The climate was so hot, during this age of marine vegetation, and the growth of plants so rapid and rank, caused by the supposed large amount of carbonic acid and hydrogen then composing the atmosphere, that these conditions on the face of the earth produced plants containing more hydrogen and less carbon than the plants which produced coal beds, and hence their fermentation resulted in petroleum.

But the theory that the oil was produced at the time of the original bituminization of the animal or vegetable matter, has many difficulties in its way, especially the fact that such large quantities of inflammable gas always accompany the oil. That the oil is a product, not of coal, but of coral, is the opinion of some; and thus, stored away in cells, forming, in the aggregate, immense reefs, as it was collected

from the impure waters of the early oceans by minute coral insects, it has been driven by heat and pressure into reservoirs and crevices, where man's ingenuity at last discovered it.

Of the uses of petroleum, much might be said. Unrivaled and universal for illumination, it is also valuable as a lubricator, and, in some of its chemically prepared states, is employed as a dryer in paints and varnishes. For fuel and gas its utility has been amply proved. Medically, it has been found efficacious in suppurating wounds, also in headache, toothache, swellings, rheumatism, dislocations, and as a disinfectant. And even as a base in the production of colors, some of the most gratifying results have followed the chemist's experiments with this wonderful article.

LVIII.

GRAND EMBASSY FROM THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN, WITH A TREATY OF PEACE AND COMMERCE, TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.—1860.

First Ambassadors Ever Sent from that Ancient Country to a Foreign Land.—Their Official Reception by President Buchanan, and Tour of Observation to the Chief Cities.—Public Interest Excited by this Extraordinary Mission.—Their Oriental Costume, Manners, Ceremonies, etc.—Japanese Distinction Shown to Americans.—Character of the Embassy.—Headed by Eminent Princes.—Numerous and Brilliant Suite.—Arrival at Washington.—Procession to the Hotel.—Most Curious Spectacle.—How the Treaty was Carried.—Ceremonies at the White House.—Salutations and Speeches.—Impressive International Scene.—Japanese Diplomacy.—Delivering the Tycoon's Letter.—Personal Appearance of the Ambassadors.—President Buchanan's Opinion.—Humors and Drolleries.—"Tommy," the Ladies' Pet.—Gallantry to Miss Lane.—The Embassy at the Navy Yard.—Astonishment Expressed by Them.—Adieu to the President.—America's Message to the Emperor.

"Henceforth, the intercourse of friendship shall be held between both countries, and benevolent feelings shall be cultivated more and more, and never altered."—LETTER OF THE TYCOON TO THE PRESIDENT.

JAPANESE BOX CONTAINING THE TREATY.

CONTRARY to all precedent in the history of Japan, and its dealings with the family of nations, the rulers of that country sent an official embassy to the government of the United States, in the spring of 1860, charged with the duty of presenting for final ratification a treaty of amity and commerce between the two nations,—such as had never before been made by the Japanese court with any other people,—and to express to the president the emperor's profound respect for him, and for the great republic of which he was the elected chief.

It was justly regarded as something flattering to the national pride of Americans, that this country should be the first to receive the distinction of an embassy from that ancient and almost unknown people, and that a republican government of the freest form should have been selected for such an honor by a nation barred in by the prejudice of centuries against all but the most despotic rule; and the curiosity which everywhere prevailed to behold men from a region so distant, so long shut out from the rest of the

world, and now, for the first time, not only admitting the visits of other nations, but themselves undertaking a long and fatiguing voyage to visit strangers in the uttermost end of the earth, was certainly natural.

The embassy consisted of two principal ambassadors, princes of the highest rank among the nobility of the empire, and two associates,—nobles of nearly equal rank. These four were of the emperor's council, and were accompanied by a suite of sixteen officers, together with fifty-three servants. Arriving at Honolulu, in the United States ship Powhatan, Commodore Tatnall, from Japan, they proceeded thence to San Francisco, where they arrived March 27, 1860, in good health and spirits. A grand public reception was given them by the city, the chief dignitaries of the embassy being magnificently dressed in embroidered silk robes, and each wore a sword of beautiful workmanship.

In due time, the embassy reached Washington, the capital of the nation, and the special place of their official destination. Here they were amply and elegantly accommodated at Willard's Hotel, many of the apartments being newly furnished for the occasion. A fine military and naval detachment performed escort duty, as, in regular procession, the high officials and their numerous retinue moved from the wharf to the hotel. The *Nourimon*, a black lacquered frame, square in shape, and in size and roof very much resembling a dog-kennel, in which was fixed the treaty box, hidden from the public eye by a loose cover of red oil-cloth, preceded the first ambassador, in the line of procession, and was borne by two of the men belonging to the navy yard.

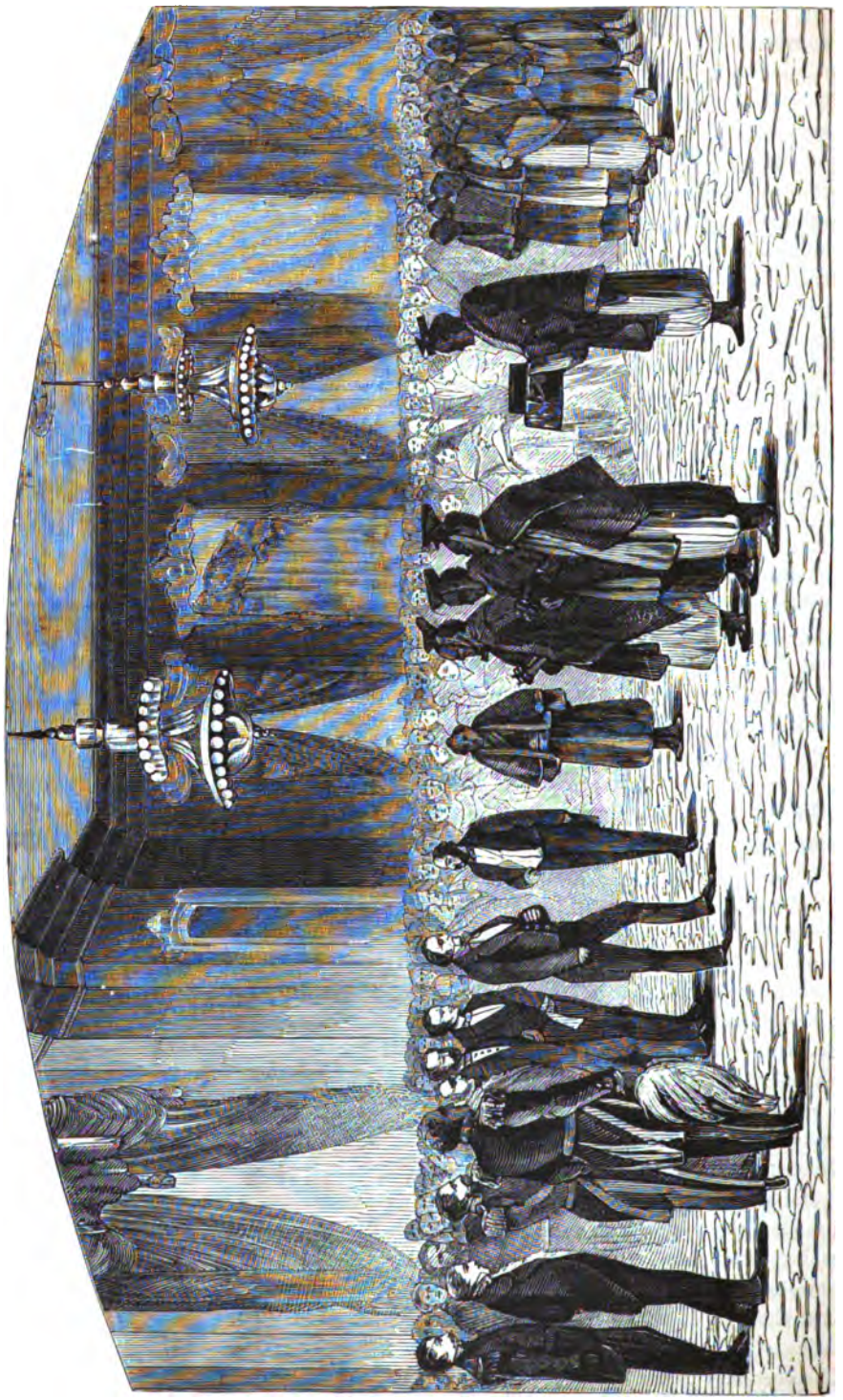
General Cass, secretary of state, received the embassy on Wednesday, May 17th, and made a short speech of welcome. The next day was appointed for the grand ceremonial of their presentation to the president of the United States, at the executive mansion.

The accounts given in the Washington newspapers, of this memorable proceeding, state that long before the time indicated for the passage of the procession from the quarters of the embassy to the president's house, the neighborhood was filled with a dense multitude, intent on witnessing a spectacle so unprecedented. The United States marines, ordnance guards, and marine band, were in attendance to do the honors of escort. True to the time they had appointed, the Japanese officials commenced leaving their hotel at half-past eleven o'clock, and as soon as they were seated in the carriages drawn up to convey them, the procession moved forward to the presidential mansion. Each carriage bore an officer of the embassy in full ceremonial costume, and, between every two carriages, from two to four Japanese guards, armed with swords, not drawn, marched on foot, one of them carrying aloft a small ensign in Japanese fashion, on a pole about twelve feet high.

Occupying the first carriage, was an officer arrayed in a loose slate-colored gown of state, of a general form like the pulpit gown worn by the Episcopal clergy, with huge sleeves stiffly extending right and left, the texture having a brocade-like appearance. The lower dress consisted of a pair of trousers, very wide and full, and of the same material. On the crown of the head, immediately over the tonsure, extending from the forehead to the crown, was worn an ornament, shaped like a band of three or four inches wide and eighteen inches long, bent in the middle, and the ends tied, but not close together. Nearly all the ambassadors wore this distinction, but in some the bend stood forward, in others backward.

After the official in the slate-colored dress, came one in a rich green brocade; next one in light green; then one in yellow; next a dark slate, and another in yellow or orange, a third in green, and two riding with Mr. Portman, the interpreter, both arrayed in blue. One little official, in a skirt richly embroidered with pink and gold, attracted considerable attention.

On arriving at the doorway of the executive mansion, the Japanese guards took the advance and distributed themselves in



PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S RECEPTION OF THE GRAND EMBASSY FROM JAPAN.

a double line, between which the ambassadors and superior officers passed into the interior of the building. Here they remained about ten minutes, until the central folding-doors of the great East room were thrown open, when the oriental strangers found themselves in the presence of a brilliant throng of ladies and gentlemen, the latter comprising the president and his cabinet officers, senators, members of the house of representatives, and officers of the army and navy, all in full dress, and the whole scene being most striking and impressive.

After every arrangement had been consummated for the august interview, the Japanese princes charged with the custody of the treaty, after advancing a few paces, bowed reverentially; then took a few more steps, and bowed again, with rigid formality; and, having bowed once more as they approached the president, they then stood fast. The caps, or ornaments, which they wore upon their heads, they retained throughout the ceremonies. The ambassador in chief, who stood in the center, now read from a paper which he held in his hand, his speech, or official address, to the president. It was read with rather a strong nasal intonation, indicating earnestness rather than eloquence. This speech was interpreted as follows:

"His majesty, the Tycoon, has commanded us that we respectfully express to his majesty the President of the United States, in his name, as follows: Desiring to establish on a firm and lasting foundation the relations of peace and commerce so happily existing between the two countries that lately the plenipotentiaries of both countries have negotiated and concluded a treaty, he has now ordered us to exchange the ratification of the treaty in your principal city of Washington. Henceforth the friendly relations shall be held more and more lasting; and he is very happy to have your friendly feeling, and pleased that you have brought us to the United States, and will send us to Japan, in your men-of-war."

When the ambassador concluded this address, a square red sort of box or bundle was, with some delay, unfolded, and its contents presented ceremoniously and with an official air to the president, containing a letter to the latter from the Tycoon, or chief magistrate of Japan, and which the president immediately handed to Mr. Cass, secretary of state, who stood on his left hand.

Having done this, the ambassador retired, explaining that it would not comport with the etiquette of his country that he should be present while the letter was read, and that he must report the delivery of the letter to "the commissioner,"—an officer who remained at the door, outside.

After a short delay, the princes, again entering as at first, and having, as they advanced, stopped three times to bow themselves, presented to the president their letters of credence, which were in like manner passed over to the secretary of state. The president now commenced to read, in a very distinct and audible voice, his official address to the ambassadors, in the words following:

"I give you a cordial welcome as representatives of his imperial majesty, the Tycoon of Japan, to the American government. We are all much gratified that the first embassy which your great empire has ever accredited to any foreign power has been sent to the United States.

I trust that this will be the harbinger of perpetual peace and friendship between the two countries. The ratifications you are about to exchange with the secretary of state cannot fail to be productive of benefits and blessings to the people of both Japan and the United States.

I can say for myself, and promise for my successors, that it shall be carried into execution in a faithful and friendly spirit, so as to secure to the countries all the advantages they may justly expect from the happy auspices under which it has been negotiated and ratified.

I rejoice that you are pleased with the kind treatment which you have received on board of our vessels of war whilst on your passage to this country. You shall be sent back in the same manner to your

native land, under the protection of the American flag.

Meanwhile, during your residence amongst us, which I hope may be prolonged so as to enable you to visit different portions of our country, we shall be happy to extend to you all the hospitality and kindness eminently due to the great and friendly sovereign whom you so worthily represent."

The tone and language of the president seemed to be listened to by his bowing auditors with great satisfaction, and especially the promise that the embassy should be returned to Japan at the expense of the United States government, and under the protection of the American flag.

The princes retired, as before, to report what had been done and said, to "the commissioner;" but soon returned, and were then introduced successively to each member of the cabinet, who all shook hands with them. Next came General Scott, who made them one of his most gracious bows, but before whose imposing stature the ambassadors seemed almost extinguished. The vice-president of the United States was then called for, but was not in presence. The speaker of the house of representatives was next summoned, and, with difficulty, and not a little delay, oared his way through the sea of ladies' bonnets and officers' epaulettes which tossed and billowed between him and the high place of honor. Finally, under the surveillance of Captain Dupont, the illustrious strangers, after a profound adieu to the president, which he returned with a bow as low, retired from the East room, and made their way through ranks of their kneeling subordinates to another room, where they prepared for their return to their quarters.

The following is a translation of the letter of the Ty-coon to the president, which was delivered by the ambassadors:

"To His Majesty the President of the United States of America, I express with respect: Lately the governor of Simoda Insooye Sinano No-Kami and the Metske Iwasi Hego No-Kami had negotiated and decided with Townsend Harris, the minister plenipotentiary of your country, an affair of amity and commerce, and concluded previously the treaty in the city of Yeddo. And now the ratification of the treaty is sent with the commissioner of foreign affairs, Simmi Boojsen No-Kami and Mooragaki Awajsi No-Kami, to exchange the mutual treaty. It proceeds from a particular importance of affairs and a perfectly amicable feeling. Henceforth, the intercourse of friendship shall be held between both countries, and benevolent feelings shall be cultivated more and more, and never altered. Because the now deputed three subjects are those whom I have chosen and confided in for the present post, I desire you to grant them your consideration, charity, and respect. Herewith I desire you to spread my sincere wish for friendly relations, and also I have the honor to congratulate you on the security and welfare of your country."

The first ambassador was a man of small frame, with a stoop across the shoulders; he was about five feet five in height, and thirty-five in years, had a long face and a peculiar nose—being too thin to be called Jewish, and too even to be styled Roman. The second ambassador looked twenty years older than the first. The countenance of the first indicated dignity beyond all affectation, and the highest refinement. The others were of less distinguished mien, but all possessed an agreeable expression. They were all thick-skinned and dark in complexion, the general color being that of a bamboo walking-cane. The hair was shaved from all parts of the head excepting the sides and back, from which it was gathered in long bands to the crown, and there fastened with a white string, leaving a lock three or four inches long, stiffened with oil, and brought forward to the forehead.

They wore silk or crape undercoats, of various hues, looser robes of the same material, and mostly blue, being thrown and folded over them. In their belts of crape, they wore two swords, one short (the barrikarri sword, which no plebian

can make use of), the other longer. These weapons are of a finer steel than is elsewhere made, and were borne in neatly-wrought scabbards of thick skin, inlaid with ornaments of gold and jewels. Their trousers were very wide and short, descending only to within five or six inches of the ground, and were made of silk, some of them being covered with beautifully embroidered figures of birds and flowers. These trousers were held up by a flat braid resting in the small of the back, and around which the crape belt passed. Upon their feet were white cloth coverings, half sock, half gaiter, closely fitting, and fastened by cords. Their sandals were of straw, and composed of a small, flat matting for the foot, and two cords to keep it in its place. Another article, almost inseparable from the dress,—the pipe,—was carried in the back part of the belt, and was brought into very frequent, though not long sustained, use, three whiffs being the extent of Japanese indulgence in the weed. The princes, and most of the higher officers, wore watches purchased from the Dutch. For pockets, they used a part of their flowing sleeves and the front of their robes above the belt, the customary occupation of which by goodly-sized packages gave the wearers a protuberant appearance quite unaccountable at first sight. The dresses of the officers of lower grade were similarly fashioned, but not so rich in texture or color. Their coats were all marked with the stamp of the particular prince whom they served.

President Buchanan extended the courtesies of the nation to the distinguished strangers in a manner befitting his high station, nor was he an unappreciating observer of their manners and peculiarities. "They never speak to me," he humorously said, "without calling me 'Emperor' and 'His Majesty,' and are the most particular people about what they should do. Everything was written down for them, stating the course they were to take, the number of bows they were to make, and all that, before they left Japan. They can't understand me at all. They were here in front, to hear the band, on Saturday. Well, I went down the steps to speak to some of my friends that I saw, and they couldn't understand that at all. To think that I—'Emperor of the United States'—should go down among and shake hands with the people, astonished them wonderfully. Oh, no! they couldn't understand that, it was so unlike any thing in their own country. They are the queerest people to deal with possible; there's no getting anything out of them, they're so close about everything. Ah! these Japanese; they're the most curious people I *ever* saw. They take notes of every incident. They've got down a long description of how I looked when they had the reception, and every matter they've seen—nothing escapes them. They're always sketching and taking notes of things. They're very proud, too, I can see; they bow very low, but they won't do more than is prescribed for them in their instructions." The observations of the president, on these points, accorded precisely with the views expressed by others.

The interest manifested by the public in the appearance and movements of the Japanese was a source of continued gratification to the oriental visitors; they appeared pleased with the motley crowds that assembled under their windows, presenting to them quite frequently their smiling countenances,—sometimes amusing themselves, also, by throwing their native coin into the street, to be scrambled for. Large numbers of ladies and gentlemen paid their respects to them, and begged a card written in Japanese characters, which were exhibited, in connection with the singular coin, as trophies and mementos of this memorable occasion. The Japanese were particular to inquire the occupation of their visitors, their salary, whether married, and numerous other questions, all of which were written on their note-books. With the ladies they were less particular. They smiled upon them most benignly, and were profuse in their admiration, as they were minute in their examination of their jewelry. The piano was

a special object of curiosity; the source whence such beautiful harmonies proceeded was a profound mystery to them, but they never seemed to tire of the instrument.

One of the most popular members of the embassy was Tataiesi Owasjero, the youngest of the interpreters, and called by his American friends "Tommy." He was a particular favorite with the ladies. When fans were handed to him for his autograph, he wrote upon them, "I like American lady very much; I want to marry and live here with pletty lady"—('pletty' being an emendation of his own upon 'pretty.') Moreover, the sentiments of Tommy appeared to be liberally reciprocated. He was a thorough pet. Bevies of maidens gazed beneficently upon him all day, and until late in the evening, and extended to him unreluctant hands. Matrons, too, proffered him attentions; but, with keen discrimination, he was generally taken with a fit of business when the smiles that greeted him were not the smiles of youthful beauty. He soon learned to sing and whistle—a great acquisition, since the Japanese are not a singing people, and have but few musical instruments. Among the tunes which he mastered were 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' which he persisted in calling 'Poppy Goes the Weasel,'—thinking the extra syllable rather a good thing. He also extended his American acquirements in a less praiseworthy direction,—getting to swear after a curious manner, and, when over-excited, mingling undue profanity with his conversation, but with no notion of the impropriety he was committing. A beautiful little girl, six or seven years old, was carried by Mayor Berret to see the Japanese. Tommy directly assumed a deep interest in her. He explained to her all sorts of Japanese notions, and for once repressed his boisterous instincts. He kept calling all his companions to look at the pretty stranger, and when she was about going away, asked: "Is it permitted here to kiss a little girl so young as that?"—adding that in Japan it was considered exactly the correct thing to do.

AMBASSADORS SIMMI BOOJSEN NOKAMI AND MOORAGAKI AWAJSI NOKAMI.

On the occasion of the embassy visiting, in a social way, the president's grounds, Miss Lane, the president's niece, exhibited some curiosity to examine the blade of Ogoori Bungo-No-Kami's sword. No sooner did that official comprehend the desire of the lady to unsheath his catanna (the name of the weapon,) than he smiled most graciously, and said in Japanese,

"Take it, my lady," at the same time handing it to her most gracefully. She, upon this, drew the glittering blade from its scabbard—half wood, half leather, with an inlaying of silver,—and eyed it woman-like and closely, and then returning it to its sheath, handed it back to its owner, who took it with evident pleasure that the thing of his honor and defense should have excited interest on the part of one so fair.

Visiting the navy yard, they were astonished at beholding the forging of a main stem of a large anchor. They then proceeded to the steam boiler department, and were evidently delighted with a large new boiler destined for the steamer Pensacola, as they examined it minutely. In the punching establishment, the mode of drilling amused them very much, as did also the explosion of a large mass of powder, in the shape of signal lights, as used in the navy. The extending of an immense chain, by hydraulic pressure, greatly excited their curiosity.

After a tour through different portions of the country, including visits to the principal cities, where they were the recipients of the most lavish and magnificent hospitalities, they had their final ceremonial audience with President Buchanan, in Washington. On this occasion, the first ambassador read, quite in a whisper, the following words of farewell, as repeated by the interpreter:

"The exchange of the ratification of the treaty having taken place, and the time of our departure having arrived, we have come to take leave of your excellency, and to wish you continued health and prosperity. We may be allowed to-day to tender your excellency our heart-felt thanks for your friendly feelings on our behalf, and for the very kind treatment we have met with in Washington.

It has been a source of gratification to us to visit several government institutions, where we have seen many things in which we have felt much interest. Of all this, and of our journey home in the Niagara, a full account will be submitted by us, on our return, to the Tycoon, who will be greatly pleased by it, and who will always endeavor to strengthen and to increase the friendly relations so happily established between the two countries."

To the speech of the ambassador, the president replied as follows:

"The arrival of these distinguished commissioners from the Tycoon has been a very propitious and agreeable event in my administration. It is an historical event, which, I trust, will unite the two nations together in bonds of friendship through all time.

The conduct of the commissioners has met my entire approbation, and the Tycoon could not have selected out of all his dominions, any representatives who could have more conciliated the good-will of the government of the United States. I have caused the secretary of state to prepare a letter of re-credence—a letter from under my own hand—to the Tycoon, stating my opinion of the manner in which they have performed their business; and a copy of that letter will be placed in their hands before their departure.

I wish you a very agreeable time during the remainder of your residence in the United States, and a safe and happy return to your own country, under the flag of the American Union.

I desire, for myself, to present to each of the commissioners a gold medal, struck at the mint, in commemoration of their arrival and services in this country.

There have been several presents prepared for his imperial majesty the Tycoon, which will be sent to your lodgings in the course of the day."

The embassy left the United States on the first of July, in the magnificent ship-of-war Niagara, carrying with them, in addition to the treaty by which American commercial privileges in Japan were much extended, a large number of valuable gifts from our government, and the remembrance of a visit in every respect happy and auspicious. The results of the mission were in the highest degree satisfactory to both governments, and naturally excited much interest on the part of other nations.

LIX.

TOUR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.—1860.

Friendly Letters between President Buchanan and Queen Victoria on the Subject.—The Prince's First Entrance into American Waters.—Unbounded Hospitalities Extended Him.—Hunting Excursions, Military Reviews, Balls, Illuminations, etc.—Splendid Banquet at the White House.—England's Appreciation of these Honors to Her Future King.—Heir to the British Throne.—Arrival at Detroit, Chicago, etc.—Enthusiastic Crowds Greet Him.—His Way Completely Blocked Up.—On a Hunt: Fine Sportsman.—Receptions at Various Cities.—Locomotive Ride to Washington.—Guest of President Buchanan.—Courtesies and Ceremonials.—Visit to Mount Vernon.—At the Tomb of Washington.—Unparalleled Historical Scene.—He Plants a Tree at the Grave.—Rare Scenes in Philadelphia.—New York and Boston Festivities.—Present from Trinity Church, New York.—Greatest Balls Ever Known.—He Meets a Bunker Hill Veteran.—Impressions of America.—Incidents, Anecdotes, Interviews.—His Looks, Manners, Dress, etc.—Brilliant Farewell at Portland.

"You may be well assured that everywhere in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such a manner as cannot fail to be gratifying to your Majesty."—PRESIDENT BUCHANAN TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

MR. Buchanan's closing presidential year was rendered memorable by the visit to this country of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who, being the eldest son of Queen Victoria, and great grandson of George III.,—the king who waged against America the wars of 1776 and 1812—naturally riveted all eyes, and excited universal attention, as he journeyed from one part of the Union to another. At the time of this visit, the prince was in his nineteenth year; had been educated at Oxford University, and was reputed a worthy son of a good mother,—and destined, on the death of the latter, to be King of the British realm. President Buchanan, having been informed of the Prince's intention to make a Canadian tour, addressed the following letter to the Queen, which was presented by Mr. Dallas, United States Minister at the Court of St. James:

"TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA:

I have learned, from the public journals, that the Prince of Wales is about to visit

your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington.

You may be well assured that everywhere in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such manner as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their convictions of your merits as a wise, patriotic, and constitutional sovereign.

Your Majesty's most obedient servant,
JAMES BUCHANAN."

In reply to the foregoing highly courteous letter, dated at Washington, June 4, 1860, Queen Victoria dispatched the following most happily worded response, dated at Buckingham Palace, June 22d:

"MY GOOD FRIEND:

I have been much gratified at the feelings which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and powerful state and kindred nation.

The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when traveling on the continent of Europe.

The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you.

I remain ever, your good friend,
VICTORIA R."

It was on the 23d of July, 1860, that the prince arrived at St. Johns, N. F., and, after journeying for some weeks in the various British Provinces, where he was received with the most distinguished and enthusiastic attentions, he finally entered American waters, between Windsor, Canada, and Detroit, Mich. When the boat reached the center of the stream, the Mayor of Detroit stepped forward and said: *"Baron Renfrew, we welcome you to the United States, trusting that your visit may be a happy one—that you may long remember it with pleasure and satisfaction."* At least fifty thousand persons were present, and when the band struck up The Star Spangled Banner, the cheering and enthusiasm were tremendous.

After witnessing a magnificent illumination in his honor, the next morning he departed for Chicago. He was attended, as usual, by his somewhat numerous suite, the Duke of Newcastle being chief. A magnificent open barouche, drawn by four superb white horses, had been provided to convey him from the hotel. The party seated themselves in the barouche, when the immense crowd gathered around, and blocked up the avenues so thickly as to make it next to impossible to proceed. Cheer after cheer was given for the baron, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The carriage was followed by prodigious throngs on foot, many hanging to the wheels, while the streets and sidewalks on the route were so obstructed by people, that the royal party were intercepted at every turn. Arriving at Chicago, a vast assembly greeted him. Baron Renfrew rode along a line of excited people,—who were kept from him by ropes,—bowing, with hat off, amidst repeated cheers. As he passed, a rush was finally made, and, in spite of every effort of the policemen, the crowd surged in like the sea. Arriving, at last, at the hotel, five thousand persons were there found gazing at the windows, in almost perfect silence and order, waiting to see the prince's shadow even. Here, the most splendid honors and hospitalities were heaped upon him, exceeding anything of the kind ever before known in that young and powerful city of the west.

Leaving Chicago in a special train for Dwight's Station—from which place the prince was to start on a hunting excursion,

—he arrived there at dark, on Saturday evening. The next day, the prince attended divine service at the Presbyterian church. In the afternoon, a courier arrived with dispatches from the queen, and the party spent the rest of the day in reading their letters and answering them. On Monday they shot prairie chickens; on Tuesday, they went in pursuit of quail, and were very successful, the prince, who enjoyed the sport highly, bagging over a hundred birds. His host, Mr. Spencer, an experienced hunter, pronounced the prince an excellent sportsman, handling a gun finely. The whole party dressed roughly, and walked about the village smoking pipes in the most free-and-easy style. A couple of Irishmen called to see the prince, who welcomed and shook hands with them. Before leaving this place, he expressed his regret that he could not make his stay longer, and presented his hosts with several beautiful gifts, among which was a Manton gun, etc.

From this place he went to St. Louis, and thence to Cincinnati. When he landed at the former place, loud cheers greeted him, and the crowd surrounded his carriage to such an extent, that he was obliged to close the windows of the vehicle; the carriages of the suite were also driven in opposite directions, to divide the throng. At the agricultural fair at St. Louis, the royal party passed twice around the arena, and then alighted in the center. After this, they ascended to the second story of the pagoda, where the band struck up God Save the Queen. This was followed by Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle.

At Cincinnati, the prince attended a ball given at the opera-house, Saturday evening, and the next day attended worship at St. John's church, and heard a sermon from Bishop McIlvaine. In the evening he dined with the mayor and other citizens. From Cincinnati the prince went to Pittsburg; dined at Altona; and arrived at Harrisburg late in the evening of October 2d, where he was received by Governor Packer, in the following unique and off-hand address of welcome:

"Lord Renfrew,—It affords me infinite pleasure to welcome your lordship to the capital of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, one of the old thirteen colonies that originally acknowledged allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, and, notwithstanding that allegiance has been severed, your lordship will perceive, by a glance at that long line of colonial and state governors (pointing to the portraits which adorn the executive chambers), that we still have a very, very great veneration and regard for our ancient rulers. That line of portraits is almost a perfect type of our American families. We cannot follow our ancestry more than a few generations back, without tracing the line to a British red-coat."

On the third of October, he left Harrisburg, early in the morning, for Baltimore and Washington. On his way, in descending the mountain, the prince and his friends rode upon the locomotive, so as to

Albert Edward

obtain a better view of the magnificent scenery of the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, and expressed themselves much gratified with their ride. Declining any reception at Baltimore, the prince proceeded at once to Washington.

It would be as impossible to describe the varied honors and ceremonials which were showered upon the prince during his stay in the nation's metropolis, as to detail the fetes, ovations, and multitudinous pageants, which attended him at every principal point along his journey from one end

of the country to the other. Suffice it to say, in brief, that at Washington he was received by General Cass, secretary of state, and two nephews of President Buchanan. He was at once conducted to the White House, where he was welcomed by the president. At six o'clock he dined, the members of the cabinet and one or two senators with their wives being of the party. On Thursday, October 4th, the prince and suite visited the capitol and the patent office. A reception was given at the White House, at one o'clock, in honor of the prince, and an immense crowd was present. On this occasion, the prince was dressed in blue coat and gray pants, and, with ungloved hands, stood upon the right of the president; near the prince stood Lord Lyons. As each person passed, the president shook hands with his customary urbanity, and the prince bowed as usual, though several ladies succeeded in shaking his hand. In the evening, a diplomatic dinner took place at the White House, at which were present a splendid array of high officials and foreign dignitaries, the banquet being, in all respects, one of the most splendid of its kind ever given on this continent.

The next day, the prince, with his suite and a distinguished company, visited Mount Vernon and the Tomb of Washington. It was a scene never before enacted by any prince or potentate,—the heir to the proudest throne in the world making a pilgrimage to the tomb of a rebel general, one who, though once pronounced a traitor by the very ancestors of the prince, now ranks above all kings—the Father of a Country second to none. The day was all that could be desired, one of October's finest. The prince and his suite, accompanied by President Buchanan and other eminent persons, went on board the government steamer Harriet Lane, and in a short time reached their destination. Having carefully inspected the various apartments of the mansion — the place where the patriot wrote, the room in which he slept, the bed on which he expired, and examined the key of the Bastile, the piano presented by Washington to Mrs. Lewis, and other relics and curiosities, the party then proceeded in silence to the great patriot's last resting-place.

Approaching the hallowed spot, each one reverentially uncovered his head. The Marine Band had arrived before them, and, concealed by a neighboring thicket, began playing a dirge composed by the leader. The scene was most impressive. The visitors, ranging themselves in front of the tomb, looked in, through the iron-grated door, at the sarcophagus which contains the mortal remains of the illustrious chieftain. Then, retiring a few paces, the prince, the president, and the royal party, grouped in front, silently contemplated the Tomb of Washington.

Turning their attention once more to the surrounding grounds and scenery, one cut a cone to carry back to England, as a relic of the place; another plucked a flower, as a memento of the day and scene; and the prince, at the request of the Mount Vernon Association, planted, with but little formality, a tree, upon a beautiful little mound near the tomb, and took with him a companion seed to plant in Windsor forest.

This pleasant commemorative ceremony being over, the visitors again stood for a few moments before the tomb, and then, turning away in thoughtful silence, slowly retraced their way to the Harriet Lane, which during their absence had been transformed, by means of canvas and gay flags, into a beautiful dining saloon, with covers laid for the entire party.

Going from Washington to Richmond, Va., he there attended St. Paul's church, on Sunday, after which he visited Governor Letcher. Baltimore was the next place visited, and, after a drive around the city, with the mayor, he left for Philadelphia, on arriving at which city, he put up at the Continental. As he reached this hotel, an amusing incident transpired. He sprang out of his carriage with his usual agility, and, to avoid the crowd, rushed for the stairs, and into the arms of the superintendent of order, who, presum-

ing him to be an interloper, stopped him, and would not allow him to pass. In vain the prince struggled and kicked. The superintendent kept fast hold of the "intruder," until Mayor Henry rushed up and relieved His Royal Highness from this international embrace. The superintendent bowed low, and begged pardon, but, with the natural tendency to self-defense, asked, "Why didn't he just speak?" "Oh," said the prince, running ahead, "that would have spoiled the joke."

Some time before the prince arrived in Philadelphia, the ladies swarmed in large numbers to the Continental, to inspect the prince's splendid apartments, to sit where he was to sit, etc. They were escorted in and out of the rooms in parties of three and four, and seemed to feel easier after the visit. After his arrival, hundreds of people stood around the hotel all day. Some, indeed, mostly ladies, who had fought or bribed their way up stairs, hung around the door of his apartments, and touched him curiously as he slipped past.

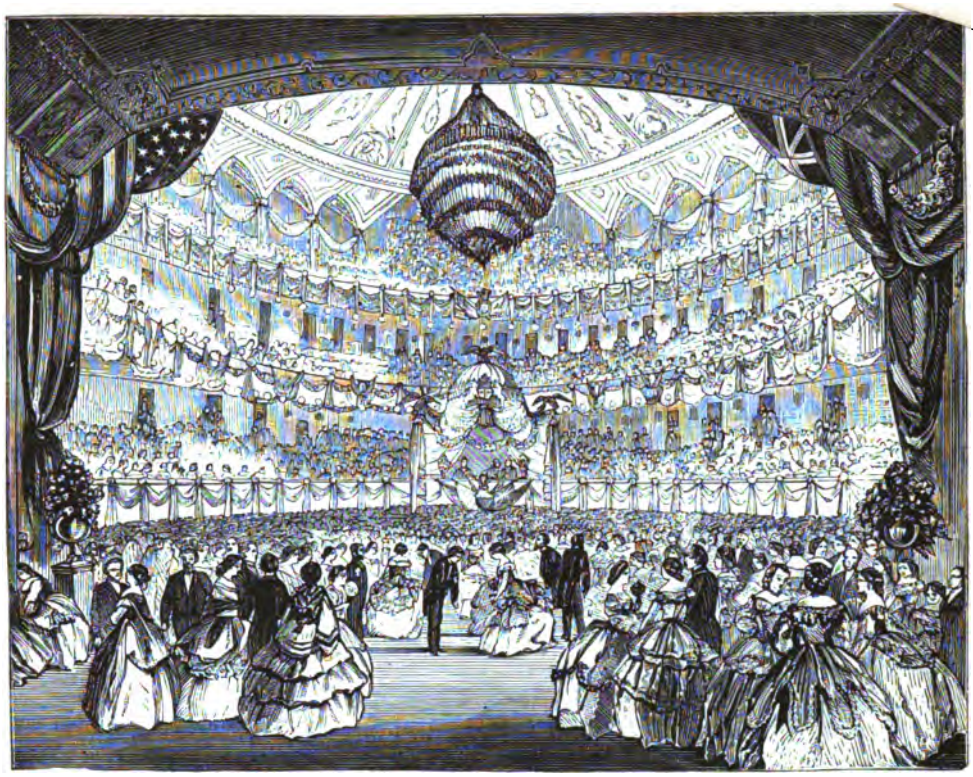
The principal receptions of the prince, after his departure from Philadelphia, were at New York, West Point, and Boston; but no account of these receptions, short of an elaborate volume, would be equal to their variety, extent, and magnificence, and consequently only a few incidents can be here narrated.

While at New York, he attended worship at Trinity church, three front pews in the center aisle being reserved for the prince and suite. In one of them, and immediately in front of the prince's seat, two magnificent prayer-books were deposited, the one a small octavo size, the other a half-quarto. They were both got up in the most perfect style of typographical art, and the skill of the binder had exhausted itself on the exterior decorations. The large one was bound in bright red morocco, and was fastened by a golden clasp, chastely embellished with filigree work, and finely worked with the Prince of Wales's plume and his motto "Ich Dien," ("I serve.") The clasp alone cost two hundred and fifty dollars. On its outer cover, the book bore this inscription: "To His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, from the Corporation of Trinity Church, New York, in Memory of the Munificence of the Crown of England."

At the Academy of Music, October 12th, there was given the greatest ball, in honor of the prince, ever known in this country. Over three thousand persons were present —the *crême de la crême* of New York society. The ball-room comprised the parquette of the academy, and embraced the stage. It was one hundred and thirty-five feet in length by sixty-eight feet in breadth. The end toward the stage was arranged in a semi-circular form, while toward the other end were placed three superb couches. The central one was for the prince, while those on either side were for his suite. The decorations were floral throughout the ball-room. The scene was magnificent. There was a sea of heads in a sea of colors —the light flashing back from the gayest and richest of dresses, from pearly white shoulders and brilliant complexions, and from jewels iris-hued and rivaling the stars in brightness. The full-dress black coats absorbed the superfluous light, and softened the blaze of the thousand lamps. The rich military uniforms, ornamented with golden lace and epaulettes, relieved the uniformity of the gentlemen's toilets.

While the royal party were observing the throng and the decorations of the room, a sudden rustle and movement of the crowd backward indicated that some accident was about to happen, and, in a moment after, one of the flower vases upon the front tier fell with a great crash to the floor, scattering its roses upon all who stood near.

The supper-room was especially erected for the occasion, and its length was one hundred and forty-four feet, by twenty-eight feet breadth. The entire vast apartment was draped in alternate strips of pink and white muslin, with twenty-four splendid mirrors intervening; magnificent chandeliers, suspended from the roof, contributed to the brilliancy of the display.



GRAND BALL GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN BOSTON.

All along the supper-room were two tables, gorgeous in all the appointments of gold, silver, and china ware, and the feast was magnificent.

It was at first contemplated to give the prince a grand public dinner, but this was changed to a ball, because the prince, being so young a man, could not be expected to make an extemporaneous speech, and etiquette forbade any one speaking as his substitute.

From New York, the prince sailed in the government steamer Harriet Lane, for West Point. Here he was received with the highest honors known to the military service; and after visiting the commandant, and riding round the place, he accepted an invitation to review the cadets. Eight battalion companies of cadets, eleven files front, presented themselves on the right of the line; then the company of sappers and miners; then the battery of four guns of light artillery, with a corps of cadets acting as cannoneers; and the left was occupied by a detachment of dragoons.

In a few minutes after the formation of the line, the prince and suite, with Lieutenant-General Scott, appeared on the parade ground, when Major Reynolds gave the order to "Prepare for Review." The ranks of the troops were opened, the artillery unlimbered, the officers and colors to the front, when the reviewing party marched to the head of the military column, while the band played the air of God Save the Queen. As the prince and escort passed down the military line, the band played the very elegant air of the Flowers of Edinburgh. The reviewers passed down the front, and between the open ranks of the troops, back to their original position on the parade ground. The troops were then broke into column by companies and marched in review—first in common time, then in quick time, and finally in double quick time. As the commandants of the companies passed and saluted the prince, he gracefully raised his hat in acknowledgment.

Leaving West Point, the prince pro-

ceeded to Albany, where he was received by Governor Morgan and the state authorities. After spending an hour or two at the capitol, he repaired to the governor's residence, and dined there, Mr. Seward and others being guests. The next day he took a special train for Springfield, Mass., and thence to Boston. He was conducted to his quarters by the Boston authorities, an immense crowd following. The principal occasions of interest, while stopping in Boston, were as follows: On Thursday he witnessed a great political procession; then received Ralph Farnham, the survivor of Bunker Hill battle; reviewed the troops on Boston Common; attended a children's musical entertainment at the music hall; and went to the ball in the evening. On Friday, visited Harvard college, and examined all the objects of interest at that venerable seat of learning; and subsequently visited Mount Auburn, Bunker Hill, and the Charlestown navy yard.

A very interesting interview was that with Ralph Farnham. The Duke of Newcastle, who, with most of the suite, was present, asked the revolutionary veteran if he saw Burgoyne when he surrendered, adding, "You rather had him there!" The old soldier then remarked, chucklingly, that hearing so much said in praise of the prince, he began to fear that the people were all turning royalists. This and Mr. Farnham's manner elicited much laughter, in which the prince fully joined. The prince then sent for pen and ink, and exchanged autographs with his visitor—one of the men who had stood before British soldiers in 1776, in a manner and with a bearing very different from that with which he received the prince's courtesies and exchanged glances with the majors, colonels, and guardsmen of the royal suite. Mr. Farnham afterwards spoke of the interview with the greatest pleasure, remarking that "he wished to show the boy and his soldiers that he bore no anger for old times."

The musical festival was a novel and pleasant entertainment, at Music Hall. Twelve hundred school children were arranged upon seats sloping from the floor to the ceiling, and from the platform one could see two large triangles of boys, and two immense parallelograms of gayly-dressed girls, while between them was an orchestra of sixty performers. As the prince entered, the whole company rose, and the masses of children waved handkerchiefs and clapped hands, producing a fine effect.

A grand success, too, was the ball, given at the Boston Theater,—not exceeded in splendor by that in New York. If one can imagine the immensity of this theater; the dancing floor inclosed as by a pavilion, each tier differently and most richly decorated, and crowded with superbly dressed ladies; the royal box all aglare with light, and rich in gilt, purple, and azure; the frescoed ceiling, with its pendant dome of light, the marquee, with its groves, flowers, mirrors, arabesque ceiling, its multiform and varied decorations, and its view of Windsor Castle, seen as if from some immense window;—if one can imagine this scene, and then crowd it with richly dressed ladies, with gentlemen in every variety of ball costume, while, over all, the lights streamed their brilliant radiance, mirrors and jewels flashing back and reduplicating the rays, and the soft, sweet swell of the music bearing with it the graceful moving throng in a bewildering maze of beauty, an adequate idea of the magnificent occasion may possibly be gained.

Curiously enough, the Boston ball opened something like that in New York; for all the committees, being anxious to speak to the prince, and leaning forward to do so, crash went a large vase of flowers, scattering its contents over the prince. There were profuse apologies, but the prince was laughing so heartily, that he could not hear nor speak.

The prince's appreciation of American ladies was very marked. At the Boston ball, he remarked slyly to a beautiful belle, "They made me dance with the *old* chaps in Canada." At Montreal, he

danced with Miss Blackburn, of Natchez, a lady of great beauty; so enchanted did the prince become, that he afterward inquired for her and expressed a desire to meet again. Among those with whom he danced, at the Cincinnati ball, was the beautiful Miss Groesbeck, daughter of Hon. John Groesbeck. The reporters represent that Miss Groesbeck, who was the belle of the evening, wore a white tulle dress, puffed to the waist, low neck, but wore no jewelry; her mother, however, wore elegant diamond ear-drops, rings, and pins. When, therefore, one of the officers of the evening announced to Miss Groesbeck that she was to be honored with the prince's hand for the second dance, Mrs. Groesbeck quietly took off her own jewelry and passed them to her favored daughter; the latter declined them. Her mother insisted; but Miss Groesbeck, with equal determination, positively refused to wear any kind of ornament other than her simple dress and the wealth of beauty which Nature had bestowed on her.

It is not exaggerating, to say that the prince made an agreeable impression wherever he went. He was described by one of the newspaper reporters, as follows: "He seems to be about five feet four inches high; his eye is beautifully blue, mild, funny, clear, and jolly; his nose is well defined, not perfectly straight, but clean-cut and prominent; his mouth is full, and his chin retreats wonderfully. His countenance indicates a happy dispositioned, good-natured, humorous, fun-loving boy, who knows what he is about, and can't easily be fooled. His hair is soft and fine, though disposed to grow rather low down the neck and on the forehead, whilst his head is well shaped, and would indicate firmness, benevolence, quickness of perception, and love of music. The very, very large hands and feet of the young gentleman are but reproductions of those of his royal mother, to whom Dame Nature has been very generous in that regard. His form is small and very well proportioned, and his bearing is dignified, manly, and modest." His dress varied much, of course, with the place and occasion, but was always simple, elegant, and appropriate.

Portland, Me., was the place from which the illustrious guest of the nation took his departure for England. As the royal barge left the wharf to convey the prince to the Hero, the British squadron all fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and similar salutes were fired from the city and from Fort Preble. The harbor was full of steamers, sail-boats, barges, etc., which accompanied the royal barge from the wharf. As the flotilla neared the royal squadron, the yards were manned, and this, with the strings of bunting and flags flying from every point of the fleet, formed a magnificent spectacle, which was witnessed by an immense concourse of people. To all the parting salutations, the British ships responded by dipping their colors; and, as the squadron sailed, the bands on board each vessel played Yankee Doodle, and Fort Preble saluted the party with farewell guns as they passed.

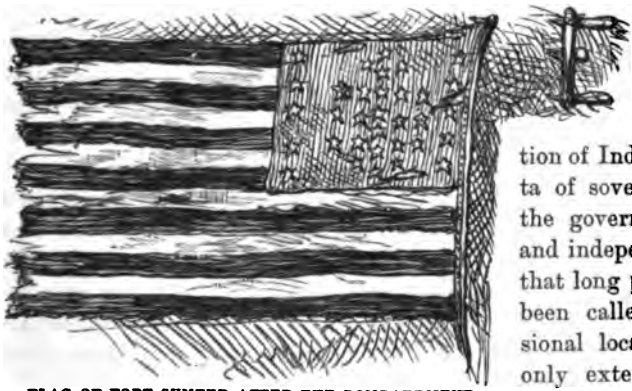
So heart-felt, generous, and enthusiastic a reception of the prince, in America, produced the highest satisfaction throughout England. The queen, at an early day, caused to be officially communicated to the president and to the people of the United States, "her grateful sense of the kindness with which they received her son;" the hospitality shown him was warmly complimented in parliament; and Prince Albert, as chancellor of the University of Cambridge, directed that the annual gold medal there given for the encouragement of English poetry, should, that year, be awarded for the best poem on "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington."

LX.

BOMBARDMENT AND REDUCTION OF FORT SUMTER.—1861.

Inauguration of Civil War in the United States.—First Military Act in the Long and Bloody Struggle to Dismember the Union.—Organization of the Southern Confederacy.—President Lincoln's Proclamation for 75,000 Volunteers.—Spontaneous Uprising of the Loyal People.—Calling the Battle-Roll of the Republic.—Supreme Crisis in the Fate of the Nation.—Northern and Southern Variances.—Slavery the Cause of Contention.—Culmination of the Antagonism.—Disunion the Banner of the South.—Secession of Several States.—War Wager Boldly Staked.—Vain Efforts at Reconciliation.—Federal Property Seized at the South.—Batteries Erected at Charleston.—Fort Sumter Closely Besieged.—Beauregard Demands its Surrender.—Major Anderson's Flat Refusal.—Weakness of His Garrison.—Attempts to Re-enforce It.—Prevented by Confederate Batteries.—All Eyes Riveted on the Fort.—Opening of the Attack, April 14th.—Incessant and Tremendous Fire.—Terms of Evacuation Accepted.—Southern Rejoicings.—The Great Military Outlook.—Washington the National Key.

"Can either of you to-day name one single act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the government at Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge an answer."—HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, BEFORE THE GEORGIA SECESSION CONVENTION.



FLAG OF FORT SUMTER, AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

EIGHTY-FOUR years had now sped their course, since the republic of the United States, with the immortal Declaration of Independence as its Magna Charta of sovereignty, took a place among the governments of the earth as a free and independent nation, and, during all that long period, the federal armies had been called to face—with but an occasional local and transient exception—only external or savage foes. Party spirit, it is true, had not unfrequently ran high, and hurled defiance at law and its administrators, and at times, the strain upon the ship of state seemed near to proving its destruction; but forbearance, compromise, fraternity and patriotism, smoothed the rough waves of contention, and peace regained her benign sway.

But the long existing and bitter antagonism of opinion on the subject of slavery, between the North and the South, culminated at last—on the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln as president, in 1861,—in a civil war, the extent, duration, and horrors of which have never been paralleled in any age or among any people, since the world

began. In vain did President Lincoln declare, in his inaugural, his opposition to any interference with slavery in the states where it existed, in vain were assurances to the same effect proffered by the party that had just triumphed in the presidential contest, and in vain were conferences and consultations held by the leading statesmen and politicians of different sections, with a view to avert the calamity of war.

Intent on a separate national existence, under which they might maintain unmolested, as well as extend, the institution of slavery, the southern states recalled their senators and representatives from congress, flung out the banner of Secession—which was the wager and signal of *War*,—and, as an initial step, commenced the seizure of United States custom-houses, arsenals, forts, and other public property, within their borders.

First in order of importance, in this startling programme of overt acts, was the movement of the authorities of South Carolina to possess themselves of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, before opportunity should be gained by the national government to re-enforce its scanty resources of men and provisions. To this end, extensive batteries were erected on the shores opposite the fort, by means of which, any ordinary naval force which the federal authorities then had available for conveying supplies, could easily be crippled in attempting such assistance.

In this besieged condition, the brave and loyal commander of the fort, Major Robert Anderson, and his true-hearted men, were kept for several weeks, with the eager eyes of millions of admiring countrymen riveted upon them. The vessel which was finally dispatched by the navy department for their relief, was shelled by the batteries and compelled to return without fulfilling her mission. This was done in accordance with the orders received from the secession authorities at Montgomery, Ala., where a government styled the Confederate States of America had been formally established, with Jefferson Davis as president, and which was to assume all the responsibility and direction of that mighty struggle through which, as they expected, southern independence was to be secured, and the Republic of the United States rent in twain.

After various official preliminaries, on either side, but without arriving at any satisfactory understanding, a demand was made, April 11th, by General Beauregard, commander of the insurgent batteries, for the surrender of the fort. This demand was declined by Major Anderson—all the officers having been consulted by him in regard to the summons. At about three o'clock, on the morning of the 12th, notice was given that fire would be opened on the fort in one hour, unless the demand to surrender was instantly complied with. Major Anderson resolved not to return fire until broad daylight, not wishing to waste any of his ammunition. From the statements made by the officers of Fort Sumter, it appears that fire was opened upon the fort from all points at once, and, to the astonishment of its defenders, a masked battery of heavy columbiads opened on them from that part of Sullivan's Island near the floating battery, of the existence of which Major Anderson had not the slightest intimation. It was covered with brush and other materials, which completely concealed it, and was skillfully constructed and well secured. Seventeen mortars, firing ten-inch shell, and thirty-three heavy guns, mostly columbiads, were engaged in the assault. The crash made by the shot against the walls was terrific, and many of the shells took effect inside the fort. The inmates took breakfast at half-past six o'clock, leisurely and calmly, after which the command was formed into three reliefs, equally dividing the officers and men. The first relief was under the command of Captain Doubleday, of the artillery, and Lieutenant Snyder, of the engineer corps. This detachment went to the guns and opened fire upon the Cummings's Point battery, Fort Moultrie, and Sullivan's Island. The Iron Battery was of immense strength, so that most of the

shots from Fort Sumter struck and glanced off again. The fire was so terrible on the parapet of Fort Sumter, that Major Anderson refused to allow the men to man the guns. Had they been permitted to do so, every one of them would have been sacrificed. Fort Moultrie was considerably damaged by the cannonading from Fort Sumter, a great many shots having taken effect on the embrasures. A new English rifled gun, which was employed by the insurgents, was fired with great accuracy, several of its shots entering the embrasures of Fort Sumter, and one of them slightly wounded four men.

Robert Anderson

The reliefs were changed every four hours, and the men owed their safety to the extraordinary care exercised by the officers in command. A man was kept constantly on the look-out, who would cry 'shot,' or 'shell,' at every shot the enemy made, thus affording the men exposed ample opportunity for shelter. The garrison was lamentably weak in numbers; but the workmen, though at first rather reluctant to assist the soldiers in handling the guns, gradually took hold and rendered valuable assistance. Indeed, but few shots were fired before every one of them became desperately engaged in the conflict. They had to abandon one gun, on account of the close fire made upon it. Hearing the fire renewed with it, however, an officer went to the spot, and there found a party of workmen still employed in serving it. One of the workmen was stooping over it with his hands on his knees, convulsed with joy, with the tears rolling down his powder-begrimmed cheeks. "What are you doing here with that gun?" the officer asked. "Hit it right in the center," was the reply,—the man meaning that his shot had taken effect in the center of the floating battery.

The aim of the insurgents was particularly directed at the flag-staff, from which waved proudly the stars and stripes; and, after two days' incessant firing, the flag-staff was finally shot away. The effect of such continuous firing was terribly damaging. "One tower," says one of the garrison, "was so completely demolished that not one brick was left standing upon the other. The barracks caught fire on the first day several times, but in every instance was put out by Mr. Hart, of New York, a volunteer, who particularly distinguished himself for his coolness and bravery. On the second dav, the barracks caught fire from a ten-inch shell, and the danger to be encountered in the attempt to extinguish it being so great, the major concluded not to attempt it. The effect of the fire was more disastrous that we could have supposed. The subsequent shots of the enemy took more effect in consequence; the walls were weakened, and we were more exposed. The main gates were destroyed by fire, thus leaving us exposed to the murderous aim of the enemy. Five hundred men could have formed on the gorge, and marched on us without our being able to oppose them. The fire spread around the fort on all sides. Fearful that the walls might crack, and the shells pierce and prostrate them, we commenced taking the powder out of the magazine before the fire had fully enveloped it. We took ninety-six barrels of powder out, and threw them into the sea, leaving two hundred barrels in. Owing to a lack of cartridges, we kept five men inside the magazine, to sew them up as we wanted them, thus consuming our shirts, sheets, blankets, and all the available material in the fort. When we were finally obliged to close the magazine, and our

material for cartridges was exhausted, we were left destitute of any means to continue the contest. We had eaten our last biscuit thirty-six hours before. We were very nearly stifled with the dense smoke from the burning buildings. The men lay prostrate on the ground, with wet handkerchiefs over their mouths and eyes, gasping for breath. It was a moment of imminent peril. If an eddy of wind had not ensued, we all, probably, would have been suffocated. The crashing of the shot, the bursting of the shells, the falling of walls, and the roar of the flames, made a Pandemonium of the fort. We nevertheless kept up a steady fire. Early in the afternoon of the 13th, ex-senator Wigfall, of Texas,—who had become an officer in the Confederate military service,—seeing the inequality of the contest, made his appearance at one of the embrasures with a white handkerchief on the end of a sword, and begged for admittance. He asked to see Major Anderson. While Wigfall was in the act of crawling through the embrasure, Lieutenant Snyder called out to him, "Major Anderson is at the main gate." He passed through the embrasure into the casement, paying no attention to what the lieutenant had said. Here he was met by Captain Foster and Lieutenants Mead and Davis. In an excited manner he said—

"Let us stop this firing. You are on fire, and your flag is down. Let us quit."

"No, sir," replied Lieutenant Davis, "our flag is not down. Step out here, and you will see it waving over the ramparts."

"Let us quit this," said Wigfall; "here's a white flag—will anybody wave it out of the embrasure?"

"That is for you to do, if you choose," replied one of the officers.

"If there is no one else to do it, I will," said Wigfall.

He immediately jumped into the embrasure, and waved the flag towards Fort Moultrie. The firing, however, still continued from Moultrie and the batteries of Sullivan's Island. In answer to his repeated request, one of the officers said that one of Sumter's men might hold the flag, and Corporal Binghurst jumped into the embrasure. The shot continuing to strike all around him, he leaped down again, after having waved the flag a few moments, and exclaimed—

"They don't respect this flag; they are firing at it."

"They fired at me two or three times," replied Wigfall, "and I stood it, and I should think you might stand it once. If you will show a white flag from your ramparts, they will cease firing."

"If you request," said Lieutenant Davis, "that a flag shall be shown there, while you hold a conference with Major Anderson, and for that purpose alone, it may be done."

At this point Major Anderson came up. Wigfall said, "I am General Wigfall, and come from General Beauregard, who wishes to stop this."

Major Anderson, rising to his full height, replied, "Well, sir!"

"Major Anderson," exclaimed Wigfall, "you have defended your flag nobly, sir. You have done all that it is possible for men to do, and General Beauregard wishes to stop the fight. On what terms, Major Anderson, will you evacuate this fort?"

"General Beauregard is already acquainted with my only terms," was Major Anderson's reply.

"Do I understand that you will evacuate upon the terms proposed the other day?" inquired Wigfall.

"Yes, sir, and on those conditions only."

"Then, sir," said Wigfall, "I understand that the fort is to be ours."

"On these conditions only, I repeat."

"Very well," said Wigfall, and he retired.

A short time afterwards, a deputation, consisting of Senator Chesnut, Roger A. Pryor, Capt. S. D. Lee, and W. Porcher Miles, came from General Beauregard and had an interview with Major Anderson, when it came out that Wigfall had no authority to speak for General Beauregard, but acted on his own responsibility. "Then," said Lieutenant Davis, "we have

been deceived;" and Major Anderson, perceiving the state of the case, ordered the American flag to be raised to its place.

The deputation, however, requested him to keep the flag down until they could communicate with General Beauregard, as matters were liable to be complicated. They left, and, between two and three hours after, the garrison meanwhile exerting themselves to extinguish the fire in the barracks, another deputation came from General Beauregard, agreeing to the terms of evacuation previously proposed. This was on Saturday evening. That night the garrison took what rest they could. Next day, the steam-boat Isabel came down and anchored near the fort,

The steamer Clinch was used as a transport to take the garrison to the Isabel, but the transfer was too late to allow the Isabel to go out with that tide. The terms of evacuation agreed to were, that the garrison should take their individual and company property, and that they should march out with their side and other arms, with all the honors of war, in their own way, and at their own time, and that they should salute their flag and take it with them.

The insurgents agreed to furnish transports, as Major Anderson might select, to any part of the country, either by land or by water. When the baggage of the garrison was all on board of the transport, the soldiers remaining inside under arms, a portion were designated as gunners to serve in saluting the American flag. When the last gun was fired, the flag was lowered, the men cheering. At the fiftieth discharge there was a premature explosion, which killed one man instantly, seriously wounded another, and two more not so badly. The men were then formed and marched out, the band playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail to the Chief."

In regard to the mode of action pursued by Major Anderson, during the bombardment, his sagacity was everywhere manifest. So small was the number of his men, as to necessitate their division into reliefs, or equal parties, so as to work the different batteries by turns, each four hours. Another account of this terrible scene states that the first relief opened upon the iron batteries at Cummings Point, at a distance of sixteen hundred yards, the iron floating battery, distant some eighteen hundred or two thousand yards at the end of Sullivan's Island, the enfilading battery on Sullivan's Island, and Fort Moultrie, —Captain Doubleday firing the first gun, and all the points just named being opened upon simultaneously. For the first four hours, the firing was kept up with great rapidity; the enthusiasm of the men, indeed, was so great that the second and third reliefs could not be kept from the guns. This accounts for the fact that double the number of guns were at work during the first four hours than at any other time.

Shells burst with the greatest rapidity in every portion of the work, hurling the loose brick and stone in all directions, breaking the windows, and setting fire to whatever wood-work they burst against. The solid shot firing of the enemy's batteries, and particularly of Fort Moultrie, was directed at the barbette guns of Fort Sumter, disabling one ten-inch and one eight-inch columbiad, one forty-two pounder, and two eight-inch sea-coast howitzers, and also tearing away a large portion

of the parapet. The firing from the batteries on Cummings Point was scattered over the whole of the gorge, or rear, of the fort. It looked like a sieve. The explosion of shells, and the quantity of deadly missiles hurled in every direction and at every instant of time, made it almost certain death to go out of the lower tier of casements, and also made the working of the barbette, or upper uncovered guns, which contained all the heaviest metals, and by which alone shells could be thrown, quite impossible. During the first day there was hardly an instant of time that there was a cessation of the whizzing of balls, which were sometimes coming half a dozen at once. There was not a portion of the work which was not seen in reverse—that is, exposed by the rear—from mortars.

On Friday, before dinner, several of the vessels of the fleet beyond the bar were seen through the port-holes. They dipped their flag. The command ordered Sumter's flag to be dipped in return, which was done, while the shells were bursting in every direction. The flagstaff was located in the open parade, being about the center of the open space within the fort. Sergeant Hart saw the flag half-way down, and, supposing that it had been cut by the enemy's shot, rushed out through the fire to assist in getting it up. Shortly after it had been re-raised, a shell burst and cut the halyards, but the rope was so intertwined around the halyards, that the flag would not fall. Sergeant Hart also particularly distinguished himself in trying to put out the flames in the quarters, with shells and shot crashing around him; and, though ordered away by Major Anderson, he begged hard to be permitted to remain and continue his exertions.

One great misfortune was, that there was not an instrument in the fort by which they could weigh powder, which of course destroyed all attempt at accuracy of firing. Nor were there any tangent scales, breech sides, or other instruments with which to point a gun. When it became so dark as to render it impossible to see the effect of their shot, the port-holes were closed for the night, while the batteries of the secessionists continued their fire the whole night. The firing of the rifled guns from the iron battery on Cummings Point became extremely accurate in the afternoon of Friday, cutting out large quantities of the masonry about the embrasures at every shot. One piece struck Sergeant Kearnan, an old Mexican war veteran, striking him on the head and knocking him down. Upon being revived, he was asked if he was hurt badly. He replied, "No! I was only knocked down temporarily;" and he went to work again. On Saturday, when the barracks were on fire, the wind so directed the smoke as to fairly fill the fort, so that the men could not see each other, and, with the hot, stifling air, it was as much as a man could do to breathe. Soon they were obliged to cover their faces with wet cloths in order to get along at all, so dense was the smoke and so scorching the heat. But few cartridges were left, and the guns were fired slowly; nor could more cartridges be made, on account of the sparks falling in every part of the works. A gun was fired every now and then, only to let the people and the fleet in the town know that the fort had not been silenced. The cannoneers could not see to aim, much less where they hit.

After the barracks were well on fire, the shells and ammunition in the upper service-magazines exploded, scattering the tower and upper portions of the building in every direction. The crash of the beams, the roar of the flames, the rapid explosion of the shells, and the shower of fragments of the fort, with the blackness of the smoke, made the scene indescribably terrific and grand. This continued for several hours. Meanwhile, the main gates were burned down, the chassis of the barbette guns were burned away on the gorge, and the upper portions of the towers had been demolished by shells. There was not a portion of the fort where a breath of air could be got for hours, except through a wet cloth. The fire spread through to the men's quarters, on the right hand and on

INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

the left, and endangered the powder that had been taken out of the magazines. The men went through the fire and covered the barrels with wet cloths, but the danger of the fort's blowing up became so imminent, that they were obliged to heave the barrels out of the embrasures. While the powder was being thrown overboard, all the guns of Moultrie, of the iron floating battery, of the enfilade battery, and the Dahlgren battery, worked with increased vigor.

The interior of Fort Sumter, as seen after the evacuation and described by the newspaper reporters, showed the work that had been done during the bombardment. Every point and every object, to which the eye was turned, except the outer walls and casements, bore the impress of ruin. The walls of the internal structure, roofless, bare, blackened and perforated by shot and shell, hung in fragments, and seemed in instant readiness to totter down. Near the center of the parade ground was the hurried grave of one who had fallen in defense of his country's flag. To the left of the entrance was a man who seemed at the verge of death. In the ruins to the right there was another. The shattered flag-staff, marked by four balls, lay on the ground. The parade ground was strewn with fragments of shell and of the dilapidated buildings. At least four guns were dismounted on the ramparts, and at every step the way was impeded by materials of the broken structure. The whole scene was one of frightful desolation, causing indescribable feelings in every loyal heart.

On the 18th of April, Major Anderson, then on his way to New York, in the steamship Baltic, penned his official dispatch to Mr. Cameron, secretary of war, stating that, "having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quar-

ters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th instant, prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns." Major Anderson and his men received the thanks of the government for their gallant defense of the fort against such odds.

As soon as the national flag had ceased to wave over Fort Sumter, the president issued a proclamation for an extra session of congress, to convene July 4th, and also calling for seventy-five thousand men, in order "to maintain the honor, the integrity, and existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured." This proclamation was of course spurned and ridiculed by the seven states—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas —that had formed themselves into the Southern Confederacy; and, by the other southern states, as also by the border states, it was treated with mingled contempt and indignation. But, throughout the vast North and West, it was received and responded to with an enthusiasm which showed that the attempt to dismember the North American Republic and blot it out from the map of nations, was to be resisted to the last dollar and the last man. The supreme hour in the history of the nation had now arrived, and, reluctant as were the loyal states to engage in the horrors of fratricidal strife, the wager of war was the only alternative which now presented itself. The national fate hung trembling in the scale of destiny, and the people rose in their might; party lines were obliterated; the battle-roll of the republic was called; the old flag seemed never before so dear to the patriot's heart.

On the other hand, the successful reduction of Fort Sumter inspired universal enthusiasm at the south, in behalf of the secession cause,—Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, and Missouri joined the Confederacy,—and gigantic preparations were made for a contest which should result in separation and independence. Armies were formed and equipped, and defensive fortifications erected, in all the disunion states.

At the head of the armies of the loyal states was Lieutenant-General Scott, directing all the preparations and movements for the impending conflict, and especially devoting his military skill to the protection of the federal capital. It was said that he had all along been averse, from purely military considerations, to the re-enforcement of Fort Sumter, it being, like Charleston, of no strategic importance, requiring a valuable force to hold it, with no adequate advantage gained. He regarded Fort Pickens, in the Gulf, and Washington, the capital, as the two keys of the position. On the 4th of March, and for some weeks afterward, it would have been almost impossible for the federal government to defend Washington against such a force as had already been collected by the secessionists before Sumter, and which could be marched at any time on a capital unprepared for defense. General Scott's plans, based on these facts, were at once laid. No time was lost in strengthening the capital. Success attended the effort to increase the garrison of Fort Pickens, and at last Washington was reasonably safe.

And thus commenced what finally proved to be the most gigantic and bloody struggle in the annals of human strife, the result of the conflict, too, being the most momentous, perhaps, in its relations to the interests of the human race, of any since the world began.

LXI.

ASTONISHING FEATS OF HORSE-TAMING PERFORMED BY MR. JOHN S. RAREY.—1861.

The Most Savage and Furious Animals Made Tractable as Lambs.—The Ferocious and Far Famed "Cruiser" Lies Docile at His Master's Feet—Acclamations of Wonder and Admiration by Crowded Audiences.—Brilliant Honors from Monarchs and Courts Abroad.—Philosophy of Mr. Rarey's Method and Success.—Mr. Rarey Personally.—Boyhood Fondness for Horses—Aptness in Training Them.—Discovers an Improved Method.—Its Perfect Success—Wild Prairie Horses Subdued.——Determines to Exhibit Abroad—His Skill Challenged in London.—"Cruiser" to be the Great Test.—Rage and Fury of the Animal.—Plunging, Rearing, Yelling, Biting—Rarey's Complete Triumph.—Monarchs and Princes Present.—Their Surprise and Delight.—Victoria's Rapturous Applause—Exhibitions in the United States.—Terrible Cases Dealt With.—Rarey Always Conqueror.—His Calm, Fine, Firm Voice.—Cool, Quiet, Quick Movements.—Magnetism of His Presence.—Details of the System.

"I can break any animal, of whatever age or habits, in the world. I can make any animal sensible of my power—make him gentle and even affectionate."—MR. RAREY, AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK.

"CRUISER," UNTAMED.

NOVEL and extraordinary, to a degree bordering on the marvelous, were the exhibitions with which the name of John S. Rarey, of Ohio, became so popularly identified, both in America and Europe, in the management of that noblest, as well as most useful and beautiful, of animals, the horse. Wondering and delighted crowds attended these exhibitions, in all the principal cities of this country; and, abroad, crowned heads and titled dignitaries were among the gifted champion's most enthusiastic auditors,—and there, as well as at home, every American felt a just pride in the laurels achieved by their countryman. Such a decided sensation,—at once so exciting, pleasant, and universal, may well have a place in the national gallery of things noteworthy and agreeable. Surely, few, if any, of the marvels recorded in that wonderful French book, "The Great Wizard," which Dr. R. Shelton McKenzie

has given to the English reader in so fascinating a dress, can be said to equal the feats performed by the very practical wizard of Ohio, in the different cities of the Union in 1861, and which cast all that is merely ideal or legerdemain far and forever into the shade.

At the time of these astonishing triumphs, Mr. Rarey was a slightly built man, about thirty years of age. He was the son of a stock farmer and breeder of horses, who lived in Franklin county, Ohio, and was himself engaged in a similar occupation at a place called Groveport, about ten miles from Columbus, the capital of that state. From boyhood he is stated to have exhibited an intense fondness for horses and a remarkable aptitude for breaking and training them after the old fashion, until he discovered a more humane mode of treatment, and which he soon put into practice with the greatest success in his native state. The subjects on which he operated were in many cases horses reclaimed in a perfectly wild condition from the western prairies, and in the course of his experience he had several of his limbs broken, but without at all dampening his enthusiasm or diminishing his faith.

Appreciating the Englishman's superior love and care for the horse, Mr. Rarey visited England at the outset of his career, for the purpose of exhibiting and introducing his system of training in that country. His success was such as to elicit the most unbounded admiration, mingled with at least an equal degree of astonishment, on the part of audiences the most crowded and brilliant, including veteran horse-trainers from far and near. Among the latter class, were not a few who regarded the American performer with somewhat of professional jealousy, and it was not long before the following challenge of his skill was received by him from a high source: "Mr. Rarey is a public man, and of course exposed to criticism. Some of his experiments have proved successful, but there has not been time enough to develop whether the docility of these horses upon whom he has operated is as durable as he alleges. If, however, he would 'walk over the course,' and set criticism at defiance, let him go down some morning to Murrell's Green, with a few of his aristocratic friends, and try, '*Cruiser*,' and if he can ride him as a hack I guarantee him immortality, and an amount of ready money that would make a British bank director's mouth water. The 'initiated' will not be surprised at my selecting Cruiser; but as the public may be ignorant of him, I will append some particulars of his history: Cruiser was the property of Lord Dorchester, and was a favorite of the Derby in Wild Daynell's year, but broke down about a month before the race. Like all horses of Venison blood, his temper was not of the mildest kind, and his owner was glad to get rid of him. When started for Rawcliffe, the man who had him in charge was told on no account to put him in a stable, as he would never get him out. This injunction was of course disregarded, for when the man wanted some refreshment he put Cruiser in the public stable and left him. To get him out, the roof of the building had to be ripped off. At Rawcliffe, Cruiser was always exhibited by a groom with a ticket-of-leave bludgeon in his hand, and few were bold enough to venture into the animal's inclosure, the cordial wish of every visitor being 'that some friendly bullet would lay him low.' This animal, then, whose temper has depreciated his value perhaps a thousand pounds, I think would be 'the right horse in the right place,' to try Mr. Rarey's skill; and as the *locale* is so near London, the sooner the experiment is made the better." This challenge was no sooner received than accepted, and, as the viciousness and ferocity of Cruiser had hitherto utterly baffled every attempt at subjection, the trial of Mr. Rarey's skill was looked forward to with intense interest.

Cruiser's habit, it appears, was to scream and yell when any one approached him, to smash up his stall "into lucifer matches," and to attempt to bite and destroy every living thing in his neighbor-

hood. Noblemen used to go and throw articles into his brick box, in order to see him fight. When he was to be fed or watered, the first proceeding with his groom was to ascertain, by thrusting a long pole in at the stable door, where the enemy stood, and then to deposit the food, shut the door, and vanish as soon as possible. *Mr. Rarey changed all this in a moment, as it were.* He ordered the stable door to be thrown open, introduced himself according to his system, without delay, and in half an hour the indomitable Cruiser might be ridden by a child, could listen tranquilly to the beating of a drum, and stand serene even if an umbrella were flourished in his face. Gentle as a lamb, he followed his teacher about the arena like a dog, stopping when he pointed his finger, lying down when he was told, rising again when he obtained permission, and doing all this in a mild, good-humored sort of way, as if the wish to oblige was the sole ruling motive, and that the now docile Cruiser was totally unaware of that terrible array of whips and spurs, bits and muzzles, with which his first teachers had sought to check his ferocity and bring him to reason. The speedy, easy, and complete success of Mr. Rarey, in this remarkable case, gave him, at once, the most flattering and exalted reputation from one end of Europe to the other.

On Mr. Rarey's appearance at Niblo's, in New York, he exhibited this renowned specimen of the equine race—an animal over sixteen hands high, and of immense bone and muscle,—and said: "When I went to England and exhibited there, the papers all said, 'This is very well, but try Cruiser!' I immediately wrote to Lord Dorchester, about the horse, and he replied that the horse could not be brought to me, but that I must come to him. I did go to him. The horse had not been out of his box for three years; a brick stable had to be built for him, and he would have been shot, but he was the last of a race of splendid blood-horses, and his owner was anxious to preserve him if possible. I found that by his biting and kicking he had so injured himself that he could not be taken out of his box, and so I had to wait for his recovery. I went down to see him, quietly and unknown, but somehow the papers got hold of it, and everybody said that I dared not go near Cruiser." Under these circumstances, Mr. Rarey was detained some three weeks, when he went to London, accompanied by the now subdued steed.

The collar and muzzle which Cruiser used to wear were exhibited by Mr. Rarey. His owner could place them upon him only by letting a rope down through the roof of his stall, fastening it under his neck, and raising him off his fore feet. The exhibition at Niblo's was the first time Cruiser had been on the stage in America. "We have," said Mr. Rarey, "had no rehearsal; but instead of kicking, as he used, he will now (as you see) give me his foot like a gentleman." Two

JOHN S. RAREY.

straps were now shown, being all that had been used in taming this horse. Mr. Rarey, on being asked to explain, more particularly, how he approached Cruiser, said: "I think horses have a reason for everything they do. I knew if I approached Cruiser with a stick he would fight me, as he had fought others who came to whip him. In the box was a double door, so that I could open the upper half. I went quietly; opened the door noiselessly. Cruiser turned round, saw me, started back frightfully, but did not attempt to come at me. He came slowly up to smell of me after a while, and, in spite of Lord Dorchester's entreaties, I

stood still. Presently, when I saw that he stood naturally, I began to fondle him. Lord Dorchester begged me to tie his head, and I did so, but you never saw such fighting. Finding that he would either kill himself or tear down the box, I released him, and began all over again. After he allowed me to fondle him, I took him into the straw-yard, and proceeded as with any other horse, until at last he would let me take any liberty with him, and Lord Dorchester mounted him with impunity." Mr. Rarey declared that Cruiser was about as celebrated for his viciousness as he himself was for taming him.

A horse of the Messenger breed, excitable and ferocious, was next operated upon. By gently fondling his head and caressing him, Mr. Rarey succeeded in managing him perfectly. "See," said Mr. Rarey, "I place this horse's foot upon me. There is no danger. He would no more tread heavily upon me than a mare upon her foal." He sat upon the animal, put his hoofs playfully together, and rested his head composedly between the horse's heels. At first, Mr. Rarey fastened a strap round the horse's fore leg, so as to make him limp on three legs and finally kneel. When the second strap was attached, a struggle ensued, which ended in the animal's lying down, and here the art of Mr. Rarey, in its perfect adaptedness to the end sought, was made apparent.

Next in course was a wild horse from South America, which threw Mr. Rarey several times, plunging, rearing, and biting with rage and fury. On his leg, too, Mr. Rarey attached the fatal strap, and, after a prolonged struggle, the animal was thrown, and his conquerer was upon him. After rising up and sitting down again on the horse's back several times, in order to accustom the horse to the sensation, Mr. Rarey raised him up, and, addressing the audience from the animal's back, said: "It is entirely wrong to leap upon a horse's back and hold fast, no matter how frightened he may be. There is now a perfect understanding between us. *All horses like me after this process. They all come to me gladly.* This is the test of breaking: If they fly away from you, then know you have treated them badly; if they come to you, they know you are a friend." No better illustration of the truth of these remarks was needed than the case then in hand.

Perhaps the most brilliant and magnificent reception ever accorded in Europe to a private, untitled American, was on the occasion of Mr. Rarey's performances in London, when there were present the Queen, Prince Albert, the princess royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and other members of the royal family, with the ladies of the court and most of the foreign princes and distinguished visitors then in the metropolis, including Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the prince of Prussia; the Princes Frederick Charles, Albert, Frederick Albert, and Adelbert, of Prussia; Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, Prince William of Baden, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimer, and Prince Julius of Holstein Glucksburg. The Duke of Wellington, Major-General Sir Richard Airey, Lord Paget, and countless other dignitaries were also present.

The subjects on which Mr. Rarey operated were decided cases. One was a fine-spirited black horse, of high nervous temperament, which had been returned to Mr. Anderson, of Picadilly, of whom he had been bought for a large sum of money, on the ground of his being all but unmanageable. At the first private interview of Mr. Rarey with this horse, the animal was placed in a loose box, which Mr. Rarey entered, cracking a whip. Startled by this unusual exhibition of violence, the horse struck out with both his hind legs, and uttered a kind of savage yell. The company who had assembled to witness the experiment were then asked to withdraw, and Mr. Rarey was left alone with the horse. On being called in again, in less than quarter of an hour, they were amazed to find the animal prostrate on his

side among the straw in the stall, with his head slightly raised, and Mr. Rarey, whom he was eyeing without the slightest symptom of alarm, lying beside him. Mr. Rarey remained with him in this position for some time, during which he knocked the horse's fore and hind hoofs together, made a pillow of his thighs, and finally got up and ran a heavy wheelbarrow up to and around the still prostrate creature, without producing in him the slightest sensation of fear. Subsequently, the mastery of Mr. Rarey became so complete over this horse, that, when laid on his side in a loose box, a plank was placed against his shoulder in sight of the horse, and a barrow run up it. He never moved. A drum was also beaten on his back, and an umbrella opened in his very face; but he remained stock still, and evinced no sign of apprehension.

The next subject on which Mr. Rarey experimented was a young unbroken colt, brought from Prince Albert's farm, and which had never been handled in any way. This colt was led into the arena in halter, and, after being left alone with the horse-tamer a few minutes, the company saw, as in the former case, this wild colt lying on the ground, and the horse-tamer by his side, who sat upon him and handled his legs, feet, and every other part by turns,—a process during which the creature remained as gentle and passive as a child.

After Mr. Rarey had parted with the colt, a handsome bay-charger, belonging to Prince Albert, was brought forward. This horse was one of high spirit, which had always shown great restlessness while being mounted and a constant tendency to take fright, and, it was thought, would thoroughly defy all of Mr. Rarey's attempts to tame him. In a short time, however, the horse-tamer had him down also, as submissive as all the rest, and was seen crawling among his legs, sitting upon his shoulders and hips, and knocking his hoofs together. Then, bidding the horse rise, which he did instantly, Mr. Rarey jumped upon his back, and held by turns an umbrella over his head and beat a tattoo on a drum, the hitherto proud, restless animal, now owning subjection to a new master, remaining the while almost as motionless as a statue.

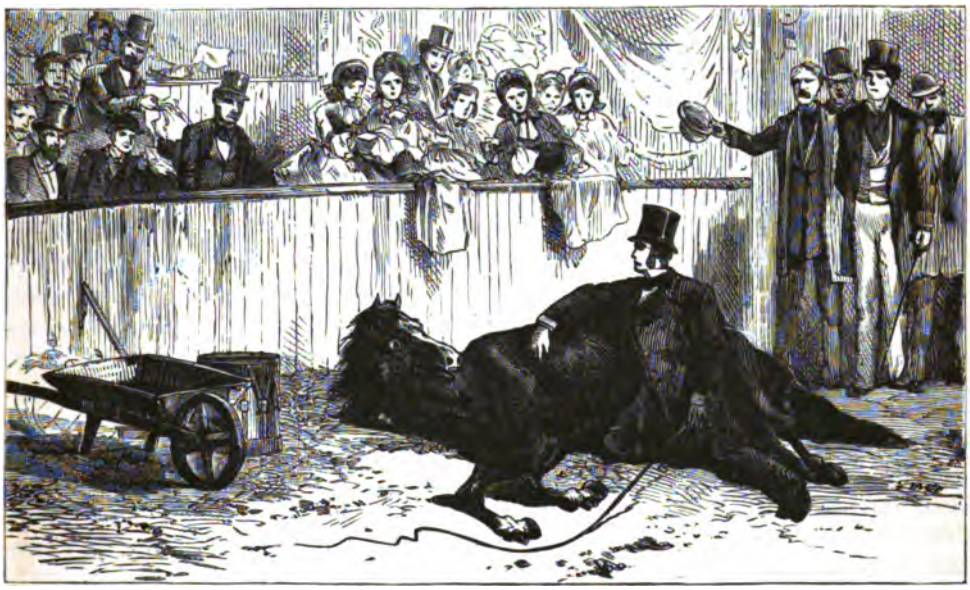
All these remarkable feats were watched throughout with the most intense interest —the Queen, in the enthusiasm of the moment, herself rapturously applauding with her own hands, and the whole company joining in prolonged demonstrations of astonishment and delight.

In Paris, Mr. Rarey's method produced unbounded excitement. In order to put the system to a vigorous test, the emperor caused to be purchased, at Caen, a four-year-old horse, by "Tipple Cider," noted for its violence, and for kicking furiously whenever an attempt was made to put a crupper on it. In the space of four days, this horse was as docile with the saddle and the harness as could be desired, and he allowed a whip to be cracked about his head, and a drum to be beaten on his back, without any manifestation of fear.

Another most notable case was that of a stallion belonging to the government, and which was so untamable, so vicious, so furious, in fact, that a resolution had been adopted to kill it. The animal was lent for the purpose by M. de Baylen, and as many as three hundred members of the Jockey and other clubs assembled to see what Mr. Rarey could do with him. In company with this horse, which arrived with a noose-band on, and muzzled, and led by two men, Mr. Rarey fastened himself up in a stall, and, in an hour after, he came out mounted on its back. Although the horse had always previously bitten the legs of everyone who mounted him, he was then perfectly quiet; and though the very sight of a whip was accustomed to put it in a fury, it received a correction as quietly as the best broken-in horse would have done. The members of the Jockey Club were astonished at what they witnessed, and broke out into loud acclamations of admiration, after which they gathered round Mr. Rarey to compliment him.

In London, again, Mr. Rarey tested his skill successfully, in the space of an hour, on a famous bay mare, long pronounced incurable—who was so dangerous to approach in any way that she could not be ridden, would strike with her fore feet like a pugilist, and kick as well with her hind feet. So savage was she, that no horseman had been able to ascertain her age by looking at her teeth; yet Mr. Rarey not only opened her mouth, but put his hand into it several times, and told his audience that, in his opinion, she was eight years old. Great cheers followed this triumph of skill, but it was to be still further demonstrated on a thorough-bred, high-spirited Arabian stallion, extremely vicious, perfectly uncontrollable, biting at every one that approached him, and that would not suffer himself to be bridled except blindfolded. On his arrival on this occasion, at the railway station, he knocked down his groom by kicking him on the head; and on being taken into the ring, nearly broke the arm of the man who led him in, by striking him with his fore feet. Mr. Rarey, notwithstanding, succeeded after a desperate struggle, which lasted for about an hour, in rendering him as tractable as a lamb. This feat, which was witnessed throughout by the whole of the vast audience—who sat in silence and surprise almost approaching to awe—was greeted at its close with rounds of applause, and Mr. Rarey was tumultuously called for twice to receive an ovation of cheers.

Visiting Russia, a special exhibition was given, by request, before the emperor and his court. All etiquette was laid aside by the royal spectators—the emperor, and empress, and all present, entering into the humors of the evening with a hearty abandonment, not only deeply gratified at the novelty of the entertainment, but also with the privilege of giving vent to their natural feelings. That nothing might be wanting to fulfill the object of the exhibition, the emperor had shrewdly availed himself of his varied resources, in in procuring such an animal as would test Mr. Rarey's powers to the greatest extent —the Russian wilds affording, as is well known, fearful specimens of untutored and savage horse life. At a certain signal, therefore, a perfectly wild brute from the Steppes was brought into the arena, and for the first time introduced to Mr. Rarey's notice. Two peasants, themselves semi-barbarous, awed by the presence of the emperor, and filled with intense fear by the plunging and rearing of the horse in



MR. RAREY EXHIBITING HIS CELEBRATED METHOD OF TAMING HORSES.

their charge, with difficulty restrained him from breaking away, biting their flesh, or knocking their brains out with his heels, which at times cleaved the air with fearful velocity, for the infuriated animal, in the insanity of his captivity, absolutely bit at interposing objects as if he were a tiger. Mr. Rarey, perfectly self-possessed, and to the surprise of all present, boldly laid his hand upon his neck, and then passed it gently over the ears, and in a few moments ordered the peasants to unloose their rigorous hold on the ropes, when Mr. Rarey proceeded to further pacify the creature, his success being complete. The emperor and the imperial family looked on with amazement, while the two peasants were struck dumb with awe and wonder—the effect being heightened when the emperor, half sternly and half playfully, asked them "why *they* could not thus handle the horse!"

One of the worst specimens that Mr. Rarey had to deal with in America, was a New York car-horse,—a very bad kicker, striking with her fore feet, allowing no one to approach her in her stable, very treacherous, and giving no warning. When the horse appeared upon the stage, it was pronounced a tough-looking customer enough,—thin, wiry, dirty, stubborn, vicious, evil-eyed. It had not been shod except with all its feet tied, and then with difficulty. Every time Mr. Rarey touched it, the horse kicked most savagely. First one little strap was tied on, however, and then another. The horse fell easily, as it had been used to be thrown thus to be shod. But, when the straps were taken off, and Rarey began his familiarities, then came the tug of war. It was kick and bite, soothe and fondle, get up and fall down, until at last the struggling beast completely succumbed to the tamer's kindness. Mr. Rarey's head lay between those formidable hoofs; his hand unloosed the bridle which had not been removed for months; he played blacksmith, too, hammering at the shoe without any difficulty, and curing the last bit of restlessness by turning the horse round and round awhile. Mr. Rarey led off the subdued old equine hag with as much complacency as if biting and kicking had never been known. The astonishment of the owner, who knew the horse so well, only outran that of the audience.

The theory proclaimed by Mr. Rarey, in his lectures and performances, was, that hitherto the mode of treating this noble animal—at least in the preliminary stages of breaking, etc.,—had proceeded on ideas of his nature altogether erroneous and cruel, and been invariably characterized by unnecessary violence, provoking the display of resistance and other kindred qualities on his part, and so the evil has been perpetuated. On the other hand, the principle advocated by Mr. Rarey and *constituting the key to his success*—that of extreme kindness and tenderness,—convinces the animal that man is his natural master and friend, and elicits his confidence and kindly regard. Appealing to "the intellect and affections of the horse," as the basis of his system of treatment, Mr. Rarey was enabled to say, to his vast and admiring audience at Niblo's Garden, New York:

"I have never had an accident since I became perfect in my system, and I don't fear any. I have been among horses since I was twelve years old, and at first had a great many accidents. Every limb has been broken, except my right arm; but being young, when these accidents happened, the bones fortunately healed strongly. Now I know horses' every thought, and can break any animal, of whatever age and habits, in the world. I can make any animal sensible of my power—make him gentle and even affectionate."

The mechanical process employed in this system, as described, consists in fastening one fore leg by a strap—first allowing the horse to see and smell it—passed around the pastern and buckled close to the forearm. Another strap is then fastened to the pastern of the other fore leg, and is either passed under a belt, previously buckled about the horse's body, and its end held in one hand, or it may be held

over his back. The horse is then gently urged forward, and as he raises his free fore foot to step, it is pulled from under him by the operator. This brings him upon his knees. A struggle ensues, in which the man is sure to be the victor. Next, by a sufficient pressure, the horse is thrown upon his side and lies helpless. The operator then soothes him with the hand and voice, removes the straps, and after a short period allows him to rise. A single application is generally sufficient.

Mr. Rarey's cool, quiet, quick movements, his calm, fine, firm voice, gave to his presence a peculiar magnetism and contributed greatly to his power over the horse; so that, in this respect, he achieved a world-wide reputation, without a peer or rival to divide his fame. The courage and self-possession exhibited by him were extraordinary,—a patience, too, that nothing could wear out, and a temper that nothing could ruffle. Never in a hurry, he went through his work in a way that showed it to be, to him, a labor of love. There was no mystery, no charm, no drugs, employed by him in his performances. He explained everything he was about to do, and gave a reason for it; and then, by doing it, successfully proved that his reasoning was correct. At the end of the performance, the horse would walk quietly about without the slightest appearance of excitement or fatigue. But, while thus sparing the horse, Mr. Rarey evidently took an immensity of work out of himself, seemingly undergoing a sustained mental strain, in order that the horse, whose instinct is so sharp, might not see the slightest faltering in his proceedings. His system, a slow and gentle, but irresistible pressure, aimed not to crush, but to subdue, and, to this end, perfect self-control was indispensable. If, therefore, at the most critical moment, he required a riding-whip or a pocket handkerchief, he called for it as coolly as one would for a glass of lemonade, or as Nelson called for the sealing-wax during the bombardment of Copenhagen.

LXII.

BATTLE AT BULL RUN, VA., BETWEEN THE FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES.—1861.

First Important Engagement in the Great Civil War.—Severe Fighting for Many Hours.—Most Disastrous Defeat of the Federal Troops.—Their Uncontrollable Panic and Headlong Flight.—The South Jubilant.—Gloom and Humiliation of the Loyal States.—Three Months Since Sumter Fell.—Armies Massed at Washington and Richmond.—Threats Against the Federal Capital.—Irritation and Impatience of the North.—"On to Richmond!" the Union War-Cry.—March of McDowell's Army.—Plan of the Movement.—Rousing the Southern Forces.—Their Unexpected Strength.—Uncertain Fate of the Day.—Re-enforcement for Confederates.—Davis's Arrival on the Ground.—He Exclaims, "Onward, My Brave Comrades!"—Their Wild Enthusiasm.—A Lost Battle for the Union.—Complete Demoralization.—Three Miles of Scattered Troops.—Arms, Stores, etc., Flung Away.—Distressing Sights and Sounds.—Thanksgiving Appointed by Davis.—*Te Deums* Sung in the Southern Churches.—Lessons Taught by this Battle.

"The sainted patriots cry, "It cannot be!"
From heaven they speak, and from their graves revered;
The God who gave them victory will not see
The temple shattered which their toil has reared!"

MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

MORE than three months had passed since the capture of Fort Sumter, and, during this exciting period, throughout the country, the great contending parties had massed, respectively, immense bodies of troops at Washington and Richmond, and their vicinities. So deep was the indignation felt by the upholders of the national cause, at the fall of Sumter, and at the various hostile movements and expeditions by the confederates which followed that event,—such as the fearless assault made upon the federal soldiers while passing through Baltimore, the destruction of railroads and telegraphs, the seizure of Northerners' property at the South, the loss of the Norfolk navy yard, the rout at and the defiant threats of an advance on Washington,—that the cry of "*On to Richmond*," into which city the confederate forces had poured from every part of the South, both for defensive and aggressive operations, was heard on every side. Indeed, the patience of the North had become strained to its utmost tension toward those whose alleged official inactivity or tardiness was the assumed cause of the insurgent army not having been, long since, scattered and destroyed.

There were of course those who did not share this impetuosity,—knowing well the capacities of defense peculiar to Richmond and its approaches, and keenly comprehending the disastrous effect upon the loyal states of a lost battle in the open field, immediately after the siege and reduction of Sumter.

To the pressure, however, of this almost universal demand for an "onward movement," General Scott at last yielded, and, on the 21st of July, 1861, the first really important engagement between the union and confederate forces took place on the banks of a stream called Bull Run, a few miles to the north-west of Manassas Junction, Va., and about thirty miles south of the Potomac at Washington. It was on the 16th of July, that the union army, commanded by General McDowell, and officered by Generals Tyler, Hunter, Richardson, Heintzelman, Patterson, and Miles, commenced its march, the whole number of men being some forty-five thousand. The confederate force which they were soon to encounter, was much larger, and consisted of the division of General Beauregard, intrenched at Manassas Junction, re-enforced by the division under General Johnston, previously stationed at Winchester, in the valley of the Shenandoah, and a large body of reserves advanced from Richmond and Aquia Creek.

On the 17th, the union army, in three columns, continued their line of march, the advance column occupying Fairfax Court House about one hour before noon, the confederates withdrawing as the unionists advanced. The cavalry pushed on to Centreville; and, on the 18th, the army took up its march for the same place. The advance, to this date, had been steadily made on all sides, and the reported positions of the troops considered good at headquarters. In the afternoon, an engagement took place at Blackburn's Ford. But the character of this conflict, as well as the general plan of the whole movement, will be best understood by presenting here the important portion of General McDowell's official report, or an abstract of the same.

On the evening of July 20th, McDowell's command was mostly at or near Centreville, and the confederate forces at or near Manassas, about seven miles to the south-west. Centreville is a place of a few houses, mostly on the west side of a ridge running nearly north and south. The road from Centreville to Manassas Junction is along this ridge, crossing Bull Run about three miles from the former place. The Warrenton turnpike, which runs nearly east and west, goes over this ridge, through the village, and crosses Bull Run about four miles from it, Bull Run having a course between the crossing from north-west to south-east. The first division, Tyler's, was stationed on the north side of the Warrenton turnpike, and on the eastern slope of the Centreville ridge, two brigades on the same road, and a mile and a half in advance, to the west of the ridge, and one brigade on the road from Centreville to Manassas, where it crosses Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford. The second division, Hunter's, was on the Warrenton turnpike, one mile east of Centreville. The third division, Heintzelman's, was on a road known as the Old Braddock road, which comes into Centreville from the south-east, about a mile and a half from the village. The fifth division, Miles's, was on the same road with the third division, and between it and Centreville.

The fight at Blackburn's Ford, on the 18th, showed that the confederates were too strong at that point for the unionists to force a passage there without great loss, and, from all the information that could be obtained, McDowell found that his only alternative was to turn the extreme left of the confederate position. Reliable information was also obtained of an undefended ford about three miles above the bridge, there being another ford between it and the bridge, which was defended. It was therefore determined to take the road to the upper ford, and, after crossing, to get behind the forces guarding the lower ford and the bridge, and after occupying the Warrenton road east of the bridge, to send out a force to destroy the railroad at or

near Gainesville, and thus break up the communication between the confederate forces at Manassas and those in the valley of Virginia, before Winchester, which had been held in check by Major-General Patterson. Brigadier-General Tyler had been directed to move with three of his brigades on the Warrenton road, and commence cannonading the enemy's batteries, while Hunter's division, moving after him, should, after passing a little stream called Cub Run, turn to the right and north, and move around to the upper ford, and there turn south and get behind the enemy. Heintzelman's division was to follow Hunter's as far as the turning off place to the lower ford, where he was to cross after the enemy should have been driven out by

Hunter's division; the fifth division, Miles's, to be in reserve on the Centreville ridge. The fourth division, Runyon's, had not been brought to the front farther than to guard the federal communications by way of Vienna and the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

The divisions, says General McDowell, were ordered to march at half-past two o'clock, A. M., so as to arrive on the ground early in the day, and thus avoid the heat. There was delay in the first division getting out of its camp on the road, and the other divisions were in consequence between two and three hours behind the time appointed—a great misfortune, as events turned out. General Tyler commenced with his artillery at half-past six A. M., but the enemy did not reply, and after some time it became a question whether he was in any force in our front, and if he did not intend himself to make an attack, and make it by Blackburn's Ford. After firing several times, and obtaining no response, I held, (says this officer,) one of Heintzelman's brigades in reserve, in case we should have to send any troops back to re-enforce Miles's division. The other brigades moved forward as directed in the general orders. On reaching the ford, at Sudley's Spring, I found part of the leading brigade of Hunter's division, Burnside's, had crossed, but the men were slow in getting over, stopping to drink. As at this time the clouds of dust from the direction of Manassas indicated the immediate approach of a large force, and fearing it might come down on the head of the column before the division could all get over and sustain it, orders were sent back to the heads of regiments to break from the column and come forward separately as fast as possible. Orders were sent by an officer to the reserve brigade of Heintzelman's division to come by a nearer road across the fields, and an aid-de-camp was sent to Tyler to direct him to press forward his attack, as large bodies of the enemy were passing in front of him to attack the division which had crossed over. The ground between the stream and the road leading from Sudley's Spring south and over which Burnside's brigade marched, was for about a mile from the ford thickly wooded, whilst on the right of the road, for about the same distance, the country was divided between fields and woods. About a mile from the road, the country on both sides of the road is open, and, for nearly a mile further, large rolling fields extend down to the Warrenton turnpike, which crosses what became the field of battle, through

the valley of a small water course, a tributary of Bull Run.

Concerning the general action, the official report says: Shortly after the leading regiment of the first brigade reached the open space, and whilst others and the second brigade were crossing to the front and right, the enemy opened his fire, beginning with artillery and following up with infantry. The leading brigade, Burnside's, had to sustain this shock for a short time without support, and did it well. The battalion of regular infantry was sent to sustain it, and shortly afterwards the other corps of Porter's brigade, and a regiment detached from Heintzelman's division to the left, forced the enemy back far enough to allow Sherman's and Keyes's brigades of Tyler's division to cross from their position on the Warrenton road. These drove the right of the enemy from the front of the field, and out of the detached woods, and down to the road, and across it up the slopes on the other side. Whilst this was going on, Heintzelman's division was moving down the field to the stream, and up the road beyond. Beyond the Warrenton road, and to the left of the road, down which our troops had marched from Sudley's Spring, is a hill with a farmhouse on it. Behind this hill, the enemy had, early in the day, some of his most annoying batteries planted. Across the road from this hill was another hill, and the hottest part of the contest was for the possession of this hill with a house on it. The force engaged here was Heintzelman's division, Wilcox's and Howard's brigades on the right, supported by part of Porter's brigade and the cavalry under Palmer, and Franklin's brigade of Heintzelman's division, Sherman's brigade of Tyler's division in the center and up the road, whilst Keyes's brigade of Tyler's division was on the left, attacking the batteries near the stone bridge. The Rhode Island battery of Burnside's brigade also participated in this attack by its fire from the north of the turnpike. Rickett's battery, which did such effective service and played so brilliant a part in this contest, was, together with Griffin's battery, on the side of the hill, and became the object of the enemy's special attention, who succeeded—our officers mistaking one of his regiments for one of our own, and allowing it to approach without firing upon it—in disabling the battery, and then attempted to take it. Three times was he repulsed by different corps in succession, and driven back, and the guns taken by hand, the horses being killed, and pulled away. The third time it was supposed by all that the repulse was final, for he was driven entirely from the hill, and so far beyond it as not to be in sight, and all were certain the day was ours. He had before this been driven nearly a mile and a half, and was beyond the Warrenton road, which was entirely in our possession from the stone bridge westward, and our engineers were just completing the removal of the abattis across the road, to allow our re-enforcements—Schenck's brigade and Ayers's battery—to join us.

After describing the condition of the confederate army at this time as disheartened and broken, General McDowell explains some of the causes that led to the disastrous fate which befell the federal army. They had been fighting since half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and it was after three in the afternoon. The men had been up since two o'clock in the morning, and had made what to those unused to such things seemed a long march before coming into action, though the longest distance gone over was not more than nine and a half miles; and though they had three days' provisions served out to them the day before, many no doubt either did not eat them, or threw them away on the march or during the battle, and were therefore without food. They had done much severe fighting. Some of the regiments which had been driven from the hill in the first two attempts of the enemy to get possession of it had become shaken, were unsteady, and had many men out of the ranks.

It was at this time, says McDowell, that the enemy's re-enforcements came to

his aid from the railroad train. They threw themselves in the woods on our right and towards the rear of our right, and opened a fire of musketry on our men, which caused them to break and retire down the hillside. This soon degenerated into disorder, for which there was no remedy. Every effort was made to rally them, even beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, but in vain. The battalion of regular infantry alone moved up the hill opposite to the one with the house on it, and there maintained itself until our men could get down to and across the Warrenton turnpike, on the way back to the position we occupied in the morning. The plain was covered with the retreating troops, and

J. E. Johnston

they seemed to infect those with whom they came in contact. The retreat soon became a rout, and this soon degenerated into a panic. Finding this state of affairs was beyond the efforts of all those who had assisted so faithfully during the long and hard day's work in gaining almost the object of their wishes, and that nothing remained on the field but to recognize what could no longer be prevented, General McDowell gave the necessary orders to protect their withdrawal, begging the men to form in line, and after the appearance, at least, of organization. They returned by the fords to the Warrenton road, protected by Colonel Porter's force of regulars. Once on the road, and the different corps coming together in small parties, many without officers, they became intermingled, and all organization was lost.

The onset of that tumultuous retreat is described by those who witnessed it as terrific. For three miles, hosts of federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams, and private carriages, choked the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the battle, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the *debris*. Horses, flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare-back, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few neither left on the field nor taken to the captured hospitals—appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The cavalry added to all these terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. An artilleryman was seen running between the ponderous fore and after wheels of his gun-carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance; but the drivers were spurring the horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man; the carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill leading to a creek, he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him. And still the flight continued. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles's brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed

on, passing their own camps and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so lately marched southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surety of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating forces, shattered and panic-stricken in a single day. From the branch route the trains attached to Hunter's division had caught the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid freshet of confusion and dismay. The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from their wagons. Others threw out their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, picks, and shovels, and provisions of every kind, lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewed the route, and when some of the fugitives were rallied and induced to form into a line, there was hardly one but had thrown away his arms.

Many who went into the battle with Heintzelman and Hunter fled by the road over which Tyler had advanced. In the general race, all divisions and all regiments were mingled. There was not even an attempt to cover the retreat of Tyler's division. With Heintzelman's it was better; Lieutenant Drummond's cavalry troop keeping firm line, and protecting the artillery until its abandonment was imperatively ordered. Regulars and volunteers shared the disorder alike. Whole batteries were left upon the field, and the cutting off of others was ordered when the guns had already been brought two miles or more from the battle-ground. A perfect frenzy was upon almost every man. Some cried piteously to be assisted in their helplessness, and others sought to clamber into wagons, the occupants resisting them with bayonets. Even the sentiment of shame had gone. Some of the better men tried to withstand the rush, and cried out against the flying groups, calling them "cowards, poltroons, brutes," and reviling them for so degrading themselves, especially when no enemy was near.

There were, of course, numerous exceptions to the general spirit of fear and frenzy. Thus, when the order was given at head-quarters for retreat, the word was passed down the line to the New York Zouaves. "Do not!" exclaimed a score of the "pet lambs" in a breath; "Do *not!*" "We are ordered to retreat," said the commander, to his brave men. "Wot'n thunder's *that?*" responded one of the hard-heads, who evidently did not comprehend the word exactly. "Go back —retire," continued the commander. "Go back — *where?*" "Leave the field." "*Leave?* Why, that ain't what we come for. We're here to fight," insisted the boys. "We came here with one thousand forty men," said the commander; "and there are now six hundred left. Fall back, boys!" and the "lambs" sulkily retired, evidently displeased with the order. It was these who received the first charge of the famous Black Horse Guard, a splendid corps of cavalry, all the horses of which were coal-black. They came upon the Zouave regiment at a gallop, and were received by the brave firemen upon their poised bayonets, followed instantly by a volley, from which they broke and fled, though several of the Zouaves were cut down in the assault. They quickly returned, with their forces doubled—perhaps six or seven hundred—and again they dashed with fearful yells upon the excited Zouaves. This time they bore an American flag, and a part of the Zouaves supposed for an instant that they were friends, whom they had originally mistaken. The flag was quickly thrown down, however, the horses dashed upon the regiment, the *ruse* was discovered, and the slaughter commenced. No quarter, no halting, no flinching, marked the rapid and death-dealing blows of the men, as they closed in upon each other, in mutual madness and desperation. The brave fellows fell, the ranks filled up, the sabers, bowie-knives, and bayonets, glistened in the sunlight, horse after horse went down, platoon after platoon disappeared, — the carnage was dreadful, the bravery on both sides unexampled.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Blenker's brigade did heroic service. Steady and watchful, he held his line throughout the evening, advancing his skirmishers at every token of attack, and spreading a sure protection over the multitudes who fled disordered through his columns. With three regiments he stood to fight against an outnumbering host already flushed with victory and eager to complete its triumph. As the darkness increased, his post became more perilous and more honorable. At eleven o'clock, the attack came upon the advance company of Colonel Stahel's rifles, not in force, but from a body of cavalry whose successful passage would have been followed by a full force, and the consequent destruction of the broken hosts of the routed army. But the cavalry was driven back, and never returned, and at two in the morning, the great body of federal troops having passed and found their road to safety, the command was given to retreat in order, and the brigade fell slowly and regularly back, with the same precision as if on parade. Over and over again, Blenker begged permission to maintain his post, or even to advance. "*Retreat!*" said he in a voice of thunder, to the messenger from headquarters, "bring me the word to *go on*, sir!" But the command was peremptory, and he was left no alternative.

As an illustration of the almost universal lack of military order and discipline characterizing the conduct of the federal army, after being seized with panic, the following is in point: At five o'clock P. M., the New York Sixteenth and Thirty-first regiments being well in advance toward Blackburn's ford, were called upon to stem the tide of the Virginia cavalry, who were swooping at the retreating forces. An order from Miles, consequently, sent the First California regi-

ment, under Colonel Matheson of the New York Thirty-second, forward to their support; but, though the cavalry was thus turned to the right about, it was found impossible to withstand the mad career of the extraordinary mass that came pouring back upon Centreville. The best that could be done, therefore, was for the California regiment to stay just where it was, and, in absence of further orders, lend what aid it could to the protection of Green's battery, which was busily plying its fire upon the harassing approaches of the Virginia horse. While the Thirty-second was in this position, the Sixteenth and Thirty-first having passed within its range, a youthful orderly rode up to Colonel Matheson to inform that the Black Cavalry, sheltered from his observation by a piece of woods, were coming upon the right, and if he would take a cut with his regiment across the fields, they would be turned back upon their errand. The evolution was performed, gave the protection that was desired, and the Black Horse gave up its purpose in that quarter. While the regiment, however, was adhering to this position, the same youth who had imparted the previous suggestion rode up to the regiment again, and told Matheson he had better fall back on Centreville, as his duty at that spot had been thoroughly performed. As this was the first sign of orders (with one single exception) he had received during the entire day, Matheson felt some curiosity to learn who this young lieutenant was, and whence these orders came; he therefore turned sharply on the youth, who, he now perceived, could not be more than twenty-two or three, and said:

"Young man, I would like to know your name."

"I am a son of Quartermaster-General Meigs."

"By whose authority, then, do you deliver me these orders?"

"Well, sir," replied the youth, smiling, "the truth is, that for the last few hours I have been giving all the orders for this division, and acting as general, too, for there is no general on the field."

The fortunes of war seemed to favor the confederate army, in some respects quite unlooked for, during the day's struggle, though at one time their fate hung trembling in the balance. Generals Bartow and Bee had been stricken down; Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of the Hampton Legion, had been killed; and Colonel Hampton had been wounded. General Beauregard, however, promptly offered to lead the Legion into action, which he executed in a style unsurpassable. He rode up and down the lines between the federal troops and his own men, regardless of the heavy firing, cheering and encouraging his troops. About this time, a shell struck his horse, taking his head off, and also killing the horses of two of his aids. General Johnston threw himself into the thickest of the fight, seizing the colors of the Georgia regiment, and rallying them to the charge. At this critical moment, General Johnston was heard to exclaim to General Cocke, "Oh, for four regiments!" His wish was answered, for in the distance some re-enforcements appeared. The tide of battle now turned in their favor, for Gen. Kirby Smith had arrived from Winchester with four thousand men. General Smith heard while on the Manassas railroad cars the roar of battle. He stopped the train and hurried his troops across the field to the point just where he had been most needed. They were at first supposed to be federal troops, their arrival at that point of the field being so entirely unexpected. Jefferson Davis left Richmond at six o'clock in the morning, and reached Manassas Junction at four, where, mounting a horse, and accompanied by numerous attendants, he galloped to the battle-field just in time to join in the pursuit by a magnificent body of cavalry. As he waved his hat, and exclaimed "Onward, my brave comrades!" cheer after cheer went up from the enthusiastic host. Thus, with the arrival of Davis on the field, the confederate army may be said to have had three commanders-in-chief during the

course of the battle. The whole south was, of course, jubilant over the victory which their arms had achieved. *Te Deums* were sung in the churches, and a day of thanksgiving observed. Throughout the north, the gloom and humiliation at this most unlooked-for defeat was intense.

According to General McDowell's report, the federal army's losses in this engagement were 481 killed and 1,011 wounded. The confederate losses, according to General Beauregard's report, counted up 269 killed and 1,533 wounded. An immense quantity of ordnance, ammunition, etc., fell into the hands of the victors.

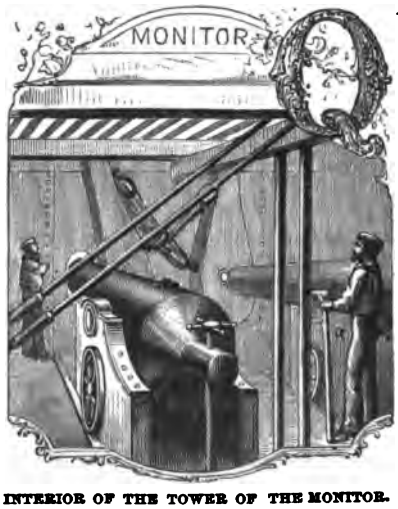
In the summer of 1865, on the return of peace, a monument was erected by friends of the Union, about three-fourths of a mile beyond Bull Run bridge, in "memory of the patriots" who fell in this celebrated battle, and the dedicatory ceremonies consisted of a solemn dirge, the reading of the Episcopal burial-service, the singing of an original hymn composed by Pierpont, and addresses by Generals Wilcox, Farnsworth, Heintzelman, and others. The interest attaching to this famous battlefield, viewed in all its historic circumstances and consequences, is not exceeded by that of any other on the American continent.

LXIII.

EXTRAORDINARY COMBAT BETWEEN THE IRON-CLADS MERRIMAC AND MONITOR, IN HAMPTON ROADS.—1862.

Sudden Appearance of the Merrimac Among the Federal Frigates.—Their Swift and Terrible Destruction by Her Steel Prow.—Unexpected Arrival of the "Little Monitor" at the Scene of Action.—She Engages and Disables the Monster Craft in a Four Hours' Fight.—Total Revolution in Naval Warfare the World Over by this Remarkable Contest.—How the Merrimac Changed Hands.—Burned and Sunk at Norfolk, Va.—Her Hull Raised by the Confederates.—She is Iron Roofed and Plated.—Proof Against Shot and Shell.—A Powerful Steel Beak in Her Prow.—Most Formidable Vessel Afloat.—In Command of Commodore Buchanan.—Departs from Norfolk, March 8th.—Pierces and Sinks the Cumberland.—Next Attacks the Congress.—The Noble Frigate Destroyed.—Fight Begun with the Minnesota.—Suspended at Nightfall.—Trip of the Monitor from New York.—Her New and Singular Build.—Lieutenant Worden Hears of the Battles.—Resolves to Grapple with the Monster.—The Two Together, Next Day.—A Scene Never to be Forgotten.—Worden Turns the Tide of Fortune.—Repulse and Retreat of the Merrimac.

"BE IT RESOLVED, ETC., That the thanks of Congress and of the American people are due, and are hereby tendered, to Lieutenant J. L. Worden, of the United States Navy, and to the officers and men of the iron-clad gun-boat Monitor, under his command, for the skill and gallantry exhibited by them in the late remarkable battle between the Monitor and the rebel iron-clad steamer Merrimac."—RESOLUTION PASSED BY CONGRESS.



INTERIOR OF THE TOWER OF THE MONITOR.

QUITTING the city of Norfolk, Va., on the eighth of March, 1862, the confederate iron-clad steamram Merrimac sailed down Elizabeth river into Hampton Roads, Chesapeake Bay, and there signalized the naval history of the civil war in America by an action not only memorable beyond all others in that tremendous conflict, but altogether unprecedented in the annals of ocean warfare in any country or in any age. On the abandonment and destruction, by fire, of the Norfolk navy yard, in April, 1861, by the United States officers in charge, among the vessels left behind was the steam frigate Merrimac, of four thousand tons burden, then under repair. In the conflagration she was burned to her copper-line, and down through to her berth-deck, which, with her spar and gun-decks, was also burned. Soon after the confederate authorities took possession of the navy yard, the Merrimac was raised and converted into an iron-plated man-of-war of the most formidable character. Immediately after this, she was placed upon the dry

dock, and covered with a sloping roof of iron plates three inches thick, the weight of which nearly broke her down upon the dock. Owing to some miscalculation when launched, she sank four feet deeper than before, and took in considerable water. She was, in consequence, obliged to be docked a second time. Her hull was cut down to within three feet of her water-mark, over which the bomb-proof house covered her gun-deck. She was also iron-plated, and her bow and stern steel-clad, with a projecting snout of iron for the purpose of piercing an antagonist. She had no masts, and there was nothing to be seen over her gun-deck but the pilot-house and smoke-stack. Her bomb-proof was three inches thick, and consisted of wrought iron. Her armament consisted of four eleven-inch navy guns, broadside, and two one-hundred-pounder rifled guns at the bow and stern. She was now named the Virginia, though she continued to be known as the Merrimac. She was commanded by Com. Franklin Buchanan, formerly commandant of the Washington navy yard.

The time chosen for her departure for Hampton Roads was one peculiarly adapted for the trial of her prowess. The federal fleet in that vicinity comprised the sloop-of-war Cumberland, the sailing-frigate Congress, the steam-frigates Minnesota, St. Lawrence, and Roanoke—the latter in a disabled condition from a broken shaft, together with a number of improvised gun-boats of a small grade. The Cumberland and Congress were anchored before the entrenched federal camp at Newport News, the Roanoke and St. Lawrence near the Rip Raps, and the Minnesota in front of Fortress Monroe.

On the Merrimac coming out, on Saturday, the eighth of March, she stood directly across the roads toward Newport News. What followed was, according to the narrative published in the Baltimore American by one who had unusually favorable opportunities of observation, in the order of occurrence given below:

As soon as the Merrimac was made out and her direction ascertained (says the narrative referred to), the crews were beat to quarters on both the Cumberland and Congress, and preparations made for what was felt to be an almost hopeless fight, but the determination to make it as desperate as possible. The Merrimac kept straight on, making, according to the best estimates, about eight miles an hour. As she passed the mouth of Nansemond river, the Congress threw the first shot at her, which was immediately answered. The Merrimac passed the Congress, discharging a broadside at her,—one shell from which killed and disabled every man except one at gun No. Ten,—and kept on toward the Cumberland, which she approached at full speed, striking her on the port side near the bow, her stem knocking port No. One and the bridle-port into one, whilst her ram, or snout, cut the Cumberland under water. Almost at the moment of collision, the Merrimac discharged from her forward gun an eleven-inch shell. This shell raked the whole gun-deck, killing ten men at gun No. One, among whom was master-mate John Harrington, and cutting off both arms and legs of quarter-gunner Wood. The water rushed in from the hole made below, and in five minutes the ship began to sink by the head. Shell and solid shot from the Cumberland were rained upon the Merrimac as she passed ahead, but the most of them glanced off harmlessly from the incline of her iron-plated bomb-proof.

As the Merrimac rounded to and came up, she again raked the Cumberland with a heavy fire. At this fire, sixteen men at gun No. Ten were killed or wounded, and all subsequently carried down in the sinking ship. Advancing with increased momentum, the Merrimac now struck the Cumberland on the starboard side, smashing her upper works and cutting another hole below the water-line.

The ill-fated Cumberland now began to rapidly settle, and the scene became most horrible. The cock-pit was filled with the wounded, whom it was found impossible to bring up. The former magazine was under water, but powder was still supplied

from the after-magazine, and the firing kept steadily up by men who knew that the ship was sinking under them. They worked desperately and unremittingly, and amid the din and horror of the conflict gave cheers for their flag and the Union, which were joined in by the wounded. The decks were slippery with blood, and arms and legs and chunks of flesh were strewed about. The Merrimac laid off at easy point-blank range, discharging her broadsides alternately at the Cumberland and the Congress. The water by this time had reached the after-magazine of the Cumberland. The men, however, kept at work, and several cases of powder were passed up and the guns kept in play. A number of men in the after shell-room lingered there too long in their eagerness to pass up shell and were drowned.

By this time the water had reached the berth or main gun-deck, and it was felt hopeless and useless to continue the fight longer. The word was given for each man to save himself; but after this order, gun No. Seven was fired, when the adjoining gun, No. Six, was actually under water. This last shot was fired by an active little fellow named Matthew Tenney, whose courage had been conspicuous throughout the action. As his port was left open by the recoil of the gun, he jumped to scramble out, but the water rushed in with so much force that he was washed back and drowned. When the order was given to cease firing, and to look out for their safety in the best way possible, numbers scampered through the port-holes, whilst others reached the spar-deck by the companion-ways. Some were unable to get out by either of these means, and were carried by the rapidly sinking ship.

The Cumberland sank in water nearly to her cross-trees. She went down with her *flag still flying*, and, for some time after, it might still be seen flying from the mast above the water that overwhelmed the noble ship,—a memento of the bravest, most daring, and yet most hopeless defense that was ever made by any vessel belonging to any navy in the world. The men

Franklin Buchanan

fought with a courage that could not be excelled; there was no flinching, no thought of surrender. The whole number lost, of the Cumberland's crew, was one hundred and twenty. Many of the scenes on board were deeply affecting. Two of the gunners at the bow-guns, when the ship was sinking, clasped their guns in their arms, and would not be removed, and went down embracing them. One gunner had both his legs shot away; but he made three steps on his bloody thighs, seized the lanyard and fired his gun, falling back dead. Wood, who lost both arms and legs, on being offered assistance, cried out, "*Back to your guns, boys! Give 'em fits! Hurrah for the flag!*" He lived till she sank.

Having thoroughly demolished the Cumberland, the Merrimac now proceeded to deal with the Congress, the officers of which, having seen the fate of the Cumberland, and aware that the Congress must also be sunk if she remained within reach of the iron monster's beak, had got all sail on the ship, with the intention of running her ashore. The tug-boat Zouave also came out and made fast to the Cumberland, and assisted in towing her ashore.

The Merrimac then surged up, gave the Congress a broadside, receiving one in return, and getting astern, raked the Congress fore and aft. This fire was terribly destructive, a shell killing every man at one of the guns except one. Coming again broadside to the Congress, the Merrimac ranged slowly backward and forward, at less than one hundred yards distant, and fired broadside after broadside into the Congress. The latter vessel replied manfully and obstinately, every gun that could be brought to bear being discharged rapidly, but with little effect upon the iron monster. Some of the balls caused splinters of iron to fly from her mailed roof, but still she seemed well nigh invulnerable. The Merrimac's guns appeared to be specially trained on the after-magazine of the Congress, and shot after shot entered that part of the ship.

Thus slowly drifting down with the current and again steaming up, the Merrimac continued for an hour to fire into her opponent. Several times the Congress was on fire, but the flames were kept down. Finally, the ship was on fire in so many places, and the flames gathering such force, that it was hopeless and suicidal to keep up the defense any longer. The federal flag was sorrowfully hauled down and a white flag hoisted at the peak. After it was hoisted, the Merrimac continued to fire, perhaps not discovering the white flag, but soon after ceased firing.

A small confederate tug that had followed the Merrimac out of Norfolk then came alongside the Congress, and a young officer gained the gun-deck through a port-hole, announced that he came on board to take command, and ordered the officers on board the tug. The officers of the Congress refused to go, hoping from the nearness to the shore that they would be able to reach it, and unwilling to become prisoners whilst the least chance of escape remained. Some of the men, thinking the tug was a federal vessel, rushed on board. At this moment, the members of an Indiana regiment, at Newport News, brought a Parrott gun down to the beach and opened fire upon the tug. The latter hastily put off, and the Merrimac again opened fire upon the Congress. The fire not being returned from the ship, the Merrimac commenced shelling the woods and camps at Newport News.

By the time all were ashore, it was seven o'clock in the evening, and the Congress was in a bright sheet of flame fore and aft. She continued to burn until twelve o'clock at night, her guns, which were loaded and trained, going off as they became heated. Finally, the fire reached her magazines, and with a tremendous concussion her charred remains blew up. There were some five tons of gunpowder in her magazines, and about twenty thousand dollars in the safe of paymaster Buchanan, the latter officer being an own brother to the commander of the Merrimac. The loss of life on board the Congress was lamentable.

After sinking the Cumberland and firing the Congress, the Merrimac (with her companions the Yorktown and Jamestown,) stood off in the direction of the Minnesota, which, in trying to reach the scene of action, had run aground, and could not be moved. An exchange of shot and shell, however, took place between the vessels, after which, nightfall setting in, the Merrimac steamed in under Sewall's Point, expecting the next day to capture the Minnesota as a prize, instead of destroying her. The day thus closed dismally for the federal side, and with the most gloomy apprehensions of what would occur the next day. The Minnesota was at the mercy of the Merrimac, and there appeared no reason why the iron monster might not clear the Roads of the whole fleet, and

destroy all the stores and warehouses on the beach. Saturday, therefore, was a night of terror at Fortress Monroe.

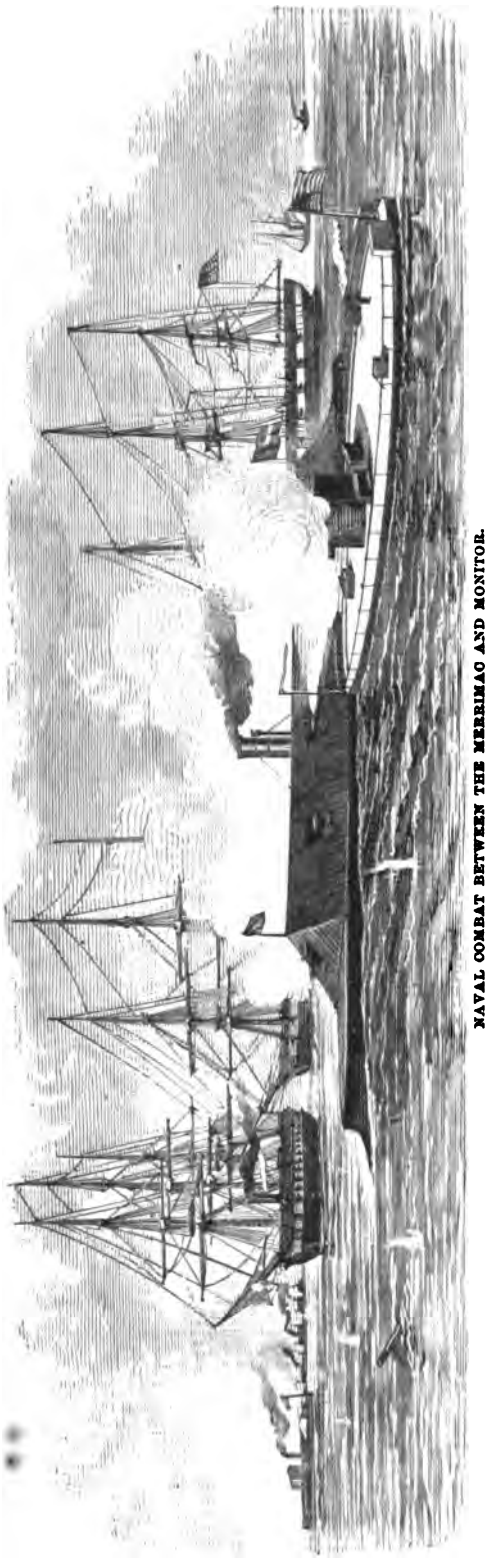
But just here, the chief event of interest centers. It was at night, the moon shining brightly, when, totally unexpected, there came into those blood-dyed waters, the little gun-boat *Monitor*, from New York, —a vessel which had just been completed, from designs of Mr. Ericsson, and differing materially from any vessel ever before constructed, and believed by its inventor to be absolutely invulnerable. Externally, it had the appearance of a long, oval raft, rising only eighteen inches above the water, with a low, round tower upon its center. This raft was the upper part of the hull of the vessel, and was plated with iron so as to be ball-proof; it projected on every side beyond the lower hull, which contained the machinery. The tower, containing two heavy guns, the only armament of the battery, was of iron, and nearly a foot in thickness, and so constructed as to revolve, bringing the guns to bear upon any point. This tower, nine feet high and twenty in diameter, and a pilot-house, rising three feet, were all that appeared upon the smooth, level deck. She was commanded by Lieutenant Worden, U. S. N., and, though a mere pigmy, in size and armament, compared with the Merrimac, was soon to measure her prowess with the latter, in a contest such as had never entered into the imagination even of Mr. Ericsson himself.

The succeeding day, Sunday, dawned fair. As the sun broke on the horizon, a slight haze was visible on the water, which prevented an extended vision. At half past six, A. M., this haze cleared away. Looking toward Sewall's Point, there appeared the Merrimac, and her attendants, the steamers Yorktown and Patrick Henry. They were stationary,—the Merrimac to the right of the others, blowing off steam. They seemed deliberating what to do—whether to move on to attempt the destruction of the Minnesota, which was yet aground, or move on to the federal fleet anchored near the Rip Raps. At seven o'clock, a plan seemed to have been adopted, and the Merrimac steamed in the direction of the Minnesota, which was still aground. The Yorktown and Jamestown were crowded with troops, and steamed slowly after the Merrimac. The latter steamed along with boldness until she was within three miles of the Minnesota, when the Monitor essayed from behind the latter, and proceeded toward the Merrimac. It should here be mentioned, that when Lieutenant Worden first arrived in the Roads and was informed of what had occurred, though his crew were suffering from exposure and loss of rest from a stormy voyage around from New York, he at once made preparations for taking part in whatever might take place the next day. To this end, the Monitor moved up, before daylight on Sunday morning, and took a position alongside the Minnesota, lying between the latter ship and the fortress, where she could not be seen by the enemy, but was ready, with steam up, to slip out.

At the sudden appearance of so strange-looking and diminutive a craft as the Monitor, the confederate monster seemed nonplussed, and hesitated, no doubt in wonderment that such an unaccountable and apparently insignificant an object should be making so bold an approach.

The Merrimac now closed the distance between her and the Monitor, until they were within a mile of each other. Both batteries stopped. The Merrimac fired a shot at the Minnesota, to which no reply was made. She then fired at the Monitor; the latter replied, hitting the Merrimac near the water-line. The Merrimac then commenced firing very rapidly, first from her stern gun at the Monitor, and then her broadside guns, occasionally firing a shot at the Minnesota. The fight went on in this way for an hour or two, both vessels exchanging shots pretty freely. Sometimes the Merrimac would retire, followed by the Monitor, and sometimes the reverse.

While the fight between the batteries was going on, one hundred solid nine-inch shot were sent up from Fortress Monroe on the steamer Rancocas to the Minnesota.



NAVAL COMBAT BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

At a quarter-past ten o'clock, the Merrimac and Monitor had come into pretty close quarters, the former giving the latter two broadsides in succession. It was replied to promptly by the Monitor. The firing was so rapid that both craft were obscured in columns of white smoke for a moment or more. The ramparts of the fort, the rigging of the vessels in port, the houses, and the bend, were all crowded with sailors, soldiers and civilians. When the rapid firing alluded to took place, these spectators were singularly silent, as if doubtful as to the result. Their impatience was soon removed by the full figure of the Monitor, with the stars and stripes flying at her stern, steaming around the Merrimac, moving with the ease of a duck on the water. The distance between the vessels was forty feet. In this circuit, the Monitor's guns were not idle, as she fired shot after shot into her antagonist, two of which penetrated the monster's sides.

At eleven, A. M., the Minnesota opened fire, and assisted the Monitor in engaging the Merrimac. She fired nine-inch solid shot with good accuracy, but with apparently little effect. The Merrimac returned the fire, firing shell, one of which struck and exploded the boiler of the gun-boat Dragon, which was alongside the Minnesota, endeavoring to get her off. For the next hour, the battle raged fiercely between the Merrimac on the one side, and her antagonists, the Monitor, Minnesota, and Whitehall, but with no important result. The Minnesota being the best mark for the Merrimac, the latter fired at her frequently, alternately giving the Monitor a shot. The Merrimac made several attempts, also, to run at full speed past the Monitor, to attack and run down the Minnesota. All these attempts were parried, as it were, by the Monitor. In one of these attempts by the Merrimac, she ran her prow or ram with full force against the side of the Monitor; but it only had the effect of careening the latter vessel in the slightest degree. The Yorktown and Patrick Henry kept at a safe distance from the Monitor. The former vessel, at the beginning of the

fight, had the temerity to come within respectable range of the Monitor. The latter fired one shot at her, which carried away her pilot-house, and caused her to lose no time in retiring.

As the Monitor carried but two guns, whilst the Merrimac had eight, of course she received two or three shots for every one she gave. The fight raged hotly on both sides, the opposing batteries moving around each other with great skill, ease, and dexterity. The Merrimac, though the strongest, did not move with the alertness of her antagonist; hence the Monitor had the advantage of taking choice of position. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, noon, Lieutenant Hepburn, the signal officer on the ramparts at Fortress Monroe, reported to General Wool that the Monitor had pierced the sides of the Merrimac, and in a few minutes the latter was in full retreat. Whether true, or not, that the Merrimac's armor had actually been penetrated, her iron prow had become so wrenched in striking the sides of her antagonist, that the timbers within were started, and the vessel leaked badly. The little Monitor followed the retreating Merrimac until she got well inside Sewall's Point, and then returned to the Minnesota. It is probable that the pursuit would have been continued still farther, but Lieutenant Worden had previously had his eyes injured, and it was felt that, as so much depended on the Monitor, it was imprudent to expose her unnecessarily. At the time he was injured, Lieutenant Worden was looking out of the eye-holes of the pilot-house, which were simply horizontal slips, half an inch wide. A round shot struck against these slits as Lieutenant Worden was looking through, causing some scalings from the iron and fragments of cement to fly with great force against his eyes, utterly blinding him for some days, and permanently destroying the power of his left eye. Stunned by the concussion, he was carried away helpless.

On recovering sufficiently to speak, he asked—

"*Have I saved the Minnesota?*"

"*Yes, and whipped the Merrimac,*" was the answer.

"*Then I don't care what becomes of me,*" said Lieutenant Worden.

No other real damage was received by the Monitor, during the action; the deepest indentation received by her was on the side, amounting to four and one-half inches; on the turret, the deepest was one and one-half inches; and on the deck, one-half inch. The Merrimac, in addition to the injury already mentioned, had her anchor and flag-staff shot away, her smoke-stack and steam-pipe riddled, two of her crew killed and eight wounded, including her commander, Buchanan. The latter officer went out on his deck, was seen by the federal sharp-shooters at Camp Butler, and was shot with a minie rifle ball in his left leg, which maimed him for life. His exploits gained him great favor at the south, and he was subsequently made Admiral of the Confederate States navy. The praises of Lieutenant Worden filled every loyal mouth, and he was successfully promoted to the highest rank in the service.

Withdrawing to Norfolk, the Merrimac underwent extensive repairs for some weeks, and was provided with ordnance of great power. She then took her station at the mouth of the Elizabeth river, guarding it, and threatening the United States vessels in the Roads, but, on account of some defects in her working, not venturing an attack. Finally, Norfolk having surrendered to the Union forces, May 10th, and the Merrimac being found to draw too much water to admit of her being removed up the river, she was on the 12th abandoned and set on fire, and soon after blew up.

The loss of two such fine war vessels as the Cumberland and Congress, with some four hundred brave men, cast a gloom over the nation, the weight of which was only relieved by the heroism displayed in their defense. Indeed, one of the greatest instances of patriotic devotion ever recorded in our own or any other nation's naval history, is that which narrates the closing

scene on board the Cumberland. Neither the shots of the Congress, nor of the Cumberland, had any more effect, for the most part, upon the iron-mailed Merrimac, than if they had been so many peas. But if they could have kept the Merrimac off, she never could have sunk the Cumberland. They had then nothing to do but stand and fight and die like men. Buchanan asked their commander, Lieutenant Morris—

"Will you surrender the ship?"

"Never," said Morris, "never will we surrender the ship."

Buchanan then backed his huge ram off again, and the Cumberland fired as rapidly as she could, but the Merrimac came once more and ran her steel beak in; and now it was that Buchanan asked Lieutenant Morris, calling him by name—

John L. Worden

"Mr. Morris, will you surrender that ship?"

"Never," said Morris, "*sink* her!"

The remaining act in this startling drama is well known. The guns of the Cumberland were coolly manned, loaded and discharged, while the vessel was in a sinking condition, and the good ship went down with her flag flying defiantly at the gaff.

Similar was the bravery exhibited on board the ill-fated Congress. The father of the gallant commander of that ship (Lieutenant Joseph Smith), who lost his life in that terrible encounter, was Commodore Joseph Smith, of Washington. It appears that the elder Smith had exerted himself specially to finish the work on the Monitor, and hasten her departure. The son, too, had written repeatedly to the naval authorities at Washington, expressing his fears for the consequences of an attack from the Merrimac, and urging plans for guarding against it. The father knew the spirit of his son, and that the only issue of a battle for him was death or victory. When he saw, therefore, by the first dispatch from Fortress Monroe, that the Congress had raised the white flag, he only remarked quietly, "Joe is dead!" No Roman father ever paid a nobler or more emphatic tribute of confidence to a gallant son than is contained in the words so uttered, nor ever gave that son to his country with more cheerful and entire devotion. The sad assurance was well founded. The flag was not struck until his son had fallen.

Not less conspicuous was the conduct of Charles Johnston, boatswain of the Congress—a fine specimen of the thorough seaman, who had been in the navy some thirty odd years—who greatly excited the admiration of the officers by his cool, unflinching courage. Stationed in the very midst of the carnage committed by the raking fire of the Merrimac, he never lost his self-possession, and not for a moment failed to cheer on and encourage the men. Blinded with the smoke and dust, and splashed with the blood and brains of his shipmates, his cheering words of encouragement were still heard. After the engagement, from which he escaped unwounded, his kindness and care in providing for the removal of the wounded, were untiring. The fact has already been mentioned that the paymaster of the Congress was an own brother of the commander of the Merrimac. His position was one of extreme agony, but his loyal heart did not fail him. "Just before the sanguinary engagement," said paymaster

Buchanan, "I volunteered my services to Lieut. Commanding Joseph B. Smith for duty on either of the upper decks, although the rebel steamer Merrimac was commanded by my own brother, when I received an order to take charge of the berth-deck division, which order I promptly obeyed, and, thank God, I did some service to my beloved country."

The character of this contest may truly be said to have astonished the world, and its effect has been to revolutionize the principles and mode of naval warfare, rendering wooden vessels of war practically useless for active service.

LXIV.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, MD.—1862.

Bloodiest Day That America Ever Saw.—Nearly One Hundred Thousand Men on Each Side.—General McClellan Declares on the Field that it is "the Battle of the War."—Four Miles and Fourteen Hours of Fighting and Slaughter.—The Shock and "Glory" of War on a Colossal Scale.—Obstinate Bravery of the Contending Foes.—Some of the Regiments Almost Annihilated.—The Union Troops Hold the Disputed Ground.—Lee's Great Military Object.—His Troops Enter Maryland.—Frowning Masses of Soldiery.—Surrender of Harper's Ferry.—McClellan's Army in Motion.—He Attacks the Enemy in Position.—Hooker Leads the Advance.—He is Shot and Disabled.—Death of General Mansfield.—Other Union Generals Wounded.—Reno's Untimely End.—Rain of Shot and Shell.—Various Fortunes of the Day.—Close and Stern Ordeal.—Feat of Burnside's Corps.—Their Struggle for the Hill.—A Fearful Crisis with General Burnside.—He Asks for Re-enforcements.—McClellan's Memorable Reply.—Driving the Enemy *en masse*.—Forty of their Colors Taken.—The After-Scene of Horror.

"Our forces slept that night conquerors on a field won by their valor, and covered with the dead and wounded of the enemy."—General McClellan's Official Report.

BURYING THE DEAD AT ANTIETAM.

HEAVY and melancholy as was the loss of life attending the bloody battle of Antietam, on the 17th of September, 1862, between the Union and confederate armies—numbering about one hundred thousand brave soldiers each—and commanded, respectively, by General McClellan and General Lee, a burden of anxiety was rolled off the loyal hearts of the North, when, on the evening of that day, there came from General Hooker the following thrilling dispatch, dated at Centreville, Md.:

"A great battle has been fought, and we are victorious. I had the honor to open it yesterday afternoon, and it continued until ten o'clock this morning, when I was wounded, and compelled to quit the field. The battle was fought with great violence on both sides. The carnage has been awful. I only regret that I was not permitted to take part in the operations until they were concluded, for I had counted on either capturing their army or driving them into the Potomac. My wound has been painful, but it is not one that will be likely to lay me up. I was shot through the foot."

One great object of General Lee, during the summer of this year, was to possess

himself of Harper's Ferry, as the base of future and more important operations. To this end, the confederate forces under Generals Jackson, Longstreet, and Hill, entered Frederick, Md., in the early part of September, and occupied all the adjoining country, their right resting on the Monocacy river. The federal army, which with the exception of about fourteen thousand men at Harper's Ferry, had been concentrated near Washington, and had been placed under the immediate command of General McClellan, advanced to meet the enemy. Passing up the Potomac, they interposed in force between the confederates and the fords by which they had crossed, threatening to cut off their retreat in case they should be defeated. Perceiving this, the confederates abandoned Frederick, and went northward to Hagerstown, which was occupied September 11th. A strong body was then sent to attack Harper's Ferry. The assault was opened on the 12th and continued on the following day, when the federal troops were driven from the heights on the Maryland side. On Monday morning the place was fairly surrounded, and fire was opened from seven or eight different points. On the morning of the 15th, Colonel Miles, commander at Harper's Ferry, ordered the white flag to be raised, to General Jackson; a few moments after, he was struck by a shot which mortally wounded him. The cavalry, numbering some two thousand, who had been at the Ferry, cut their way through the enemy's lines and escaped; the remainder of the troops, to the number of about eleven thousand, surrendered, and were immediately paroled. The possession of the place was of considerable advantage to the confederates, though they retained it but for one day; the bridge over the Potomac not being destroyed enabled them to cross the river, and take part in the battle of Antietam, which followed on the 17th.

A close pursuit was kept up by the federal army, and, early on the morning of the 14th, the advance — the right and center under Hooker and Reno, the left under Franklin—came up with the enemy, who were strongly posted on the crest of the South Mountain, commanding the road to Hagerstown. The attack on both wings, which lasted from noon until nightfall, resulted in forcing the confederates from all their positions, so that they retreated during the night in the direction of Williamsport. In this action, General Reno was killed. Having hastily abandoned Harper's Ferry, the confederates re-crossed the Potomac, and joined the main body under Lee.

In the meantime, McClellan had definitely made his arrangements for giving battle to the opposing hosts. In accordance with this plan, as detailed by McClellan, in his official report, Hooker's corps, consisting of Rickett's and Doubleday's divisions, and the Pennsylvania reserves, under Meade, was sent across the Antietam creek, by a ford and bridge to the right of Kedysville, with orders to attack, and, if possible, turn the enemy's left. Mansfield, with his corps, was sent in the evening to support Hooker. Arrived in position, Meade's division of the Pennsylvania reserves, which was at the head of Hooker's corps, became engaged in a sharp contest with the enemy, which lasted until after dark, when it had succeeded in driving in a portion of the opposing line, and held the ground. At daylight the contest was renewed between Hooker and the enemy in his front. Hooker's attack was successful for a time, but masses of the enemy, thrown upon his corps, checked it. Mansfield brought up his corps to Hooker's support, when the two corps drove the enemy back, the gallant and distinguished veteran Mansfield losing his life in the effort. General Hooker was, unhappily, about this time wounded, and compelled to leave the field, where his services had been conspicuous and important. About an hour after this time, Sumner's corps, consisting of Sedgwick's, Richardson's, and French's divisions, arrived on the field—Richardson's some time after the other two, as he was unable to start as soon as they. Sedgwick, on the right, penetrated the woods in front of Hooker's and Mans-

field's troops. French and Richardson were placed to the left of Sedgwick, thus attacking the enemy toward their left center. Crawford's and Sedgwick's lines, however, yielded to a destructive fire of masses of the enemy in the woods, and, suffering greatly, (Generals Sedgwick and Crawford being among the wounded,) their troops fell back in disorder; they, nevertheless, rallied in the woods. The enemy's advance was, however, entirely checked by the destructive fire of our artillery. Franklin, who had been directed the day before to join the main army with two divisions, arrived on the field from Brownsville about an hour after, and Smith's division replaced Crawford's and Sedgwick's lines. Advancing steadily, it swept

over the ground just lost, but now permanently retaken. The divisions of French and Richardson maintained with considerable loss the exposed positions which they had so gallantly gained, among the wounded being General Richardson.

The condition of things (says General McClellan,) on the right, toward the middle of the afternoon, notwithstanding the success wrested from the enemy by the stubborn bravery of the troops, was at this time unpromising. Sumner's, Hooker's, and Mansfield's corps had lost heavily, several general officers having been carried from the field. I was at one time compelled to draw two brigades from Porter's corps (the reserve) to strengthen the right. This left for the reserve the small division of regulars who had been engaged in supporting during the day the batteries in the center, and a single brigade of Morell's division. The effect of Burnside's movement on the enemy's right was to prevent the further massing of their troops on their left, and we held what we had gained. Burnside's corps, consisting of Wilcox's, Sturgis's, and Rodman's divisions, and Cox's Kanawha division, was intrusted with the difficult task of carrying the bridge across the Antietam, near Rohrback's farm, and assaulting the enemy's right, the order having been communicated to him at ten A. M. The valley of the Antietam, at and near the bridge, is narrow, with high banks. On the right of the stream the bank is wooded, and commands the approaches both to the bridge and the ford. The steep slopes of the bank were lined with rifle-pits and breastworks of rails and stones. These, together with the woods, were filled with the enemy's infantry, while their batteries completely commanded and enfiladed the bridge and ford and their approaches. The advance of the troops brought on an obstinate and sanguinary contest, and from the great natural advantages of the position, it was nearly one o'clock before the heights on the right bank were carried. At about three o'clock, P. M., the corps again advanced, and with success, driving the enemy before it, and pushing nearly to Sharpsburg, while the left, after a hard encounter, also compelled the enemy to retire before it. The enemy here, however, were speedily re-enforced, and with overwhelming masses. New batteries of their artillery, also, were brought up and opened. It became evident that our force was not sufficient to enable the advance to reach the town, and the order was given to retire to the cover of the hill, which was taken from the enemy earlier in the afternoon.

Of these brilliant movements, thus so briefly referred to by General McClellan,

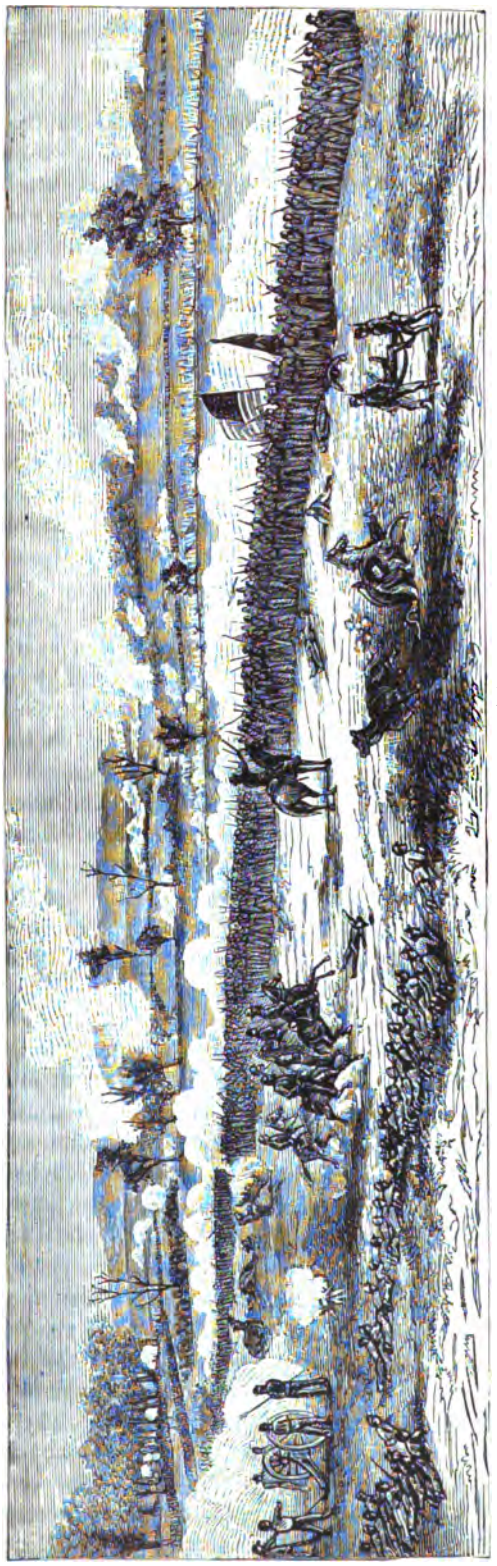
a most graphic and admirable account was furnished by Mr. Smalley, a brilliant writer and an eye-witness, for the New York Tribune, a portion of which is here transcribed.

After describing the gloomy condition of the federal troops on the right at one o'clock, Mr. Smalley says· All that had been gained in front had been lost! The enemy's batteries, which, if advanced and served vigorously, might have made sad work with the closely-massed troops, were fortunately either partially disabled or short of ammunition. Sumner was confident that he could hold his own, but an-

A. E. Burnside

other advance was out of the question. The enemy, on the other hand, seemed to be too much exhausted to attack. At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. Slocum, commanding one division of the corps, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of rebel hills, while Smith, commanding the other division, was ordered to retake the cornfields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest went forward on the run, and, cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the cornfields, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken. The field and its ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in these fatal hours finally remained with us. Four times it had been lost and won.

The splendid feat of *Burnside holding the hill* was one of the memorable deeds on that day of earnest action. At four o'clock (says Mr. Smalley,) McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and at any cost; to the latter, to carry the woods next in front of him to the right, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from General Sumner, that if Franklin went on and was repulsed, his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve. Burnside obeyed the order most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced them with rapidity and the most determined vigor, straight up the hill in front, on top of which the confederates had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of McClellan's position, and as Franklin on the other side sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever. The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries which Porter supported were firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the right, and every hill-top, ridge, and piece of woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning, and now this whole magnificent, unequaled scene, shone with the splendor of an afternoon September sun. *Four miles of battle*, its glory all visible, its horrors all veiled, *the fate of the republic hanging on the hour*—could any one be insensible to its grandeur? There are two hills on the left of the road, the furthest the lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the furthest



BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, soon entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up, long dark lines, and broad dark masses, being plainly visible without a glass as they moved over the green hill-side. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses, and men flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man or a half-dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on. The hill was carried, but *could it be held?* The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns, on the hill above, sent an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering the road—high ground about them everywhere except in rear. In another moment a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses. There is a halt; the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field; the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up; Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help. McClellan's glass for the last half hour has seldom been turned away from the left. He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Look-

ing down into the valley, where fifteen thousand troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh, and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both generals—

"*They are the only reserves of the army; they cannot be spared.*"

McClellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when everything may turn on one order

GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General. Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is—

"I want troops and guns. If you do not spare them, I cannot hold my position for half an hour."

McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and says very slowly—

"Tell General Burnside that *this is the battle of the war.* He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry."

Then, as the messenger was riding away, he called him back:

"Tell him if he *can not* hold his ground, then the bridge to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost."

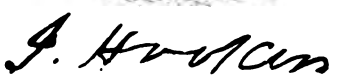
The sun was already down; not half an hour of daylight was left. Till Burnside's message came, it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces—how vital to the safety of the army and the nation were those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on; their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark, the battle was over.

With the day, (says the official report of the commanding general,) closed this memorable battle, in which, perhaps, nearly two hundred thousand men were for fourteen hours engaged in combat. We had attacked the enemy in position, driven them from their line on one flank, and secured a footing within it on the other. Under the depression of previous reverses, we had achieved a victory over an adversary invested with the prestige of former successes and inflated with a recent triumph. Our forces slept that night conquerors on a field won by their valor, and covered with the dead and wounded of the enemy.

This has been called *the bloodiest day that America ever saw,* and the fighting was followed by the most appalling sights upon the battle-field. Never, perhaps, was the ground strewn with the bodies of the dead and the dying in greater numbers or in more shocking attitudes. The faces of those who had fallen in the battle were, after more than a day's exposure, so black that no one would ever have suspected that they were once white. All looked like negroes, and as they lay in piles where they had fallen, one upon another, they filled the bystanders with a sense of horror. In the road, they lay scattered all around, and the stench which arose from the bodies decomposing in the sun was almost unendurable. Passing along the turnpike

from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown, that night, it required the greatest care to keep one's horse from trampling upon the dead, so thickly were they strewn around. Along the line for not more than a single mile, at least one thousand five hundred there lay unburied.

Such a spectacle was in keeping, of course, with the terrible carnage incident to such a prolonged and constant contest between two such vast armies. The loss of the union forces in this battle was, according to General McClellan, two thousand and ten killed, nine thousand four hundred and sixteen wounded, and one thousand and forty-three missing; and their total loss in the battles of the 14th and 17th amounted to fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-four. Of the confederates killed, about three thousand were buried by the unionists, and their



total loss in the two battles was estimated by General McClellan at four thousand killed, eighteen thousand seven hundred and forty-two wounded, and five thousand prisoners, besides stragglers sufficient to make the number amount to some thirty thousand. From the time the union troops first encountered the confederates in Maryland until the latter were driven back into Virginia, (says McClellan,) we captured thirteen guns, seven caissons, nine limbers, two field forges, two caisson bodies, thirty-nine colors, and one signal flag; the union army lost neither gun nor color. The confederates also lost three of their bravest generals, Starke, Branch, and Anderson.

General Reno's death was a severe blow to the union army. He had been most active all day, fearing no danger, and appearing to be everywhere at the same time. Safe up to seven o'clock, no one dreamed of such a disaster as was to happen. He, with his staff, was standing a little back of the wood, on a field, the confederate forces being directly in front. A body of his troops were just before him, and at this point the fire of the confederates was directed. A minie-ball struck him and went through his body. He fell, and, from the first, appeared to have a knowledge that he could not survive the wound he had received. He was instantly carried, with the greatest care, to the rear, followed by a number of the officers, and attended by the division surgeon, Doctor Cutter. At the foot of the hill he was laid under a tree; he died without the least movement, a few minutes after. The grief of the officers at this calamity was heart-rending. The old soldier, just come from the scene of carnage, with death staring him in the face on every side, here knelt and wept like a child; indeed, no eye was dry among those present. Thus died one of the bravest generals that was in the service of his country, and the intelligence of his death was received by all with the greatest sorrow, as it was well known that but few could take the place of so able and brave an officer. The command of the corps devolved upon General Cox, who, from that time, directed the movements of the army.

The fighting qualities of the southern soldiers, in this battle, may be judged of by the fact that the Fiftieth Georgia regiment lost nearly all their commissioned officers, and that at night, after the battle, only fifty-five men, of the whole regiment, remained fit for duty,—nor did they have anything to eat and drink for more than forty-eight hours. This regiment was posted in a narrow path, washed out into a regular gully, and was fired into by the

unionists from the front, the rear and left flank. The men stood their ground unwaveringly, returning fire until nearly two-thirds of their number lay dead or wounded in that lane. Out of two hundred and ten carried into the fight, over one hundred and twenty-five were killed and wounded in less than twenty minutes. The slaughter was horrible. When ordered to retreat, the living could scarcely extricate themselves from the dead and wounded lying around—a man could have walked from the head of the line to the foot on their bodies. The survivors of the regiment retreated very orderly back to where General Anderson's brigade rested. The brigade suffered terribly. James's South Carolina battalion was nearly annihilated.

There were not wanting, also, incidents of that class which show the qualities of ludicrousness and cunning in human nature, as, for instance, the following:

The New York One Hundred and Seventh regiment supported Cotheren's battery; and, during the hottest part of the fight, the confederates massed themselves opposite the union front, for an assault on Cotheren's position. The battery was short of ammunition, and so reserved their fire, while throughout the whole field there came a lull in the tumult. The confederates advanced in a solid mass, with a precision of movement perfectly beautiful. It was a moment which tried the nerves of the bravest. In the meantime, one of the lads,—a noted sporting character—becoming quite interested in the affair, had climbed a rock where he could view the whole scene. He occupied the place, unmindful of the bullets which were buzzing like bees all around. The confederates came on until the unionists could see their faces, and then Cotheren poured the canister into them. The advancing column was literally torn to pieces by the fire. At this, the lad on the rock became almost frantic in his demonstrations of delight, and as one of the battery sections sent a shrapnel which mowed down in an instant a long row of confederates, he swung his cap, and, in a voice that could be heard by the flying enemy, shouted out, "Bull-e-e-e-e! Set 'em up on the other alley!"

General Sumner had a son, a captain on his staff, who was but twenty-one years of age. During the battle, when the bullets were whistling around the general's ears, he found it necessary to send the young man upon a mission of duty to a certain portion of the field. After giving him the requisite instructions, the general embraced him and said, "Good-by, Sammy." "Good-by, father," was the response, and the captain rode forth upon his mission. On his return from his perilous errand, the fond father grasped his hand, with the simple remark, "How d'ye do, Sammy?" The spectators of this filial scene were much affected.

A union soldier belonging to a New York regiment was wounded in the shoulders. After dark, missing his regiment, he became lost in the woods, and went in the direction of the enemy. Seeing a party of men ahead, he called out, "What regiment do you belong to?" They answered, "The Third South Carolina. What do you belong to?" "The Tenth Virginia," was the ready and apt reply; saying which, he moved off in the opposite direction, and soon joined some union soldiers. His wits saved him.

The report of this battle by Mr. Smalley, in the New York Tribune, was pronounced by General Hooker, in a conversation with Mr. George Wilkes (himself an accomplished journalist), a perfect reproduction of the scene and all its incidents. In reply to a question by Mr. Wilkes, if he knew who the Tribune reporter was, General Hooker said: "I saw him first upon the battle-field, when we were in the hottest portion of the fight, early in the morning. My attention was then attracted to a civilian, who sat upon his horse, in advance of my whole staff; and though he was in the hottest of the fire, and the shot and shell were striking and sputtering around us like so much hail, he sat gazing on the strife as steady and undisturbed as if he were in a quiet theater, looking at a

scene upon the stage. In all the experience which I have had of war, I never saw the most experienced and veteran soldier exhibit more tranquil fortitude and unshaken valor than was exhibited by that young man. I was concerned at the needless risk which he invited, and told one of my aids to order him in our rear. Presently, all my aids had left me, on one service and another; whereupon, turning to give an order, I found no one but this young stranger at my side. I then asked him if he would oblige me by bearing a dispatch to General McClellan, and by acting as my aid, until some of my staff should come up. He rode off with alacrity, through a most exposed position, returned with the answer, and served me as an aid through the remainder of the fight, till I was carried from the ground." "His name, General?" asked Mr. Wilkes. "He was a young man, recently from college, named George W. Smalley, and I am writing to him now." No one will regard General Hooker's opinion of Mr. Smalley as any too high. Similar, too, in descriptive ability and power, was the war correspondence of such men as Knox, Richardson, Conyingham, Coffin, Browne, Taylor, Bickham, Crounse, Colburn, Davis, Reid, and some others.

LXV.

PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION, AS A WAR MEASURE, BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—1863.

More than Three Millions, in Bondage at the South, Declared Forever Free.—Most Important American State Paper Since July 4th, 1776.—Pronounced, by the President, "the Great Event of the Nineteenth Century."—The Whole System of Slavery Finally Swept from the Republic, by Victories in the Field and by Constitutional Amendments.—Mr. Lincoln's Views on Slavery.—Opposed to all Unconstitutional Acts.—His Orders to Union Generals.—Prohibits the Arming of Negroes.—Alarming Progress of Events.—The Great Exigency at Last.—Slavery *versus* the Union.—Solemn and Urgent Alternative.—Emancipation Under the War Power.—Preparation of the Great Document.—Its Submission to the Cabinet.—Opinions and Discussions.—Singular Reason for Delay.—Mr. Lincoln's Vow to God.—Waiting for a Union Triumph.—Decided by the Battle of Antietam.—Final Adoption of the Measure.—Mr. Carpenter's Admirable Narrative.—Public Reception of the Proclamation.—Promulgation at the South.—Scenes of Joy Among the Freedmen.—Enfranchisement Added to Freedom.

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."—THE PROCLAMATION.

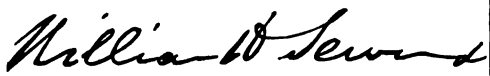
PEN USED IN SIGNING THE PROCLAMATION.

JEALOUSLY cherishing the humane personal wish, "that all men everywhere might be free,"—as expressed by himself in one of his most memorable political letters,—and inflexibly objecting to the introduction of slavery into the new national territories, President Lincoln, nevertheless, on every occasion avowed his opposition to all unconstitutional measures of interference with that system, as it existed in the States of the South. Only under the stupendous exigency precipitated upon him and upon the country, by the war inaugurated at Fort Sumter, and now carried on with such direful loss of blood and treasure for two long years, for the destruction of the Union, did he avail himself of the high and solemn prerogative of his position, as the sworn protector and defender of the nation, to decree, substantially, the utter extinction of slavery throughout all the borders of the land.

It was a war measure, done "upon military necessity," and in the grave performance of which President Lincoln said: "I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even *tried* to preserve the Constitution, if, to preserve slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and constitution altogether. When, early in the war, General Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then secretary of war, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military

emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When, in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border states to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure.

They declined the proposition; and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter." It will thus be seen that, so far from being rash or aggressive in his anti-slavery policy, he favored no step in that direction, until driven to it as a last and remediless alternative, from which there seemed no possible escape.



Singularly enough, this great measure —involving as mighty a moral, social, and political revolution as was ever accomplished in any age or in any country—was distinctly expounded and foreshadowed by John Quincy Adams, in a remarkable debate which took place in the lower house of congress, in 1842, and in the course of which he said: "I believe that, so long as the slave states are able to sustain their institutions, without going abroad or calling upon other parts of the Union to aid them or act on the subject, so long I will consent never to interfere. I have said this; and I repeat it; but, if they come to the free states and say to them, 'You must help us to keep down our slaves, you must aid us in an insurrection and a civil war,' then I say that, with that call, comes a full and plenary power to this house, and to the senate, over the whole subject. It is a war power; I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, congress has power to carry on the war, and must carry it on according to the laws of war; and, by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them. This power in congress has, perhaps, never been called into exercise under the present constitution of the United States. But, when the laws of war are in force, what, I ask, is one of those laws? It is this: that when a country is invaded, and two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory." In proof of the correctness of his assertion, Mr. Adams cited the well-known historical case of the abolition of slavery in Colombia, first by Murillo, the Spanish general, and subsequently by Bolivar, the American general, in each case as a military act, and observed and maintained to this day.

Though the great American Proclamation of Emancipation did not appear until January 1, 1863, President Lincoln's mind had for some months previously been drifting in the direction of some such act. As he himself expressed it, everything was going wrong—the nation seemed to have put forth about its utmost efforts, and he really didn't know what more to do, unless he did this. Accordingly, he prepared a preliminary proclamation, nearly in the form in which it subsequently appeared, called the cabinet together, and read it to them, with the following result, as reported:

Mr. Montgomery Blair was startled. "If you issue that proclamation, Mr. President," he exclaimed, "you will lose every one of the fall elections."

Mr. Seward, on the other hand, said, "I approve of it, Mr. President, just as it stands. I approve of it in principle, and I approve the policy of issuing it. I only object to the time. Send it out now, on the heels of our late disasters, and it will be construed as the convulsive struggle of a drowning man. To give it proper weight, you should reserve it until after some victory." The president assented to Mr. Seward's view, and held the document in reserve. It appeared to the president, that Mr. Seward's opinion was of great wisdom and force.

Perhaps no account of this most memorable event can be said to equal, in reliability and graphic interest, that which is furnished by Mr. F. B. Carpenter, in his reminiscences of "Six Months at the White House," while employed there in

executing that unrivaled masterpiece of American historical painting—the Proclamation of Emancipation — which, by universal consent, has placed Mr. Carpenter's name second to none on the roll of eminent modern artists. Enjoying, too, as he did, the most intimate personal relations with the author of that proclamation, the information which he thus obtained from the president's own lips, as to its origin, discussion, and final adoption, must forever be the source from which, on this subject, all historians must draw.

As already stated, the opinion of the secretary of state in regard to the effect of issuing such a proclamation at such a time, impressed Mr. Lincoln very strongly. "It was an aspect of the case that"—said President Lincoln to Mr. Carpenter,—"in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home (three miles out of Washington). Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday." At the final meeting of September 20th, another incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The president had written the important part of the proclamation in these words:—

"That, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever FREE; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will *recognize* the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

"When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me, and said, 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word "recognize," in that sentence, the words "and maintain."' I replied that I had already considered the import of that ex-

pression in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely *sure* that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to 'maintain' this. But Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground, and the words finally went in. It is a somewhat remarkable fact," he subsequently added, "that there were just one hundred days between the dates of the two proclamations issued upon the 22d of September and the 1st of January."

bany, N. Y., in 1864; it is in the proper handwriting of Mr. Lincoln, excepting two interlineations in pencil, by Secretary Seward, and the formal heading and ending, which were written by the chief clerk of the state department. The final proclamation was signed on New Year's Day, 1863. The president remarked to Mr. Colfax, the same evening, that the signature appeared somewhat tremulous and uneven. "Not," said he, "because of any uncertainty or hesitation on my part; but it was just after the public reception, and

A. Lincoln

The original draft of the proclamation was written upon one side of four half-sheets or official foolscap. "He flung down upon the table one day for me," continues Mr. Carpenter, "several sheets of the same, saying, 'There, I believe, is some of the very paper which was used—if not, it was, at any rate just like it.'" The original draft is dated September 22, 1862, and was presented to the Army Relief Bazaar, at Al-

three hours' hand-shaking is not calculated to improve a man's chirography." Then changing his tone, he added: "The south had fair warning, that if they did not return to their duty, I should strike at this pillar of their strength. The promise must now be kept, and I shall never recall one word."

In answer to a question from Mr. Carpenter, as to whether the policy of eman-

cipation was not opposed by some members of the cabinet, the president replied: "Nothing more than I have stated to you. Mr. Blair thought we should lose the fall elections, and opposed it on that ground only." "I have understood," said Mr. Carpenter, "that Secretary Smith was not in favor of your action. Mr. Blair told me that, when the meeting closed, he and the secretary of the interior went away together, and that the latter said to him, that if the president carried out that policy, he might count on losing Indiana, sure!" "He never said anything of the kind to me," responded the president. "And what is Mr. Blair's opinion now?" I asked. "Oh," was the prompt reply, "he proved right in regard to the fall elections, but he is satisfied that we have since gained more than we lost." "I have been told," I added, "that Judge Bates doubted the constitutionality of the proclamation." "He never expressed such an opinion in my hearing," replied Mr. Lincoln; "no member of the cabinet ever dissented from the policy, in conversation with me."

It is well known that the statement found very general currency and credence, that, on the proclamation having been read to the cabinet, Secretary Chase objected to the appearance of a document of such momentous character without one word beyond the dry phrases necessary to convey its meaning, and finally proposed that there should be added to the president's draft, the sentence—'And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.' The facts of the case, however, as learned by Mr. Carpenter were these: While the measure was pending, Mr. Chase submitted to the president a draft of a proclamation embodying his views of the subject, and which closed with the solemn and appropriate words referred to. Mr. Lincoln adopted the sentence intact, as Mr. Chase wrote it, excepting that he inserted after the word 'constitution,' the words 'upon military necessity;' and in that form the document went to the world, and to history.

Mr. Carpenter also makes an interesting statement touching the religious aspect of Mr. Lincoln's mind, concerning this momentous matter, as follows: Mr. Chase told me that at the cabinet meeting, immediately after the battle of Antietam, and just prior to the September proclamation, the president entered upon the business before them, by saying that "the time for the annunciation of the emancipation policy could be no longer delayed. Public sentiment," he thought, "would sustain it —many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it — *and he had promised his God that he would do it!*" The last part of this was uttered in a low tone, and appeared to be heard by no one but Secretary Chase, who was sitting near him. He asked the president if he had correctly understood him. Mr. Lincoln replied: "I made a solemn vow before God, that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves." In February, 1865, a few days after the passage of the Constitutional Amendment, Mr. Carpenter went to Washington, and was received by Mr. Lincoln with the kindness and familiarity which had characterized their previous intercourse. I said to him at this time, (says Mr. Carpenter,) that I was very proud to have been the artist to have first conceived the design of painting a picture commemorative of the Act of Emancipation; that subsequent occurrences had only confirmed my own first judgment of that act as the most sublime moral event in our history. "Yes," said he,—and never do I remember to have noticed in him more earnestness of expression or manner,—"as affairs have turned, *it is the central act of my administration, and the great event of the nineteenth century.*"

The scope of this most important state paper ever issued since the Declaration of Independence, was, to give liberty to more than three millions of people,—a number equal to the whole population of the

PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

United States when the revolutionary struggle with Great Britain commenced, and about four-fifths of the whole slave population. The work of emancipation throughout all the borders of the land was completed by victories in the field, and the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment, Article XIII., by which slavery was forever and entirely swept from the Republic.

The reception of the proclamation by the millions who were ranged on the side of their country, praying and fighting for the success of the union cause, was warm and enthusiastic, the feeling being almost universally prevalent that the nation had entered upon a new and auspicious era, and that, under such a banner, heaven would crown our armies with victory, and give perpetuity to our republic among the governments of the earth. Generally, the great document was the theme of earnest and eloquent discourses from the northern pulpits, the current of the preachers' thoughts showing itself in the various subjects or titles under which the event was discussed, such as 'The Conflict between Despotism and Liberty,' 'The duty of uniting with our whole energies in executing the Emancipation Edict of the president, to accomplish, by the blessing of God, its beneficent results, without possibility of failure,' 'The Jubilee of Freedom,' 'The Influence of Christianity on the Abolition of Slavery,'—these, though but a few among thousands elicited by the proclamation, indicate the hearty appreciation of President Lincoln's course in issuing the decree. From countless pulpits, too, the momentous document was simply read, without comment.

Great public meetings of congratulation and rejoicing were held in almost every large town and city in the various northern states. At the Cooper Institute, New York, a grand jubilee came off, the colored people of that city and of the surrounding towns for many miles, gathering together to do honor to so great a boon to their race. The large hall was completely packed, long before the hour at which the proceedings were appointed to take place, and multitudes had to be turned away from the feast of eloquence and music which was there enjoyed for several hours.

Two days after the issue of the proclamation, a large body of people assembled before the White House, in Washington, with a band of music, and called for the president. He appeared, and made an address of thanks to them for their courtesy, in which, alluding to the proclamation, he said, "What I did, I did after a very full deliberation, and under a heavy and solemn sense of responsibility. I can only trust in God I have made no mistake." From the colored people of Baltimore, Mr. Lincoln was the recipient of a superb copy of the Bible, of the largest size, and bound in violet-colored velvet. The corners were bands of solid gold, and the event carved upon a plate also of gold, not less than one-fourth of an inch thick. Upon the left-hand cover, was a design representing the president in a cotton-field, knocking the shackles off the wrists of a slave, who held one hand aloft as if invoking blessings upon the head of his benefactor,—at whose feet was a scroll upon which was written "Emancipation;" upon the other cover was a similar plate, bearing the inscription: "To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, the friend of Universal Freedom. From the loyal colored people of Baltimore, as a token of respect and gratitude. Baltimore, July 4, 1864."

But the greatest interest necessarily attaches to the reception which such an amazing document met with on the part of those who were or had recently been slaves. Although by the terms of the proclamation, the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., were excluded from its operation, the slaves fully believed that 'Massa Lincoln' had emancipated them all; with this view, they refused to work without wages, and, their former masters acceding to this, virtual emancipation was the result in that region. On New Year's day, the slaves of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Gosport, with the African strangers gathered there, to the number of some

thousands, turned out *en masse*, and by processions, speeches, hymns and songs of jubilation, and by other demonstrations, celebrated what was ever afterward to be their Fourth of July. The exultation of the slaves was great, and many a noticeable incident presented itself. "Massa," said an old woman to a stranger near by, "I have had twenty children. My Massa and Missus sole 'em all off; one of my gals was sole to buy young Missus her piano. I used to stop my ears when I heard her play on dat ar; I thought I heard my chile a crying out dat it was bought wid her blood. Dey was all sole off,—I'se not got one left to bury me. But I'se *free!* and my ole heart is glad agin. I'll go happy to my grave." In one of the colored churches in Norfolk, the preacher took for his text, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free," and with great ingenuity, and without irreverence, the preacher showed how President Lincoln, in emancipating them, had stood in Christ's stead to them, and how it was now their duty to stand fast, and fight for the liberty which he, under God, had given them. Singular enough, there rose from the whole congregation a cry, as if with one voice, "Amen! glory be to God! we'll fight till de cows' tails drop off!"

In the Department of the South, embracing Port Royal, S. C., and other islands, it was very difficult to convince the colored people that they were free, and that the government, or Yankees, could be in earnest. Christmas was to most of them a sad day. General Saxton, therefore, who spared no effort to disabuse their minds and inspire them with confidence, issued his proclamation inviting the people to assemble at the head-quarters of the First South Carolina Volunteers, on the first of January. Missionaries, ministers, superintendents and teachers, officers and privates, joined heartily in the gathering. The word went out far and near, but the people were suspicious. Mischievous ones had told them it was a trap to force them into the army; others that they were to be collected on steamboats that would run them to Cuba; others that they were to be got away from their homes and sent into exile. But, at an early hour of the sublimely beautiful day, the people began to arrive at the camping-ground, and, despite their fears, thousands were there. The proceedings opened with prayer and music, after which, Judge Brisbane, of Wisconsin, but a son of South Carolina who, twenty-five years previously, set all his slaves free, read the emancipation act amidst the jubilant shouts of the vast multitude; and when, succeeding this, the proclamation of General Saxton was read, declaring that the great act should be enforced, twelve deafening cheers burst forth from the thousands of grateful and joyous hearts to whom the good tidings of liberty and protection had thus come. An original ode was then sung to the tune of 'Scots wha' ha' wi' Wallace bled," and then came the crowning feature of the day, the presentation by the Rev. Mr. French of a splendid silk flag, with the embroidered inscription:

"To the First South Carolina Regiment. The year of jubilee has come."

It was a very elegant flag, a gift from Doctor Cheever's church in the city of New York. As it passed from the hands of Mr. French, the negroes struck up the national air, "My country, 'tis of thee," with fine effect. Colonel Higginson, who had received the flag, stood waiting his time to reply, with the golden tassels in his hands. After an eloquent speech by the colonel, he called the sergeant of Company A, "Prince Rivers," and a corporal of another company, named Sutton, both black men, and, handing over the flag which had been presented, called upon both to speak, which they did with great acceptance. Other exercises of rejoicing took place, and then attention was paid to the physical wants of the happy throng. For this purpose, ten beeves had been slaughtered and were roasting in their pits; and these, with several hundred gallons of molasses and water,—a favorite beverage of the negroes,—and a full supply

of hard bread, awaited the hungry expectants. Thus ended the grand celebration of the emancipation of the slaves of South Carolina.

The observance of the event in other parts of the south, wherever the authority of the union forces was present to permit it, was so similar in its character and enthusiasm to what has already been narrated, that it is unnecessary here to extend the descriptions. By the army and its officers, with here and there an exception, the proclamation was regarded as an act to which things had long been tending, and which, under the circumstances of peril in which the union had so long been placed, was inevitable. Of course, no such proclamation, in time of war, could have any weight in the section of country at which it was aimed, excepting as the union military successes made it effective. Those successes in due time reached every portion of the south, and the fetters of every bondman on American soil were thus broken. Congress subsequently passed an amendment to the constitution, forever prohibiting slavery in any portion of the republic, and this amendment, on being ratified by the requisite number of states, became a part of the organic law of the land.

The original draft of the emancipation proclamation, in the president's handwriting, was presented by Mr. Lincoln to the great Northwestern Sanitary Fair, held at Chicago, in the autumn of 1863. The following letter accompanied the gift:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, October 26, 1863.

To the Ladies having in charge the Northwestern Fair for the Sanitary Commission, Chicago, Illinois:—

According to the request made in your behalf, the original draft of the emancipation proclamation is herewith enclosed. The formal words at the top, and the conclusion, except the signature, you perceive, are not in my handwriting. They were written at the State Department, by whom I know not. The printed part was cut from a copy of the preliminary proclamation and pasted on, merely to save writing.

I had some desire to retain the paper; but if it shall contribute to the relief or comfort of the soldier, that will be better.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

This chief treasure of that great fair was purchased for three thousand dollars, by the Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, for the Chicago Soldiers' Home, of which he was president. Lithographic copies of the document were also sold for the benefit of the same institution, and netted it thousands of dollars.

One of the most important results of this great measure, whether considered from a moral, political, or social point of view, was the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, by which all citizens were made equal before the law.

It was on the twenty-seventh of February, 1869, that congress passed a resolution in the following words:

A resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures, shall be valid as a part of the Constitution, namely: —ARTICLE 15, *Section* 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. *Section* 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

In about one year's time from the passage of this resolution, proclamation was made by the secretary of state, Hon. Hamilton Fish, that the proposed amendment had been ratified by the legislatures of the

states of North Carolina, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Maine, Louisiana, Michigan, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Hampshire, Nevada, Vermont, Virginia, Alabama, Missouri, Mississippi, Ohio, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Nebraska, and Texas,—twenty-nine in all, and constituting three-fourths of the whole number of states, and thus becoming valid, to all intents and purposes, as a part of the constitution of the United States.

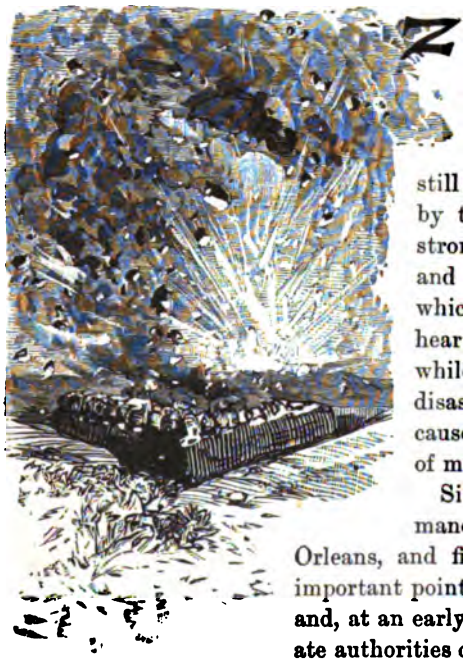
Though not obligatory, as an executive duty, President Grant communicated the fact of the ratification to congress, in a special message, on the thirtieth of March, 1870. "The measure"—said the president—"which makes at once four millions of the people voters who were heretofore declared by the highest tribunal in the land not citizens of the United States, nor eligible to become so, with the assertion that at the time of the Declaration of Independence the opinion was fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race, and regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics, that black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect, is, indeed, a measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind from the foundation of our free government to the present time. Institutions like ours, in which all power is derived directly from the people, must depend mainly upon their intelligence, patriotism, and industry. I call the attention, therefore, of the newly enfranchised race to the importance of their striving, in every honorable manner, to make themselves worthy of their new privilege. To a race more favored heretofore by our laws, I would say, withhold no legal privilege of advancement to the new citizens." So great an event was not suffered to pass without public demonstrations of joy commensurate with its grand, beneficent, and elevating scope, in almost all parts of the country.

LXVI.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST VICKSBURG, "THE GIBRALTAR OF THE MISSISSIPPI," BY THE UNION FORCES.—1863.

The Genius, Valor, and Resources of Both Armies Tasked to their Utmost.—Final Capitulation of the City by General Pemberton, After a Prolonged and Brilliant Siege.—Heaviest Blow Yet Dealt the Secession Cause.—General McPherson Receives the Formal Surrender.—Thirty-seven Thousand Prisoners, Fifteen Generals, Arms and Munitions for Sixty Thousand Men, the Trophies.—Geographical Importance of Vicksburg.—Its Commanding Fortifications.—Farragut's Naval Siege Powerless.—Sherman's Attack Repulsed.—Grant Assumes Active Command.—Vigorous Operations Undertaken.—His Series of Victorious Battles.—Futile Attempt to Storm Vicksburg.—Hours of Terrific Cannonading.—A Systematic Siege Begun.—Thorough Investment at all Points.—Federal Sapping and Mining.—They Mine and Blow up Fort Hill.—Awful Spectacle of Blood and Ruin.—Deadly Struggle for a Foothold.—Success of the Forty-fifth Illinois.—Their Colors Surmount the Work.—Pemberton Sends a Flag of Truce.—His Interview with Grant.—Grant's Terms: "Unconditional Surrender."—The Victors Enter the City, July 4th.—Curious Reminiscences.

"No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each one himself relied
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of Victory!"



OPERATIONS AT VICKSBURG.

ZOUAVES, infantry, cavalry, artillery—officers and privates—picket, scout, and spy,—brave legions, led on by brave generals of heroic purpose to noblest deeds,—won glorious honor to American arms, and to the still more sacred cause of the American Union, by the capture of the city of Vicksburg, the stronghold of Mississippi, with all its defenses and munitions, and its valorous army;—an event which, occurring on the fourth of July, filled the hearts of all loyal Americans with peculiar joy, while it was confessedly the heaviest and most disastrous military blow which the confederate cause had yet received during the two long years of most eventful struggle.

Situated on the Mississippi river, on a commanding elevation, four hundred miles above New Orleans, and fifty miles west of Jackson, it was the most important point on the river between Natchez and Memphis, and, at an early day, was strongly fortified by the confederate authorities of the state, forts being erected and abundance of artillery supplied. More than a year before the final

capitulation of the place under General Pemberton to General Grant, the union forces laid siege to the city, and Farragut demanded the surrender of the forts; the silencing of the confederate batteries at Grand Gulf, was among the earlier operations of the union gun-boats, which also shelled the city for several weeks. Farragut raised the naval siege, July 24, 1862. General Grant had taken command of the union army in that quarter in June, of the same year, and, in December, organized his army into four grand corps,—the Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth, commanded respectively by Generals McClernand, Sherman, Hurlbut, and McPherson. At the close of this month, Sherman started from Memphis, passed down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Yazoo, some ten miles above Vicksburg, and ascending that river, advanced upon Vicksburg on the north side, but, after three days of severe fighting, was compelled to retire with heavy loss. For a time, the attack on the city was abandoned as futile.

Early in February, 1863, General Grant arrived and assumed active personal command of military operations, which he conducted with great tact and vigor, successively defeating his opponents in engagements at Port Gibson, Fourteen Mile Creek, Raymond, Jackson, Champion's Hill, and Big Black Bridge. The naval forces co-operating in these movements were under the efficient direction of Admirals Farragut and Porter.

After thoroughly investing the city on all sides, the union troops forming a semicircle, with both flanks resting on the river, an unsuccessful assault was made, May 23d, by the combined land and naval forces. The attack was a terrible one. According to the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, it was characterized by the following incidents: During the night, the gun-boats and mortars lying in front of the city kept up a continual fire, and dropped their fiery messengers right and left without distinction. During this bombardment several buildings were set on fire by the exploding shells, and lighted up the darkness, revealing strange shapes and wonderful outlines, standing out in relief against the dark sky, which added wonderful interest to the bombardment as witnessed by the distant observer. It is impossible to estimate the damage occasioned by thus dropping into Vicksburg those heavy eleven and thirteen inch shells. Imagination falls far short of its reality. Before the union forces approached the city, General Pemberton ordered all the women and children for miles around Vicksburg to go within the intrenchments, assuring them that in that way they would escape all danger. The consequence was, that there were a large number of non-combatants in the city, exposed to all the dangers of siege and bombardment. At eight o'clock in the morning the cannonading began, and continued, with scarcely a moment's intermission, along the entire line, until ten o'clock. From every hill-top in front of the confederate works, cannon were belching forth, and the fiery tempest raged fearfully. Guns were dismounted, embrasures torn up, parapets destroyed, and caissons exploded. It was a fearful demonstration. For two long hours did this cannonade continue, when a general charge was made. Winding through the valleys, clambering over the hills everywhere, subjected to a murderous enfilading and cross-fire, the advance pressed up close to the confederate works —to find that a deep ditch, protected by sharp stakes along the outer edge, lay between them and the intrenchments. They planted their flag directly before the fort, and crouched down behind the embankment, out of range of the confederate fire, as calmly as possible, to await developments. The soldiers within the forts could not rise above the parapet to fire at them, for if they did, a hundred bullets went whizzing through the air, and the adventurers died. The confederates, however, adopted another plan; taking a shell, they cut the fuse close off, lighted it, and rolled it over the outer slope of the embankment. Subsequently, with picks and

shovels, a way was dug into one fort, and through the breach the boys walked bravely in. The first fort on the left of the railroad was stormed by a portion of General Carr's division, and gallantly taken; the colonel that led the charge was wounded. On the center the fire was persistent and terrible. Many brave officers were killed and many more wounded. Colonel Dollins, of the Eighty-first Illinois, fell dead while leading his men to the charge. Later in the afternoon, General Ransom's brigade charged the works opposite his position, with heavy loss. Steele and Tuttle, on the right, were also vigorously engaged, the loss sustained by the former being considerable.

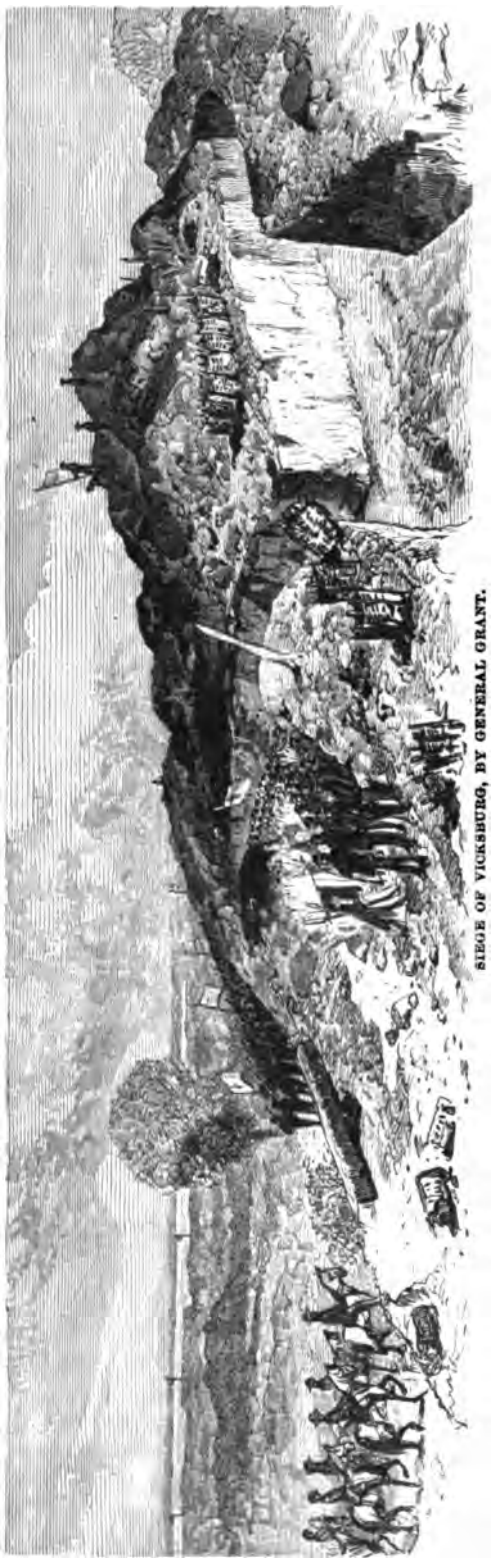
GENERAL J. C. PEMBERTON.

The result of this assault rendered it quite certain that Vicksburg could not be taken by storm, and every possible appliance was immediately put into requisition by General Grant to accomplish his purpose by systematic siege, and sappers and miners performed an important part in this great undertaking. The details of this kind of work are well understood by all, and need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that one of the principal confederate forts was soon reached by this subterranean process,—the miners keeping incessantly busy, day and night, until they arrived far under the confederate fortifications, and within such near proximity to the enemy, that the picks and shovels of the latter, similarly engaged in the bowels of the earth, could frequently be heard,—necessitating, above all things, incessant wariness and the utmost possible expedition. How the matter was carried through, the following account, made up from the admirable dispatches of Messrs. Keim and Fitzpatrick, of the New York Herald, will abundantly show:

On the morning of June 25th, the work of mining (says Mr. Fitzpatrick,) was completed, an immense quantity of gunpowder was stored in the cavity prepared to receive it, and the fuse train was laid. At noon, the different regiments of the Seventeenth corps, selected to make the assault on the breach when it should have been effected, were marshaled in long lines upon the near slopes of the hills immediately confronting the doomed fortifications, where, disposed for the attack, impatiently awaited the event. The confederates seemed to have discovered that some movement was on foot, for, from the moment the federal troops came into position, until the explosion took place, their sharpshooters kept up an incessant fire from the whole line of their works.

At length all was in readiness; the fuse train was fired, and it went fizzing and popping through the zigzag line of trenches, until for a moment it vanished. Its disappearance was quickly succeeded by the explosion, and the mine under Fort Hill was sprung. *So terrible a spectacle is seldom witnessed.* Dust, dirt, smoke, gabions, stockades, timber, gun-carriages, logs—in fact, everything connected with the fort—rose hundreds of feet into the air, as if vomited forth from a volcano. It is described by all who saw it as an awful scene.

No sooner had the explosion taken place (writes Mr. Keim), than the two detachments acting as the forlorn hope ran into the fort and sap. A brisk musketry fire at once commenced between the two parties, with about equal effect on either side. No sooner had these detachments become well engaged than the rest of Leggett's brigade joined them and entered into the struggle. The regiments relieving each other at intervals, the contest now grew



SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, BY GENERAL GRANT.

severe, both sides, determined upon holding their own, were doing their best. Volley after volley was fired, though with less carnage than would be supposed. The Forty-fifth Illinois now charged immediately up to the crest of the parapet, and here suffered its heaviest, losing many officers in the assault. After a severe contest of half an hour, with varying results, *the flag of the Forty-fifth appeared upon the summit of the work!* The position was gained. Cheer after cheer broke through the confusion and uproar of the contest, assuring the troops everywhere along the line that the Forty-fifth was still itself. The colonel was now left alone in command of the regiment, and he was himself badly bruised by a flying splinter. The regiment had also suffered severely in the line, and the troops were worn out by excessive heat and hard fighting. Relief was necessary. Accordingly, another Illinois regiment was ordered up, and the Forty-fifth drawn off; this was at six o'clock P. M. After this, the action was kept up briskly but steadily for several hours, until dusk, when the firing lulled and the men took a respite. While the Forty-fifth was so hotly engaged in the fort, the Twenty-third Indiana followed its first detachment into the sap, from which place they were to hold the confederates at bay during the contest for the fort. The confederates fought desperately, as well at this point as the other; but the character of the engagement was different, the troops firing at each other over breastworks of earth. This regiment did excellent service.

The explosion of the mine was the signal for the opening of the artillery of the entire line. The left division of General McPherson's Seventeenth or center corps opened first, and discharges were repeated along the left, through General Ord's Thirteenth corps and Herron's extreme left division, until the sound struck the ear like the mutterings of distant thunder. General Sherman, on the right, also opened his artillery about the same time and occupied the enemy's attention along his front. Every shell struck the parapet, and, bound-

ing over, exploded in the midst of the opposing forces beyond. The scene at this time was one of the utmost sublimity. The roar of artillery, rattle of small arms, the cheers of the men, flashes of light, wreaths of pale blue smoke over different parts of the field, the bursting of shells, the fierce whistle of solid shot, the deep boom of the mortars, the broadsides of the ships of war, and, added to all this, the vigorous replies of the confederates, set up a din which beggared all powers of description.

After the possession of the confederate fort was no longer in doubt, the pioneer federal corps mounted the work with their shovels and set to throwing up earth vigorously, in order to secure space for artillery. A most fortunate peculiarity—for the union army—in the explosion, was the manner in which the earth was thrown out. The appearance of the place was that of a funnel, with heavy sides running up to the very crest of the parapet, affording admirable protection not only for the union troops and pioneers, but turned out a ready made fortification in the rough, which, with a slight application of the shovel and pick, was ready to receive the guns to be used at this point.

The capture of Vicksburg was now a foregone conclusion, admitted even by its devoted defenders themselves, as appeared from the contents of a confederate mail-bag, captured just at this time. At about eight o'clock, therefore, on the morning of July 3d, flags of truce appeared before General Smith's front, when General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery were led blindfolded into the union lines. They bore a sealed communication from General Pemberton to General Grant, in which the former proposed an armistice, with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg — three commissioners to be appointed from each army, for this purpose. General Pemberton added that he made this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, and feeling himself fully able to maintain his position for a yet indefinite period.

To this document, General Grant made immediate reply, assuring General Pemberton that the effusion of blood could at any time be avoided by an *unconditional surrender of the city and garrison*—that men who had shown so much endurance and courage as those in Vicksburg would be treated with all the respcct due them as prisoners of war by their adversary,—and concluded by informing General Pemberton that he did not favor the appointment of commissioners to arrange for a capitulation, as he had no other terms than those just indicated.

General Pemberton then solicited a personal interview, which was acceded to by General Grant, and appointed for three o'clock P. M., General Pemberton's messengers returning with the answer at eleven A. M. At three o'clock precisely, one gun, the prearranged signal, was fired, and immediately replied to by the confederates. General Pemberton then made his appearance on the works in McPherson's front, under a white flag, considerably on the left of Fort Hill. General Grant rode through the union trenches until he came to an outlet, leading to a small green space, which had not been trod by either army. Here the party halted, until General Pemberton appeared, accompanied by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery. Thousands of soldiers looked upon this strange scene. Two men, who had been lieutenants in the same regiment in Mexico, now met as foes, with all the world, in a certain sense, looking upon them. When they had approached within a few feet, Colonel Montgomery said—

"General Grant, General Pemberton."

They shook hands and greeted each other familiarly, Pemberton remarking, playfully, "I was at Monterey and Buena Vista. We had terms and conditions there."

It was beneath the outspreading branches of a gigantic oak that the conference of the generals took place. Here presented the only space which had not been used for some purpose or other by

the contending hosts. The ground was covered with a fresh, luxuriant verdure; here and there a shrub or clump of bushes could be seen standing out from the green growth on the surface, while several oaks filled up the scene, and gave it character. Some of the trees in their tops exhibited the effects of flying projectiles, by the loss of limbs or torn foliage, and in their trunks the indentations of smaller missiles plainly marked the occurrences to which they had been silent witnesses. The party made up to take part in the conference was composed as follows: Major-Generals Grant and McPherson, and Brigadier-General Smith, of the union army; and Lieutenant-General Pemberton, Major-General Bowen, and Colonel Montgomery, of the confederate army. It was not long before the momentous business which brought the party together was begun by General Pemberton saying—

GENERAL J. B. McPHERSON.

"General Grant, I meet you in order to arrange terms for the capitulation of the city of Vicksburg and its garrison. What terms do you propose?"

"*Unconditional surrender*," was the reply.

"Unconditional surrender?" repeated General Pemberton; "Never, so long as I have a man left me! I will fight rather."

"Then, sir," rejoined General Grant, "you can continue the defense. My army has never been in a better condition for the prosecution of the siege."

During the passing of these few preliminaries, General Grant manifested all his natural self-possession, and evinced not the least sign of embarrassment; and after a short conversation standing, the two generals, as by a kind of mutual tendency, wandered off from the rest of the party and seated themselves on the grass, in a cluster of bushes, where alone they talked over the important events then pending. Here they sat more than an hour. Pemberton played with the grass and pulled leaves. Grant, as usual, talked coolly, occasionally giving a few puffs at his favorite companion—his black cigar. Generals McPherson, Smith, and Bowen, and Colonel Montgomery, imitating the example of the commanding generals, seated themselves at some distance off, while the respective staffs of the generals formed another and larger group in the rear. After a lengthy conversation the generals separated. General Pemberton did not come to any conclusion on the matter, but stated his intention to submit the matter to a council of general officers of his command; and, in the event of their assent, the surrender of the city should be made in the morning. Until morning was given him to consider and determine upon the matter, and send in his final reply. The generals then rode to their respective quarters. It was, however, agreed that General Grant should confer with his officers, and transmit, in writing, to General Pemberton, the terms he would accept. Promptly the note was sent by the hands of General Logan and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson. It demanded, as from the first, the entire surrender of the place, the garrison, and the stores. "On your accepting the terms proposed," General Grant's note stated, "I will march in one division as a guard, and take possession at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. As soon as paroles can be made out, and signed by the officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their regimental clothing, and staff, field, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property."

Early the next morning, the glorious

INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERALS GRANT AND PEMBERTON.

Fourth of July, General Pemberton's reply was returned. He accepted the terms on condition that his troops should be permitted to march out with their colors and arms, stacking them outside of their works. To this, Grant made no objection.

In his account of the grand closing scene in this momentous military transaction, Mr. Keim states that it was about one o'clock P. M., before matters had assumed such a state of completion as would admit of the entrance of the city by the union army. *To General McPherson was accorded the honor of formally receiving the stipulated surrender.* He met Pemberton half a mile within the lines, where they were soon joined by Grant, and all, after a few minutes' parley, rode together into town. Upon arriving at the court-house, the troops were drawn up in line, facing the building, and the national ensign raised from its towering dome. This done, the ceremony of possession was completed by the display of the flags of the Forty-fifth Illinois infantry, and of the head-quarters of the Seventeenth corps. Upon the appearance of the flags, the troops joined in singing "*Rally Round the Flag,*" with tumultuous enthusiasm, and cheered vociferously—making the city ring and echo to its very suburbs. In consideration of the active part taken by the Seventeenth corps in the campaign which culminated in the capture of Vicksburg, that command was designated by General Grant to take possession of the city. No sooner was the flag thrown to the breeze from the court-house, than the admiral's glass caught sight of its beautiful folds, and in due time his vessel steamed down to the city, followed by all the gun-boats in the neighborhood, and took possession of a few feet of river front. All this was duly done, after the authority of the army of the United States was secured beyond doubt.

Rarely if ever before was such a Fourth of July celebrated as this of 1863. The tidings of the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg mingled together, and in every part of the loyal north enthusiastic demonstrations of joy were indulged in. On the fifteenth of July, President Lincoln issued a proclamation appointing August sixth as a day of national thanksgiving.

The result of this memorable campaign and siege, as stated by General Grant, was, 'the defeat of the confederates in five battles outside of Vicksburg; the occupation of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi; a loss to the confederate army of thirty-seven thousand prisoners, among whom were fifteen general officers—and at least ten thousand killed and wounded, and among the killed Generals Tracy, Tilghman, and Green, and hundreds, perhaps

thousands, of stragglers, who can never be collected and reorganized. Arms and munitions of war for an army of sixty thousand men have fallen into our hands; besides a large amount of other public property, consisting of railroads, locomotives, cars, steam-boats, cotton, etc.' The losses of the union army were about one thousand killed and a little more than seven thousand wounded—about one-half of them only slightly, and between five and six hundred missing.

In all respects, the campaign resulting in the capture of Vicksburg was one of the most skillful in the annals of military strategy, and has justly been pronounced unequaled in brilliancy of conception and the masterly tact with which it was executed. One specially grand feature in the result was, that by silencing the confederate batteries that had so long controlled the Mississippi, that most majestic river on the globe was again thrown open for the unrestricted commerce of the United States from Cairo to the Gulf—or, as President Lincoln expressed it, 'The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea.'

One of the most interesting chapters in the history of this campaign is that contained in a narrative of General Grant's interview with his friend Mr. Dubois, of Illinois, the facts of which, as given some time after in the public journals, were as follows:

Early in April, 1863, Generals Grant, Sherman, and Oglesby, Secretary of State Hatch, and Auditor Jesse R. Dubois, of Illinois, with some others, were on board the flagship of Commodore Porter's squadron, the party having been up the Yazoo river to Haines's Bluff, on a reconnoisance of the fortifications. While the other gentlemen were in the cabin, discussing public questions, General Grant and his friend Dubois withdrew, and being in company together on the deck, the following conversation, in substance, ensued. General Grant said—

"Uncle Jesse, to tell you the truth, I have come to my wit's end as regards the capture of Vicksburg. I really do not know what next move to make. I have tried everything I could think of, and here we are yet. I have been advised that we go back to Memphis, and commence an overland march from that point."

"General Grant, you cannot do that. If you take this army back to Memphis, with all this array of gun-boats and transports and all your material of war, the effect will be disastrous on the country. . . . . If you can do no better, you must storm Vicksburg. If it costs the lives of forty thousand men, it must be taken. It is a terrible thing to think of, but it must be done."

General Grant replied that he would reflect upon the matter during the night, and let Mr. Dubois know of his determination in the morning. When the morning came, General Grant said—

"Uncle Jesse, you are going home today; tell Governor Yates and the people of Illinois for me, that I will take Vicksburg in sixty days."

"General Grant, I am glad to hear you say this; but all I ask you will allow me to tell them is, that you will take Vicksburg,—I don't care whether in sixty days or six months."

"*I am bound to take it.* I have decided on my plans. I will not tell you what they are. Even with the best intentions, you might disclose them to the detriment of the movement."

They then parted, and General Grant detailed his plan to General Sherman, who protested in writing, but placed himself under the general's orders.

Auditor Dubois went home and told Governor Yates that Grant would take Vicksburg; that he had no doubt of it; that General Grant told him to tell him so, and that he must tell it to the people as coming from General Grant. This promise of General Grant was published in the papers at the time, and Governor Yates repeated it from the stump.

Not the least interesting incidents in connection with this matter, in view of the final result, are, the written protest by

General Sherman against General Grant's circuitous march around Vicksburg, and by which he cut himself off from his base of supplies; General Sherman's direction that the protest be forwarded to Washington, and General Grant's never so forwarding it; and afterward, when Vicksburg was about to surrender, the tearing up of said protest, by General Grant, in General Sherman's presence, much to the satisfaction of the latter.

A more humorous incident, and which will bear to be repeated, was that which transpired in the presence of President Lincoln, to whom complaint had been made that General Grant was in the habit of using intoxicating drinks to excess. "So I understand Grant drinks whiskey to excess?" interrogatively remarked the president. "Yes," was the reply. "*What* whiskey does he drink?" inquired Mr. Lincoln. "What whiskey?" doubtfully queried his hearers. "Yes. Is it Bourbon or Monongahela?" "Why do you ask, Mr. President?" "Because, if it makes him win victories like this at Vicksburg, I will send a demijohn of the same kind to every general in the army."

LXVII.

THREE DAYS' BATTLE BETWEEN THE CONCENTRATED ARMIES OF GENERALS MEADE AND LEE, AT GETTYSBURG, PA.—1863.

Overwhelming Invasion of Pennsylvania by the Confederate Forces.—The Union Army Drives Them with Great Slaughter Across the Potomac.—Unsuccessful Attempt to Transfer the Seat of War from Virginia to Northern Soil.—One of the Most Decisive and Important Federal Victories in the Great American Civil Conflict.—Lee's Army Impatient to go North.—Order of March at Last.—Consternation in the Border States.—Call for One Hundred Thousand More Men.—Advance of Meade's Army.—Face to Face with the Foe.—Engagement Between the Vanguards.—Terrific Artillery Contests.—Movements and Counter Movements.—Severe Reverses on Both Sides.—Carnage at Cemetery Hill.—Longstreet's Furious Onset.—Most Destructive Cannonade.—Gettysburg a Vast Hospital.—Crawford's Grand Charge.—Standing by the Batteries!—Hand-to-Hand Conflict.—Following the Battle-Flag.—Deadly and Impetuous Fighting.—Forty-one Confederate Standards Taken.—Unbounded Joy of the Victors.—President Lincoln's Announcement.

—"this day hath made
Much work for tears in many a hapless mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground."

MEADE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

LEE'S vast and powerful army had long waited, with eager and restless expectation, for the order of march from their chieftain which should enable them to transfer the seat of civil war from the familiar encampments and blood-stained battle-fields of Virginia to the soil of the North. The plans of the commanding general were in due time arranged with this end in view, and, about the middle of June, 1863, he began to move his troops across the Potomac, and soon took possession of Hagerstown, Md., intending immediately to move thence, in full force, direct to Pennsylvania.

Such a movement, on the part of the confederate army, so sudden and well executed, produced great consternation throughout the north. President Lincoln issued a call for one hundred thousand additional men from the loyal states nearest the theater of military operations; and General Meade, who had just succeeded General Hooker in command of the army of the Potomac, lost no time in advancing his army northward, as far as Harrisburg, Pa., the place of destination of Lee's forces. The army of General Meade consisted of the following corps: First, under command of General Reynolds, and subsequently under

General Doubleday; second, under General Hancock; third, under General Sickles; fifth, under General Sykes; sixth, under General Sedgwick; eleventh, under General Howard; twelfth, under General Slocum. Total number of men, sixty to eighty thousand, with two hundred guns. The army of General Lee consisted of General Hill's corps, General Longstreet's, and General Ewell's; in all, about ninety thousand men, and two hundred guns.

On the first of July, the advanced corps of the union army, led by Reynolds and Howard, engaged the confederate forces near Gettysburg. General Reynolds approached the town from the south-east, the confederates evacuating it on his arrival. He passed through and out (says the account of a writer in the Philadelphia Age) on the west side toward Chambersburg. He marched several miles, was met by the enemy in stronger force, and after a slight contest was compelled to retire. The confederates pushed him very hard, and he came into the town on a run, his troops going along every available road, and rushing out on the east side, closely pursued. One of his brigades with a confederate brigade on each side of it. All three were abreast, running as hard as they could,—the two outside ones pouring a heavy fire into the center, out of which men dropped, killed or wounded, at almost every footstep. This federal brigade, in running that terrible gauntlet, lost half its men. General Reynolds was killed, and Gettysburg was lost; but the federal troops succeeded in mounting the Cemetery Hill, and the confederates ceased pursuing. At night, the latter encamped in the town, and the union troops on the hill. During Wednesday night and Thursday morning, the two armies were concentrating on the two ridges, which were to be the next day's line of battle, and by noon on Thursday each general had a force of eighty thousand men at his disposal. *Then began the great artillery contest*, the infantry on both sides crouching behind fences and trees and in rifle-pits. The federal soldiers in the cemetery laid many of the tombstones on the ground to prevent injury, so that many escaped. There was but little infantry fighting on Thursday, and neither party made much impression on the other. The confederates in the other town erected barricades, and had their sharpshooters posted in every available spot, picking off federal soldiers on the hills to the north of the cemetery. The cannonade was fierce and incessant, and shells from both sides flew over and into the devoted town. Beyond killing and wounding, breaking trees and shattering houses, and making an awful noise, however, this cannonade had but little effect on the result of the battle. Both sides fought with great ferocity, and neither could drive the other out of position.

On Thursday night, fearing that the enemy had flank parties which might turn his rear, General Meade had serious intentions of a change in his plan of movements, and he called a council of war. The advice of some of his generals, however, and the capture of a courier with dispatches from Richmond, from which it was learned that the confederates could receive no re-enforcements, made him decide not to alter his programme. On Friday morning, General Lee did not desire to make the attack. He saw the superiority of the federal position, and wished to entice them out of it, and down into the valley. With this design in view, he withdrew all his sharpshooters and infantry from Gettysburg. The deserted town lay there a very tempting bait, but General Meade's men hid quietly behind the fences and trees, and the banks upon the hills. They could look down into the streets and see everything that was in progress. They saw the confederates march out and retire to the seminary, but made no advance, and the confederates gained nothing by the movement. A parting salute of musketry, however, from a knoll north of the cemetery, accelerated the confederate retreat. For some time the town had scarcely a soldier in it. Scores of dead and wounded men and horses, with broken wagons, bricks, stones, timber, torn clothing, and

abandoned accoutrements, lay there. The frightened inhabitants peered out of their windows to see what the armies were doing to cause such a lull, and, almost afraid of their own shadows, they hastened away and crouched in corners and cellars at the sound of every shot or shell.

Of the stirring scenes that so soon followed, the same correspondent says: General Lee's evacuation, however, had no effect. Meade was neither to be enticed into the town nor into the valley. Enough dead bodies lay in the fields and streets to give him warning of what happened to poor Reynolds two days before, and he wisely determined to stay where he was and let events shape themselves. The confederates soon became impatient. They could wait no longer; and after much solicitation from his subordinates, General

Geo. G. Meade.

Lee permitted General Longstreet to send his grand division on a charge upon the cemetery. The federal soldiers were on the alert. They were hid behind their embankments, some kneeling, and some flat on the ground. The confederate artillery opened. It was as fierce a cannonade as the one the day before, but instead of being spread all over the line, every shell was thrown at the cemetery. Experienced soldiers soon divined what was coming, and, in every portion of the federal line, the cannon were directed toward the valley in front of the cemetery. All were ready. Amidst the furious fire from the confederate cannon scarcely a federal shot was heard. The artillerists, implements in hand, crouched in the little ditches dug behind their cannon. With arms loaded, the infantry awaited the charge. It soon came. From the woods of short, scrubby timber and the rocks near the seminary, there rose a yell. *It was a long, loud, unremitting, hideous screech, from thousands of voices.* At the yell, the federal cannon opened. Soon the confederate columns emerged from the woods. They came on a rush down the hill, waving their arms and still screeching. They climbed the fences and rushed along, each one bent upon getting first into the cemetery. The cannon roared, and grape and canister and spherical case fell thick among them. Still they rushed onward, hundreds falling out of the line. They came within musket-shot of the federal troops. Then the small arms began to rattle. The confederates approached the outer line of works. They were laboring up the hill. As they mounted the low bank in front of the rifle-pits, the federal soldiers retreated out of the ditch behind, turning and firing as they went along. It was a hand-to-hand conflict. Every man fought for himself and by himself. Myriads of confederates pushed forward down the hill, across into the works, and up to the cemetery. All were shouting, and screaming, and swearing, clashing their arms and firing their pieces. The confederate shells flew over the field upon the federal artillerists on the hills above. These, almost disregarding the storm which raged around them, directed all their fire upon the surging columns of the enemy's charge. Every available cannon on Cemetery Hill, and to the right and left, threw its shells and shot in the valley. The fight was terrible; but, despite every effort, the confederates pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. The fire became hotter. The fight swayed back and forth. One moment the confederates would beat the railings of the cemetery; then a rush from the federal side would drive them down into the valley. Then, with one of

their horrid screeches, they would fiercely run up the hill again into the cemetery, and have a fierce battle among the tombstones. It was the hardest fight of the day, and hundreds were slain there. Several attempts were made to take the place, but they were not successful, and late in the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded behind them, the confederate forces retreated upon their own hill and into their woods again. They were not routed. They can scarcely be said to have been driven. They made an attack and were repulsed, and, after renewed attempts, feeling that it was useless to try any more, they retreated. It was now General Meade's turn to make an attack. Though they had lost heavily they felt elated. They saw hopes of a victory, and were ready to do almost anything to secure it. Although there had been a battle in the valley below Gettysburg, yet the town was as quiet and as much deserted as ever. Shells flew over it, and now and then one of its houses would have a wall cracked or a roof broken, but neither force possessed it. General Meade turned his attention there.

The day was waning and the battle had lulled, and Meade determined, if possible, to drive the confederates out of the seminary. This was done, according to the writer already quoted, as follows: His troops were placed in order, and charged down the hill and into the town. They ran along every street, chasing a few of the enemy still hid there, before them. They came out upon the west side, along the Emmettsburg and Chambersburg roads, and ascended the enemy's hills amidst a storm of grape and shell. At the seminary the confederates were not very strong. They had weakened that portion of the line to make their attack further to the south upon the cemetery. They had but few cannon; and though they resisted some time, they finally retreated from the edge of the hill and abandoned the seminary. The federal troops did not chase them. The land back of the seminary was rather flat and cut up into grain fields, with here and there a patch of woods. The rifle-pits on the brow of the hill proved an effectual aid to the federal soldiers in maintaining their ground; and as they lay behind the bank, with the ditch in front, they could pick off the stragglers from the retreating enemy. There was but little serious fighting after that, and night put an end to Friday's struggle, the confederates having retired about a mile on the north, near the seminary, and half a mile on the south, at a little stream. During the night, the dead in the streets of Gettysburg were buried, and the wounded on all parts of the field were collected and carried to the rear. On the next morning, General Meade expected another attack; but, instead of making it, the confederates retreated further, abandoning their entire line of battle, and the pickets reported that they were intrenching at the foot of South Mountain. The federal army was terribly crippled and sadly in need of rest, and no advance was made, although pickets were thrown across the enemy's old line of battle, and toward the place where they were building intrenchments. All the day was spent in feeding and resting the men. Gettysburg was turned into a vast hospital, and impromptu ones were made at a dozen places on the field. The rain came, too, and with it cool air and refreshment both from wind and rain. No one could tell what the confederates were doing; every picket reported that they were intrenching, and the night of the fourth of July closed upon the field, the federal army being in full possession.

The gallant charge made by the division under Crawford's command, contributed very materially to saving the left of the federal army. The confederates had massed their troops on Crawford's left. The third corps, Sickles's, had been engaging the enemy, but were overpowered, and several guns had been lost. Two divisions, of the fifth corps, Sykes's, had been also engaged, but nothing could withstand the confederate pressure, and their troops gave way. Several thousand arms had been lost. On came the

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

confederates in a dark mass, across the wheat field, over the stone wall, and across the ravine. At this moment, while the fugitives were rushing through Crawford's ranks, he ordered a charge. He was drawn up in line of battle, and in column of division. His men, with loud cheers, rushed forward. Crawford himself rode to the front, and, seizing the flag of the leading regiment, encouraged the men. They dashed in; volley after volley was poured into the confederate ranks. The federals got ahead, and drove the confederates back across the ravine, over the stone wall, and through the wheat field, retaking the unionists' ground and an immense quantity of arms. The left of the federal position was saved by this charge, enabling them to remain masters of the field.

A fit illustration of the sanguinary character of the afternoon struggle already described, is that given by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, one of the gifted correspondents of the Cincinnati Gazette. Mr. Reid says that some Massachusetts batteries — Captain Bigelow's, Captain Phillips's, and two or three more under Captain McGilvry, of Maine —were planted on the extreme left, advanced now well down to the Emmettsburg road, with infantry in their front,—the first division of Sickles's corps. A little after five, a fierce confederate charge drove back the infantry and menaced the batteries. Orders were sent to Bigelow on the extreme left, to *hold his position at every hazard* short of sheer annihilation, till a couple more batteries could be brought to his support. Reserving his fire a little, then with depressed guns opening with double charges of grape and canister, he smote and shattered, but could not break the advancing line. His grape and canister became exhausted, and still, closing grandly up over their slain, on they rushed. He fell back on spherical case, and poured this in at the shortest range. On, still onward, came the artillery-defying line, and still he held his position. They got within six paces of the guns—he fired again. Once more, and he blew devoted soldiers from their very muzzles. And, still mindful of that solemn order, he held his place; they spring upon his carriages, and shoot his horses! And then, his Yankee artillerists still about him, he seized the guns by hand, and from the very front of that line dragged two of them off. The caissons were farther back—five out of the six are saved. That single company, in that half hour's fight, lost thirty-three of its men, including every sergeant it had, and the captain himself was wounded. Yet it was the first time it was ever under fire. *So* they fought along that fiery line! The confederates now poured upon Phillips's battery, and it, too, was forced to drag off the pieces by hand when the horses were shot down. From a new position, it opened again; and at last the two re-enforcing batteries came up on the gallop. An enfilading fire swept the confederate line; Sickles's gallant infantry charged, the confederate line swept back on a refluent tide—the unionists regained their lost ground, and every gun they had just lost in this splendid fight.

Mr. Reid, as an eye witness, characterizes the sanguinary struggle at four o'clock as *the great, desperate, and final charge.* The confederates seemed to have gathered up all their strength and desperation for one fierce, convulsive effort, that should sweep over and wash out all resistance. They swept up as before; the flower of their army to the front—victory staked upon the issue. In some places, they literally lifted up and pushed back the union lines; but, that terrible 'position' of the federals!—wherever they entered it, enfilading fires from half a score of crests swept away their columns like merest chaff. Broken and hurled back, they easily became prisoners; and on the center and left, the last half hour brought more prisoners than all the rest. So it was along the whole line; but it was on the second corps that the flower of the confederate army was concentrated; it was there that the heaviest shock beat upon, and shook, and even sometimes crumbled, the federal line. The federals had some shallow rifle-pits, with barricades of rails from

the fences. The confederate line, stretching away miles to the left, in magnificent array, but strongest here,—Pickett's splendid division of Longstreet's corps in front, the best of A. P. Hill's veterans in support —came steadily, and as it seemed resistlessly, sweeping up. The federal skirmishers retired slowly from the Emmettsburg road, holding their ground tenaciously to the last. The confederates reserved their fire till they reached this same Emmettsburg road, then opened with a terrific crash. From a hundred iron throats, meantime, their artillery had been thundering on the union barricades. Hancock was wounded; Gibbon succeeded to the command—approved soldier, and ready for

the crisis. As the tempest of fire approached its height, he walked along the line, and renewed his orders to the men to reserve their fire. The confederates—three lines deep—came steadily up. They were in point-blank range. *At last the order came!* From thrice six thousand guns, there came a sheet of smoky flame, a crash, a rush of leaden death. The line literally melted away; but there came the second, resistless still. It had been the unionists' supreme effort—on the instant, they were not equal to another. Up to the rifle-pits, across them, over the barricades—the momentum of their charge, the mere machine strength of their combined action—swept the confederates on. The federal thin line could fight, but it had not weight enough to oppose to this momentum. It was pushed behind the guns. Right on came the confederates. They were upon the guns—were bayoneting the gunners—were waving their flags above the federal pieces. But they had penetrated to the fatal point. A storm of grape and canister tore its way from man to man, and marked its track with corpses straight down their line! They had exposed themselves to the enfilading fire of the guns on the western slope of Cemetery Hill; that exposure sealed their fate. The line reeled back—disjointed already—in an instant in fragments. The union troops were just behind the guns. They leaped forward upon the disordered mass; but there was little need for fighting now. A regiment threw down its arms, and, with colors at its head, rushed over and surrendered. All along the field, smaller detachments did the same. Webb's brigade brought in eight hundred; Gibbon's old division took fifteen stand of colors. Over the fields, the escaped fragments of the charging line fell back—the battle there was over. A single brigade, Harrow's, came out with fifty-four less officers, and seven hundred and ninety-three less

men (the Seventh Michigan regiment was of this brigade,) than it took in. So the whole corps fought—so too they fought farther down the line. It was fruitless sacrifice. They gathered up their broken fragments, formed their lines, and slowly marched away. It was not a rout, it was a bitter, crushing defeat.

Among the individual instances of bravery narrated of this terrible combat between the two great armies, that of Henry Shaler, of Indianapolis, will bear repetition, for he seems to have more than equaled the self-told mythical performance of the Irishman who 'surrounded' a half-dizen of the enemy and bagged them plump. Shaler took more prisoners in this battle than any other man in the army—in all, twenty-five men, including one lieutenant and eighteen privates at one swoop. He took them by strategy of the most undoubted kind; that is, he surrounded them, and they had to give up. On the morning of the fourth, he went out with his 'poncho' over his shoulders, so that the confederates couldn't see his coat, and thus they thought he was one of their own men. He went up and told them to lay down their arms and come and help carry some wounded off the field; they did so. When he got them away from their arms, he rode up to the lieutenant and told him to give up his sword. The lieutenant refused at first, but Shaler drew his revolver, and the lieutenant yielded without a shot, and the whole squad were then escorted by their gallant captor into camp.

The heroism of General Kilpatrick—like that of Couch, Geary, Buford, Birney, Newton, Gregg, McIntosh, Neil, and others—was conspicuous from first to last. On the thirteenth, some ten days after the close of the conflict, General Kilpatrick was anxious to make an advance, but could not obtain orders. Some of the Pennsylvania militia having been placed at his disposal, he thought he would try one regiment under fire. The Philadelphia Blues were selected, and, accompanied by the First Vermont cavalry, a demonstration was made on the right—the confederates then occupying a fortified position. The militia were now deployed, the general desiring them to move to the crest of a knoll, where the bullets were flying pretty lively. There was some hesitancy at first, whereupon a battle-flag presented to the division by the ladies of Boonsboro' was sent to the front. Sergeant Judy, bearer of the flag, cried out—

"*This is General Kilpatrick's battle-flag; follow it!*"

The militia obeyed the summons promptly, and fell some distance in front of the line, and it was supposed for some time that the enemy had captured the flag; but at night, when Judy was brought in on a litter, he proudly waved the battle-flag. The novelty of being thus under fire for the first time was keenly felt by the militia. About the first man touched had the top of his head grazed just close enough to draw blood. He halted—threw down his musket—truly an astonished man! One or two officers and a dozen or more privates ran hurriedly to see what the matter was. Running both hands over his pate, and seeing blood, he exclaimed, "A ball! a ball!"—while the others stood on agape with astonishment, until the shrill voice of the general sounded in their ears: "*Move on there!*"

On the opening movement being made to baffle Lee's march toward Pennsylvania, the spirit which animated those who had gone forth in defense of the American Union—"man's last, best hope, of free government,"—was conspicuously manifest. At a distance of fifteen miles from Gettysburg, where the armies were massing, were first caught the murmurs of the opening battle, and from that time the scene was all enthusiasm among the weary, foot-sore federals, who counted as nothing all the pains of a march of nearly two hundred miles, now that they were within striking distance of the foe. Most of the way, the ambulance train had been crowded with both officers and men, weary, worn, and haggard; but the cannon's rattle, as it became more and more distinct, changed

them in a twinkling into new creatures. The New Jersey brigade, in Sedgwick's corps, was of this body. At about three o'clock on the afternoon of July 3d, the head of the column arrived on the battle-ground. As it came to a halt, a poor fel-

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

low, who looked the very image of death, hobbled out of the ambulance in which he had been lying, and, shouldering his musket, was just starting forward, when the surgeon stopped him with—

"Where are you going, sir?"

"To the front, doctor,"—and the brave fellow tried hard to stand firm and speak boldly as he saluted the surgeon.

"To the front! What! a man in *your* condition? Why, sir, you can't march half a mile; you haven't the strength to carry yourself, let alone your knapsack, musket, and equipments. You must be crazy, surely."

"But, doctor, my division are in the fight," (here he grasped the wheel of an ambulance to support himself,) "and I have a younger brother in my company. I *must* go."

"But I am your surgeon, and I forbid you. You have every symptom of typhoid fever; a little over-exertion will kill you."

"Well, doctor, if I *must* die, I would rather die in the field, than in an ambulance."

The doctor saw it was useless to debate the point, and the soldier went as he desired. But on the evening of the next day he was buried where he fell—for fall he did—his right arm blown off at the elbow, and his forehead pierced by a minie ball.

The impetuous bravery with which the confederate troops fought is illustrated by the fact that every brigadier in Pickett's division was killed or wounded; out of twenty-four regimental officers, only two escaped unhurt; the colonels of five Virginia regiments were killed; the ninth Virginia went in with two hundred and fifty men, and came out with only thirty-eight. These data show that the total casualties of the confederate army, though never officially published, must have been immense—greater, probably, than those of the victorious. The latter, as given by General Meade, were as follows: two thousand and eight hundred and thirty-four killed; thirteen thousand and seven hundred and nine wounded; six thousand and six hundred and forty-three missing. The union army took forty-one standards, nearly twenty-five thousand small arms, and about fourteen thousand prisoners.

So great was the joy throughout the loyal states, as the tidings of victory flashed across the wires, that, on the forenoon of July 4th, President Lincoln officially telegraphed as follows:

"The President announces to the country that news from the Army of the Potomac, up to 10 P. M. of the 3d, is such as to cover that army with the highest honor; to promise a great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen; and that for this he especially desires that on this day, He, whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and reverenced with profoundest gratitude."

LXVIII.

ORATORICAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA'S CAUSE IN ENGLAND, BY REV. H. W. BEECHER.—1863.

His Olympian Speeches, in Defiance of British Sentiment, in the Great Cities of the Kingdom.—His Eloquence Rises to the Very Crown of the Occasion.—Superb Exhibition of Forensic Power in Liverpool.—He Wrestles, Single-Handed and Triumphantly, for Three Hours, with a Vast and Tumultuous Mob in that City.—Reception at Exeter Hall, London.—Mr. Beecher's Tour Undertaken for His Health.—Reaches England, Homeward Bound.—Civil Conflict Raging in America.—Mr. Beecher Urged to Speak on United States Affairs.—Opening Speech in Manchester.—Great Audience of Seven Thousand.—Attempts to Silence Him.—Powerlessness of the Opposition—Splendid Qualities as an Orator.—Discussions in Glasgow and Edinburgh.—Battle Waged by Mr. Beecher in Liverpool.—Violent Efforts to Gag Him.—A Maddened Sea of Insult.—Taunts, Curses, Hisses, Fury.—Stampings, Hootings, Yellings.—Beecher's Pluck, and Good Humor.—He Triumphs Over the Wild Tempest.—A Spectacle Never Before Witnessed.—Grand Closing Scene in the British Capital.—Vast and Excited Assembly.—He Carries the House by Storm.—Plaudits and Congratulations.

"A more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the Court of Versailles."—THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

DECIDEDLY the most memorable oratorical success ever achieved by an American citizen abroad, in behalf of the name and honor of his country, was that by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in England during the great conflict of arms then raging in the United States. Leaving his great parish in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the summer of 1863, for a tour in Europe, with a view to the restoration of his health, it was not until October following, soon after reaching England, with his face set homeward, that he was prevailed upon to address a public audience, as the champion of the American Union, and defender of the national government.

Beginning at Manchester, October 9th, Mr. Beecher delivered five great speeches in the great cities of the kingdom — Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London,—each speech being devoted to some special train of thought and argument bearing upon the issues involved in the momentous contest; and the whole series, taken together, did more for the Union cause in Great Britain than all that had before been said or written. Possessing the faculty, beyond any other American orator, of combining close, rapid, powerful, practical reasoning, with intense passion,—his mind always aglow with his subject,—the effect of Mr. Beecher's speaking

is to kindle sympathy, even if it does not flash conviction. It is this quality, according to the opinion of those who are best acquainted with Mr. Beecher's oratory, which, combined with his marvelous power of illustration — marvelous alike for its intense vividness and unerring pertinency —and his great flexibility, whereby he adapts himself completely to the exigency of the instant, gives him a rare command over a popular assemblage.

Free Trade Hall was the place selected for Mr. Beecher's appearance in Manchester. Though capable of holding seven thousand persons, the hall was densely crowded, and the speaker received a welcome such as, in point of enthusiasm, had rarely fell to the lot of any other man. On this occasion, he gave a history of that series of political movements, extending through half a century, the logical and inevitable end of which was open conflict between the two opposing forces of freedom and slavery. There were in the meeting a few hundred opponents who frequently interrupted Mr. Beecher, but these checks only served to show how powerless was the opposition, and how forcible was the impression made by the speaker. His pointed remarks were frequently greeted with rounds of applause, and when, at the close of his address, he read a telegram just received from Liverpool, that the "broad arrow" of the British government had that day been placed upon the suspected steam-rams in the Mersey, the enthusiasm reached its climax. The whole audience rose, vociferously cheering, and waving hats and handkerchiefs.

Not to dwell upon the scenes characterizing Mr. Beecher's efforts in Glasgow and Edinburgh, it may be remarked that, in Liverpool, he waged such a battle with the vast and tumultuous throng assembled there to gag and stifle him, as, perhaps, no other public speaker in the world could have fought, in a strange land, and not been utterly vanquished. He here, in this great center of commercial and manufacturing interests, labored to show how those interests are injured by slavery,— that the attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave population that buys nothing, and a degraded white population that buys next to nothing, should array against it the sympathy of every true political economist and every thoughtful and far-seeing manufacturer, as tending to strike at the vital want of commerce, namely, not the want of cotton, but the want of customers. Amidst the most violent attempts to drown his voice and shut his lips, Mr. Beecher remained master of the platform, abundantly proving to the mob the truth of his assertion, "I am born without moral fear. I have expressed my views in any audience, and it never cost me a struggle. I never could help doing it." So, too, in answer to the taunts and sarcasm of those who wished ill to the Union and looked with satisfaction upon the evidences of its approaching dismemberment, came the declaration:

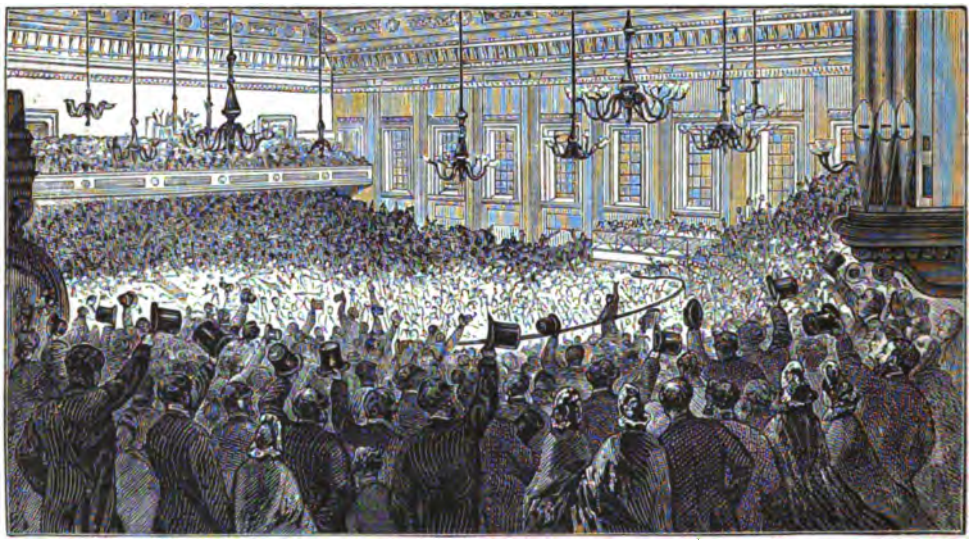
"Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain, you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit to make fruitful as so much seed-corn in a new and fertile land, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination—deep as the sea, firm as the mountains, but calm as the heavens above us—to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost."

Throughout all the tumultuous demonstrations on the part of his Liverpool audience, his pluck and good humor never for a moment forsook him. His perfect self-possession, his readiness, his jovial wit, gave him the mastery in the fearful odds against which he had to battle.

Another orator might have withered the mob with invective, but he conquered them with humor. He turned the laugh against them. He parried their blows, and at the same time struck home, so that the recoil made them wince in spite of their bravado.

It was a grand spectacle, in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, when he struggled for nearly three livelong hours against that raging sea of insult, taunt, irony, impertinent questioning, blackguardism, curses, hisses, cat-calls, stampings, hootings, yellings—every possible manifestation of hate, every possible form of disorder; but this strong-winged bird of the storm matched his might against it—now soaring up to

In the course of this great and exciting discussion, the orator touched upon a point or question frequently asked and honestly entertained by those not acquainted with the structure of the American government. "It is said, 'Why not let the South go?' [Hear, hear, and cheers.] 'Since they won't be at peace with you, why do you not let them separate from you?' Because they would be less peaceable separated than they are together. [Hear, hear.] Oh, if the South only would go! [Laughter.] They are determined to stay—that is the trouble. [Hear, hear.] We would furnish free passage to every mother's son of them, if they would go. [Laughter.]



REV. H. W. BEECHER DEFENDING THE AMERICAN UNION, IN EXETER HALL, LONDON.

overcome it—now sinking down to undermine it—now dashing in its teeth—now half-choked in the gust of its fury, but always moving onward, and in the end riding triumphant on the very crest of its wildest billows. There was not a more heroic achievement on any field of battle during the Great American Conflict, than the successful delivery of Mr. Beecher's speech against the tempest of odds which opposed it. This is the testimony which the loyal American press universally bore to the value of Mr. Beecher's efforts in vindicating the national cause so courageously and ably.

But we say, 'That *territory is ours!*' [Cheers.] Let them go, and leave the nation its territory, and they will have our unanimous consent. [Renewed cheers.] But I do not wish to discuss this even in in this *ad captandum* way. I wish—because this seems to me the very marrow of the matter—I wish to ask you to stand in our place for a little time, and see this question as we see it, then afterwards make up your judgment as you think best. [Hear, hear.] And first, this war began by the act of the South—firing at that old flag that had covered both sections with glory and protection. [Applause.]

(Some gentleman on the platform here offered Mr. Beecher a glass of water.) No, thank you (said Mr. Beecher); I want neither water nor lozenges. [Laughter.] Time, patience, and my own good lungs, will make me heard. I expect to be hoarse; I am willing to be hoarse. I think that if I might but bring the mother and the daughter heart to heart and hand to hand [loud applause], I would be willing to be silent for a twelvemonth in so good a work as that. [Cheers.] The war began under circumstances that obliged the North to join issue in order to prevent actual humiliation and subjugation. . . . . And for the North to have lain down like a spaniel—to have given up the territory that every child in America is taught, as every child in Britain is taught, to regard as his sacred right and his trust—to have given that territory up without a thought, without a blow, would have marked the North to all eternity as craven and mean beyond expression." [Loud cheers and some hisses.]

Equally forcible and felicitous was the manner in which Mr. Beecher met his opponents on another point. "But I hear," said Mr. Beecher, "a loud protest against war. [Hear, hear.] Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Chairman: There is a small band in our country and in yours—I wish their number were quadrupled—who have borne a solemn and painful testimony against all wars, under all circumstances; and although I differ with them on the subject of defensive warfare, yet when men that rebuked their own land, and all lands, now rebuke us, though I cannot accept their judgment, I bow with profound respect to their consistency. [Hear, hear, and cheers.] But excepting *them*, I regard this British horror of the American war as something wonderful. [Renewed cheers and laughter.] Why, it is a phenomenon in itself! On what shore has not the prow of your ships dashed? [Hear, hear.] What land is there with a name and a people where your banner has not led your soldiers? [Hear, hear.] And when the great resurrection reveille shall sound, it will muster British soldiers from every clime and people under the whole heaven. [Cheers.] Ah, but it is said this is a war against your own blood. [Hear, hear.] How long is it since you poured soldiers into Canada, and let all your yards work night and day to avenge the taking of two men out of the *Trent?* [Loud applause.] Old England shocked at a war of principle! She gained her glories in such a war. [Cheers.] Old England ashamed of a war of principle! Her national ensign symbolizes her history — the cross in a field of blood. [Cheers.] And will *you* tell *us*—who inherit your blood, your ideas, and your pluck [cheers]—that we must not fight?" [Cheers.]

Exeter Hall, London, was the scene of Mr. Beecher's last and, perhaps, greatest oratorical effort, in defense of the American Union—the undivided nationality of the American Republic. This speech was delivered under the auspices of the Emancipation Society, October 20th, and the meeting was one of the most enthusiastic ever held in the English metropolis. The admission was by tickets, the lowest charge for which was one shilling, and for the reserved seats, of which there were four hundred, the charge was two shillings and sixpence. More than an hour before the time for the proceedings to commence, the main entrance in the Strand was besieged by crowds of persons anxious to obtain egress, and, soon after the doors were opened, the vast hall was filled to suffocation, and thousands were outside seeking but unable to obtain admission.

Outside, the scene was of a most extraordinary description. The speech, as advertised, was to begin at seven o'clock, and it was announced that the doors would be opened at half-past six. The crowd, however, began to assemble as early as five o'clock, and, before six, it became so dense and numerous, as completely to block up not only the footway but the carriage-way of the Strand, and the committee of management determined, therefore, to throw open the doors at once. The rush that

took place was of the most tremendous character, and the hall, in every available part, became filled to overflowing, in a few minutes. But, notwithstanding this, no perceptible diminution was made in the crowd outside, and, at half-past six, there were thousands of well-dressed persons struggling to get in, despite the placards exhibited, announcing the hall to be "quite full."

The policemen and hall-keepers were powerless to contend against this immense crowd, who ultimately filled the spacious corridors and staircases leading to the hall, still leaving a prodigious multitude both in the Strand and Burleigh street. At ten minutes before seven o'clock, Mr. Scott, the city chamberlain, and the chairman of the meeting, accompanied by a large body of the committee of the Emancipation Society, arrived, but were unable to make their way through the crowd, and a messenger was dispatched to the Bow street police station, for an extra body of police. About thirty of the reserve men were immediately sent, and these, aided by the men already on duty, at last succeeded in forcing a passage for the chairman and his friends. Mr. Beecher at this time arrived, but was himself unable to gain admittance to the hall until a quarter of an hour after the time appointed for the commencement of his address. The reverend gentleman bore his detention in the crowd with great good humor, and was received with a perfect ovation, the crowd pressing forward in all directions to shake hands with him. *He was at last fairly carried into the hall on the shoulders of the policemen*, and the doors of the hall were at once closed and guarded by a body of police, who distinctly announced that no more persons would be admitted, whether holding tickets or not. This had the effect of thinning to some extent the throng outside, but thousands yet remained there, eager to seize any chance for admission that arose.

At a quarter-past seven o'clock, a tremendous burst of cheering from within the building, plainly proclaimed that Mr. Beecher had made his appearance on the platform. The cheering was taken up by the outsiders, and re-echoed again and again. The bulk of the crowd had now congregated in Burleigh street, which was completely filled, and loud cries were raised for some members of the emancipation committee to address them, but the call was not responded to. Several impromptu speakers, mounted upon the shoulders of some workingmen and addressed the people in favor of the policy of the federal government, their remarks being received with loud cheering from the large majority of those present.

One or two speakers raised their voices in opposition to the views which had been advocated by Mr. Beecher, but they were speedily dislodged from their position by the mass of the crowd, whose sympathies were thus unmistakably exhibited. Every burst of cheering that resounded from within the hall was taken up and as heartily responded to by those outside. This scene continued without intermission, until the close of the meeting. When Mr. Beecher and his friends issued from the hall, they were again received with loud cheers; and, a call being made for a cheer for Abraham Lincoln, a response went up from thousands of voices, like the noise of many waters, deep answering unto deep. A strong body of police were stationed in the Strand and Burleigh street, but no breach of the peace occurred calling for their interference.

In this London speech, Mr. Beecher gave a passing *résumé* of his discussions of the American question during the last few weeks: At Manchester, he attempted to give the history of the external political movements for fifty years past, so far as was necessary to elucidate the fact that the war was only an overt form of the contest between liberty and slavery which had been going on politically for half a century. At Glasgow, he undertook to show that the condition of work and labor necessitated by any profitable system of slavery was, that it brought labor into contempt, affixing to it the badge of deg-

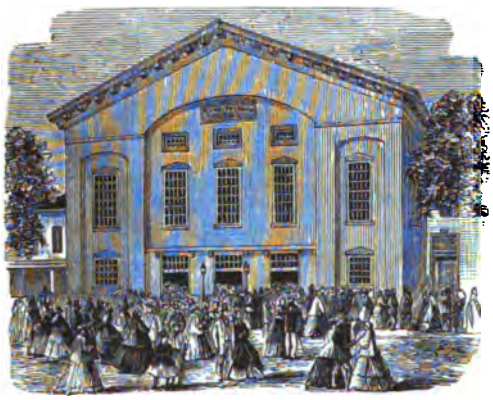
radation, and that the struggle to extend servile labor across the American continent interested every free workingman on the face of the globe—the southern cause being the natural enemy of free labor and the laborer all over the world. In Edinburgh, he endeavored to sketch how, out of separate colonies and states, intensely jealous of their individual sovereignty, there grew up a nation, and how in that nation of the United States there grew up two distinct and antagonistic systems of development, striving for the possession of government and for the control of the national policy, in which the north gained the control, and that the south joined the Union simply and only because it believed the government would be in the hands of men who would give their whole influence against the cause of freedom. In Liverpool, he labored to show that slavery was, in the long run, hostile to commerce and manufactures all the world over, as it was to every other interest of human society; that a slave nation must be a poor customer, buying the smallest quantity and the poorest goods, at the lowest profit, and that the interest of every manufacturing nation was to promote freedom, intelligence, and wealth, among all nations; and that the attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave population which buys nothing, and a degraded white population which buys next to nothing, should array every political economist, every far-seeing manufacturer, against it, as striking at the vital interest of the manufacturer, not by want of cotton, but by want of customers.

From beginning to ending, the orator's address was a clear, forcible, and thoroughly earnest exposition of the principles underlying the great conflict, the course of policy that led to it, and the tremendous issues at stake in its decision. Many of the points specially dwelt upon—such as the legal position of slavery in the South under the constitution, as a state and not a Union question, a matter of local jurisdiction, with which the national government had nothing to do—were presented by Mr. Beecher with such happy illustrations, accurate logic, and fervent zeal, as to render them more broadly intelligible to the popular mind, than ever they had been made before, and showed the orator to be not only a practiced and powerful speaker, but remarkably skilled in the management of large audiences, so that, by a happy mixture of sterling sense, good humor, and downright earnestness, combined with a rare talent for effective retort, he succeeded in carrying his entire audience, foes as well as friends, along with him.

As an instance of the speaker's last named faculty, nothing could be more apposite than his plump and dexterous retort to an indignation cry from some one in the audience about the fêting of the Russian naval officers at New York,—Mr. Beecher's sarcasm at the attentions paid by the English to Mr. Mason, the southern commissioner, being in his best vein. "A gentleman asks me," said Mr. Beecher, "to say a word about the Russians. [Hear, hear.] Well, what about the Russians in New York harbor? [Cheers.] The fact is, that *that* is a little piece of coquetry. Don't you know that when a woman thinks her suitor is not attentive enough, she picks out another, and flirts with him in her lover's face? Well, New York is in the same way flirting with Russia at this moment, but she has her eye on Russia, you may depend. [Hear.] When I hear men say, this is a piece of national folly, which is not becoming in a people reputed wise and under the solemn circumstances in which America is now placed; when I hear it said, that while Russia is actually engaged in treading down the liberties of Poland—[Hear, hear,]—it is not even decent of a free country like the Northern States of America to make believe to flirt with her —[Hear, hear, and "That is true,"]—well, I think so too, *and now you know how we felt when you flirted with Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet!*"

Mr. Beecher's justification of the president's proclamation of emancipation, as at once a war necessity and a philanthropic

act, told with admirable effect upon his hearers. He said: "The great conflict between the north and the south when we began this war was, which should control the government of the territories—slave institutions, or free institutions. That was the conflict. It was not emancipation or no emancipation—the government had no business with the question. The only thing the government could join issue on was, shall the national policy be free or slave. . . . It was for this the north went to war. It produced emancipation; but she went to war to save national institutions, to save territories, to save those laws which, if allowed to act through a series of years, would infallibly first circumscribe, then suffocate, and finally destroy slavery. This is the reason why



MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

that truly honest, just, and conscientious magistrate, Mr. Lincoln—[the remainder of the sentence was lost amid tumultuous cheering, the people rising and waving their hats]. How did the matter pass to a conflict with the south, in place of a direct attack upon the institution of slavery itself? Because, in an ill advised hour, according to the foreshadowing of the wisest men of the south, they mixed the national government and national life with the institution of slavery, and obliged the people and obliged the president, who was under oath to defend the constitution and the national government, to take their choice between the safety of the life of the government itself and slavery. We were content to wait the issue, as one of policy, but when they threw drown the gauntlet, and said that slavery shall be established and extended, we could not do any otherwise than accept the challenge. [Cheers.] The police have no right to interfere with you so long as you keep the law, but when you violate the law they have a right. And so in constitutional government, it has no right to attack slavery when slavery is merely a state institution; but when that state institution comes out of its own limits and attacks other states, it becomes a national enemy. [Cheers.] But it is said the president issued his proclamation for political effect, and not from humanity. [Hear, hear.] Why, the act of issuing the proclamation was political, but the disposition to do it was not. [Cheers.] Mr. Lincoln is an officer of the state, and in the presidential chair has no more right to follow his private feelings, than any one of your judges has a right to follow his private feelings on the bench. A judge is bound to administer the law, but when he sees that a rigid administration of the law goes with purity of justice, with humanity, and with pity, he is all the more glad, because his private feelings go with his public duties."

But the most striking and important parts of Mr. Beecher's address were his noble and earnest efforts to promote, to the utmost of his ability, that supreme international object of his oratorical efforts—a good understanding between England and America, in which all the higher interests of civilization, freedom, and progress, are so directly involved. In discussing this great and vital question, he rose to a pitch of moral enthusiasm and elevation which—stranger, as he was, in the midst of his country's reputed enemies, and standing, as he did, the solitary spokesman for that country, in the presence of a surging and excited multitude—presented a spectacle of moral and forensic sublimity, rarely witnessed in any country.

As the sequel of his series of public addresses in the various cities of the kingdom, this at London completed the dis-

cussion of the whole round of points in American affairs which the British found it most difficult to understand. That the address excited a prodigious degree of attention in Great Britain was evident on all sides. Its great effectiveness consisted in its being an American's presentation of the American question, and never before did an orator make such triumphant use of his opportunity. There had been symptoms of an attempt to pack the meeting—if possible to fill the hall with an opposition which should prevent a hearing for the speaker, or at least disturb him by unmannerly interruptions as at Liverpool. To this end, the walls of the city were placarded with enormous posters, designed to excite ill feeling against Mr. Beecher, and hand-bills of a similar character were distributed to all who entered the hall. But all such effort to disparage the speaker with his audience was entirely overwhelmed, chiefly by the hearty enthusiasm with which he was greeted by the great majority, while his good nature, fine tact, resoluteness, and easy address, quite conquered the remaining malcontents and reduced them to silence.

LXIX.

COMBAT BETWEEN THE ALABAMA, CAPTAIN SEMMES, AND THE KEARSARGE, CAPTAIN WINSLOW, OFF CHERBOURG.—1864.

The Alabama is Sunk after an Hour's Engagement, in Sight of the Two Great Maritime Powers of Europe.—Semmes Throws His Sword Away, Jumps Overboard, and Escapes.—Relative Equality, in Size and Armament, of the Two Vessels.—The Previous Destructive Career of the Alabama against Northern Commerce.—Causeless Raid on Marine Property.—Fault in the Law of Nations.—British Origin of the Alabama.—Her Unmistakable Character.—Peculiar Model and Equipment.—Adapted to Destroy, Fight, or Run.—Adroit Shipment of Stores and Guns.—Ready for a Start.—All Hands Mustered Aft.—Semmes Reads Aloud His Commission.—Cheers for Davis, Semmes, etc.—Salute Fired: Hoisting the Flag.—A Long Cruise: Terrible Ravages.—Puts in, at Cherbourg, France.—The United States Ship Kearsarge on His Track.—Semmes Boldly Offers to Fight.—Preliminary Maneuvers of the Ships.—Seven Circles Round Each Other.—Semmes's Rapid and Furious Fire.—Superior Gunnery of the Kearsarge.—Its Fatal Effect on the Alabama.—Incidents of this Renowned Fight.

"Sink, burn, and destroy everything which flies the ensign of the so-called United States."—SEMMES'S COMMISSION FROM JEFFERSON DAVIS.

MERCHANT VESSEL BURNED BY THE ALABAMA.

JUSTICE, reason, and law, will eventually unite, in all the states of Christendom, in exempting the merchant vessels of belligerent nations, engaged in the transport of goods on the high seas, not contraband of war, from capture by privateers. Had this wise and equitable principle prevailed during the four years of the American Civil Conflict, the commerce of the United States would not have been swept from the ocean by a few predatory cruisers like the Sumter, the Florida, the Georgia, and chief of all the Alabama, the latter commanded by Captain Raphael Semmes, formerly an officer of the United States navy, and a man of acknowledged professional abilities. No feature in the devastations which accompanied that sanguinary conflict appears now, at this remote view of the period when it occurred, more causeless and deplorable than this indiscriminate destruction of merchant shipping, the hapless crews of which were composed largely of natives of other countries, and therefore in no wise involved in or responsible for the war.

On this account, the devastations of the Alabama—so famous for its successful career as "the scourge of the seas," as well as for the grave complications between England and America to which her career subsequently gave rise, and especially for the sum-

mary doom which at last overtook her in an engagement with the United States gun-boat Kearsarge, commanded by Capt. John A. Winslow, U. S. N., will here form the subject of a few pages. The engagement which at last sealed her doom, took place Sunday forenoon, June 19, 1864, off Cherbourg, in the English channel, *in plain sight of the two great maritime powers of Europe.*

Originally known as the "290," this vessel was built by Mr. Laird, the eminent ship-builder, at Liverpool, or Birkenhead, and presented the following peculiarities in her make, appointments, and management: Of about twelve hundred tons burden; draught some fourteen feet; engines by Laird and Sons, Birkenhead, 1862. She was a wooden vessel, propelled by a screw, copper bottom, two hundred and ten feet length on water-line, rather narrow, painted black outside and drab inside; had a round stern, billet head, very little shear, flush deck fore and aft; a bridge forward of the smoke-stack carried two large black boats on cranes amidships forward of the main rigging; two black quarter-boats between the main and mizzen masts, one small black boat over the stern, on cranes; the spare spars, on a gallows between the bridge and foremast, showed above the rail.

In respect to armament, she carried three long thirty-two pounders on a side, and was pierced for two more amidships; had a one hundred pound rifled pivot gun forward of the bridge, and a sixty-eight pound pivot on the main deck; also, a pivot bow-gun, and a pivot stern chaser. This was her armament when she began her career, her guns being of the well-known Blakely pattern, manufactured in Liverpool, in 1862.

She was bark-rigged; had very long, bright lower masts, and black mast-heads; yards black, long yard-arms, short poles—about one to two feet—with small dog-vanes on each, and a pendant to the main; studding-sail booms on the fore and main, and wire rigging. Carried on her foremast a square foresail; large try-sail with two reefs, and a bonnet top-sail with two reefs, top-gallant sail and royal. On the mizzen-mast a very large spanker and a short three-cornered gaff top-sail; a fore and foretop-mast stay-sail and jib; no stay-sail to the main or mizzen mast bent or royal yards aloft. On the mainmast a large try-sail with two reefs and a bonnet. No square main-sail bent, top-sail two reefs, top-gallant sail and royal.

Of her appearance and management at sea, she was rated, in respect to speed, at thirteen knots under canvas and fifteen under steam; could get steam in twenty minutes, but seldom used it except in a chase or emergency. Had all national flags, but usually set the St. George's cross on approaching a vessel. Her complement of men varied from one hundred to considerably more than that number. A man was kept at the mast-head from daylight until sunset. Her sails were of hemp canvas, made very roaching; the top-sails had twenty cloths on the head and thirty on the foot. The general appearance of the hull and sails was decidedly English. She was generally under two top-sails, fore and main try-sails; fore and foretop-mast stay-sails; sometimes top-gallant sails and jib, but seldom any sails on the mizzen except while in charge of a vessel. She was very slow in stays; generally wore ship. Being built expressly for a privateer, she was adapted, in all respects, to destroy, fight, or run, according as the character of her opponent might be.

She left Birkenhead, towards the end of July, ostensibly on a trial trip, having on board a large party of ladies and gentlemen. On getting out of the Mersey, this party was sent back in a tug-boat, and the 290, as had been previously arranged, neglected to return to Birkenhead, but steamed direct for the island in the Atlantic where she was to take in her guns, ammunition, etc.

On leaving England, the privateer had a crew of ninety-three men, for the most part belonging to the English naval reserve, all being trained gunners, and the

majority old men-of-war's men. She was temporarily commanded by Captain Bullock, who had under him the proper complement of commissioned and petty officers. Captain Bullock having learned that the Tuscarora, a United States war vessel, lay in wait for him in St. George's channel, took his departure by what is known as the north channel, thus eluding pursuit; though, even had he been intercepted, the Tuscarora would have found herself in a dilemma, as the escaped vessel had a set of English papers, and other presumptive proofs of her neutrality, in the face of which, interference might have been difficult. At this time, she carried no guns, nor any warlike stores, but consisted

Raphael Semmes

merely of the hull, spars, and engines, with sufficient coal and other requisites to enable her to reach her destination, which was Tarissa, one of the Azores, or Western Islands, belonging to Portugal. This destination the vessel duly reached, after a favorable run of eight days, nothing of any moment having occurred to break the usual monotony of a sea voyage.

Some time before her departure from the Mersey, a large bark left the Thames, —clearing for Demerara, West Indies,— to meet the privateer at Tarissa, and there transfer to the latter vessel the guns and stores destined for her, and which formed the cargo of the bark. Some reason required to be assigned to the Portuguese authorities for the 290 having anchored in this way, in their bay, and accordingly the excuse furnished them was that her engines had broken down. This plea was accepted as valid, and, during the week that intervened betwixt the arrival at Tarissa of the privateer and the bark, the crew of the former vessel were engaged ostensibly in repairing her engines, but really in preparing her to receive her guns, etc. About the lapse of a week from the arrival of the 290, the bark above mentioned sailed in and anchored, her captain alleging as a reason to the Portuguese officials that his vessel had sprung a leak, which would require to be repaired ere she could resume her voyage; and on this understanding, the Portuguese at once placed her in quarantine, which in the Azores lasts three days.

On the day after the bark's arrival, Captain Bullock, being anxious to get his guns on board, hauled alongside of the bark, and erected a pair of large shears to effect the transfer of her cargo from the bark's hold to the privateer's deck. This brought off the Portuguese in a fury, that their rules should have been broken by the 290 having dared to communicate with a vessel that had still quarantine time to run, and they angrily demanded to know the reason why their regulations had been infringed. They were told that the bark was in a sinking state, and the erection of the shears was accounted for by urging the necessity of an immediate transfer, temporarily, of her cargo, that the leak might be reached and stopped; and Captain Bullock finally succeeded in bearing down all opposition by feigning to get into a passion, saying that he was doing no more for the bark than any Englishman would do for another in distress. The Portuguese were content to leave the vessel, and the transhipment proceeded without further hindrance from those on shore.

About the afternoon of the second day, and when the transfer was nearly complete, the British screw-steamer Bahama came in, having on board Captain Semmes and

other late officers of the privateer Sumter (cut short in her career), besides the remainder of the 290's armament, and an addition of twenty or more men to her crew. On the Bahama's arrival and anchorage, on a somewhat similar pretext to those given by her two predecessors, the Portuguese apparently lost all patience, and peremptorily insisted on the instant departure of all three vessels. The Bahama at once communicated with the 290, and having handed over to the latter everything destined for her, got up steam and left, followed by the 290, towing the now empty bark.

All three went, not to sea, as they had been ordered to do, but to Angra Bay—a bay in the same island, and only a few leagues distant from Tarissa Roads. Here they remained unmolested until noon of the following day, Sunday, when, for the second time, all three vessels were ordered out of Portuguese waters. All the 290's guns being now mounted, and the vessel otherwise ready for a cruise, the order was obeyed, and all took their departure, the bark as before in tow of the 290, which, having convoyed her well out to sea, cast her off, and, with a favoring breeze, she steered for Cardiff, to bring out a further supply of coal for the 290's future use.

The privateer and the Bahama now steamed around the island, and Captain Semmes, coming out of his cabin, ordered his first lieutenant to muster the crew aft. This having been done, and all the officers assembled on the poop in their full uniform, namely, the confederate gray frock-coat and trousers, Captain Semmes enjoined silence, and read his commission as post-captain in the confederate navy. It was a document duly attested at Richmond, and bore the signature of "Jeff Davis, President Confederate States of America." He then opened and read his sealed orders from Mr. Davis, directing him to assume command of the confederate sloop-of-war Alabama, hitherto known as the 290, in which, having been duly commissioned, he was to hoist the confederate ensign and pennant, and "*sink, burn, and destroy everything which flew the ensign of the so-called United States of America.*"

Captain Semmes then ordered the first lieutenant to fire a gun and run up the confederate flag and pennant. The gun was fired by the second lieutenant, and, ere its smoke had cleared away, the stars and bars of the southern confederacy were floating on the breeze, and the ceremony was complete, — Semmes declaring the vessel, henceforth to be known as the Alabama, to have been duly commissioned.

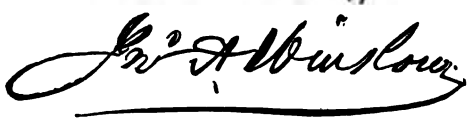
The next step was formally to engage the crew to serve and fight under the southern flag, which having been done, the men were addressed by their captain in a stirring speech, in the course of which he said there were only four vessels in the United States navy that were more than a match for the Alabama; but, he added, in an English-built heart of oak as the Alabama was, and surrounded as he then saw himself by British hearts of oak, he wouldn't strike his newly-hoisted flag for any one of the four. This elicited a hearty burst of applause for Davis, the confederacy, and Semmes, and, when it had subsided, the captain said that the Bahama was on the point of leaving for England, and intimated that if any of his crew repented of the step they had taken, they were free to return in her. This alternative none would accept, and Captain Bullock and a few of the other officers who had taken the 290 from England to the Azores finding their occupation gone, through the arrival of those who had held similar appointments in the Sumter, having gone on board the Bahama, that vessel and the Alabama, amid hearty cheering from the crews of both, parted company, the former pursuing her course back to England, and the latter making chase for an American whaler, which she soon captured and burned.

This was the first prize taken by Semmes, in that long and successful career in the South Atlantic and Indian oceans, during which he inflicted almost untold damage upon the merchant marine service of the United States, and successfully

eluding the most diligent pursuit and the best-laid plans of capture.

Nor is it possible to conjecture how much longer this prosperous career of the Alabama would have continued, but for the fortuitous circumstance which suddenly arose, and which as suddenly terminated in her complete destruction.

Making good her escape from the United States naval vessels at the Cape of Good Hope and Straits of Sunda, and after committing sundry devastations, the Alabama returned westward, in June, 1864, and took refuge under the guns of Fort Du Romet, off Cherbourg, a French port. At the same time, the United States gun-boat Kearsarge, Captain Winslow, was lying at



Flushing, Holland, when a telegram came from Mr. Dayton, the American ambassador at Paris, stating that the Alabama was at Cherbourg. The Kearsarge immediately put to sea, and arrived at Cherbourg in quick time, taking the Alabama quite by surprise by so sudden an appearance on her track. Through the consular agent, a sort of challenge was received by Captain Winslow from Captain Semmes, the latter stating that he would like to measure the strength of his vessel with that of the Kearsarge,— that if the latter remained off the port he would come out and fight her,—and that he would not detain the vessel long.

After cruising off the port for five days, until Sunday, June 19th, at about half-past ten o'clock, in the forenoon, Captain Winslow descried the starry ensign of the Alabama floating in the breeze, as she came boldly out of the western entrance, accompanied by the French iron-clad steamer Couronne and the English yacht Deerhound, the latter having on board its owner, Mr. Lancaster—a member of the Royal Yacht Club—together with his wife and family. The Couronne retired into port, after seeing the combatants outside of French waters. Captain Winslow had previously had an interview with the admiral of Cherbourg, assuring him that, in the event of an action occurring with the Alabama, the position of the vessels should be so far off shore that no question would be advanced about the line of jurisdiction. When the Alabama was first descried, the Kearsarge was about three miles from the entrance of the harbor, and, to make certain that none of the maneuvers of battle took place within the French waters, as well as to draw the Alabama so far off that, if disabled, she could not flee in to the shore for protection from her French allies or sympathizers, the Kearsarge stood to seaward until she had attained the distance of about seven miles from the shore.

At ten minutes before eleven, the Kearsarge came quick about and approached the Alabama. When within about three-quarters of a mile, the Alabama opened her guns with her starboard broadside. The Kearsarge made no reply for some minutes, but ranged up nearer, and then opened her starboard battery, fighting six guns, and leaving only one thirty-two pounder idle. The Alabama fought seven guns, working them with the greatest rapidity, sending shot and shell in a constant stream over her adversary. Both vessels used their starboard batteries, the two being maneuvered in a circle about each other at a distance of from five hundred to one thousand yards. Seven complete circles were made during the action, which lasted a little over one hour. At the last of the action, when the Alabama

would have made off, she was near five miles from the shore; and, had the action continued from the first in parallel lines, with her head in shore, the line of jurisdiction would, no doubt, have been reached.

From the first, the firing of the Alabama was rapid and wild; toward the close of the action, the firing became better. The Kearsarge gunners, who had been cautioned against firing rapidly, without direct aim, were much more deliberate; and the instructions given to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water-line, and clear the deck with lighter ones, was fully observed.

Captain Winslow had endeavored, with a port helm, to close in with the Alabama; but it was not until just before the close of the action, that he was in position to use grape. This was avoided, however, by the Alabama's surrender. The effect of the training of the Kearsarge's men was evident; nearly every shot from their guns told fearfully on the Alabama, and on the seventh rotation in the circular track, she winded, setting fore-trysail and two jibs, with head in shore. Her speed was now retarded, and by winding her port broadside was presented to the Kearsarge, with only two guns bearing, not having been able to shift over but one. Captain Winslow now saw that she was at his mercy, and a few more guns brought down her flag, though it was difficult to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but a white flag having been displayed over the stern, the fire of the Kearsarge was reserved.

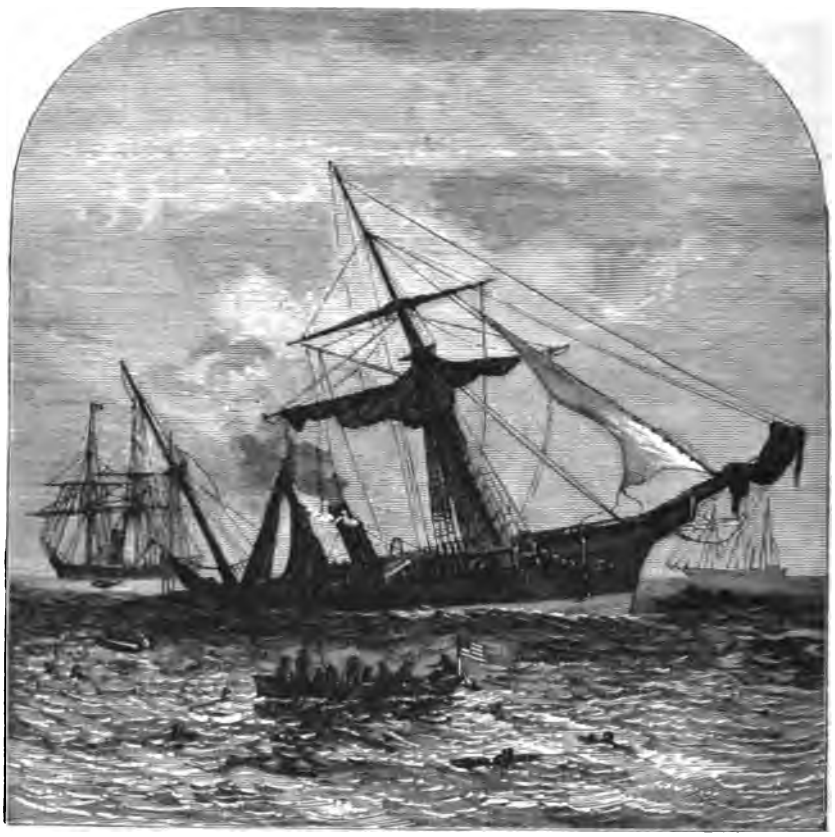
Two minutes had not more than elapsed before the Alabama again opened fire on the Kearsarge, with the two guns on the port side. This drew Captain Winslow's fire again, and the Kearsarge was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and the Kearsarge's fire was again reserved. Shortly after this, her boats were to be seen lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and stated that the ship had surrendered, and was fast sinking. In twenty minutes from this time the Alabama went down, her mainmast, which had been shot, breaking near the head as she sank, and her bow rising high out of the water, as her stern rapidly settled.

At precisely twenty-four minutes past twelve, twenty minutes after her furnace fires went out, the Alabama being on the point of making her final plunge, the word went forth for every man to take care of himself, which they did by jumping overboard, Semmes throwing his sword into the ocean and then taking a swim himself, making for the Deerhound, which rescued him and thirteen other officers. None of the men who had been killed were left to sink; of the twenty-one wounded, some were in the quarter-boats with the boys, and others on board the Kearsarge; the rest of the crew were all afloat, and some of them drowning. Every available boat of both vessels was now employed in their rescue; and besides these, the Deerhound and a French pilot-boat shared in this humane service. In this way, one hundred and nineteen were saved, the greater number by the boats of the Kearsarge. Semmes's three waist-boats had been torn to shreds in the fight, and he had left only two quarter-boats; these were filled with the wounded and with boys unable to swim.

The chances of this conflict, estimated from the relative strength and speed of the two vessels, were nearly equally balanced. Thus, the length over all, of the Alabama, was two hundred and twenty feet, and of the Kearsarge, two hundred and fourteen; the Alabama's length on water-line, two hundred and ten feet, and of the Kearsarge, one hundred and ninety-eight; the Alabama's beam was thirty-two feet, being one less than the Kearsarge's; depth of the Alabama, seventeen feet, or one more than the Kearsarge; the two engines of the Alabama were of three hundred horse-power each, while the horse-power of the Kearsarge was four hundred. Tonnage of the Alabama, eleven hundred and fifty; of the Kearsarge, one thousand and thirty.

The complete armament of the Alabama consisted of one seven-inch Blakely rifle, one eight-inch smooth bore sixty-eight pounder, and six thirty-two pounders. The armament of the Kearsarge consisted of two eleven-inch smooth bore guns, one thirty-pounder rifle, and four thirty-two pounders. In the combat, the Kearsarge used but five guns; the Alabama, seven. The Kearsarge had one hundred and sixty-

from the Alabama struck these chains, and fell harmlessly into the water. The Alabama, it was estimated, discharged three hundred and seventy or more shot and shell, but inflicted no serious damage on the Kearsarge; some thirteen or fourteen took effect in and about the hull, and sixteen or seventeen about the masts and rigging. The Kearsarge fired one hundred and seventy-three projectiles, of



NAVAL CONTEST BETWEEN THE KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

two men, including officers; the Alabama, about one hundred and fifty.

For five days the Alabama had been in preparation. She had taken in three hundred and fifty tons of coal, which brought her down in the water. The Kearsarge had only one hundred and twenty tons in; but, as an offset to this, her sheet-chains were stowed outside, stopped up and down, as an additional preventive and protection to her more empty bunkers. Two shots

which one alone killed and wounded eighteen of the Alabama's men, and disabled one of her guns.

On board the Kearsarge, three men were badly wounded, one of them—William Gowin, of Michigan — mortally. Though struck quite early in the action, by a fragment of a shell, which badly shattered his leg, near the knee-pan, Gowin refused assistance, concealed the extent of his injury, and dragged himself from the

after pivot gun to the fore-hatch, unwilling to take any one from his station. During the progress of the action, he comforted his suffering comrades by assuring them that "Victory is ours!" Whenever the guns' crews cheered at the successful effect of their shot, Gowin waved his hat over his head and joined in the shout. When brought at length to the surgeon, he appeared with a smile on his face, though suffering acutely from his injury. He said, "It is all right, and I am satisfied, for we are whipping the Alabama. I willingly will lose my leg or life, if it is necessary." In the hospital, he was calmly resigned to his fate, repeating again and again his willingness to die, since his ship had won a glorious victory.

The following conversation with one of the crew of the Alabama, as given in the London "Cornhill Magazine," furnishes some interesting memorabilia concerning this remarkable encounter:

"But I thought you had been in the confederate navy."

"I was," said Aleck. "I was with Semmes everywhere he went. I was in the naval brigade and blockade-running, and on the Alabama all the while he commanded her."

"But not when she sank, I suppose."

"*Well*, I was, and was picked up with him by the Deerhound."

"It was a pretty sharp fight, wasn't it?"

"It was that!"

"I suppose it was the eleven-inch shells that did her business?"

"Oh, no; we *never* had any chance. We had no gunners to compare with the Kearsarge's. Our gunners fired by routine, and when they had the gun loaded, fired it off blind. They never changed the elevation of their guns all through the fight, and the Kearsarge was working up to us all the while, taking advantage of every time she was hid by smoke to work a little nearer, and then her gunners took aim for every shot."

"Then it isn't true that the Alabama tried to *board* the Kearsarge?"

"No, *sir!* She did her best to get away from her from the time the fight commenced. We knew well that if we got in range of her Dahlgren howitzers she would sink us in ten minutes."

"But don't you believe that Semmes supposed he would whip the Kearsarge when he went out to fight her?"

"No; he was bullied into it, and took good care to leave all his valuables on shore, and had a life preserver on through the fight. I saw him put it on, and I thought if it was wise in him it wouldn't be foolish in me, and I put on one too. When Semmes saw that the ship was going down, he told us all to swim who could, and was one of the first to jump into the water, and we all made for the Deerhound. I was a long way ahead of Semmes, and, when I came up to the Deerhound's boat, they asked me if I was Semmes, before they would take me in. I said I wasn't, and then they asked me what I was on the Alabama. Said I, No matter what I was on the Alabama, I shall be a dead man soon if you don't take me in."

LXX.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S ACHIEVEMENTS AT NEW ORLEANS IN 1862, AND AT MOBILE BAY IN 1864; AND ADMIRAL PORTER'S CROWNING VICTORY IN 1865, AT FORT FISHER.—1864.

His Astonishing Feat of Running Past the Confederate Batteries.—Fierce and Sanguinary Contest between the Admiral's Flagship, the Hartford, and Admiral Buchanan's Monster Ram, the Tennessee.—The Latter Proves Herself, for a Time, a Match for the Whole Union Fleet.—Farragut's Overwhelming Victory.—Farragut Pressed to Join the South.—His Unswerving Fidelity to the Old Flag.—High Trust Committed to Him.—Sailing of His Great Fleet.—Bold and Successful Plan of Battle.—Admiral Porter's Splendid Services.—Forts Jackson and St. Philip Wrecked.—New Orleans Again Under the United States Flag.—Another Theater of Naval Operations.—Forts, Rams, Iron-Clads, etc., to Fight.—Powerful Build of the Tennessee.—Makes for Her Antagonist at Full Speed.—Intended Running Down of the Hartford.—Farragut's Masterly Maneuvers.—Unexpected Feature in His Tactics.—Deadly Contact of the Various Craft.—Tremendous Cannonade.—The "Glory" and Horrors of War.—Stubborn Bravery of the Great Ram.—Crippled at Last: The White Flag.—The Stars and Stripes on Her Staff.—Buchanan Yields His Sword.

"Admiral for admiral—flagship for flagship—I'll fight him!"—FARRAGUT, ON THE APPROACH OF THE TENNESSEE.

YEARS before the breaking out of the civil war between the national government and the Southern states, in the spring of 1861, the name of David G. Farragut was one of the most illustrious on the roll of the United States Navy, for those sterling qualities, both as a man and officer, which command universal respect. Having in mind, therefore, his Southern birth, and his presumed sympathy with the disunion movement for a Southern confederacy, he was invited by those representing the latter cause to join his fortune to theirs. He promptly declined. The effort to change his purpose was repeated. He was urged by every consideration that it was supposed could influence his action, to side with his native south; he still refused. The men who made these proposals well knew Farragut. They knew him better than his own government then did,—knew the lion-like qualities that slumbered beneath his modest and habitually retiring demeanor, and the achievements of which he was capable when the latent powers of the man should be roused to active energy. As a last effort to win him over, they offered him any position which he should be pleased to name. This mercenary assault upon his loy-

FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD."

alty was more than his nature could endure, and, with a sudden and sailor-like burst of indignation, he replied, as he pointed to the emblem of the republic, which floated near him,—

"Gentlemen, your efforts are useless. I tell you I would see every man of you ——, before I would raise my arm against that flag!"

That flag he nobly upheld in more than one fierce conflict, during the ensuing four years, conferring the brightest and widest luster on his country's renown, and sharing, with his eminent colleagues, Porter, Foote, Dupont, Gillmore, Goldsborough, Bailey, Boggs, Worden, Winslow, and others, the honors of a grateful country.

Before presenting the narrative of his superb achievements in Mobile harbor, in 1864, some account of the brilliant and terrible operations on the Mississippi, in the spring of 1862, will be interesting. Knowing the qualifications of Farragut, the government put him at the head of the great naval expedition which, in conjunction with General Butler's army, was to undertake the capture of New Orleans. This task he prosecuted in a manner which fully justified the confidence reposed in his indomitable heroism and splendid executive abilities, and the prize obtained was one of the richest and most important ever presented by a victorious chieftain to a grateful and admiring country.

It was on the 17th of April, 1862, that the mortar fleet of Commodore Porter—one of the bravest captains that ever trod a man-of-war's deck—began the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and, on the 24th, Commodore Farragut, with his entire fleet, ran past the forts, encountering a fire almost unparalleled in severity, a fleet of gun-boats, including several iron-clads, fire-rafts, obstructions and torpedoes innumerable. The mortar fleet rained down shells on Fort Jackson, to try and keep the men from the guns, whilst the steamers of the mortar fleet poured in shrapnel upon the water-battery commanding the approach, at a short distance, keeping them comparatively quiet. The squadron was formed in three lines to pass the forts, the divisions being led, respectively, by Farragut, Bailey, and Bell.

Perfect success attended the flag-officer's boldly executed plan of battle. Fort Jackson became a perfect wreck; everything in the shape of a building in and about it was burned up by the mortar shells, and over eighteen hundred shells fell in the work proper, to say nothing of those which burst over and went around. It was an exciting scene when, on the morning of the 24th, that signal "to advance" was thrown out from the flag-ship. The Cayuga led on the column. They were discovered at the boom, and a little beyond both forts opened fire. When close up with St. Philip, Bailey opened with grape and canister, still steering on; and after passing this line of fire, he encountered the "Montgomery flotilla," consisting of eighteen gun-boats, including the ram Manassas, and iron-battery Louisiana. This was a moment of anxiety, as no supporting ship was in sight. By skillful steering, however, their attempts to butt and board were avoided, and after forcing three of them to surrender, aid came very opportunely from the Varuna, Captain Boggs, and the Oneida, Captain Lee.

The Cayuga received most of the first fire, but was not severely damaged. On her falling back, the flag-ship Hartford took her place. The latter had only two guns—which were placed on the top-gallant forecastle—that could bear on the enemy until within half a mile. The Hartford now sheered off, and gave forth a most terrible fire. The Pensacola ran up after a while, and dealt with the starboard battery, and in a few minutes the Brooklyn ranged up and did gallant service. The passing of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, Farragut describes as one of the most awful sights and events he ever witnessed. The smoke was so dense that it was only now and then anything could be seen but the flash of the cannon and the fire-ships or rafts, one of which

was pushed down upon the Hartford by the ram Manassas. In his effort to avoid this, Farragut ran his ship on shore, and then the fire-raft was pushed alongside,—the ship in a moment being one blaze all along the port side, half-way up to the main and mizzen tops. But, by adroit management, the flames were extinguished, and the Hartford backed off and got clear of the raft. But all this time she was pouring shells into the forts, and they into her. At length the fire slackened, the smoke cleared off, and the forts had been passed. Here and there was a confederate gun-boat on fire, trying to make their escape, but they were fired into and riddled and soon became wrecks. The Mississippi and the Manassas made a set at each other at full speed, and when they were within thirty or forty yards, the ram dodged the Mississippi and ran on shore, when the latter poured her broadside into her, knocked away her smoke-stack, and then sent on board of her, but she was riddled and deserted, and after a while she drifted down the stream, full of water,—the last of eleven that the union army had destroyed. The larger ram, at Fort Jackson, was subsequently blown up. On the 28th, General Butler landed above Fort St. Philip, under the guns of the Mississippi and the Kineo.

So desperate was the proposed attempt to run past Forts Jackson and St. Philip regarded at the time, that some French and English officers, who had been to New Orleans and inspected the fortifications, pronounced such an undertaking absolutely insane. Nor were they alone in their military opinion of its rashness and impossibility. It is related that when that brave veteran, Commodore Goldsborough, first heard the news of Farragut's exploit,—communicated to him by a newspaper correspondent who boarded the Minnesota at Fortress Monroe, while on

his way north with dispatches, — something like the following conversation took place:

"Commodore," said the correspondent, "I have the pleasure of informing you that Commodore Farragut has run past Forts Philip and Jackson with his fleet, and taken New Orleans."

"Run past the batteries?" exclaimed Commodore Goldsborough.

"Yes, sir."

"It's not true, sir — it's a lie! It couldn't be done."

A blunt and sailor-like demand for the unconditional surrender of the city was made upon Mayor Monroe,—a demand which, of course, he was in no condition to resist; and it was not long before the venerable national flag was floating over the city hall, the mint, and the custom-house, and, at the same time, all flags emblematic of any other sovereignty than that of the United States were instantly removed, and never reappeared.

It was in the early part of August, 1864, however, that the country was electrified by that signal achievement by Farragut, in Mobile Bay, which placed him in the very foremost rank among the naval heroes of modern times. Guarded at its entrance by two imposing fortifications, of immense strength, the bay also floated at this time a formidable naval fleet, under the command of Admiral Buchanan, one of the ablest officers in the confederate service. For a long time, Farragut watched for his opportunity, and it came at last, under circumstances the most favorable, as the result proved, for union success.

From the official reports, and the various accounts furnished by the reporters for the press, the following sketch of this celebrated achievement is prepared. For some months, Farragut—now holding the rank of Rear-Admiral—had commanded the United States blockading fleet off Mobile, and it was with some impatience that he awaited the means necessary to justify him in moving up and attacking the defenses of the city. Knowing the disadvantage of attacking iron-cased vessels with wooden ones, and that, too, in the face and under the guns of heavy fortresses, without a co-operating land force, he deferred the movement until those essential helps were provided, though holding himself in readiness to meet, at any time, the fleet of Buchanan, should it venture out.

In the summer, Farragut found himself in command of four iron-clads and fourteen wooden ships-of-war, aided by a small land force under Gen. Gordon Granger. On the morning of August 5th, therefore, all things being ready, he went up the bay, passing between Forts Morgan and Gaines, and encountering the formidable confederate ram Tennessee, and also the gun-boats of the enemy, Selma, Morgan, and Gaines. The attacking fleet was under way by quarter before six in the morning, in the following order: The Brooklyn, with the Octorara on her port side; Hartford, with the Metacomet; Richmond, with the Port Royal; Lackawanna, with the Seminole; Monongahela, with the Tecumseh; Ossipee, with the Itasco; and the Oneida, with the Galena. On the starboard of the fleet was the proper position of the monitors or iron-clads. The wind was light from the south-west, and the sky cloudy, with very little sun. Fort Morgan opened upon them at ten minutes past seven, and soon after this the action became lively. As they steamed up the main ship channel, there was some difficulty ahead, and the Hartford passed on ahead of the Brooklyn. At twenty minutes before eight, the Tecumseh was struck by a torpedo and sunk, going down very rapidly, and carrying down with her all the officers and crew, with the exception of the pilot and eight or ten men, who were saved by a boat sent from the Metacomet.

The Hartford had passed the forts before eight o'clock, and, finding himself raked by the confederate gun-boats, Farragut ordered the Metacomet to cast off and go in pursuit of them, one of which, the Selma, she succeeded in capturing. All the vessels had passed the forts by half-past eight, but the confederate ram

Tennessee was still apparently uninjured, in the rear of the union vessels. A signal was at once made to all the fleet to turn again and attack the ram, not only with guns, but to run her down at full speed. The Monongahela was the first that struck her, but did not succeed in disabling her. The Lackawanna also struck her, but ineffectually. The flag-ship gave her a severe shock with her bow, and as she passed poured into her a whole port broadside of solid nine-inch shot and thirteen pounds of powder, at a distance of not more than twelve feet. The iron-clads were closing on her, and the Hartford and the rest of the fleet were bearing down upon her, when, at ten o'clock, she surrendered. The rest of the confederate fleet, namely, the Morgan and the Gaines, succeeded in getting back under the protection of Fort Morgan. This terminated the action of the day. Admiral Buchanan was himself badly wounded with a compound fracture of the leg.

On the following day, one of the iron-clads shelled Fort Gaines, and with such effect, that Colonel Anderson, the commander, sent a communication to Farragut, offering to surrender. General Granger, commanding the military forces, was sent for, and the terms of capitulation were signed by the respective parties on board of the Hartford. From this time onward, movements were in progress for capturing Fort Morgan, and, on the 22d of August, at day dawn, a bombardment was opened from the shore batteries, the monitors and ships inside, and the vessels outside the bay. At six o'clock in the morning, August 23d, a white flag was displayed by the confederates, and, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the fort was unconditionally surrendered to the navy and army of the United States. Fort Powell had been already attacked on the night of the fifth, and blown up.

With what spirit the fierce and sanguinary conflict between the Tennessee and Hartford was carried on, may be judged from the fact, that, when it was reported to Farragut that the monster was bearing down upon him, he hastened on deck with the remark—

"He is after me! let him come on if it must be so; admiral for admiral—flag-ship for flag-ship—I'll fight him!"

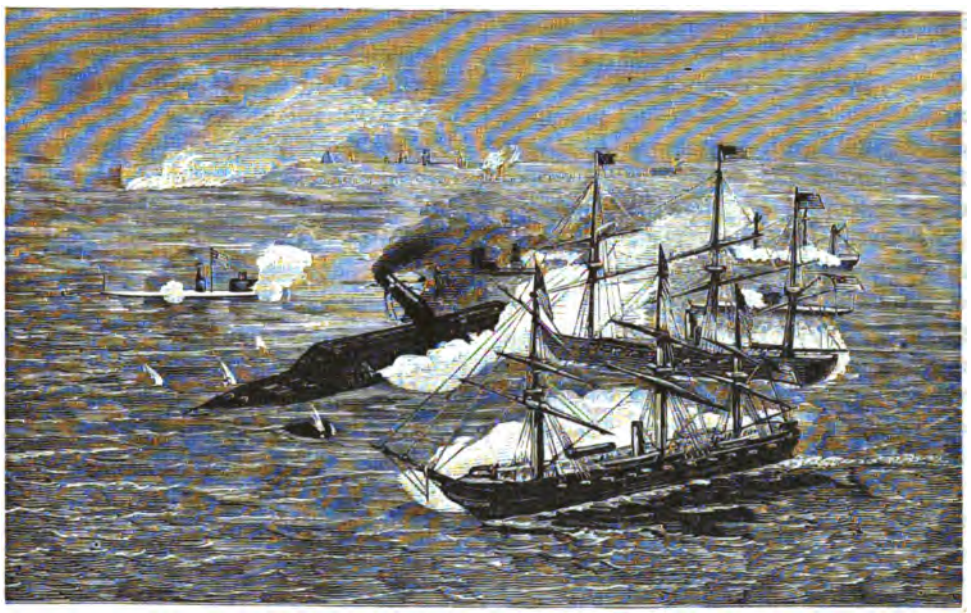
The Tennessee was close at hand, and coming with all her speed directly at the Hartford, evidently with the intention of running her down. Farragut mounted to the maintop and surveyed his ground, arranging hastily his plan of battle. This settled quietly in his own mind, he awaited the approach of the monster. Perfect quiet prevailed on board the Hartford; not a gun was fired; no crew was to be seen; her broadside lay plumply exposed to the tremendous blow the Tennessee was hastening to give. But, suddenly, there was a change!

When the monster had approached near enough to answer the purpose which Farragut had in view, the helm of the Hartford was put hard a port, her machinery started, she described a segment of a circle, and, just as Buchanan had thought to strike her squarely amidship and cut her in two,—as he was capable of doing,—the towering brow of the noble old ship struck him a tremendous blow on his port quarter forward, that knocked every man aboard his craft off his feet. The force of the collision checked the headway of both vessels. The blow given by the Hartford was a glancing one, and the two vessels came up broadside to broadside. At this moment, a full broadside from the Hartford was let go at her antagonist, but it was like throwing rubber balls against a brick wall,—nine-inch solid shot though they were, and fired from the muzzles of her guns scarcely twelve feet distant. Simultaneously, Buchanan also discharged his broadside of four Brookes's rifles, which passed completely through the Hartford, and expended their force in the water beyond.

The Tennessee immediately put on steam again, and started to try her strength with some other of the wooden vessels. The Brooklyn lay nearest, and for that ship she headed. Here she was met with

almost precisely the same reception as with the Hartford. Instead of butting she received a butt—both vessels came together, broadside to broadside; both broadsides were discharged, and the ram went on her way to try another, and another,—and all of them,—but with no better success.

She now started to run back through the fleet, but here a new combination awaited her. *The monitors had come up!* —the appearance of which seemed for a moment to disconcert the monster. From the first, he had shown a wholesome dread of them, and by skillful maneuvering and his greater speed had managed to avoid them. Now they hammered him to the utmost of their ability. The three had managed each to get a position in a different direction from each other, and whichever way the ram turned he met these ugly and invincible foes. At first he was shy, and seemed irresolute as to what course to pursue, but finally seemed determined to get out of the bad scrape by running through the fleet back to the friendly protection of Fort Morgan.



UNION NAVAL VICTORY, IN MOBILE BAY.

Now, then, Admiral Farragut's fine tactics developed themselves, and which he signaled to the whole fleet. The little monitor Manhattan appeared directly in front of the ram, to head him off. The rest of the fleet formed a circle about the monster, and all commenced paying him their heaviest compliments. It was a terrible fire—every ball that struck the union vessels did execution, making great holes in their sides and reddening their decks with blood; but every shot that struck the Tennessee glanced away like a rubber ball. To meet the exigency at this critical state of affairs, Farragut's vessels were put in motion, describing a circle about the monster, the sloops and monitors being directed to ram her every time they came around, which was done with deadly effect. Each vessel chased its leader about, throwing a broadside at the enemy at every opportunity, and at every chance getting a ball at her.

In this way the plucky fellow was terribly used. Every time one of the sloops came on to the Tennessee, the concussion was such as to throw the crew of the monster off their feet. The frequency with which she was thus rammed, and the continuous artillery fire that was rained upon her, so demoralized her men, that they

are said to have begged to surrender, fearing, at every new shock, that they would be sent to the bottom. The course pursued by the vessels was such that the ram was unable to get range upon any of them so as to run them down, thus compelling the ram to remain passive. Or, if she attempted to escape the tormentors, an unlooked for enemy would come and strike her on the quarter, and throw her out of her course. During this melee, the Manhattan got one good shot in directly at the ram's broadside. The huge ball of iron struck fairly at the lower angle of the heavy casemates and penetrated into the inside, spending its force in the effort. This was the only shot that ever passed through her iron. Against such odds in number, such cannonading and punching and entanglement, the ram could not continue; and so the formidable craft—her smoke-stack shot away, her steering chains gone, several of her port-shutters so jammed by the shot that they could not be opened, and one of them battered to fragments, with the Chickasaw boring away at her stern, and four other great vessels coming at her full speed—finally succumbed, after a fight of somewhat more than an hour.

On its being reported to Admiral Farragut that the Tennessee had duly surrendered, and that Admiral Buchanan was wounded, he sent a staff officer off to receive the confederate admiral's sword. Some one asked Farragut if he would not go off himself and see Buchanan. The former merely replied, "No, sir, he is my enemy." Subsequently, when the staff officer returned, with Buchanan's sword, it was represented to the admiral that Buchanan had expressed a wish to see him. "Well, sir, he shan't see me!" replied the old Salamander. Then, looking with most concentrated expression of countenance upon the bloody decks of his ship, he added—

"I suppose he would be friends; but with these brave men, my comrades, mangled, dying and dead about me, and, looking upon the destruction caused in the fleet, I can only consider him an enemy."

On the staff officer getting on board, Admiral Buchanan was found to be severely wounded in the leg. He yielded with a very bad grace—in fact, it was said that, after receiving his wound, he gave orders to his next in command to continue the fight as long as there was a man left; and then, when he found he could do no more, to run the vessel ashore and blow her up. But there was no alternative—the ram must be surrendered; and this was done. The stars and stripes were hoisted upon the staff of the magnificent ram—truly one of the most powerful and perfectly constructed of her class—greeted, as they went up, by the hearty and long-continued cheers of the whole fleet.

Nothing could exceed the devotion of Admiral Farragut's men to their commander. Thus, after the Hartford had hauled off from her fierce assault upon the Tennessee, and as she was again pointed fair for another blow, and thunderingly going down upon her to dash into her a second time,—suddenly, to the surprise of all, the Hartford was herself tremendously struck by one of the heaviest union vessels which was also coming down upon the confederate monster, and it was thought for a brief moment, so fearful was the blow, that she must go down. Immediately, and high above the din of battle, hoarse, anxious voices were heard crying—

"The admiral! the admiral! save the admiral! Get the admiral out of the ship!"

The brave men utterly forgot themselves—thought not a moment of their own safety, but only of their glorious old admiral. Nothing, certainly, could better illustrate the attachment and devotion of the whole squadron for their admiral than this. When they themselves were in imminent peril of death, they only cared for him! Finding the vessel would float, notwithstanding the possible serious results ultimately, the brave old admiral turned to his gallant fleet-captain with the order—

"Go on with speed! Ram her again!"

Onward the Hartford sped, determined to 'do and die,' if need be; but, just before she reached her, the white flag of surrender was hoisted above the discomfited Tennessee, and soon all the victory, over one of the bravest of foes, was with Farragut and his noble men.

A little incident in this contest may also be cited here, as illustrating his high personal qualities as a man and officer,—exhibiting, too, as it does, one of the secrets of his courage and self-command, no matter what the stress or pressure of circumstances around him:

"Admiral," said one of his officers, the night before the battle, "won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning—not enough to make him drunk, but just enough to make him fight cheerfully?"

"Well," replied the admiral, "I have been to sea considerable, and have seen a battle or two, but I have never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of good coffee to each man, at two o'clock, and at eight o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay."

The descriptions of this great naval action usually represent Admiral Farragut as having tied himself among the rigging, or at the mast-head, of his ship, and there observing the battle and giving his directions. Concerning this, he was on a subsequent occasion inquired of by one of the gentle sex, as follows:

"Admiral," said the lady, "do tell me if it was true, as they said, that you were lashed to the mast, down at Mobile Bay?"

"Ah!" said the admiral, good naturedly, "I'll tell you all about *that*. You know that in a fight the smoke of the guns lies on the water, and, naturally, I would want to see over it, to know what was going on. Well, I would jump upon a box — so high" (indicating with his hand); then I would get up a little higher; and by-and-by I got up to where they said. I suppose I was two hours getting as high as that. I had a little rope that I lashed around me, just to keep from falling, in case I should get hurt. Every one, you know, is liable to get hurt in a fight."

Up to the time of the surrender of Fort Morgan, the union loss in all was one ship sunk by a torpedo, one burned through infraction of orders, and three hundred and thirty men killed and wounded, half of whom were killed by drowning or the fire of the enemy. On the other hand, the unionists took about fifteen hundred prisoners, captured the two best vessels of the confederates, forced them to burn the gun-boat Gaines, and drove the rest of their fleet beyond. Three forts, with one hundred guns of heavy caliber, with all their material, were unconditionally surrendered to the victors. The United States steamer Oneida suffered more than any other vessel.

The ram Tennessee varied somewhat in form from the grim old Merrimac, Buchanan's first monster. The Tennessee's armor consisted of two and a half inch iron, in bars eight inches wide, crossing each other, and bolted down with one and three-quarter inch bolts, making five inches of solid iron. This again was backed by two feet of solid oak throughout the entire portion of the boat above the water-line, and extending some feet even below that. From her forward casemates forward, including her pilot-house, an additional inch of iron was given her, making six inches of plating, and an additional foot, making three feet of wooden backing, at this part of the boat. What may be called her gun-room occupied about two-thirds of her length, and was constructed with a flat top, composed of two and a half by eight-inch iron bars, crossed and bolted together, forming a close lattice-work above her gunners, and affording ventilation while in action. Her ports, two on either side, and one fore and aft, were closed by means of iron shutters, which revolved upon a pivot in the center of one side, and were worked by means of a cog-wheel on the inside, in a very simple and expeditious manner. In all her qualities of

construction and equipment, the Tennessee was one of the most formidable craft that ever floated.

In close connection with this vast and splendid series of achievements, and as having a direct bearing upon the victorious ending of the war by the valor of the navy, — in which operations the brave Admiral Porter exhibited his distinguishing characteristics of unquailing courage and consummate judgment, and whose magnificent services would have long since elevated him to the chief magistracy of his country, but for the traditionally disproportionate influence of the army in national politics and counsels,—the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., deserves to be here recorded.

According to the official report, this expedition, under the joint command of Admiral Porter and General Terry, sailed from Fortress Monroe on the morning of January 6, 1865, arriving in two days at the rendezvous off Beaufort, where, owing to the difficulties of the weather, it lay some ten days, when it got under way, reaching its destination that evening. Under cover of the fleet, the disembarkation of the troops was effected without loss. An immediate reconnoissance was pushed to within about five hundred yards of the fort, a small advance work being taken possession of and turned into a defensive line, against any attempt that might be made from the fort. This reconnoissance disclosed the fact that the front of the work had been seriously injured by the navy fire. Not many hours, therefore, were allowed to elapse before the fort was assaulted, and, after most desperate fighting, was captured, with its entire garrison and armament. Thus was secured, by the combined efforts of the navy and army, what—in the language of General Grant—was *one of the most brilliant and important successes of the war.* The federal loss was one hundred and ten killed and five hundred and thirty-six wounded. On the 16th and 17th, the enemy, well knowing the nerve and prowess of Porter, abandoned and blew up Fort Caswell, and their works on Smith's Island, which were at once occupied by the federal forces, — thus giving to the latter the entire control of the mouth of the Cape Fear river.

LXXI.

GRAND MARCH OF THE UNION ARMY, UNDER GEN. SHERMAN, THROUGH THE SOUTH.—1864.

Generals and Armies Baffled, and States and Cities Conquered, Without a Serious Disaster to the Victors.—Display of Military Genius Unsurpassed in Any Age or Country.—The Southern Confederacy Virtually Crushed Within the Coils of this Wide-Sweeping, Bold, and Resistless Movement.—The Great Closing Act in the Campaign.—Sherman's Qualities as a Commander.—His Great Military Success.—His Own Story.—A Brilliant Campaign Planned.—Brave and Confident Troops.—Atlanta, Ga., the First Great Prize.—Destroys that City: Starts for the Coast.—Kilpatrick Leads the Cavalry.—Thomas Defends the Border States.—Successful Feints Made by Sherman.—Subsists His Men on the Enemy's Country.—Immense Sweep of the Onward Columns.—Savannah's Doom Sealed.—Fall of Fort McAllister.—Christmas Gift to the President.—Advance Into South Carolina.—The Stars and Stripes in Her Capital.—All Opposition Powerless.—North Carolina's Turn Next.—Swamps, Hills, Quagmires, Storms, Floods.—Battles Fought: Onward to Raleigh.—Johnston's Whole Army Bagged.—Sherman Described Personally.

"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns, plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."—GENERAL SHERMAN TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ATLANTA, GA.

VALIANT, resolute, and hopeful as a soldier, General Sherman added to these qualities the wisdom and genius of Washington himself as a commander. His March to the Sea has been universally pronounced, both in America and Europe, one of the most brilliant military results—especially when considered in connection with the slight cost of life at which it was achieved—presented in the long and varied history of war. It was, in a word, one of the greatest and most important of modern campaigns, conducted with complete success, without any considerable battle. And yet it was his own native sagacity, more than anything else, which enabled General Sherman to plan and execute the vast undertakings which have crowned his name with imperishable honor. "I have oftentimes," said General Sherman, in an address at West Point, "been asked by friends familiar with Xenophon, Hume, and Jomini, in which of these books I had learned the secret of leading armies on long and difficult marches, and they seemed surprised when I answered that I was not aware that I had been influenced by

any of them. I told them what I now tell you, in all simplicity and truth, that, when I was a young lieutenant of artillery, I had often hunted deer in the swamps of the Edisto, the Cooper, and the Santee, and had seen with my own eyes that they could be passed with wagons; that in the spring of 1844, I had ridden on horseback from Marietta, Ga., to the valley of the Tennessee, and back to Augusta, passing in my course over the very fields of Altoona, of Kenesaw, and Atlanta, where afterward it fell to my share to command armies and to utilize the knowledge thus casually gained. Again, in 1849 and 1850, I was in California, and saw arrive across that wild belt of two thousand miles of uninhabitable country the caravans of emigrants, composed of men, women, and children, who reached their destination in health and strength; and when we used to start on a journey of a thousand miles, with a single blanket as covering, and a coil of dried meat and a sack of parched corn meal as food;—with this knowledge fairly acquired in actual experience, was there any need for me to look back to Alexander the Great, to Marlborough, for examples?" But to all this kind of knowledge—useful, doubtless, in the highest degree, General Sherman added the possession of the most commanding military genius.

It was early in May, 1864, that General Sherman began the brilliant series of his campaigns. The first objective point was Atlanta. To reach that city, his armies had to pass from the northern limit to the center of the great state of Georgia, forcing their way through mountain defiles and across great rivers, overcoming or turning formidably intrenched positions defended by a strong, well-appointed veteran army, commanded by an alert, cautious, and skillful general. The campaign opened on the sixth of May, and on the second of September the national forces entered Atlanta.

For some time previously to the opening movement, says General Sherman's report, the union armies were lying in garrison seemingly quiet, from Knoxville to Huntsville, and the enemy lay behind his rocky-faced barrier at Dalton, proud, defiant, and exulting. He had had time since Christmas to recover from his discomfiture at Mission Ridge, with his ranks filled, and a new commander-in-chief, and second to none in the confederacy in reputation for skill, sagacity, and extreme popularity. All at once, the union armies assumed life and action, and appeared before Dalton. Threatening Rocky Face, they threw themselves upon Resaca, the enemy only escaping by the rapidity of their retreat, aided by the numerous roads with which they only were familiar. Again the confederate army took post in Altoona, but found no rest, for, by a circuit towards Dallas and subsequent movement to Acworth, the union army gained the Altoona Pass. Then followed the eventful battles about Kenesaw, and the escape of the confederates across the Chattahoochee river. The crossing of the Chattahoochee and breaking of the Augusta road was handsomely executed by Sherman's army. It was at this stage of proceedings, that the confederate authorities became dissatisfied with Johnston as commander, and selected one more bold and rash,—General Hood. New tactics were adopted by the latter. He first boldly and rapidly, on the twentieth of July, fell on the union right, at Peach Tree creek, and lost. Again, on the 22d, he struck the extreme union left, and was severely punished; and finally, again on the 28th, he unsuccessfully repeated the attempt on the union right. Sherman slowly and gradually drew his lines about Atlanta, feeling for the railroad which supplied the confederate army and made Atlanta a place of importance. The enemy met these efforts patiently and skillfully, but at last Hood made the mistake which Sherman had waited for so long, sending his cavalry to the union rear, far beyond the reach of recall. Instantly Sherman's cavalry was on Hood's only remaining road, with the principal army following quietly, and Atlanta fell into Sherman's possession, as the fruit of well-concerted measures, backed by a brave and confident army.

Hood's plan was, to force General Sherman from Georgia, by cutting off his communications, and invading Tennessee and Kentucky. Pursuant to this plan, Hood, by a rapid march, gained and broke up, at Big Shanty, the railroad that supplied Sherman's army, advanced to Dalton, and thence moved toward Tennessee. Hood was followed from Atlanta by Sherman far enough north to cover his own purpose and assure him against Hood's interrupting the march to the sea-coast which he had in contemplation. The task of encountering Hood's formidable movements, and defending the border states from invasion, was intrusted to General Thomas, who was ably assisted by his second in command, General Schofield.

It appears from Major Nichols's graphic diary of the events connected with this great march—the narrative of his excellent observations as one of Sherman's staff officers—that the general, from his camp at Gaylesville, while awaiting the development of Hood's design, sketched out the march to Goldsboro'. Seated in front of his tent, towards the end of October, 1864, with his generals around him, and the map of the states spread on his knees Sherman ran his finger over the map, and indicated his course to Savannah. Then, after pondering on the map of South Carolina, his finger rested on Columbia, and looking up, he said—

"Howard, I believe we can go there, without any serious difficulty. If we can cross the Salkahatchie, we can capture Columbia."

After giving expression to this striking strategic insight, General Sherman passed his finger quickly over rivers, swamps, and cities, to Goldsboro', N. C., saying—

"*That* point is a few days' march through a rich country. When we reach that important railway junction—when I once plant this army at Goldsboro',—Lee must leave Virginia, or he will be defeated beyond hope of recovery. We can make this march, for General Grant assures me that Lee cannot get away from Richmond without his knowledge, nor without serious loss to his army."

This prediction, showing at once the most remarkable forecast and most comprehensive generalship, was at once put in course of fulfillment.

Atlanta having served its purpose in General Sherman's plans—a resting-place on his way to Savannah, to Columbia, and to Richmond if need be,—it was given up to the flames, that its workshops might never again be employed in casting shot and shell for the confederacy. The railways were torn up, the people turned away, and torches were applied to the stores and magazines. A space of two hundred acres was soon on fire, and its progress watched until the conflagration had spread beyond the power of man to arrest its destructive work, and then the

union forces marched out of the unfortunate city with solemn tread, their band playing the wild anthem, "John Brown's soul goes marching on." The army numbered about sixty-five thousand men.

As the news of Sherman's great movement became known at the north, intense interest was felt in the result, and it may well be supposed that not a few were filled with the greatest apprehensions, in view of the dangers to be encountered. That the president, however, did not share in any such feeling of alarm in regard to the issue, is shown by the following conversa-

tion on the subject, between him and a friend.

Said Mr. Lincoln's friend: "Mr. Lincoln, as Sherman's army advances, the rebel forces necessarily concentrate and increase in number. Before long, Sherman will drive the columns of Johnston, Bragg, Hoke, and others, within a few days' march of Lee's main army. May not Lee suddenly march south with the bulk of his army, form a junction with Johnston's troops, and before Grant can follow any considerable distance, strike Sherman's column with superior force, break his lines, defeat his army, and drive his broken fragments back to the coast, and with his whole army give battle to Grant, and *perhaps defeat him?*"

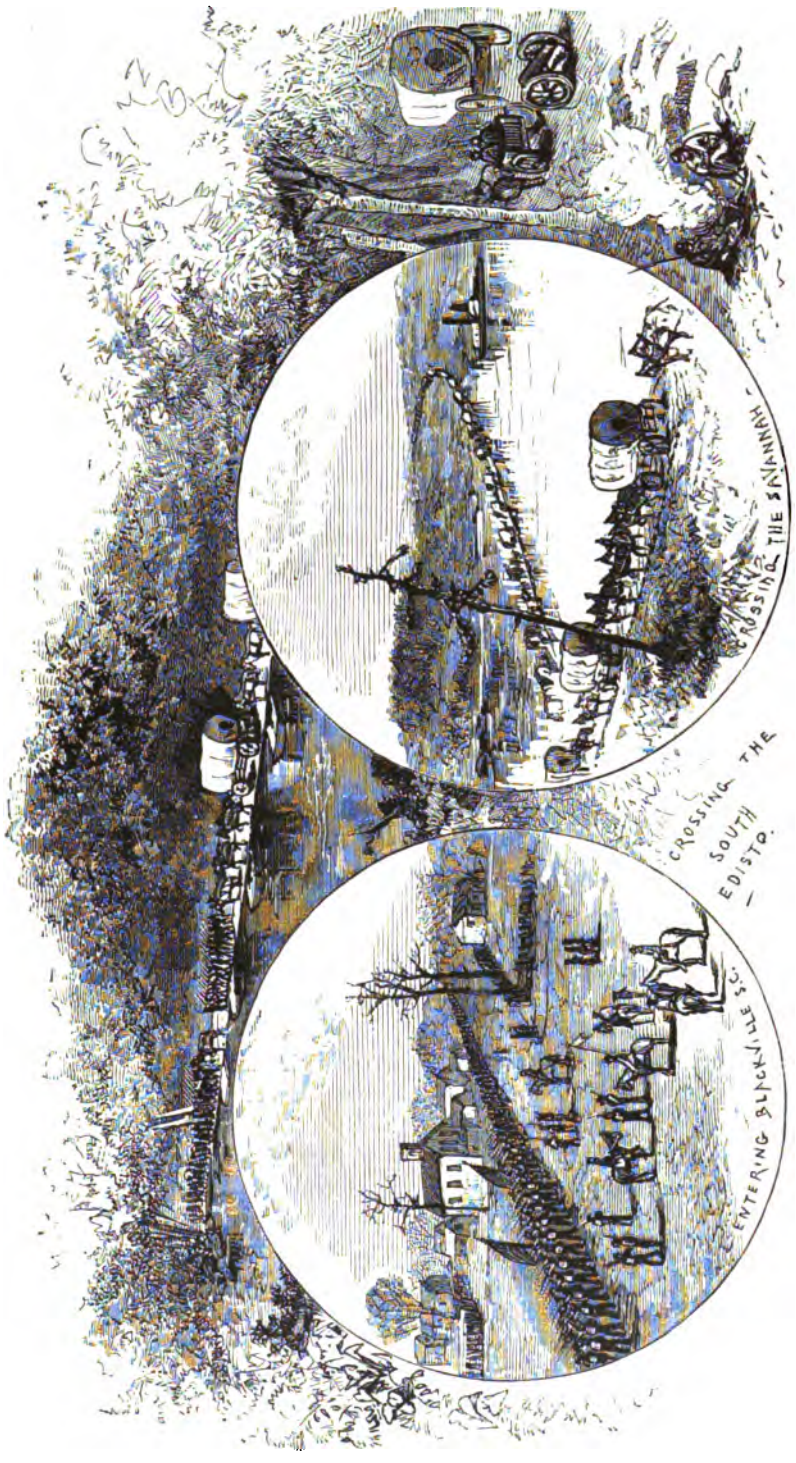
President Lincoln instantly replied: "*And perhaps not!* Napoleon tried the same game on the British and Prussians, in 1815. He concentrated his forces and fell suddenly on Blucher, and won an indecisive victory. He then whirled round and attacked the British, and met his Waterloo. Bonaparte was *hardly* inferior to Lee in military talents or experience. But are you sure that Lee's forces, united with Johnston's, could beat Sherman's army? Could he gain his Ligny, before meeting with his Waterloo when he attacks Grant? I tell you, there is a heap of fight in one hundred thousand western veterans. They are a good deal like old Zach. Taylor at Buena Vista,—*they don't know when they are whipped!*"

In turning his back upon Atlanta, General Sherman divided his army for the great march into two wings, General Howard commanding the right, and General Slocum the left; General Kilpatrick handled the cavalry under Sherman's orders. The various corps composing the wings were led, respectively, by Generals Osterhaus, Blair, Davis, and Williams; and Sherman for a time accompanied one wing and then the other.

On the 13th of November, Sherman's communications with the north ceased. Spreading itself out like a fan, the extreme left wing swept down the Augusta road, and the extreme right marched towards Macon, the space between being covered by two corps, one from each wing, and the cavalry riding well on the flanks. Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, on the Oconee, was the first point of concentration for the left wing. The right wing, preceded and flanked by cavalry, went down the roads towards Macon, sweeping away the small opposing forces mustered by Cobb and Wheeler, and advancing as far as Griffin. The left wing went by Covington to Madison, and there, sending the cavalry towards Augusta, turned southward by way of Eatonton to Milledgeville. The right, after maneuvering in the direction of Macon, crossed the Ocmulgee above it, and, passing by Clinton, descended upon Gordon, whence a branch line led to Milledgeville.

The movement of troops on so many points had confounded the confederates. The authorities of Augusta believed their town was the object of the march; those of Macon were certain that it was against them the enemy was coming. In reality, Sherman had turned toward Macon, and had cut off at least the infantry force there, and rendered it useless. They showed fight, however, attacking a small union force, pushed up to Griswoldville to protect the confederates who were destroying the railroad, and were punished severely for their courage.

In a week after quitting Atlanta, the left wing was united at Milledgeville and the right at Gordon, while the cavalry were scouring the flanks. In the meantime, General Wheeler had ridden round the right flank, and crossing the Oconee, had turned to defend the passage of the swampy stream. But his resistance was vain. Slocum moved out from Milledgeville upon Sandersville, and Howard marched on both sides of the Savannah railway, thrusting Wheeler away from the bridge over the Oconee, and crossing himself without the loss of a man. The left wing was now converging on Louisville, while the right struck across the country, by Swainsboro', upon Millen. It was now



SHERMAN'S GREAT MARCH THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SOUTH.

plain that the confederates had no troops strong enough to interrupt the march, as all their efforts had failed to arrest the forward movement of the columns.

In this way, covering a wide front, now filing through swamps, now spreading out on a broad front under the tufted pines, now halting to tear up, twist, and burn rails and sleepers, now collecting cattle and forage, and everywhere welcomed and followed by the negroes, the army pressed forward to its goal. The left flankers came down through Sparta, the solid body of the left wing marched through Davisboro', the right moved steadily forward upon Millen, while Kilpatrick was in the front threatening Waynesboro', and destroying the bridges on the way to Augusta. At length the whole force, save one corps, crossed the Ogeechee and united at Millen.

Here, again, Sherman kept his opponents in doubt respecting the course he would pursue. At Millen he threatened both Augusta and Savannah, and he made such strong demonstrations on the Augusta road, that he led the confederates to fear for Augusta, and so prevented them from concentrating their troops at Savannah. Kilpatrick, supported by two infantry brigades, very effectually disposed of Wheeler. The army halted two days, and, refreshed and united, began on the second of December, its final march upon Savannah. The whole force, save one corps, went steadily down the strip of land between the Savannah and the Ogeechee, while the one corps on the right bank, marching in two columns, a day in advance of the main body, effectually prevented the confederates from making any stand on the main road by constantly flanking every position,—a sound precaution, though not needed.

The correspondents who accompanied this grand army on its triumphant march, have furnished abundant narrative concerning that brilliant consummation of its toils, the capture of Savannah. It was on the evening of December 12th, says one of these, that General Howard relieved Hazen's second division of the fifteenth corps, by a part of the Seventeenth, and threw it across the Little Ogeechee, toward the Great Ogeechee, with the view of crossing it to Ossabaw Island, and reducing Fort McAllister, which held the river and the city. The confederates had destroyed King's bridge, across the Great Ogeechee, and this had to be repaired; this was done—one thousand feet of bridging—during the night, and, on the morning of the 13th, Hazen crossed and moved toward the point where Fort McAllister obstructed the river. Kilpatrick, in the meantime, had moved down to St. Catherine's sound, opened communication with the fleet, and asked permission to storm Fort McAllister; but Sherman thought the cavalry unequal to this feat.

Hazen made his arrangements to storm the fort on the afternoon of the 13th, Generals Sherman and Howard being at Cheroe's rice mill, on the Ogeechee, opposite the fort. Sherman was on the roof of the mill, surrounded by his staff and signal officers, Beckley and Cole, waiting to communicate with Hazen, on the Island. While patiently waiting for Hazen's signals, Sherman's keen eye detected smoke in the horizon, seaward. Up to this time he had received no intelligence from the fleet. In a moment the countenance of the bronzed chieftain lightened up, and he exclaimed—

"Look! Howard; there is the gun-boat!"

Time passed on, and the vessel now became visible, but no signal from the fleet or Hazen. Half an hour passed, and the guns of the fort opened simultaneously with puffs of smoke that rose a few hundred yards from the fort, showing that Hazen's skirmishers had opened. A moment after, Hazen signaled—

"I have invested the fort, and will assault immediately."

At this moment, Beckley announced a signal from the gun-boat. All eyes now turned from the fort to the gun-boat that was coming to their assistance with news from home. A few messages pass, which apprise that Foster and Dahlgren are

within speaking distance. The gun-boat now halts and asks—

"Can we run up? Is Fort McAllister ours?"

"No," is the reply; "Hazen is just ready to storm it. Can you assist?"

"Yes," is the response; "What will you have us do?"

But before Sherman can reply to Dahlgren the thunders of the fort are heard, and the low sound of small arms is borne across the three miles of marsh and river. Field glasses are opened, and, sitting flat upon the roof, the hero of Atlanta gazes away off to the fort. "There they go grandly—not a waver," he remarks.

Twenty seconds pass, and again he exclaims—

"See that flag in the advance, Howard; how steadily it moves; not a man falters. * * There they go still; see the roll of musketry. Grand, grand!"

Still he strained his eyes, and a moment after spoke without looking up—

"That flag still goes forward; there is no flinching there."

A pause for a minute.

"Look!" he exclaims, "it has halted. They waver—no, it's the parapet! There they go again; now they scale it; some are over. Look! There's a flag on the works! Another; another. It's ours. The fort's ours!"

The glass dropped by his side; and in an instant the joy of the great leader at the possession of the river and the opening of the road to his new base burst forth in words—

"As the old darkey remarked, dis chile don't sleep dis night!"—and turning to one of his aids, he added, "Have a boat for me at once; I must go there!"—pointing to the fort from which half a dozen battle-flags floated grandly in the sunset.

But this dramatic scene is thus graphically delineated by another correspondent, who brings the narrative down to the culminating and crowning event. The United States revenue cutter Nemaha, Lieutenant Warner, General Foster's flag-boat, left Hilton Head, on the morning of December 12th, to go down the coast with General Foster and staff, to endeavor to open communication with General Sherman, going through to Fort Pulaski and thence through the marsh to Warsaw Sound, looking toward the main canal to discover some traces of Sherman's advance. None were observed, so Foster proceeded outside, and entered Ossabaw Sound, where the gun-boat Flag, on blockading duty, was communicated with. Lieutenant Fisher was here left on board the Flag, to proceed with his party up the Ogeechee, and endeavor to signal to Sherman, if he should approach the coast at that point.

The Nemaha returned to Warsaw, and moved up the Wilmington river, anchoring just out of range of a confederate battery. During the night, rockets were thrown up by Captain Merrill, chief of the signal corps, to announce his presence to General Sherman's signal officers, but elicited no response.

Lieutenant Fisher was more successful. The Flag fired six guns in rapid succession, from a heavy gun, as a signal, and then Lieutenant Fisher threw up several rockets and closely examined the horizon over the mainland for the response. At about three o'clock on the morning of the 13th, after a rocket had been discharged from the Flag, a little stream of light was observed to shoot up in the direction of the Ogeechee, and quickly die away. Another rocket was immediately sent up from the flag-ship, and a second stream of light was seen in the same position as the first. It then became a question, whether or not they were confederate signals to deceive the federal officers.

At about seven o'clock, the navy tug Dandelion, acting master Williams, took Lieutenant Fisher and his party, and Captain Williamson, of the flag-ship, and proceeded up the Ogeechee, to a point within sight of Fort McAllister and the batteries on the Little Ogeechee. Here Lieutenant Fisher took a small boat and proceeded up as far as possible without drawing the enemy's fire. A careful reconnoissance

was made of the fort and the surrounding woods, from which came the reports of musketry, and the attention of the garrison seemed to be directed inland entirely. A flag, which seemed like that of the Union, was seen flying from a house four miles off, and on more careful examination the stars were plainly visible, and all doubt of the character of the flag was at once removed. *It was the flag that had floated over General Howard's head-quarters at Atlanta, and now flamed out on the sea-coast, within eight miles of the city of Savannah.* Lieutenant Fisher at once returned to the tug, and moved up to an opening out of range of Fort McAllister, when, from the top of the pilot-house of the Dandelion, the American flag could be distinctly seen. A white signal flag was at once raised by Lieutenant Fisher, and at once a signal flag of like nature was waved, and communication opened. Lieutenant Fisher signaled—

"Who are you?"

"McClintock, chief signal officer of General Howard," was signaled back.

A message was at once sent to General Sherman, tendering all aid from General Foster and Admiral Dahlgren. General Sherman then signaled that he was investing Fort McAllister, and wanted to know if the boat could help with her heavy guns. Before any reply could be given, Sherman had signaled to Hazen, of the fifteenth corps, to take the fort immediately. In five minutes the rally had been sounded by the bugles. One volley of musketry was heard, and the next moment the three brigade flags of Hazen's troops were placed, almost simultaneously, on the parapets of Fort McAllister. The fort was captured in twenty minutes after General Sherman's order to take it was given. Sherman then sent word that he would be down that night, and to look out for his boat. The tug immediately steamed down to Ossabaw Sound, to find General Foster or Admiral Dahlgren; but they not being there, dispatches were sent to them at Warsaw, announcing General Sherman's intended visit, and the tug returned to its old position. While approaching the fort again a small boat was seen coming down. It was hailed with—

"What boat is that?" and the welcome response came back—

"Sherman."

It soon came alongside, and out of the little dug-out, paddled by two men, stepped General Sherman and General Howard, and stood on the deck of the Dandelion. The great leader was received with cheer after cheer.

The city of Savannah, strongly fortified, and garrisoned by a large force under General Hardee, was summoned, but surrender was refused. Preparations for assault were made, and, during the night of December 20th, Hardee evacuated the city, and, with a large part of his garrison, escaped under cover of darkness. The union army soon after entered the city, and General Sherman thus announced to President Lincoln this splendid triumph:

"*I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with* 150 *heavy guns, and plenty of ammunition, and also about* 25,000 *bales of cotton.*"

Waiting at Savannah only long enough to refit and recruit, Sherman again began a march which, for peril, labor, and results, will compare with any ever made by an organized army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the high hills and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers, were all passed in mid-winter, with its floods and rains, in the face of an accumulating enemy.

On the morning of February 17th, General Sherman entered Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. In about a month from this time, and after fighting battles at Averysboro' and Bentonville, he made a junction with General Terry's forces at Goldsboro', N. C., and from this point pushed onward to Raleigh, where, on the 26th of April he received the surrender of the confederate army under Johnston,—the only remaining formidable confederate army in existence at that time east of the

Mississippi river,—thus virtually crushing the southern confederacy. Indeed, it was Sherman's intention not to stop short of Richmond, and only the great events consummated a short time previously at that important point, under Grant's masterly generalship, rendered this part of the programme unnecessary.

At this time, the great warrior, as described by his accomplished aid-de-camp, Major Nichols, was in person nearly six feet in height, with a wiry, muscular, and not ungraceful frame. His age only forty-seven years, but his face furrowed with deep lines, indicating care and profound thought. With surprising rapidity, however, these strong lines disappeared when he talked with women and children. His eyes dark brown, and sharp and quick in expression; his forehead broad and fair, and sloping gently at the top of the head, the latter being covered with thick and light brown hair, closely trimmed; his beard and moustache, of a sandy hue, were also closely cut. Of an iron constitution, exposure to cold, rain, or burning heat, seemed to produce no effect upon his powers of endurance and strength. Under the most harassing conditions, he exhibited no signs of fatigue. When in the field he retired early, but at midnight he might be found pacing in front of his tent, or sitting by the camp-fire smoking his cigar. He would fall asleep as easily and as quickly as a little child,—by the roadside or upon wet ground, on the hard floor or when a battle stirred the scene; but the galloping of a courier's horse down the road would instantly awaken him, as well as a voice or movement in his tent. As showing his thorough military spirit, it is related of him, that, before the fall of Atlanta, he refused a commission of major-general in the regular army, saying, "These positions of so much trust and honor should be held open until the close of the war. They should not be hastily given. Important campaigns are in operation. At the end, let those who prove their capacity and merit be the ones appointed to these high honors." The great captain was in a short time made lieutenant-general, and, subsequently, on the accession of General Grant to the presidency, he became GENERAL OF THE ARMY,—a military rank and title conferred only upon three persons, since the founding of the republic, namely, WASHINGTON, GRANT, SHERMAN.

LXXII.

FALL OF RICHMOND, VA., THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.—1865.

The Entrenched City Closely Encompassed for Months by General Grant's Brave Legions and Walls of Steel.—Flight of Jefferson Davis, and Surrender of General Lee's Army.—Overthrow of the Four Years' Gigantic Rebellion.—The Ægis and Starry Ensigns of the Republic Everywhere Dominant.—Transports of Joy Fill the Land.—A Nation's Laurels Crown the Head of the Conqueror of Peace.—Memorable Day in Human Affairs.—Momentous Issues Involved.—Heavy Cost of this Triumph.—Without it, a Lost Republic.—Unequaled Valor Displayed.—Sherman's Grand Conceptions.—Sheridan's Splendid Generalship.—Onward March of Events.—Strategy, Battles, Victories.—Lee's Lines Fatally Broken.—Approach of the Final Crisis.—Richmond Evacuated by Night.—Retreat of Lee: Vigorous Pursuit.—His Hopeless Resistance to Grant.—Their Correspondence and Interview.—The Two Great Generals Face to Face.—What was Said and Done.—Announcing the Result.—Parting of Lee with His Soldiers.—President Lincoln's Visit to Richmond.—Raising the United States Flag at Fort Sumter.—Davis a Prisoner in Fortress Monroe.

"I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."—GENERAL GRANT'S DISPATCH FROM THE FIELD.

GEN. GRANT STATING TERMS OF SURRENDER.

XERXES crossing the Hellespont with his miles of troops and flotilla, and over which vast concourse, he wept, it is said, as it passed in review, was not a more memorable illustration of the pomp and circumstance of war, than that which was exhibited in 1864 and 1865 by the Union army under General Grant, which, like a wall of steel, beleaguered the entrenched city of Richmond—the stronghold of his country's foes,—and brought it, in April of the last-named year, to submission and surrender; and with which event, the hosts that had been gathered by a powerful confederacy for the overthrow of the republic, melted away in defeat and disaster, the disunion chieftains became fugitives, and the long strife of arms ceased throughout the nation. This event has been justly characterized as far more momentous than any other that is likely to happen in our time, and which will always make 1865 one of the great years of history—putting it, in fact, in the same category with the first year of the Christian era, the year in which Rome was sacked, in which

Europe was saved from the Saracens, in which Luther began to preach the Reformation, in which Parliament drew the sword against Charles I., and in which the first shot was fired in the American Revolution; a year, in short, in which events marked the commencement of a new and important stage in human progress.

That the foe thus vanquished was not an inferior one is shown by the single fact, —if by no other—as stated by one of the most reliable authorities in such matters, that, in the whole history of war, no city has been purchased by a conqueror at so heavy a price as it cost to take Richmond. Napoleon took Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, each in a single campaign, and, when the scale of fortune turned, the Allies entered Paris in two successive years. Sebastopol resisted the English and French armies for thirteen or fourteen months, and four or five battles were fought in the hope of raising the siege. For nearly four years, Richmond was the principal object of siege and attack by the union armies, and probably half a million of men were at different times employed in attempting its conquest. After the disaster at Bull Run had shown the federal government the deficiencies of its military organization, General McClellan commanded an army of not far from two hundred thousand men on the Potomac, and he landed more than half the number in the Peninsula, while his colleagues defended the approaches of Washington. The losses of the union army in the disastrous campaign of the Chickahominy, and in the subsequent defeat of General Pope, were variously estimated from fifty thousand all the way up to one hundred thousand men. Burnside's loss, in his attack upon the heights of Fredericksburg, was not far from fifteen thousand men, and about the same result attended the struggle between Generals Lee and Hooker, in 1863. The magnificent union victory at Gettysburg, involving so great a loss of life, was included in the same campaign. It was not till the early summer of 1864, that General Grant commenced his final advance upon Richmond, and the battles which ensued in the Shenandoah and in the neighborhood of Petersburg, added largely to the record of bloodshed. Great and most precious, however, as was the cost of final victory to the union army, its final defeat instead would have been at the cost of the existence of the Republic!

The splendid military conceptions of General Sherman, and their perfect execution, had much to do with hastening the downfall of Richmond and the collapse of the southern confederacy, nor can the brave and effective movement of General Sheridan in the same relation be too highly eulogized by his countrymen. Of the latter general's services, at this most exciting and momentous crisis, General Grant says: "During the 30th, (March, 1865,) Sheridan advanced from Dinwiddie Court-House towards Five Forks, where he found the enemy in force. General Warren advanced and extended his line across the Boydton plank road to near the White Oak road, with a view of getting across the latter; but finding the enemy strong in his front, and extending beyond his left, was directed to hold on where he was and fortify. General Humphreys drove the enemy from his front into his main line on the Hatcher, near Burgess's mills. Generals Ord, Wright, and Parke, made examinations in their fronts to determine the feasibility of an assault on the enemy's lines. The two latter reported favorably. The enemy confronting us, as he did, at every point from Richmond to our extreme left, I conceived his lines must be weakly held, and could be penetrated if my estimate of his forces was correct. I determined, therefore, to extend my line no further, but to re-enforce General Sheridan with a corps of infantry, and thus enable him to cut loose and turn the enemy's right flank, and with the other corps assault the enemy's lines."

With what soldierly gallantry Sheridan and his colleagues fulfilled the parts assigned them by their superior, is thus related by the latter. "On the morning of the 31st, General Warren reported fa-

vorably to getting possession of the White Oak road, and was directed to do so. To accomplish this, he moved with one division, instead of his whole corps, which was attacked by the enemy in superior force and driven back on the second division before it had time to form, and it, in turn, forced back upon the third division, when the enemy was checked. A division of the second corps was immediately sent to his support, the enemy driven back with heavy loss, and possession of the White Oak road gained. Sheridan advanced, and with a portion of his cavalry got possession of the Five Forks, but the enemy, after the affair with the fifth corps, re-enforced the rebel cavalry, defending that point with infantry, and forced him back towards Dinwiddie Court-House. *Here General Sheridan displayed great generalship.* Instead of retreating with his whole command on the main army, to tell the story of superior forces encountered, he deployed his cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take charge of the horses. This compelled the enemy to deploy over a vast extent of woods and broken country, and made his progress slow. At this juncture, he dispatched to me what had taken place, and that he was dropping back slowly on Dinwiddie Court-House." Never was the tribute of praise more worthily bestowed, than this by the greatest of American heroes upon General Sheridan.

But still more important events were hastening. "On the morning of the 1st of April," says General Grant, "General Sheridan, re-enforced by General Warren, drove the enemy back on Five Forks, where, late in the evening, he assaulted and carried his strongly fortified position, capturing all his artillery, and between five and six thousand prisoners. About the close of this battle, Brevet Major-General Charles Griffin relieved Major-General Warren, in command of the fifth corps. The report of this reached me after nightfall. Some apprehensions filled my mind lest the enemy might desert his lines during the night, and by falling upon General Sheridan before assistance could reach him, drive him from his position and open the way for retreat. To guard against this, General Miles's division of Humphrey's corps was sent to re-enforce him, and a bombardment was commenced and kept up until four o'clock in the morning, April 2d, when an assault was ordered on the enemy's lines. General Wright penetrated the lines with his whole corps, sweeping everything before him and to the left towards Hatcher's Run, capturing many guns and several thousand prisoners. He was closely followed by two divisions of General Ord's command, until he met the other division of General Ord's that had succeeded in forcing the enemy's lines near Hatcher's Run. Generals Wright and Ord immediately swung to the right, and closed all of the enemy on that side of them in Petersburg, while General Humphreys pushed forward with two divisions and joined General Wright on the left. General Parke succeeded in carrying the enemy's main line, capturing guns and prisoners, but was unable to carry his inner line. General Sheridan being advised of the condition of affairs, returned General Miles to his proper command. On reaching the enemy's lines immediately surrounding Petersburg, a portion of General Gibbon's corps, by a most gallant charge, captured two strong, enclosed works —the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg—thus materially shortening the line of investment necessary for taking in the city. The enemy south of Hatcher's Run retreated westward to Sutherland's station, where they were overtaken by Miles's division. A severe engagement ensued and lasted until both his right and left flanks were threatened by the approach of General Sheridan, who was moving from Ford's station towards Petersburg, and a division sent by General Meade from the front of Petersburg, when he broke in the utmost confusion, leaving in our hands his guns and many prisoners. This force retreated by the main road along the Appomattox river. *During the night of the second, the enemy*

RICHMOND, THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL, ENTERED BY THE UNION ARMY.

evacuated Petersburg and Richmond, and retreated toward Danville. On the morning of the 3d, pursuit was commenced. General Sheridan pushed for the Danville road, keeping near the Appomattox, followed by General Meade with the second and sixth corps, while General Ord moved for Burkesville along the South Side road, the ninth corps stretched along that road behind him,"—these combined movements being made with such rapidity and effectiveness, that Lee's army could have no expectation of escape founded upon any reasonable probability.

By the night of Tuesday, April 4th, Sheridan and the fifth corps had, by a march of thirty-six miles, gained a position west of Lee, near Jettersville, on the road to Burkesville. This movement resulted the next day in the capture of a train of three hundred wagons, with five cannon and a thousand prisoners. On Wednesday, Grant, with the twenty-fourth corps, had reached Nottoway Court-House, and there learned by a dispatch from Sheridan that Lee had been intercepted. On Thursday, Grant had brought his army up to Sheridan's support, and with the second, fifth, and sixth corps, lay in line of battle at Burke's Station, facing to the north and east, and cutting Lee off from Danville. Lee then tried to move on toward Lynchburg, by taking a circuitous route by way of Deatonsville, toward the Appomattox, which he hoped to cross, and, with the river between him and Grant, secure his retreat. Lee was compelled to fight at Deatonsville, where he was defeated, his loss amounting to thirteen thousand prisoners, including Lieutenant-General Ewell and Major-Generals Custis Lee, Kershaw, Corse, DeBarry, Anderson, Hunton, and Barton. Fourteen cannon were also taken, and several hundred wagons.

On Friday, April 7th, Grant wrote briefly to Lee, asking him to surrender "that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia." He said: "The result of last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia in this struggle." Lee replied the same day, saying that though he was not entirely of Grant's opinion as to the hopelessness of further resistance, he reciprocated the desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and asked upon what terms Grant would accept the surrender. On the 8th, Grant again wrote, declaring that he should insist upon but one condition, namely: "That the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the government of the United States until properly exchanged." To this, Lee replied that he did not think the emergency had arisen to call for the surrender, but desired an interview at ten o'clock the next day, on the old stage road to Richmond, in respect to the restoration of peace. On the ninth, Grant wrote that he had no authority to grant such an interview. He said: "The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed."

In taking the ground that he did in this correspondence, Grant acted expressly in accordance with the views entertained by his superiors at Washington. It appears that among the dispatches which Grant had sent to the president, about this time, was one in which he spoke of an application to be made by Lee for an interview to negotiate about peace. Mr. Lincoln intimated pretty clearly an intention to permit extremely favorable terms, and to let his general-in-chief settle them; and this even to an extent that overpowered the reticent habits of his secretary of war, who, after restraining himself as long as he could, broke out sternly, saying—

"Mr. President, to-morrow is inauguration day. If you are not to be the president of an obedient and united people, you had better not be inaugurated. Your work is already done, if any other authority than yours is for one moment to be recognized, or any terms made that do not signify that you are the supreme head of

the nation. If generals in the field are to negotiate peace, or any other chief magistrate is to be acknowledged on the continent, then you are not needed, and you had better not take the oath of office."

"Stanton," said the president — his whole tone changing, "you are right. Let me have a pen."

Mr. Lincoln sat down at the table and wrote as follows:

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer on any political question; such questions the president holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. In the meantime, you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."

The president now read over what he had written, and then said—

"Now, Stanton, date and sign this paper, and send it to Grant. We'll see about this peace business."

Grant's note declining any interview to consider terms of peace was received by Lee on the spot which he had designated for the meeting. On receipt of this, Lee at once dispatched another note, requesting a personal interview for the object named in Grant's previous communication—the surrender of Lee's army. A flag of truce proceeded to Appomattox Court-House shortly after noon, and at about two o'clock the two generals met at the house of Mr. W. McLean. General Lee was attended by General Marshall, his adjutant-general; General Grant, by Colonel Parker, one of his chief aids-de-camp. General Grant arrived about fifteen minutes later than General Lee, and entered the parlor where the latter was awaiting him.

The two generals greeted each other with dignified courtesy, and after a few moments conversation, proceeded to the business before them. Lee immediately alluded to the conditions named by General Grant for the surrender, characterized them as exceedingly lenient, and said he would gladly leave all the details to General Grant's own discretion. Of this interview, General Grant himself gave the following interesting account to some friends, at a private dinner-party in Washington:

"I felt some embarrassment in the prospect of meeting General Lee. I had not seen him since he was General Scott's chief-of-staff in Mexico; and in addition to the respect I entertained for him, the duty which I had to perform was a disagreeable one, and I wished to get through it as soon as possible. When I reached Appomattox Court-House, I had ridden that morning thirty-seven miles. I was in my campaign clothes, covered with dust and mud; I had no sword; I was not even well mounted, for I rode (turning to General Ingals, who was present,) one of Ingals's horses. I found General Lee in a fresh suit of confederate gray, with all the insignia of his rank, and at his side the splendid dress-sword which had been given him by the state of Virginia. We shook hands. He was exceedingly courteous in his address, and we seated ourselves at a deal table in Mr. McLean's front room. We talked of two of the conditions of surrender, which had been left open by our previous correspondence, one of which related to the ceremonies which were to be observed on the occasion; and when I disclaimed any desire to have any parade, but said I should be contented with the delivery of arms to my officers, and with the proper signature and authentication of paroles, he seemed to be greatly pleased. When I yielded the other point, that the officers should retain their side arms and private baggage and horses, his emotions of satisfaction were plainly visible. We soon reduced the terms to writing. We parted with the same courtesies with which we had met. It seemed to me that General Lee evinced a feeling of satisfaction and relief when the business was finished. I immediately mounted Ingals's horse, returned to General Sheridan's head-quarters,

and did not again present myself to the confederate commander."

The house in which this most memorable interview took place was a comfortable and well-built double brick house, with a small green lawn in front. The occupant, Mr. McLean, lived in 1861 at Bull Run, and owned the farm on which the first and famous Bull Run battle was fought. It was in consequence of the disturbed state of the country and the annoyances to which he was subjected, that he abandoned his place, and took refuge in the distant town of Appomattox. Here he purchased some land and settled quietly down, as he thought, beyond the tide of war. But fate followed him; for, about four years after he left the Bull Run farm, the southern army was surrounded at Appomattox, and the last battle as well as the first was fought on his farm! The large marble-topped center table, on which the two generals signed the minutes, was of a somewhat antiquated style, and was afterwards purchased by General Ord for fifty dollars. General Custer purchased the other table, of small size, on which the documents were prepared, for twenty-five dollars.

After the interview, General Lee returned to his own camp, about half a mile distant, where his leading officers were assembled, awaiting his return. He announced the result and the terms, whereupon they expressed great satisfaction at the liberal conditions. They then approached him in order of rank, shook hands, and assured him of their approval of his course, and their regret at parting. The fact of surrender and the easy terms were then announced to the troops, and when General Lee appeared among them he was loudly cheered.

Immediately after the evacuation of Richmond, General Weitzel, with the second brigade of the third division of the twenty-fourth army corps, entered the city and took possession, hoisting the United States flag at every prominent point, and on the next day President Lincoln visited the fallen capital. His appearance was greeted with tumultuous cheering, though he came with no pomp of attendance or surroundings, and totally unheralded. He arrived in a United States war vessel, early in the afternoon, at the landing called the Rocketts, about a mile below the city, and thence, accompanied by his young son and Admiral Porter, went to the city in a boat. Mr. C. C. Coffin, ("Carleton,") the accomplished correspondent of the Boston Journal, in giving an account of this presidential visit, says that somehow the negroes on the bank of the river ascertained that the tall man wearing a black hat was President Lincoln. There was a sudden shout. An officer who had just picked up fifty negroes to do work on the dock, found himself alone. They left work, and crowded around the president. As he approached, I said to a colored woman,—

"There is the man who made you free."

"What, massa?"

"That is President Lincoln."

"Dat President Linkum?"

"Yes."

She gazed at him a moment, clapped her hands, and jumped straight up and down, shouting "Glory, glory, glory!" till her voice was lost in the universal cheer.

There was no carriage near, so the president, leading his son, walked three-quarters of a mile up to General Weitzel's headquarters—Jefferson Davis's presidential mansion. A colored man acted as guide. Six sailors, wearing their round blue caps and short jackets and bagging pants, with navy carbines, were the advance guard. Then came the president and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him, and the correspondent of the Boston Journal, then six more sailors with carbines,—amid a surging mass of men, women, and children, black, white, and yellow, running, shouting, and dancing, swinging their caps, bonnets and handkerchiefs. The soldiers saw him and swelled the crowd, cheering in wild enthusiasm. All could see him, he was so tall, so conspicuous.

One colored woman, standing in a doorway, as the president passed along the sidewalk, shouted, "Thank you, dear Jesus, for this! thank you, Jesus!" Another, standing by her side, was clapping her hands and shouting, "Bless de Lord!" A colored woman snatched her bonnet from her head, whirled it in the air, and screamed with all her might, "God bless you, Massa Linkum!"

President Lincoln walked in silence, acknowledging the salutes of officers and soldiers, and of the citizens, black and white. It was the man of the people among the people. It was the great deliverer among the delivered. General Shepley met the president in the street, and escorted him to General Weitzel's quarters. Major Stevens, hearing that the president was on his way, suddenly summoned a detachment of Massachusetts cavalry, and cleared the way. After a tedious walk, the mansion of Mr. Davis was reached. The immense crowd swept round the corner of the street and packed the space in front. General Weitzel received the president at the door. Cheer upon cheer went up from the excited multitude, two-thirds of whom were colored. The officers who had assembled were presented to the president in the reception room, and then citizens innumerable paid him their respects; after which the president took a ride through the city, accompanied by Admiral Porter, Generals Shepley and Weitzel, and others.

All this took place only a few hours after the flight of Davis. Early in the forenoon of that eventful Sunday, Lee telegraphed to his chief, that his lines had been broken in three places and that Richmond must be evacuated in the evening. This message was delivered to Davis at eleven o'clock, while he was in church. He immediately left, and, arranging his affairs as well as time would permit, proceeded with his cabinet to Danville. Pollard, the historian of the southern cause, states that the rumor was caught up in the streets that Richmond was to be evacuated, and was soon carried to the ends of the city. Men, women, and children, rushed from the churches, passing from lip to lip news of the impending fall. It was late in the afternoon when the signs of evacuation became apparent to the incredulous. Wagons on the streets were being hastily loaded at the departments with boxes, trunks, etc., and driven to the Danville depot. Those who had determined to evacuate with the fugitive government looked on with amazement; then, convinced of the fact, rushed to follow the government's example. Vehicles suddenly rose to a premium value that was astounding. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, boxes, bundles, and their hurrying owners, filling the streets. By order of the military authorities, all the spirituous liquor in the city was destroyed, but some of it was seized and used by the straggling soldiery, who thereupon committed the grossest excesses. The great tobacco warehouses were also, by military order, set on fire, as were also the various bridges leading out of the city, and the rams in James river were blown up. The whole scene was awful in the extreme.

At Danville, Davis set up the form and machinery of his government, issuing at once a stirring address, in which he said: "We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base." Waiting here, in expectation of Lee's arrival with his army, the news of the surrender of the latter reached him on the 10th of April. Dismayed at the tidings, Davis hastily made his escape to Greensboro, N. C., and afterwards, with various haltings, to Charlotte, N. C., and thence to Washington and Irwinsville, Ga., where he was captured, May 11th, by the union cavalry, and carried, a prisoner, to Fortress Monroe. This was, in form, the close of the war. General Johnston surrendered his army at Raleigh, N. C., April 26th, to General Sherman. General Howell Cobb, with his militia and five

generals, surrendered to General Wilson, at Macon, Ga., April 20th. Gen. Dick Taylor surrendered all the remaining confederate forces east of the Mississippi to General Canby, May 14th; and, on the 26th of the same month, Gen. Kirby Smith surrendered his entire command, west of the Mississippi, to the same officer. On the 14th of April,—just four years from the memorable bombardment and evacuation,—the flag of the United States was planted again upon Fort Sumter, under the orders of the president, by the hands of General Anderson, its commander in April, 1861.

The close of this mighty struggle, assuring the world of the continued nationality of the American Union, filled the land with such transports and demonstrations of joy as were never before known among any people; and the laurels of the nation covered the brow of GRANT, the hero of mighty battles—the Conqueror of Peace. By special act of congress, the full and supreme rank of General—a title never worn by a United States commander since the days of the illustrious Washington,—was revived and conferred upon Grant; and, as the highest honor in the gift of his countrymen, he was in 1869 transferred from the command of the army to the exalted position of President of the United States, in which station he remained eight years.

One event, in especial, among the cluster just named in connection with the closing scenes of the Great Conflict, deserves more than a passing mention here, namely, the *Re-possession of Fort Sumter, and the restoration to its original place on that historic spot, by General Anderson, of the identical flag* which, after an honorable and gallant defense, he was compelled to lower in April, 1861.

This ceremony of re-occupation took place, as ordered by President Lincoln, on Friday, April 14th, 1865, in presence of several thousands of spectators. Among the company were Generals Gillmore, Dix, Washburne, Doubleday, Anderson, Delafield, Grover, Hatch, and Saxton, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson, Assistant Secretary Fox, of the Navy Department, Professor Davis, and some two hundred officers of the navy. The spectators were conveyed from Charleston to the fort by steamers, and the ceremonies were ushered in at noon with a song and chorus entitled 'Victory at Last.'

Prayer was now offered by Rev. Matthias Harris, chaplain United States Army, who made the prayer at the raising of the flag when Major Anderson suddenly removed his command from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, December 27th, 1860. Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, then read selections of scripture, after which, Adjutant-General Townsend read Major Anderson's dispatch, dated steamship Baltic, off Sandy Hook, April 18th, 1861, announcing the fall of Fort Sumter.

Major-General Anderson and Sergeant Hart then stepped forward on the platform and unfurled the glorious old banner, amid the deafening cheers of the assemblage. As they raised the flag, with an evergreen wreath attached, the occupants on the stage all joined in taking hold of the halyards. The scene of rejoicing that followed, as the flag reached the top of the staff, was indescribable. The enthusiasm was unbounded. There was a simultaneous rising, cheering, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, for fully fifteen minutes. As the starry emblem floated out gracefully to the strong breeze, the joyful demonstrations were repeated, which were responded to by music from the bands, a salute of one hundred guns at Fort Sumter, and a national salute from every fort and battery that fired upon Sumter in April, 1861. When this was over, General Anderson came forward and said—

"I am here, friends and fellow-citizens, and brother soldiers, to perform an act of duty which is dear to my heart, and which all of you present appreciate and feel. Did I listen to the promptings of my own heart, I would not attempt to speak; but I have been desired by the secretary of war to make a few remarks. By the con-

siderate appointment of the honored secretary of war to fulfill the cherished wish of my heart through four long years of bloody war—to restore to its proper place this very flag which floated here during peace, before the first act of this cruel rebellion —I thank God I have lived to see this day, to be here to perform this, perhaps the last act of duty to my country in this life. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for the signal blessings he has given us—blessings beyond number. May all the world proclaim 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace and good will toward men.'"

The 'Star Spangled Banner' was then sung by the whole audience, with great feeling and effect; after which, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a commemorative oration of great eloquence and power. The doxology, with devotional services, closed the public exercises of the day; and, with cheers for President Lincoln, the old Flag, the Union, Generals Grant, Sherman, and others, the vast multitude separated.

LXXIII.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AT FORD'S THEATER, WASHINGTON, BY J. WILKES BOOTH.—1865.

Conspiracy to Murder, Simultaneously, all the Chief Officers of the Government—The Most Exalted and Beloved of Mortal Rulers Falls a Victim.—A Universal Wail of Anguish and Lamentation Poured Forth from the National Heart.—Darkest Page in the History of the Country.—Funeral Cortege Through Fifteen States.—Tragical Fate of the Conspirators.—Object of this Most Infamous of Crimes—Singular Time of its Perpetration.—Virtual End of the Great Civil War.—Dawn of Peace: Universal Joy.—President Lincoln's Happy Frame of Mind.—How He Passed His Last Day.—Conversations on the Evening of April 14th.—Makes an Engagement for the Morrow—Last Time He Signed His Name.—Reluctantly Goes to the Theater.—Arrives Late: Immense Audience.—Plans and Movements of Booth, the Assassin.—The Fatal Shot: A Tragedy of Horrors.—Removal of the President to a Private House.—Speechless and Unconscious to the End—Death-Bed Scenes and Incidents.—The Nation Stunned at the Appalling News.—Its Reception at the South, and by General Lee.—A Continent in Tears and Mourning.—Most Imposing Obsequies Ever Known.—Booth's Swift and Bloody End.—Trial of His Male and Female Accomplices.

MR. LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME.

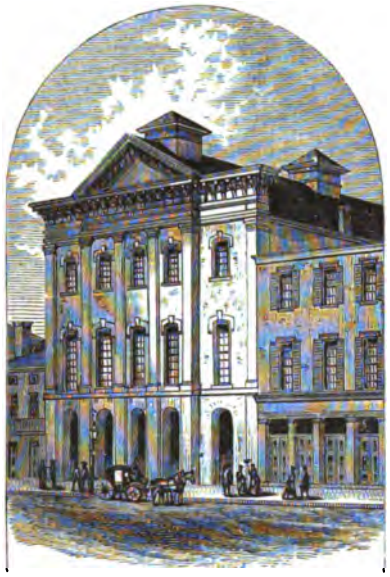
—"Mourn ye for him? let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn."

REVIEWING the great procession of events which distinguish the ninety years covered by our national existence, up to the present time, there is, confessedly, none of the many during that period, which shows so dark and terrible a page,—none which so paralyzed the heart of the nation, or sent such a thrill of agony through the four continents of the globe, causing world-wide sorrow and lamentation,—as the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's Theater, in the capital of the nation, on the night of April 14th, 1865. And this bloody deed was but one act in the diabolical conspiracy which contemplated the simultaneous murder of the chief officers of state, at the federal capital, to the end that panic might there seize upon the government and nation, and treason and anarchy assert their sway over a republic in ruins.

And yet, the time chosen for this most appalling conspiracy was that which was marked by the virtual close of the great war which for four long years had filled the land with carnage and death; the prowess of General Grant had shattered the plans of the ablest military chieftains of the south; General Sherman had consummated his grand march from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence through South Carolina; all the

chief cities of the south were occupied by the union forces; Lee had surrendered his sword, and President Lincoln had just visited the city of Richmond, so recently the confederate stronghold; and Jefferson Davis was a fugitive, who had then barely escaped capture. The demonstrations of joy at the now certain conclusion of hostilities, and the dawn of peace, were universal; and by no one, in all the land, was this joy shared so fully as by President Lincoln.

Of the president's happy frame of mind, now that victory had everywhere crowned the federal arms, and he was entering on



FORD'S THEATER, IN WASHINGTON.

his second presidential term under the auspices of prospective peace, something may be judged by the incidents represented to have transpired in connection with his private and personal intercourse, during the last day of his life. On the morning of that fatal day, Captain Robert Lincoln, son of the president, and who had just returned from the capitulation of General Lee, breakfasted with his father, and the president passed a happy hour listening to all the details. While thus at breakfast, he heard that Speaker Colfax was in the house, and sent word that he wished to see him immediately in the reception room. He conversed with him nearly an hour, on his future policy as to the south, which he was about to submit to the cabinet. Afterwards he had an interview with Mr. Hale, minister to Spain, and with several senators and representatives. At eleven o'clock, the cabinet and General Grant met with him, and, in one of the most important and satisfactory cabinet sessions held since his first inauguration, the future policy of the administration was harmoniously and unanimously agreed on, Secretary Stanton remarking that he felt that the government was stronger than at any previous period since the rebellion commenced. Turning to General Grant, Mr. Lincoln asked him if he had heard from General Sherman. General Grant replied that he had not, but was in hourly expectation of receiving dispatches from him announcing the surrender of Johnston. The president replied:

"Well, you will hear very soon, and the news will be important."

"Why do you think so?" inquired General Grant, somewhat in a curious mood.

"Because," said Mr. Lincoln, "I had a dream, last night, and, ever since the war began, I have invariably had the same dream before any very important military event has occurred." He then instanced Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, etc., and said that before each of those events he had had the same dream, and, turning to Secretary Welles, continued, "It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. The dream is, that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly, and I am sure that it portends some important national event."

In the afternoon, the president had a long and pleasant interview with General Oglesby, Senator Yates, and other leading citizens of Illinois.

At about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, who presided over the Chicago Convention in 1860, called at the White House, and was ushered into the parlor, where Mr. Colfax was seated, waiting for

an interview with the president, on business which had a bearing on his proposed overland trip. A few moments elapsed, when President Lincoln entered the room, and engaged in conversation upon various matters, appearing to be in a very happy and jovial frame of mind. He spoke of his visit to Richmond, and when they stated that there was much uneasiness at the north while he was in that city, for fear that he might be shot, he replied, jocularly, that he would have been alarmed himself if any other person had been president and gone there, but that personally he did not feel any danger whatever. Conversing on a matter of business with Mr. Ashmun, he made a remark that he saw Mr. Ashmun was surprised at, and, though not very important, he immediately said, with his well-known kindness of heart,—

"You did not understand me, Ashmun. I did not mean what you inferred, and I take it all back and apologize for it."

Mr. Ashmun desiring to see him again, and there being no time to attend to it then, the president took out a card, and placing it on his knee, wrote as follows:

"Allow Mr. Ashmun and friend to come to me at nine A. M., to-morrow.

April 14, '65. A. Lincoln."

These were the last words that he penned. It was the last time that he signed his name to any order, document or message. The last words written by him were thus making an engagement for the morrow—an engagement which he was not allowed to meet. Before the hour had arrived he was no more. After signing the card, he said, humorously, to Mr. Colfax,—

"Mr. Sumner has the gavel of the Confederate Congress, which he got at Richmond, to hand to the secretary of war; but I insisted then that he must give it to you, and you tell him for me to hand it over."

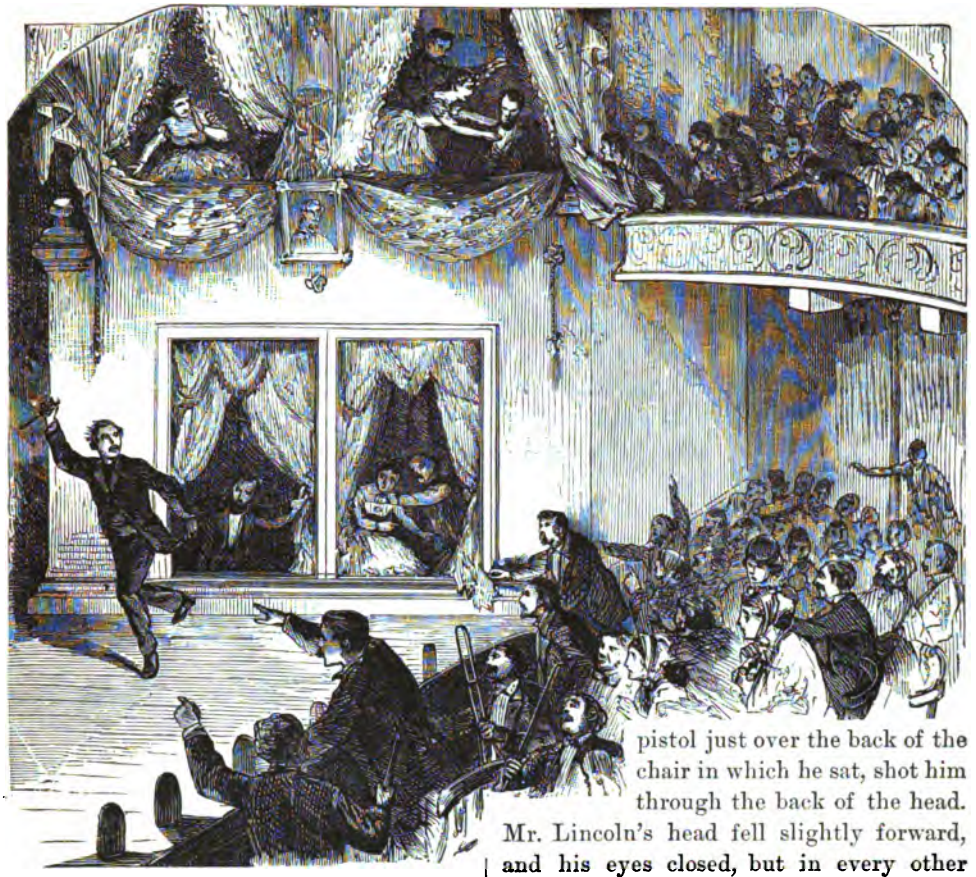
Mr. Ashmun here pleasantly alluded to the gavel which he himself still had—the same one he had used when presiding over the Chicago Nominating Convention of 1860.

President Lincoln finally stated that he must go to the theater, and, saying, "You are going with Mrs. Lincoln and me to the theater, I hope," warmly pressed Speaker Colfax and Mr. Ashmun to accompany them, but they excused themselves on the score of previous engagements. It was now half an hour after the time when they had intended to start, and they spoke about waiting half an hour longer,—the president going with reluctance, as General Grant had that evening gone north, and Mr. Lincoln did not wish the people to be disappointed, it having been announced in the afternoon papers that the president, Mrs. Lincoln, and General Grant, would attend the theater that evening, to witness the representation of the "American Cousin." At the door, Mr. Lincoln stopped and said,—

"Colfax, do not forget to tell the people in the mining regions, as you pass through them, what I told you this morning about the development when peace comes, and I will telegraph you at San Francisco."

Starting for the carriage, Mrs. Lincoln took the arm of Mr. Ashmun, and the president and Mr. Colfax walked together. As soon as the president and Mrs. Lincoln were seated in the carriage, Mrs. Lincoln gave orders to the coachman to drive around to Senator Harris's residence, for Miss Harris. As the carriage rolled away, they both said "Good-by,—Good-by," to Messrs. Ashmun and Colfax. A few moments later, and the presidential party of four persons, namely, the president and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone, arrived at the theater and entered the front and left-hand upper private box.

The deeply-laid plan of Booth to murder the president was soon to culminate in horrid and fatal execution. According to the very reliable account given by the Hon. H. J. Raymond, in his biography of the martyred president, and in which account there is exhibited the most painstaking synopsis of the accumulated evidence concerning Booth's movements, the murderer made his appearance at fifteen



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

minutes after ten, passed along the passage behind the spectators in the dress-circle, showed a card to the president's messenger, and stood for two or three minutes looking down upon the stage and the orchestra below. He then entered the vestibule of the president's box, closed the door behind him, and fastened it by bracing a short plank against it from the wall, so that it could not be opened from the outside. He then drew a small silver-mounted Derringer pistol, which he carried in his right hand, holding a long double-edged dagger in his left. All in the box were intent on the proceedings upon the stage; but President Lincoln was leaning forward, holding aside the curtain of the box with his left hand, and looking, with his head slightly turned, towards the audience. Booth stepped within the inner door into the box, directly behind the president, and, holding the pistol just over the back of the chair in which he sat, shot him through the back of the head. Mr. Lincoln's head fell slightly forward, and his eyes closed, but in every other respect his attitude remained unchanged. The report of the pistol startled those in the box, and Major Rathbone, turning his eyes from the stage, saw, through the smoke that filled the box, a man standing between him and the president. He instantly sprang towards him and seized him; but Booth wrested himself from his grasp, and, dropping the pistol, struck at him with the dagger, inflicting a severe wound upon his left arm, near the shoulder. Booth then rushed to the front of the box, shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"—put his hand upon the railing in front of the box, and leaped over it upon the stage below. As he went over, his spur caught in the flag which draped the front, and he fell; but recovering himself immediately, he rose, brandished the dagger, and facing the audience, shouted, "*The South is avenged!*" He then rushed across the stage towards the passage which led to the

stage door in the rear of the theater. An actor named Hawke was the only person on the stage when Booth leaped upon it, and seeing Booth coming towards him with the dagger in his hand, he ran off the stage and up a flight of stairs. Booth ran through the passage-way beside the scenes, meeting one or two persons only, whom he struck from his path, went out at the door which stood open, and which he closed behind him, and mounting a horse which he had brought there, and which a lad was holding for him, he rode over the Anacosta bridge, across the east branch of the Potomac, safely escaping to Lower Maryland.

It is impossible to describe the scene which transpired in that box and in that vast audience, on the discovery that the president was shot. Suffice it to say, that the surgeon-general and other physicians were immediately summoned, and their skill exhausted in efforts to restore him to consciousness. An examination of his wounds, however, showed that no hopes could be given that his life would be spared.

Preparations were at once made to remove him, and he was conveyed to a house immediately opposite, and there placed upon a bed, the only evidence of life being

HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

an occasional nervous twitching of the hand and heavy breathing. At about half-past eleven, the motion of the muscles of his face indicated as if he were trying to speak, but doubtless it was merely muscular. His eyes protruded from their sockets and were suffused with blood.

At his bedside were the secretaries of war, the navy and the interior; the post-master-general and attorney-general; Senator Sumner; General Todd, cousin to Mrs. Lincoln; Major Hay, Mr. M. B. Field, General Halleck, General Meigs, Rev. Doctor Gurley, the physicians, and a few other persons. All were bathed in tears; and Secretary Stanton, when informed by Surgeon-General Barnes, that the president could not live until morning, exclaimed, "Oh, no, General; no—no;" and with an impulse, natural as it was unaffected, immediately sat down and wept like a child. Senator Sumner was seated at the right of the president, near the head, holding the right hand of the president in his own; he was sobbing like a woman, with his head bowed down almost upon the pillow of the bed. In an adjoining room were Mrs. Lincoln, and several others.

Mrs. Lincoln was in a state of great excitement and agony, wringing her hands and exclaiming, "Why did he not shoot me, instead of my husband! I have tried to be so careful of him, fearing something would happen, and his life seemed to be more precious now than ever. I must go with him!"—and other expressions of like character. She was constantly going to and from the bedside of the president, saying in utter grief, "How can it be so!" The scene was heart-rending. Captain Robert Lincoln bore himself with great firmness, and constantly endeavored to assuage the grief of his mother by telling her to put her trust in God and all would be well. Occasionally, however, being entirely overcome, he would retire by himself and give vent to most piteous lamentations.

At four o'clock, the symptoms of restlessness returned, and at six the premonitions of dissolution set in. His face, which had been quite pale, began to assume a waxen transparency, the jaw slowly fell, and the teeth became exposed. About a quarter of an hour before the president died, his breathing became very difficult, and in many instances seemed to have entirely

ceased. He would again rally and breathe with so great difficulty as to be heard in almost every part of the house. Mrs. Lincoln took her last leave of him about twenty minutes before he expired, and was sitting in the adjoining room when it was announced to her that he was dead. When this announcement was made, she exclaimed, "Oh! why did you not tell me that he was dying!"

The surgeons and the members of the cabinet, Senator Sumner, Captain Robert Lincoln, General Todd, Mr. Field, and one or two more, were standing at his bed-side when he breathed his last. Robert Lincoln was resting himself tenderly upon the arm of Senator Sumner, the mutual embrace of the two having all the affectionateness of father and son. The surgeons were sitting upon the side and foot of the bed, holding the president's hands, and with their watches observing the slow declension of the pulse, and watching the ebbing out of the vital spirit.

He lingered longer than was expected; until, at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, in the morning, April fifteenth, the physician said, with solemn accent and overpowering emotion,—

"*He is gone; he is dead.*"

Such was the deep stillness, in that awful presence, at the fatal announcement, that for the space of five minutes the ticking of the watches could be distinctly heard. All stood transfixed in their positions, speechless, breathless, around the dead body of that great and good man. At length the secretary of war broke the silence and said to Rev. Doctor Gurley, "Doctor, will you say anything?" He replied, "I will speak to God." "Do it just now," responded the secretary. And there, by the side of the fallen chief, a fervent prayer was offered up, at the close of which there arose from the lips of the entire company a fervid and spontaneous "Amen."

No adequate portrayal can be given of the effect upon the public mind, of the murder of the president, as the news was borne along the telegraphic wires, from one end of the land to the other. Stunned, bewildered, incredulous, at first, the tears and wailing of a whole nation were soon manifest—deep answering unto deep—to an extent and degree never before witnessed since the death of Washington. A pang of horror seized every heart, in this darkest hour of the country's history, the emblems of mourning shrouded the land in very darkness—its streets, its habitations, its churches, its halls of justice, its capitols,—funeral pageants everywhere hushed the noise of business,—and the solemn voice of eulogy and lamentation, and the sound of dirge and requiem, filled the air, from the mountains of the north to the prairies and valleys of the west and the golden slopes of the far-off Pacific.

If, in the blind and fatal mistake of sectional antagonism or partisan bitterness, this most infamous of human crimes found apologists, there were, at least, some notable exceptions to this feeling. Thus, when the tidings reached Richmond, General Lee at first refused to hear the details of the horrid deed, from the two gentlemen who waited upon him on Sunday night

with the particulars. He said, that when he dispossessed himself of the command of the confederate forces, he kept in view President Lincoln's benignity, and surrendered as much to the latter's goodness as to Grant's artillery. The general said that he regretted Mr. Lincoln's death as much as any man in the north, and believed him to be the epitome of magnanimity and good faith.

On the nineteenth of April, the New World witnessed the most imposing funeral ceremonies that ever took place this side of the Atlantic, or perhaps in the whole world. The body, which had been embalmed, lay in state in the Green Room of the White House, the coffin resting upon a magnificent catafalque, and the grand room overflowing with flowers which had poured in from innumerable sources. The public exercises took place in the East Room, being conducted by Rev. Drs. Hall, Gurley, and Gray, and Bishop Simpson. The throng of dignitaries, embracing representatives of the army and navy, senators and members of congress, judges, foreign ambassadors, governors of the states, and other high officials, was such as had never before been gathered together in the executive mansion. From the latter place, the body of the illustrious deceased was conveyed, along Pennsylvania Avenue, to the great rotunda of the nation's capitol, thence to be carried to their last resting-place in Oak Ridge cemetery, Springfield, Ill.

The description given by Holland, of the procession in the federal metropolis, will apply, in its main features, to all the corteges in the various cities through which the honored remains passed. "Every piazza, window, verandah and house-top, was filled with eager but mournful faces. Funereal music filled the sweet spring air; and this was the only sound, except the measured tread of feet, and the slow roll of wheels upon the pavement. As the hearse, drawn by six gray horses, reached the capitol grounds, the bands burst forth in a requiem, and were answered by minute-guns from the fortifications. The body of the president was borne into the rotunda, where Doctor Gurley completed the religious exercises of the occasion. Here the remains rested, exposed to public view, but guarded by soldiery, until the next day. Thousands who had no other opportunity to take their farewell of the beloved dust thronged the capitol all night. The procession which moved from the White House, April 19th, was but the beginning of a pageant that displayed its marvelous numbers and its ever-varying forms, through country, and village, and city, winding across the territories of vast states, along a track of more than fifteen hundred miles." During this period, millions gazed upon the loved features of the departed president.

LINCOLN'S RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

It was on the twenty-first of April, that the remains were started upon their mournful journey to Springfield, Ill. They were

taken to that city by the route he pursued while on his way from his western home to be inaugurated in Washington. Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago, were visited in the order named, and at each place, as well as all along the route, there were most extraordinary demonstrations of respect and sorrow. Millions of people manifested, by every possible means and token, their deep sense of the public loss, and their appreciation of the exalted virtues which adorned the life of Abraham Lincoln. All classes, without distinction of politics or creeds, spontaneously united in the posthumous honors.

The funeral at Springfield was on a beautiful May day. At noon, the remains were brought from the state house, in the same hearse which had borne the bodies

SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT.

of General Lyon and Thomas H. Benton. The hearse was surmounted by a crown of flowers. From the portico, as the procession advanced, a vast chorus of voices filled the air with the strains of "Children of the Heavenly King." The ceremonies were under the immediate direction of General Hooker. A dirge was sung; and after the reading of scripture, a prayer, and a hymn, the president's second inaugural address was read. A dirge succeeded, after which Bishop Simpson delivered the funeral oration before the great audience there assembled, and from the midst of which went forth many an ejaculation of uncontrollable sorrow.

AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND BELOVED PRESIDENT, SO RECENTLY THE MOST EXALTED OF MORTAL RULERS, WAS BURIED IN HIS OWN TOMB.

But before the noble departed had been consigned, amidst the tears and lamentations of a whole continent, to the earth's bosom, John Wilkes Booth, the perpetrator of the greatest of modern crimes, had met his doom, and most of his co-conspirators—Atzerodt, Doctor Mudd, Payne, Harold, Mrs. Surratt, O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Spangler—were in the clutches of the law. It was Payne, who, at the same time that Booth's bullet sped its fatal course, enacted his part of the conspiracy in which Booth was chief, by entering the sick chamber of Secretary Seward, stabbing him in the throat, and then escaping. It was at Mrs. Surratt's house that the conspirators had met and laid their plans. As alleged, Atzerodt was to have taken the life of Vice-President Johnson. O'Laughlin was assigned to murder General Grant or Secretary Stanton. Harold was the body companion of Booth. Spangler assisted in Booth's escape from the theater. Mudd had held interviews with Booth and John H. Surratt, son of Mrs. Surratt named above, and had also attended to Booth's leg, crippled by his getting entangled with the flag that decorated the president's box. Arnold was originally in the plot, but quarreled, and left it. Booth was but twenty-seven years old at the time of his crime, by profession an actor, long known for his dissipated habits, and for his ardent devotion to the southern cause. He was born in Harford county, Md., his father being the once celebrated actor, Junius Brutus Booth, and his brother being Edwin Booth, also famous on the stage.

Immediately after the murder, Colonel Baker, of the detective service, set out to find Booth's hiding-place. He soon succeeded in capturing Atzerodt and Mudd. A negro was then arrested, who said he had seen Booth and another man cross the Potomac in a fishing boat. Colonel Baker sent to General Hancock for twenty-five

mounted men to aid him in the pursuit. These were sent under Lieutenant Dougherty, and Baker placed them under the control of Lieutenant-Colonel Conger, and of his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, and dispatched them to Belle Plain, with orders to scour the country about Port Royal.

At Port Royal they found one Rollins, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro named Lucas as having driven two men a short distance toward Bowling Green, in a wagon. These men perfectly answered the description of Booth and Harold. Some disbanded men, it was learned, belonging to Mosby's command, took Booth under their protection on the way to Bowling Green, a small court-house town in Caroline county. To that place, Baker and his party immediately proceeded, and there found the captain of the confederate cavalry, from whom they extorted a statement of Booth's whereabouts; this was at the house of a Mr. Garrett, which they had already passed.

Returning with the captain for a guide, the worn-out command halted at Garrett's gate, at two o'clock on the morning of April 26th. Without noise, the house was surrounded, and Baker went up to the kitchen door at the side, and rapped. An old man in half undress undrew the bolts, and had scarcely opened the door before Baker had him by the throat with a pistol at his ear, and asked, "Where are the men who stay with you?" Under the menace of instant death, the old man seemed paralyzed, but at Baker's order lit a candle. The question was then repeated. "They are gone," replied the old man. Soon a young boy appeared, and told Baker the men he sought were in the barn. The barn was then surrounded. Baker and Conger went to the door. The former called out, signifying his intention to have a surrender on the part of the men inside, or else to fire the barn, and shoot them on the spot. The young boy was sent in to receive their arms. To the boy's message Booth answered with a curse, accusing the boy of having betrayed him. The boy then came out, and Baker repeated his demand, giving Booth five minutes to make up his mind. Booth replied—

"Who are you, and what do you want with us?"

"We want you to deliver up your arms and become our prisoners," said Baker.

"But who are you?"

"That makes no difference. We know who you are, and we want you. We have here fifty men with carbines and pistols. You cannot escape."

"Captain," said Booth, after a pause, "this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends."

He then asked time to consider, which was granted. After a little interval, Baker threatened to fire the barn, if they did not come out. Booth replied that he was a cripple, and begged a chance for his life, declaring that he would fight them all at so many yards apace, and that he would never be taken alive. Baker answered that he did not come there to fight but to capture him, and again threatened to fire the barn.

"Well, then, my brave boys," said Booth, "prepare a stretcher for me."

Harold now wanted to surrender, and, in the midst of a shower of imprecations from Booth, did so. Conger then set fire to the barn.

The blaze lit up the black recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and every cobweb in the roof was visible, flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farm-gear in the corner, and bathing the murderer's retreat in a vivid illumination,—and, while in bold outline his figure stood revealed, they rose like an impenetrable wall to guard from sight the dreadful enemy who lit them. Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. At the gleam of fire, Booth dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept up to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous as with fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible anxiety,

while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness preceding frenzy. In vain he peered, with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his pursuers. A second he turned glaring at the fire, as if to leap upon and extinguish it, but the flames had made such headway that this was a futile impulse, and he dismissed it. As calmly as upon the battle-field a veteran stands amidst the hail of ball and shell and plunging iron, Booth turned at a man's stride and pushed for the door, weapon in poise, and the last resolve of death—despair—set on his high, bloodless forehead.

At this instant, Sergeant Boston Corbett fired through a crevice and shot Booth in the neck.

They then took up the wounded man and carried him out on the grass, a little way from the door, beneath a locust tree. Conger went back to the barn, to see if the fire could be put out, but found it could not, and returned to where Booth was lying. Before this (says Lieutenant Conger, in his official account), I supposed him to be dead; he had all the appearance of a dead man; but when I came back, his eyes and mouth were moving. I called immediately for water, and put some on his face. He seemed to revive, and attempted to speak. I put my ear down to his mouth, and heard him say, "Tell my

BURIAL PLACE OF LINCOLN.

mother I died for my country." I repeated the words to him, and said, "Is that what you would say?" He said "Yes." They carried him to the porch of Garrett's house, and laid him on a straw bed or tick. At that time he revived considerably, and could talk in a whisper, so as to be intelligibly understood. He could not speak above a whisper. He wanted water; I gave it to him. He wanted to turn on his face; I said he couldn't lie in that position. He wanted to be turned on his side; we turned him on his side three times, but he could not lie with any comfort, and asked immediately to be turned back. He asked me to put my hand on his throat, and press down, which I did. He said "Harder;" I pressed as hard as I thought necessary. He made a very strong exertion to cough, but was unable to do so. I suppose he thought there was blood in his throat. I asked him to put out his tongue, which he did. I said, "There is no blood in your throat." He repeated several times, "Kill me! kill me!" I replied, "I do not want to kill you. I want you to get well."

When the doctor arrived, whom Conger had sent for, Booth asked to have his hands raised and shown him. When this was done, he muttered "Useless, useless!" These were his last words. He died about four hours after being shot.

The solemn trial of the other accomplices in this great crime of conspiracy and murder, soon took place in the city of Washington, before a military commission consisting of Generals Hunter, Howe, Harris, Wallace, Kautz, Foster, Ekin; Colonels Clendenin, Tompkins, and Burnett; Judges Bingham and Holt. The last named held the position of Judge-Advocate-General of the court, and Major-General Hunter officiated as president.

The charges upon which Payne was arrested and tried were, that he was a confederate of Booth in the general conspiracy to kill the president, vice-president, General Grant, and Secretary Seward, so as thus to deprive the army and navy of a constitutional commander-in-chief, and to prevent a lawful election of president and vice-president by the vacancy thus made in the office of secretary of state,—the duty of the latter officer being, in case of the death of the president and vice-president, to cause an election to be held for presidential electors. The arraignment of all the parties was upon this general charge, with specifications in each case.

Against Payne, the specification was that of attempting to kill Secretary Seward. Presenting himself at the door of Mr. Seward's residence, he gained admission by representing that he had a prescription from Mr. Seward's physician, which he was directed to see administered, and hurried up to the third-story chamber, where Mr. Seward was lying sick. He here discovered Mr. Frederick Seward, struck him over the head, inflicting severe wounds, and then rushed into the room where Mr. Seward was in bed, attended by a young daughter and a male nurse. The assassin stabbed the latter in the lungs, and then struck Secretary Seward with a dagger twice in the face and twice in the throat, inflicting terrible wounds. By this time Major Seward, eldest son of the secretary, and another attendant, reached the room, and rushed to the rescue of the secretary; they were also wounded in the conflict, and the assassin escaped.

Spangler, who was employed at the theater, was tried for aiding and assisting Booth to obtain an entrance to the box in which President Lincoln sat in the theater, and for barring or obstructing the door of the passage-way, so as to hinder pursuit.

Atzerodt was charged with lying in wait to murder Vice-President Johnson, at the Kirkwood House, where the latter was stopping. He took a room at that house, on the morning of April 14th, and was there at different times during the day and evening, under suspicious circumstances. Though in active co-operation with Booth and his accomplices, he failed in executing the part particularly delegated to him.

In the further programme of the great conspiracy, O'Laughlin was to take the

life of General Grant, and on this charge and specification he was indicted and tried, though he failed, like Atzerodt, to accomplish the bloody deed.

Mrs. Surratt was charged with having "on or before the sixth day of March, 1865, and on divers other days and times between that day and the twentieth of April, 1865, received, entertained, harbored and concealed, aided and assisted" the conspirators in the execution of their plans. She was charged with being cognizant of the intended crime almost from its inception, becoming an active participant and general manager. With Doctor Mudd, it was charged, she planned the means and assistance for the escape of the assassins, and visited Mudd at five o'clock on the day of the assassination, to see that certain weapons were in readiness. Booth had frequent interviews at her house, and was with her on the afternoon of the fourteenth.

The part taken by Doctor Mudd, in the tragedy, was described in the indictment as that of an accomplice. He was, it appeared, in the confidence of Booth several months prior to the assassination. In January, he had an interview with John H. Surratt and Booth, at the National Hotel. He introduced Booth to Surratt, and was visited by Booth at the Pennsylvania House. When the assassins fled to his house, he dressed Booth's wound and assisted in the escape of both Booth and Harold. When the officers called at his house, soon after the assassination, he denied that he knew either of the criminals, but subsequently, after his arrest, he admitted the fact of his acquaintance with Booth; both of the fugitives were well cared for by him at his house.

Arnold was tried for being one of the original conspirators, but it was not charged that he maintained any active relation to the plot at the time appointed for its execution. His guilt consisted in being an accomplice before the act.

Harold's complicity admitted, of course, of no doubt. On the night of the assassination he was seen at the livery stable with Booth, and on various occasions he was known to have held secret meetings with Booth, Atzerodt, and others of the conspiracy, at Mrs. Surratt's and elsewhere. During his flight with Booth, he acknowledged to confederate soldiers that he and Booth had made way with the president.

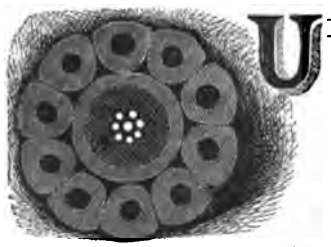
Atzerodt, Harold, Payne, and Mrs. Surratt, were found guilty of crimes deserving death, and were hanged therefor on the seventh of July, 1865. Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Mudd, were sent to the Dry Tortugas for hard labor during life; and Spangler for six years of hard labor, at the same place. John H. Surratt, son of Mrs. Surratt above named, and who was also indicted, fled to Europe; being discovered, he was arrested and sent to Washington, but, after a protracted trial by jury, escaped conviction.

LXXIV.

SUCCESSFUL LAYING OF THE TELEGRAPH CABLE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.—1866.

The Old World and the New United by Instantaneous Communication.—Pronounced the Grandest of Human Enterprises.—Ten Years of Difficulty and Failure in the Mighty Task.—The Name of Its Indomitable Projector Crowned with Immortal Honor.—Illustrations of the Power and Wonders of this New-Born Agent of Civilization.—Ocean Telegraphs Early Predicted.—First Attempt in 1857.—Breaking of the Wire.—Fresh but Abortive Trials in '58 and '65.—Great Preparations for 1866.—Exquisite Construction of the Cable.—A Wealthy and Powerful Company.—Cyrus W. Field, Its Master Spirit.—Employment of the Great Eastern.—Laying the Shore End at Valentia.—Rejoicing of the Inhabitants.—Voyage of the Fleet to America.—Incidents and Accidents.—Intense Solicitude, Day and Night.—A Joyous Morning! July 27th.—Perfect Success from End to End.—First News Dispatch, Peace in Europe.—Messages Between the President and Queen.—Compliments to Mr. Field.—His Interview with Lord Clarendon.—John Bright's Sparkling Tribute.—Moral Uses of the Cable.

"HEART'S CONTENT, July 27th. We arrived here at nine o'clock, this morning. All well. Thank God, the cable is laid, and is in perfect working order.—CYRUS W. FIELD."



SECTION OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

UNNECESSARY would be the task of detailing, in this place,—additional to those pages already devoted to Professor Morse's grand discovery, and its practical application the world wide,—the technical principles and operations involved in the science of telegraphic communication.

It was early declared by Professor Morse, and by other distinguished investigators of the nature and powers of the electric current, that neither the ocean itself, nor the distance to be traversed, presented any insuperable obstacle to the laying of submerged oceanic lines from continent to continent, and the confident prophecy that such lines would eventually be undertaken was freely uttered and discussed in learned circles.

It was not, however, until the year 1857, that an attempt was made to stretch a telegraphic wire across the bed of the Atlantic. The cable was coiled half on board the United States steamship Niagara, and half on the British steamer Agamemnon. They began to lay it in mid-ocean on the 26th of June, the Niagara proceeding toward the American coast, the Agamemnon toward Ireland. After the wire had three times broken, the attempt was given up. The following August it was renewed on a different plan. The shore-end was made fast at Valentia Bay, and the Niagara began paying out on the seventh, the arrangement being that the Agamemnon should begin operations when the Niagara had exhausted her half of the cable. On the eleventh, after three hundred and thirty-five miles had been laid, the wire broke again. The third attempt was made with the same vessels in 1858. The ends of the cable were joined

in mid-ocean, July 29th, and, August 6th, the two vessels arrived simultaneously at their respective destinations. This cable worked for a time, but the electric current grew weak and finally failed altogether.

But these repeated failures, though a severe disappointment to those engaged in the great and costly enterprise, did not destroy their faith in its feasibility, and the mighty task was begun anew, advantage being taken of whatever instruction past experience could furnish or suggest.

Especial care had, it is true, been exercised in the previous undertaking, to have the construction of the cable itself as perfect as possible. It was the result of many months' thought, experiment, and trial. Hundreds of specimens were made, comprising every variety of form, size, and structure, and most severely tested as to their powers and capabilities; and the result was the adoption of one which, it was believed, possessed all the properties required, in a far higher degree than any cable that had yet been laid. Its flexibility was such as to make it as manageable as a small line, and its strength such that it would bear, in water, over six miles of its own weight suspended vertically. The conducting medium consisted not of one single straight copper wire, but of seven wires of copper of the best quality, twisted round each other spirally, and capable of undergoing great tension without injury. This conductor was then enveloped in three separate coverings of gutta percha, of the best quality, forming the core of the cable, round which tarred hemp was wrapped, and over this, the outside covering, consisting of eighteen strands of the best quality of iron wire,—each strand composed of seven distinct wires, twisted spirally, in the most approved manner, by machinery specially adapted to the purpose. Such was the exquisitely constructed cable used on this occasion.

Great attention was also paid to the arrangement of the apparatus for paying out. The machine for this purpose was placed on deck in the after-part of the vessel, and somewhat on the starboard side, to be clear of the mast, etc. The cable, as it came up from its enormous coils in the hold, passed first through a guiding groove, and over a deeply grooved wheel, on to the drums, each of the latter being furnished with four deep grooves, each groove being cut one-eighth of an inch deeper than the former to allow for slack. The cable, after winding round these drums, passed on from the last groove over another guiding wheel, to a distinct piece of machinery, also standing on the deck, and half-way between the brakes and the ship's stern. Here a grooved wheel worked on a sliding frame, furnished with weights fixed on a rod, which ended in a piston, inside of a cylinder, full of water. This piston, being made not quite large enough to fit the cylinder, the water had room to play about it, but with difficulty—so that, yielding freely to every alteration of pressure, it could do so to none with a jerk, as the piston required some little time to dislodge the water from one side of it to the other, it acting, in short, as a water cushion. From this last piece of machinery the cable passed over a wheel or sheave projecting well over the stern of the ship, and so down into the ocean depths.

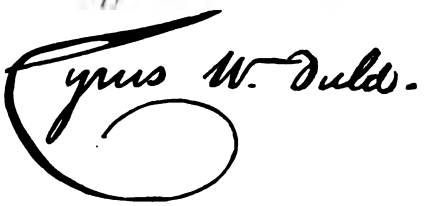
So intelligent and powerful an association as that which had this great enterprise in charge—an association composed of some of the leading merchants and capitalists of England and America, guided by the wonderful genius of Mr. Cyrus W. Field,—might well be supposed incapable of yielding to defeat, and thus it was that, until success finally and beyond all peradventure crowned their efforts, they continued their tests and trials of improved machinery and cables, availing themselves of every resource of science, and even bringing into requisition, at last, the magnificent conveniences of conveyance afforded by that "leviathan of the deep," the steamer Great Eastern.

In this way, certain facts and principles were arrived at, and demonstrated by trials and expeditions conducted in accordance therewith, which showed plainly what had been the errors of the past, and what

should be the governing rules of future operations. Among these facts and principles were the following:

It was proved by the expedition of 1858, that a submarine telegraph cable could be laid between Ireland and Newfoundland, and messages transmitted.

By the expedition of 1865—when the cable was lost—it was demonstrated that the insulation of a cable improves very much after its submersion in the cold deep water of the Atlantic, and that its conducting power is considerably increased thereby; that the steamship Great Eastern, from her size and constant steadiness, and from the control over her afforded by the joint use of paddles and screw, rendered it safe to lay an Atlantic cable in any weather; that in a depth of over two miles, four attempts were made to grapple the lost cable, in three of which the cable was caught by the grapnel, and in the other the grapnel was fouled by the chain attached to it; that the paying-out machinery used on board the Great Eastern worked perfectly, and could be confidently relied on for laying cables across the Atlantic; that with the improved telegraphic instruments for long submarine lines, a speed of more than eight words per minute could be obtained through such a cable as that sunk between Ireland and Newfoundland, as the amount of slack actually paid out did not exceed fourteen per cent., which would have made the total cable laid between Valentia and Heart's Content nineteen hundred miles; that the lost Atlantic cable, though capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not experience more than fourteen hundred-weight in being paid out into the deepest water of the Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland; that there was no difficulty in mooring buoys in the deep waters of the Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland, and that two buoys even, when moored by a piece of the Atlantic cable itself, which had been previously lifted from the bottom, had ridden out a gale; that more than four nautical miles of the Atlantic cable had been recovered from a depth of over two miles, and that the insulation of the gutta percha covered wire was in no way whatever impaired by the depth of water or the strains to which it had been subjected by lifting and passing through the hauling-in apparatus; that the cable of 1865, owing to the improvements introduced into the manufacture of the gutta percha core, was more than one hundred times better insulated than cables made in 1858, then considered perfect; that the electrical testing could be conducted with such unerring certainty as to enable the electricians to discover the



existence of a fault immediately after its production or development, and very quickly to ascertain its position in the cable; and, finally, that with a steam-engine attached to the paying-out machinery, should a fault be discovered on board whilst laying the cable, it was possible to recover it before it had reached the bottom of the ocean, and have it repaired at once.

Still led on by that master-spirit of the enterprise, Mr. Field, its friends formed themselves into a new company, with a large amount of capital, and the summer of 1866 was fixed upon for another effort, the Great Eastern to be employed for the pur-

pose. By the time (says Dr. H. M. Field, the admirable historian of the enterprise,) the big ship had her cargo and stores on board, she was well laden. Of the cable alone there were two thousand four hundred miles, coiled in three immense tanks, as the year before. Of this, seven hundred and forty-eight miles were a part of the cable of the last expedition. The tanks alone, with the water in them, weighed over a thousand tons; and the cable which they held, four thousand tons more; besides which she had to carry eight thousand five hundred tons of coal and five hundred tons of telegraph stores —in all some fourteen thousand tons, besides engines, rigging, etc., which made nearly as much more. So enormous was this burden, that it was thought prudent not to take on board all her coal before she left the Medway, especially as the channel was winding and shallow. It was therefore arranged that about a third of her coal should be taken in at Berehaven, a port on the south-west coast of Ireland. The time for her departure, was the last day of June; and in four or five days she had passed down the Irish coast, and was quietly anchored in the harbor at Berehaven, where she was soon joined by the other vessels of the squadron. The Terrible, which had accompanied the Great Eastern on the former expedition, was still there to represent the majesty of England. The William Corry, a vessel of two thousand tons, bore the ponderous shore end, which was to be laid out thirty miles from the Irish coast, while the Albany and the Medway were ships chartered by the company. While the Great Eastern remained at Berehaven, to take in her final stores of coal, the William Corry proceeded around the coast to Valentia, to lay the shore end. She arrived off the harbor, July 7th, and immediately prepared for her heavy task. This shore end was of tremendous size, weighing over eight tons to the mile. The cable was to be brought off on a bridge of boats, reaching from the ship to the foot of the cliff. All the fishermen's boats were gathered from along the shore, while the British war-ship Racoon, which was guarding that part of the coast, sent up her boats to help, so that, as they all mustered in line, there were forty of them, making a long pontoon-bridge; and Irish boatmen with eager looks and strong hands were standing along the line to grasp the massive chain. All went well, and by one o'clock the cable was landed, and its end brought up the cliff to the station. The signals were found to be perfect, and the William Corry then slowly drew off to sea, unlimbering her stiff shore end, till she had cast over the whole thirty miles. At three o'clock, the next morning, she telegraphed through the cable that her work was done, and she had buoyed the end in water a hundred fathoms deep.

The joy of the inhabitants on witnessing this scene was earnest and deep-seated, rather than demonstrative, after the lesson taught by last year's experience. The excitement was below, instead of above the surface. Nothing could prevent the scene being intensely dramatic, but the prevailing tone of the drama was serious, instead of boisterous and triumphant. Speech-making, hurrahing, public congratulations, and vaunts of confidence, were, as it seemed, avoided as if on purpose. The old crones (says an English paper) in tattered garments who cowered together, dudheen in mouth, their gaudy colored shawls tightly drawn over head and under the chin—the barefooted boys and girls, who by long practice walked over sharp and jagged rocks, which cut up boots and shoes, with perfect impunity—the men at work uncovering the trench, and winding in single file up and down the hazardous path cut by the cablemen in the otherwise inaccessible rock—the patches of bright color furnished by the red petticoats and cloaks—the ragged garments, only kept from falling to pieces by bits of string and tape—the good old parish priest, who exercises mild and gentle spiritual sway over the loving subjects of whom the ever-popular Knight of Kerry is the temporal head, looking on benignly from his car—

the bright eyes, supple figures, and innocent faces of the peasant lasses, and the earnestly hopeful expression of all—made up a picture not easily described.

On the thirteenth of July, the fleet was ready to sail on its great errand, and lay the cable in the heart of the wide and deep ocean. Previously to the departure, however, a devotional meeting was held, participated in by the company, the officers and hands, at which the enterprise was solemnly commended to the favor of God. In a short time after leaving the shores of Ireland, the Medway reached the buoy to which the shore-end was attached, and immediately the operation of splicing that end with the main coil on board the Great Eastern was performed.

At about three o'clock, P. M., the telegraph fleet was on its way to Newfoundland, in the following order: The Terrible ahead of the Great Eastern on the starboard bow, the Medway on the port, and the Albany on the starboard quarter. The weather was thick and foggy, with heavy rains. Signals were sent through the cable on board of the Great Eastern and to the telegraph house at Valentia, and the two thousand four hundred and forty nautical miles were found perfect in condition, and only waiting their final destination in the vast womb of the ocean.

All went well until noon of July 18th, when the first real shock was given to the success that had hitherto attended them, and caused considerable alarm. A foul flake took place in the after-tank. The engine was immediately turned astern, and the paying of the cable stopped. All hands were soon on the decks, and there learned, to their dismay, that the running and paying out of the coil had caught three turns of the flake immediately under it, carried them into the eye of the coil, fouling the toy-out and hauling up one-half turns from the outside, and five turns of the eye of the under flakes. This was stopped, fortunately, before entering the paying-out machines; stoppers of hemp with chains were also put on near the wheel astern, and orders were given by Mr. Canning, to stand by to let go the buoy. This was not very cheering to hear; but, though the calm and collected man inspired those around him with confidence that his skill and experience would extricate the cable from the danger in which it was placed, no fishing line was ever entangled more than the rope when thrust up in apparently hopeless danger from the eye of the cable to the deck.

There were at least five thousand feet of rope lying in this state, and in the midst of thick rain and increasing wind, the cable crew set to work to disentangle it. The Dolphin was there, too, patiently following the lights as they showed themselves, the crew now passing them forward and now aft, until at last the character of the tangle was seen, and soon it became apparent that ere long the cable would be saved and uninjured down to the tank. Captain Anderson was at the taffrail, anxiously watching the strain on the rope (they could scarcely make it out, the night was so dark), endeavoring to keep it up and down, going on raising with paddle and screw. In view of the rise of the great ship, and the enormous mass she presented to the wind, the difficulty of keeping her stern, under the circumstances, over the cable, can be appreciated. The port paddle-wheel was disconnected, but afterward there was a shift of wind, and the vessel came-to the wrong way.

Welcome voices were now heard passing the word aft from the tank, that the bights were cleared, and to pay out. Then the huge stoppers were quietly opened, and at 2 : 05 A. M., to the joy of all, the cable was once more being discharged. They veered it away in the tank to clear the screw, and the paddle-engines were slowed so as to reduce the speed of the ship to four and a half knots. During all this critical time, there was entire absence of noise and confusion. Everything was silently done, and the cable men and crew worked with hearty good will.

On the morning of Friday, at eight o'clock, July 27th, the ship arrived at

Heart's Content, the American terminus, the distance run being one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine miles, and the length of cable paid out, one thousand eight hundred and four miles. The average speed of the ship from the time the splice was made until they came in sight of land was a little less than five nautical miles per hour, and the cable was paid out at an average of five and one-half miles per hour. The total slack was less than twelve per cent. The fleet was in constant communication with Valentia since the splice was made, July 13th, and news was daily received from Europe, which was posted up outside of the telegraph office, for the information of all on board of the Great Eastern, and was signaled to the other ships. It would be difficult to describe the feelings with which Mr. Field, who, with his associates on board, had watched the progress of the undertaking with intense solicitude, day and night,—penned the following announcement to his friends in New York, and which was received throughout the whole land with unbounded delight:—

"HEART'S CONTENT, *July 27. We arrived here at nine o'clock, this morning. All well. Thank God, the cable is laid, and is in perfect working order.*

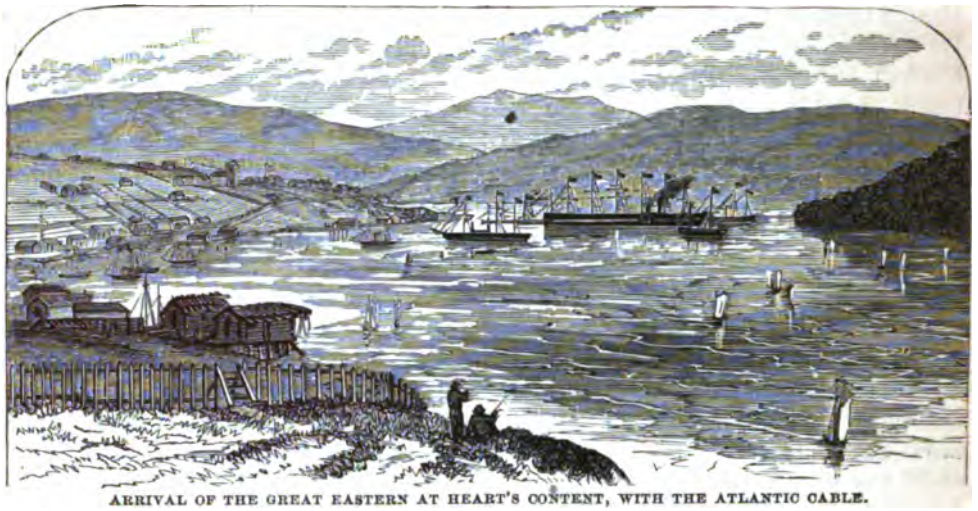
CYRUS W. FIELD."

Strangely and happily enough, too, the first European tidings flashed across the cable to the western hemisphere, was, that a treaty of peace had just been signed between Austria and Prussia, and that the black war cloud which had gathered over all Europe was fast fleeing away;—a fit celebration of the grandest of human enterprises, the successful establishment of telegraphic communication between the Old world and the New.

Congratulatory dispatches were immediately forwarded, by Mr. Field, to the president of the United States, the secretary of state, and to the honorary directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. The queen of England sent her salutations to the president, as follows: "The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of union between the United States and England." To this, the president responded by saying: "The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of Her Majesty's dispatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the eastern and western hemispheres may serve to strengthen and to perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of England and the Republic of the United States."

Heart's Content, the American terminus of the cable, is a little fishing hamlet, hitherto unknown, but destined to an enduring reputation hereafter, as one of the most interesting geographical points in the history of the age. The bay on which it is situated is a very safe and capacious one, and on this account was selected.

Among the complimentary messages sent to Mr. Field, on the consummation of his great and magnificent scheme, was one which came to hand on Monday, July 30th, from M. de Lesseps, the renowned projector of the Suez Canal. It was dated in Alexandria, Egypt, the same day, at half-past one o'clock, P. M., and reached Newfoundland at half-past ten, A. M. By looking at the globe, one can see over what a space that message flew. Remarking upon the wonderful fact, a New York paper graphically said that it came from the farthest East, from the land of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies; it passed along the shores of Africa, and under the Mediterranean, more than a thousand miles, to Malta; thence it leaped to the continent, and shot across Italy, and over the Alps, and then through France, under the Channel, to London; then across England and Ireland, till from the cliffs of Valentia it struck straight into the Atlantic, darting down the submarine mountain which lies off the coast, and over all the hills and valleys of the watery plain, resting not till it touched the shore of the New World. Thus, in its morning's flight, it had passed



ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EASTERN AT HEART'S CONTENT, WITH THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

over one-fourth of the earth's surface, and so far outstripped the sun in his course, that, by the dial, it reached its destination three hours before it was sent! Curiously enough, too, in this latter connection, it was found, when considering the propriety of not sending messages on Sunday, that, supposing no delay in transmission, Sunday in the United States is Saturday in Calcutta, and thus the adoption of such a rule would be—working eastward and westward—to exclude Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, from telegraph operations.

As illustrating the moral uses, too, subserved by land and ocean telegraph lines connecting different countries and continents, the following case, given in a New York journal—by no means an extreme case in this present day of increased telegraphic facilities—will be found in point: A knavish Chinaman in California having contracted the barbarian vice of swindling, has been cheating sundry merchants in San Francisco out of eighteen thousand dollars, and, getting on board the Pacific Mail steamship, fled to the Central Flowery Kingdom. In this way he hoped to put between himself and those whom he had robbed, first, some ten thousand miles of ocean. But, a *telegram* from San Francisco bears the tidings of his crime to New York. New York sends it by cable across the Atlantic to London, London through France and under the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Alexandria by the Red Sea and Persian Gulf to Bombay, Bombay to Ceylon, and Ceylon by the Peninsula and Oriental steamers to China. So that, when Hong-Kee trips lightly down the ship's gangway at Hong Kong or Shanghai, dreaming of much opium and many almond-eyed daughters of the Sun in the Land of Flowers, his placid soul will be disconcerted by the tap of a bamboo on his shoulder, and a voice of doom will murmur an ungentle summons in his ear. Poor Hong-Kee! The bad morals of the Christians have corrupted him, and in the steam-engine of the Christians has he put his trust. But the literal 'chain-lightning' of those same Christians is after him, to outstrip their steam-engine, and to teach him in sorrow and in shame how much better he might have done.

Not less curious, in a scientific point of view, is the following incident, as related by Mr. Field, at the magnificent banquet given in his honor, in New York, on the triumphant completion of what has justly been pronounced the grandest of human enterprises. "The other day," said Mr. Field, in his speech on this occasion, "Mr. Lattimer Clark telegraphed from Ireland, across the ocean and back again, *with a battery formed in a lady's thimble!* And now Mr. Collett writes me from Heart's Content: "I have just sent my compli-

ments to Doctor Gould, of Cambridge, who is at Valentia, with a battery composed of a gun cap, with a strip of zinc, *excited by a drop of water, the simple bulk of a tear!*"

Too great credit can never be awarded to Mr. Field, for his persevering devotion to this enterprise, through ten years of disheartening failure. In the early stages of the enterprise, few encouraged him in his expectations, though all personally wished him well. On preparing, therefore, for one of his trips across the Atlantic, in connection with the business, one of his friends said to him, "When shall we see you again?" "Not until I have laid the cable!" was Mr. Field's reply. So, too, on presenting the subject to Lord Clarendon. The latter showed great interest and made many inquiries, but was rather startled at the magnitude of the proposed scheme, as well as at the confident tone of the projectors, and pleasantly asked the lion-hearted man—

"But, suppose you *don't* succeed? Suppose you make the attempt and fail—your cable is lost in the sea—then what will you do?"

"Charge it to profit and loss, and go to work to lay another," was Mr. Field's quick and characteristic response to his noble friend.

On another occasion, when dining at the residence of Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, in London, he was seen for an instant to nod his head. John Bright, who sat next to him, turned to him with a smile, and said, "I am glad to see you sleep; *I didn't know that you ever slept!*"—a most pertinent and deserved tribute to the man whose indomitable faith and energy was finally crowned with immortal success.

LXXV.

COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—1869.

Spikes of the Richest Gold and a Hammer of Pure Silver Used in Laying the Last Rail.—The Blows of the Sledge Telegraphed to All the Great Cities.—The Wide Continent Spanned with Iron from the Farthest East to the Golden Gate.—Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.—Seven Days from New York to San Francisco.—Greatest Railroad Route on the Face of the Earth.—"Manifest Destiny" of the United States.—A Pacific Highway Agitated for Years.—Its National Importance and Necessity.—Charters and Government Aid at Last.—The "Union" and "Central" Companies.—Natural Difficulties to be Overcome.—Feats of Engineering Involved.—Triumphs of Science in this Respect.—Mountains Tunneled, Rivers Bridged.—Gulfs Spanned, Depths Fathomed.—Vastness and Progress of the Work.—A Force of Twenty-five Thousand Men and Six Thousand Teams.—First Train at the Top of the Sierras.—Pushing the Line to Completion.—Approach of the Two Grand Divisions.—Union at Promontory Point, Utah.—Exultation Over the Victory.—Historic Scene in the Heart of America.—Offerings of Gold, Silver, Iron, and Laurel.—Telegram to President Grant.—Celebration in the Principal Cities.—Easy Journey Around the World.

"The last rail is laid—the last spike driven—the Pacific Railroad is completed!"—OFFICIAL TELEGRAM FROM PROMONTORY POINT, OCTOBER 10th, 1869

MOUNTAIN SCENE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BELIEVERS in the "manifest destiny" of the universal Yankee nation were favored with one of the most conclusive and gratifying confirmations of their cherished theory, when that most stupendous work ever undertaken by man, the Construction of the Pacific Railway, was finally consummated by the laying of the last rail and the memorable ceremony performed by officials of clasping together the iron girdle about the loins of the nation;—in the winding of which mighty coil across the continent, mountains were tunneled which made one's head giddy to gaze upon; rivers were bridged which, since the primeval days of creation, had rolled in majestic solitude; gulfs, frightful and tumultuous, were spanned; frowning heights were climbed and leveled; and abyssmal depths were fathomed. And all this was accomplished in a period of time, and on a scale of magnitude, the recital of which is fairly calculated to stagger credulity.

Notwithstanding the necessity of such a line of communication had for years been

repeatedly urged, it was not until 1859 that a bill was carried through congress, authorizing the grand scheme. This bill, —according to the Chicago Times' exhaustive account of the history of the enterprise, which is here abridged,—comprised no less than three great lines, namely, the northern, the southern, and the central. But the breaking out of the civil war checked the enterprise. The astonishing development, however, of the precious metals in Nevada and the travel and traffic that inevitably followed, embodied for the mines of Californians that imperious need of a cheaper and easier conveyance, into a plan of a continental railway, which had always been popular there.

The assumed impracticability of crossing the Sierras did not discourage a few daring, far-sighted engineers, prominent among whom was Mr. T. P. Benjamin, the character of whose surveys decided the state legislature to charter the Central Pacific railroad company. in 1862. In a short time, success crowned the efforts of the friends of the enterprise in congress; and so, in July, 1862, the great continental railway from the Missouri to the Pacific was an assured undertaking. In 1865, forty miles were built; in 1866, two hundred and sixty-five miles; in 1867, two hundred and forty-five miles; in 1868, four hundred and twenty-five miles; in 1869, one hundred and five miles. East of Salt Lake City, the elevation of the road averages about seven thousand feet above the sea. Most of the country is very rough, destitute of wood and water, and a large portion of the way is through an alkali desert. Tremendous snow-storms in the mountains presented another great difficulty.

The spirit of rivalry did its share in stimulating the activity of the Union Pacific company. The efforts of this company had so far languished during the earlier history of their corporation, that little was done till after the close of the war. The Central Pacific, however, immediately commenced work, so that, in January, 1863, the first grading was done,—the occasion being signalized with great rejoicing as a general holiday,—and, even so early as June, 1864, thirty-one miles of track had been laid to New Castle, nearly one thousand feet above the sea at the foot of the Sierras. But, owing to financial difficulties, it was not until September, 1866, that progress was made to Alta, seventy miles east of Sacramento, and nearly six thousand feet above the sea. In November following, the track reached Cisco, some six thousand feet above the sea, an average elevation of about one hundred feet per mile being overcome in twenty-three miles.

Work on the Union Pacific did not commence till eighteen months after the Central had inaugurated their section of the enterprise. In the spring of 1867, when the snows had melted, the work was resumed by both companies, with great vigor, the race being kept up with an ardor that constantly gathered head. The Union was far ahead in respect to distance, but they had to fight against continually increasing difficulties, while the Central had already overcome the great ones of their undertaking in crossing the Sierras, and could look forward to an open and easy route. The first passenger train reached the top of the Sierras, November 30, 1867. By the time the western end of the route had reached the lower Truckee, one hundred and forty miles east of Sacramento, the Union had reached a point in the Black Hills, five hundred miles west of Omaha.

At the opening of the summer of 1868, the two companies were nearly equally distant from Monument Point, at the head of Salt Lake, and the emulation between the two gave rise to prodigious efforts. About twenty-five thousand men and six thousand teams were engaged along the route between the foot of the Sierras and Evans's pass. The competition increased as they neared each other, and at last the struggle arose as to the point of junction. The Central company wished Ogden fixed as the point of junction, and the Union urged Monument

Point; the matter was at last settled by a decision in favor of the former. The dangers to which the laborers were subjected, and the imperious necessity of vigilant protection of the track and material of the road, were great and unceasing, owing to the inveterate hostility of the Indians. From Fort Kearney west, up the Platte river, to the foot of the Black Hills, the road was subject to a continual succession of fierce attacks. Several battalions of United States troops were scattered along the line, and found full employment in adequately guarding the object of their vigilance.

That the completion of such a vast enterprise, unparalleled in magnitude and grandeur, should be hailed as one of the most memorable achievements in the material progress of the country, was certainly to be expected. Nor is it to be wondered at that the original pick and shovel employed in commencing such a work, should still be looked upon, by every patriot, with historic interest. They are carefully preserved, and bear the following inscriptions:

"*Pick that struck the first blow on the Union Pacific railroad*, Omaha, December 2, 1863. Pickers: Thomas Acheson, Wilson F. Williams, George Francis Train, Peter A. Day."

"*Shovel used by George Saunders, to move the first earth in the Union Pacific railroad*, Omaha, Neb., December 3, 1863. Shovelers: Alvin Saunders, governor of Nebraska; B. E. B. Kennedy, mayor of Omaha; I. M. Palmer, mayor of Council Bluffs; Augustus Kountze, director of U. P. R. R."

The following table of distances on the two lines will show the magnitude of this great channel of continental communication: From New York to Chicago, 911 miles; from Chicago to Omaha, Neb., 491 miles. From Omaha, by the Union Pacific line, to Ogden, 1,030, and a branch of forty miles to Salt Lake City. From Ogden, by the Central Pacific line, 748 miles. From Sacramento to San Francisco, 120 miles. Thus, the grand distance, by the iron track, from Omaha to San Francisco, is 1,898 miles; from Chicago to San Francisco, 2,389; from New York to San Francisco, 3,377 miles.

In less than one-half or one-third of the time predicted at the outset of the enterprise, the road was completed,—a great feat, indeed, when it is considered that the workmen operated at such a distance from their base of supplies, and that the materials for construction and subsistence had to be transported under such a variety of difficulties. Thus, the transportation of one hundred and ten thousand tons of iron rails, one million fish-plates, two million bolts, fifteen million spikes, three and a half million cross-ties, and millions of feet of timber not estimated, for the construction of roads, culverts and bridges, made one of the minor items of the account. The moving of engines and machinery for stocking manufactories, of materials for foundries and buildings of every kind, not to speak of the food for an army of thousands of workmen, all of which belong to the single account of transportation, may also give an impression of the activity and expense required in bringing such a road to completion in so short a time.

Of course the irregularities of surface characterizing a distance so immense, and particularly that portion of the line running among the Sierra Nevada mountains, necessitated tunneling, cutting, and trestle-bridging, on a large scale. The well-known Bloomer Cut, sixty-three feet deep and eight hundred feet long, is through cemented gravel and sand, of the consistency of solid rock, and only to be moved by blasting. The trestle-bridging constituted one of the most important features in the construction of the road, and the work, on completion, was pronounced of the most durable description. Among the most famous of these structures may be mentioned the trestle and truss bridge, Clipper ravine, one hundred feet high; the Long ravine, Howe truss bridge and trestle, one hundred and fifteen feet high; and the trestle at Secrettown, one thou-

sand feet long, and fifty to ninety feet high. The highest engineering skill was demanded, from first to last, and the triumphs of science, in this respect, were complete.

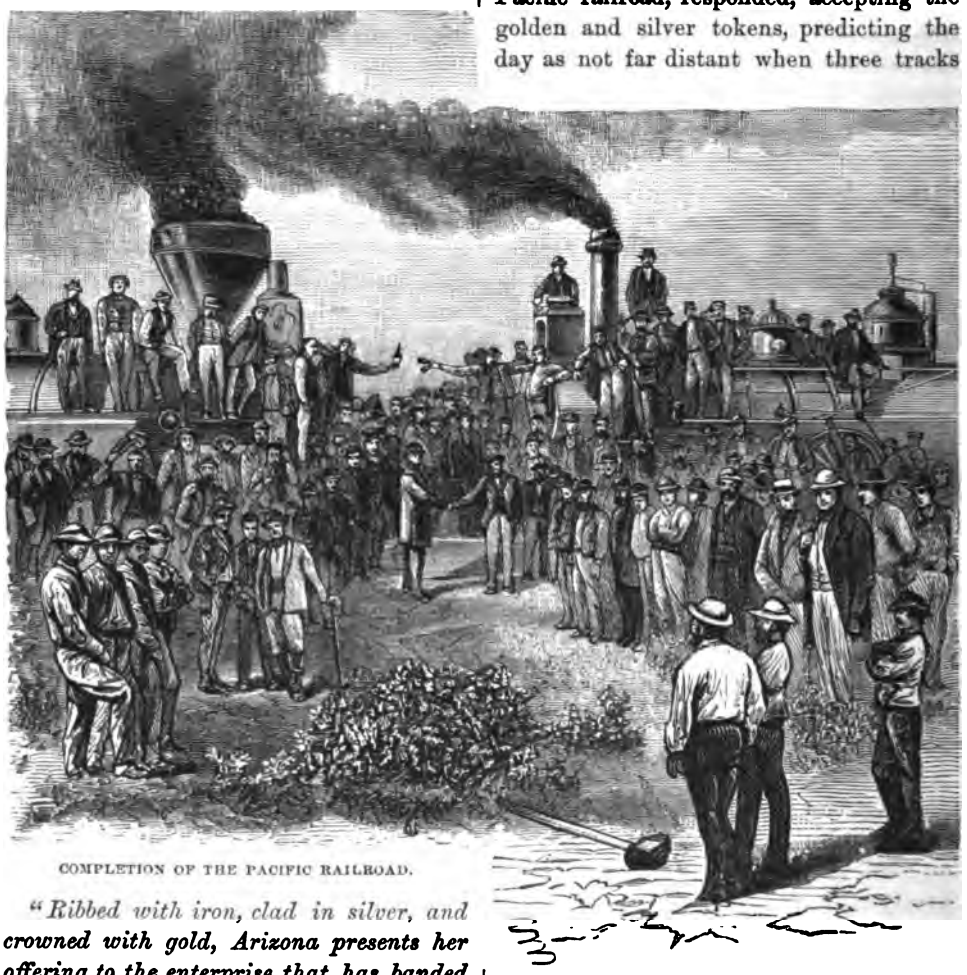
The total mileage of the roads built under the direct authority and by the aid of the national government, was two thousand four hundred miles. The government subsidy in aid of these works, amounted to about $64,000,000, of six per cent. currency bonds, the companies being also authorized to issue an equal amount of bonds. Both companies had also a land grant from congress, in alternate sections, equal to twelve thousand eight hundred acres per mile.

Ninety million dollars was the cost of the Union Pacific railroad, up to 1869; that of the Central Pacific, seventy-five million. This enormous sum, especially in its relation to the government indebtedness, alarmed some timid economists. But a sufficient answer to their arguments was, that millions upon millions of acres of government lands, hitherto lying idle, would come into the market, and very speedily appear as productive farms tilled by the hand of industry; that towns, villages, cities, manufacturing, mining, and all the appliances and evidences of material progress, would at once take a start, the wealth of the East be poured into the West, and emigration westward populate territories and turn them into states as if by magic. By means of this new and wonderful highway, the distance from New York to San Francisco would be traversed by passengers in six or seven days, instead of three weeks or more *via* Panama. From San Francisco to Japan is nineteen days, or twenty-five from New York, and some thirty-six from London, a speed exceeding that of the British mails to Yokohama, *via* Suez, by upwards of twenty days. And thus, San Francisco, on the Pacific, the travel and commerce of the nations of Western Europe with the hundreds of millions of people of Eastern Asia, and the great island of Australia, would pass over the railway,—the land that built it thereby reaping the benefit of being the world's highway.

On the tenth of May, 1869, the grand historic event took place at Promontory Point, Utah, of uniting the two great divisions of the trans-continental railway. Early in the morning, says the Chicago Tribune, Governor Stanford and party from the Pacific coast were on the ground; and at half-past eight, an engine with a palace and two passenger cars arrived from the east bringing Vice-President Durant and directors Duff and Dillon, of the Union Pacific railroad, with other distinguished visitors, including several Mormon apostles. Both parties being in readiness, the ties were thrown down on the open space of about one hundred feet, and the employes of the two companies approached with the rails to fill the gap. Mr. Stenbridge, subcontractor, who had been in charge of the building of the Central Pacific from the laying of the first rail on the bank of the Sacramento, commanding a party of Chinese track-layers, advanced from the west with assistant-general superintendent Corning.

The Chinamen, conscious that the strangers from the far east were watching their movements with curious eyes, wielded the pick, shovel and sledge, with consummate dexterity; but their faces wore an appearance of unconcern and indifference wonderful if real, and not the less so if affected. White laborers from the east did their best work, but with more indication of a desire to produce an effect, and at eleven o'clock the European and Asiatic private soldiers of civilization stood face to face in the heart of America, each proudly conscious that the work was well done, and each exultant over so noble a victory. Engine No. 119 from the Atlantic, and Jupiter, No. 60, from the Pacific, each decorated with flags and evergreens for the occasion, then approached within a hundred feet from opposite directions, and saluted with exultant screams. Superintendent Vandenburgh now attached the telegraph wires to the last rail, so that each blow of the sledge should be recorded

on every connecting telegraph instrument between San Francisco and Portland, Me. It was also arranged so that corresponding blows should be struck on the bell in the city hall at San Francisco, and the last one fire a cannon in the batteries at Fort Point. General Safford, in behalf of the territory of Arizona, presented a spike composed of iron, gold and silver, as an offering by Arizona, saying:



COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

"*Ribbed with iron, clad in silver, and crowned with gold, Arizona presents her offering to the enterprise that has banded every continent and dictated a new pathway to commerce.*"

The crowd fell back at the request of General Casement, and the artist for the Union Pacific railroad photographed the scene, with the locomotives confronting each other, and Chinese and Caucasian laborers confronting the work. It was now announced that the last blow was to be struck. Every head was uncovered in reverential silence, while Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass., offered up a brief and deeply impressive invocation.

The magnificent tie of laurel, on which was a commemorative plate of silver, was brought forward, put in place, and Doctor Harkness, in behalf of the state of California, presented Governor Stanford the gold spike. President Stanford, of the Central Pacific railroad, responded, accepting the golden and silver tokens, predicting the day as not far distant when three tracks would be found necessary to accommodate the traffic which would seek transit across the continent, and closing with the happy summons—"*Now, gentlemen, with your assistance, we will proceed to lay the last rail, the last tie, and drive the last spike.*"

General Dodge, in behalf of the Union Pacific railroad, responded as follows: "Gentlemen,—The great Benton prophe-

sied that some day a granite statue of Columbus would be erected on the highest peak of the Rocky mountains pointing westward, denoting this as the great route across the continent. You have made that prophecy this day. Accept this as the way to India." Mr. Tuttle, from Nevada, presented a silver spike on behalf of the citizens of that state, with the following remarks: "To the iron of the East and the gold of the West, Nevada adds her link of silver, to span the continent and wed the oceans." Thereupon, Superintendent Coe, in behalf of the Pacific Union express, presented the silver hammer, or sledge, with which to drive the last spike.

Governor Stanford and Vice-President Durant advanced, took in hand the sledge, and drove the spike, while the multitude stood silent. Mr. Miles, of Sacramento, who was chairman of the meeting, *announced the great work done!* The silence of the multitude was now broken, and a prolonged shout went forth, which, while it yet quivered on the gladdened air, was caught up by the willing lightning, and borne to the uttermost parts of the earth. Cheer followed cheer for the union of the Atlantic and Pacific, the two Pacific railroad companies and their officers, the president of the United States, the Star Spangled Banner, the laborers, etc. A telegram announcing the grand consummation was sent at once to President Grant, and one to the associated newspaper press immediately followed, worded thus:

"*The last rail is laid! The last spike driven! The Pacific Railroad is completed!* The point of junction is 1,086 miles west of the Missouri river, and 690 miles east of Sacramento City."

There was a great deal of interest and excitement in Washington, and a large crowd assembled at the telegraph office, as soon as it was known that the driving of the last spike would be announced by the wires. Mr. Tinker, the manager, fixed a magnetic ball in a conspicuous place, where all present could witness the performance, and connected the same with the main lines, notifying the various offices throughout the country, that he was ready. New Orleans, New York and Boston, instantly answered that they were ready. Soon afterward, many of the offices in different parts of the country began to make all sorts of inquiries of the office at Omaha, from which point the circuit was to be started. That office replied:

"To everybody: Keep quiet. When the last spike is driven at Promontory Point, we will say "Done." Don't break the circuit, but watch for the signals of the blows of the hammer."

After some little delay, the instruments were all adjusted, and 2.27, in the afternoon, Promontory Point said to the people congregated in the various telegraph offices—"Almost ready. Hats off; prayer is being offered." A silence for the prayer ensued. At 2.40 the bell tapped again, and the office at the Point said—"We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented." Chicago replied—"We understand. All are ready in the East." Promontory Point—"All ready now. The spike will soon be driven. The signal will be three dots for the commencement of the blows."

For a moment the instrument was silent, and then the hammer of the magnet tapped the bell, *one, two, three*—the signal. Another pause of a few seconds, and the lightning came flashing eastward, vibrating two thousand four hundred miles, between the junction of the two roads and Washington, and the blows of the hammer upon the spike were delivered instantly, in telegraphic accents, on the bell in Washington. At 2.47, in the afternoon, Promontory Point gave the signal, "DONE!"—the announcement that the continent was spanned with iron. The time of the event in San Francisco was 11.45, in the forenoon. A telegraph wire had been attached to a fifteen-inch gun, and as the first stroke on the last spike was telegraphed from Promontory Point, the gun was fired by electricity, and by the same agent all the fire-bells in the city were rung.

The news of the completion of the road created, of course, great enthusiasm in all the cities of California. In San Francisco, the event was celebrated in a manner long to be remembered. The day was ushered in by a salute of one hundred guns, and congratulatory messages were transmitted to the directors of the Central and Union roads by the "California Pioneers." All the Federal forts in the harbor fired salutes, the bells being rung and the steam whistles blown at the same time. Business was suspended, nearly every citizen exhibiting a hearty interest in the demonstrations. The procession was the largest and most imposing ever witnessed in San Francisco. In addition to the state militia, all the available United States troops participated in the pageant, while the civic societies turned out with full ranks. The shipping was dressed in fine style—both the city and harbor, indeed, presenting a magnificent sight. During the day, the principal buildings were festooned with the banners of every nation, and the streets were thronged with an excited and joyous people. At night, the whole city was brilliantly illuminated.

At Sacramento, the event was observed with marked demonstrations. The city was crowded with a multitude of people from all parts of the state and Nevada, to participate in or witness the festivities, particularly the grand odd-fellows' procession. The lines of travel to and from Sacramento were thrown open to the public free, and an immense number of people took advantage of this arrangement and flocked thither. The Central Pacific company had thirty locomotives gaily decked, and as the signal gun was fired announcing the driving of the last spike of the road, the locomotives opened an overpowering chorus of whistles, all the bells and steam whistles of the city immediately joining in the deafening exhibition.

In Chicago, the celebration was the most successful affair of the kind that ever took place in that city, and, probably, in the West, although it was almost entirely impromptu. The procession was unique in appearance and immense in length, being, at the lowest estimate, four miles, and representing all classes, associations and trades. During the moving of the procession, Vice-President Colfax, who was visiting the city, received the following dispatch, dated at Promontory Point: "The rails were connected to-day. The prophecy of Benton is a fact. This is the way to India." A very interesting feature in the procession was an array of mail-wagons with post-office employes, and several tons of mail matter in bags, labeled and marked as if bound for some of the large cities both on this side and beyond the Pacific ocean. Some of these were marked as follows: 'Victoria, Australia;' 'Washington, Oregon (G. D. P.-O.);' 'Yeddo, Japan;' 'Pekin, China (G. D. P.-O.);' 'Golden City, Colorado;' 'Denver, Colorado;' 'Santa Fe, New Mexico;' 'Hong Kong, China, *via* Chicago;' 'Yokohama, Japan.' In the evening, Vice-President Colfax, Lieut. Gov. Bross, and others, addressed a vast assembly, speaking eloquently of the great era in American history ushered in by the event of the day. The marine display was also very fine.

On the announcement of the completion of the road in New York, the mayor ordered a salute of one hundred guns, and himself saluted the mayor of San Francisco with a dispatch conceived in the most jubilant spirit,—informing him that "our flags are now flying, our cannon are now booming, and in old Trinity a Te Deum imparts thankful harmonies to the busy hum about her church walls." The Chambers of Commerce of the two cities also exchanged congratulations, the New York chamber recognizing in the new highway an agent that would not only "develop the resources, extend the commerce, increase the power, exalt the dignity and perpetuate the unity of our republic, but in its broader relations, as the segment of a world-embracing circle, directly connecting the nations of Europe with those of Asia, would materially facilitate the enlightened and advancing civil-

ization of our age." The services in Trinity were conducted with great solemnity, in the presence of a crowded congregation. After prayer, and the reading of a portion of the Episcopal service, the organ pealed forth in its grandest fullness and majesty, and, as the assembly dispersed, the church chimes added to the joyousness of the occasion by ringing out "Old Hundred," the "Ascension Carol," and the national airs.

In Philadelphia, the authorities improvised a celebration so suddenly, that the ringing of the bells on Independence Hall, and at the various fire stations, was mistaken for a general alarm of fire, till the news was announced. The sudden flocking of the people to the state-house resembled that which followed the reception of the news of Lee's surrender to Grant. In many other towns and cities throughout the union, the event was celebrated with great spirit. Even as far east as Springfield, Mass., the jubilee spirit was carried out. The entire force of workmen of Wason's car manufactory in that city formed a procession, headed by a band and accompanied by a battery, and marched from the shops of the company through the principal streets, each man bearing some tool or implement of his trade. Banners bearing 'Our cars unite the Atlantic and Pacific,' 'Four hundred car builders celebrate the opening of the Pacific Railroad,' 'For San Francisco, connecting with ferry to China,' etc., were conspicuous.

Returning to the scenes at Omaha, that interesting and important point on this trans-continental highway, the day was there observed by such an outpouring of the people as had never before been equaled. The morning trains from the west brought the fire companies and the masonic fraternity from Fremont, and large delegations from towns and settlements as far west as North Platte. Before noon, the streets were filled with a multitude anxiously awaiting the signal from Capitol hill, where a park of artillery was stationed in the neighborhood of the observatory, to enable it to fire a salute the moment the telegraphic signals announced that the last spike had been driven. A grand procession was one of the marked features of the day; and, at about half-past one, the booming of one hundred guns, the ringing of bells, and the shrieking of the whistles of steamers and locomotives, proclaimed that Omaha and Sacramento were forever united by iron bands, and that now had been opened a highway from the gates of the east to the realms of sunset itself.

Thus, in the consummation of this mightiest work of utility ever undertaken by man, a journey around the world became a tour both easy and brief. The city of San Francisco could be reached from New York, in less than seven days, running time. Arrived there, the finest ocean steamers in the world, each one of some four or five thousand tons, awaited the traveler, to take him, in twenty-one days, or less, to Yokohama, and thence, in six days more, to any part of China. From Hong Kong to Calcutta required some fourteen days by several lines of steamers touching at Singapore, Ceylon, Madras, or ports on the coast of Burmah. From Calcutta, a railroad runs far up into the north of India, on the borders of Cashmere and Affghanistan, and running through northern India, Benares, Allahabad, etc. Another road intersects at Allahabad, more than six hundred miles above Calcutta, running some six hundred miles to Bombay, where it connects with the overland route to and from Egypt, in twelve or thirteen days by steamer and rail from Bombay to Cairo. From Cairo, almost any port in Europe on the Mediterranean could be reached in from three to five days, and home again in twelve days more, making the actual traveling time around the world only seventy-eight days.

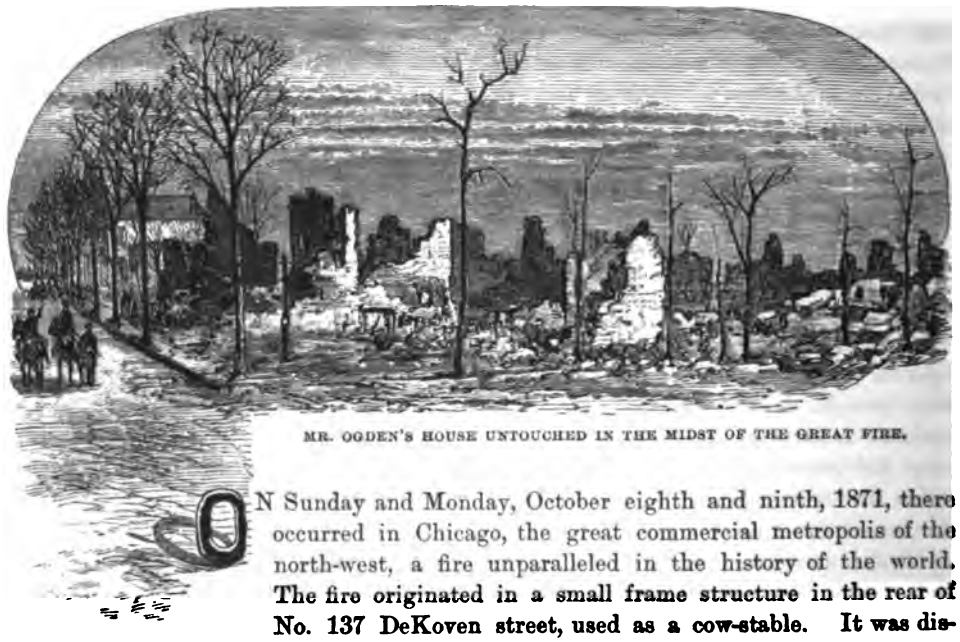
More wonderful still, a trans-continental train, which left New York early on the morning of June 1st, 1876, reached San Francisco at twenty-five minutes past nine, June 4th, in the morning; thus accomplishing the journey in eighty-three hours and twenty minutes, without stoppages and without accident.

LXXVI.

BURNING OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILL., THE COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH-WEST.—1871.

Most Destructive Conflagration in the History of Civilized Nations.—A Thirty Hours' Tornado of Fire in all Directions.—Vast Billows of Inextinguishable Flame.—Upwards of Two Thousand Acres, or Seventy-three Miles of Streets, with 17,450 Buildings, Destroyed: Loss, $200,000,000.—Ignoble Origin of the Fire.—Fatal Mistake of a Policeman.—Combustibles all Around.—A Strong Gale Prevailing.—Frightful Rapidity of the Flames.—Destruction of the Water-Works.—Stores and Warehouses Swept Away.—Palaces and Hovels a Common Prey.—Engines Sent from Seven States.—The Midnight Scene.—Terror Indescribable.—Flight for Life.—Burning of the Bridges.—Helplessness, Desperation, Death.—Churches, Hotels, Theaters, in Ashes.—Fate of the Newspapers, Banks, etc.—Explosion of the Gas-Works.—Tombs and Graves Consumed.—Most Ghastly Spectacle.—Nearly 100,000 Persons Homeless.—The Wail for Help.—A World's Sympathies Poured Forth.

"Blackened and bleeding, panting, prone
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne,
Lies she who stood, but yesterday, alone."—BRET HARTE.



MR. OGDEN'S HOUSE UNTOUCHED IN THE MIDST OF THE GREAT FIRE.

ON Sunday and Monday, October eighth and ninth, 1871, there occurred in Chicago, the great commercial metropolis of the north-west, a fire unparalleled in the history of the world. The fire originated in a small frame structure in the rear of No. 137 DeKoven street, used as a cow-stable. It was discovered at about half-past nine o'clock in the evening, by a policeman, when it was very small, and who, hoping to extinguish it without sounding an alarm, set himself to

work to do so,—a fatal miscalculation, as the result soon proved. A strong south-westerly wind was blowing at the time; no rain had fallen for several weeks previous; and consequently all combustible matter was prepared for ready ignition. It was also a portion of the city occupied by the poorer classes, principally Bohemian emigrant families, and being in the vicinity of several planing mills, shingle mills, and factories, had collected a large quantity of shavings from these places, and stored them in the basements and yards of their premises for winter use.

All the fire apparatus of the city was brought into requisition, and, considering the difficulties to be encountered, the courage and energy of the firemen could not be surpassed. They had just passed through a severe fire twenty-four hours previous, and part of the companies had left the scene of the Saturday night fire but a few hours, when they were again called, exhausted with hard labor, to this fearful scene.

The flames shot with frightful rapidity from house to house and from board-yard to board-yard, all human means appearing utterly powerless to stay their progress. On they went, in a northerly direction, covering a space of two or three blocks in width, until the burnt district of the previous night's fire was reached, and this served the purpose of preventing their farther spread on the west side of the river. Sweeping every thing in their course, up to the locality named, the flames leaped across the river, and violently communicated with the buildings there. Quickly they traveled north, devouring everything as they went, until that section of the south division which embraced nearly all the grandest structures and thoroughfares was reached, and there seemed to be no encouragement to farther efforts to save the city from its fiery doom. Unfortunately, one of the first public buildings reached by the fire was the water-works; this cut off the water supply, rendering the fire department useless.

The awful gale which prevailed filled the air with live coals, and hurled to an immense distance, in every direction, blazing brands and boards, — a widespread besom of furious destruction. All of the leading banks of the city, several of the stone church edifices, costly and elegant in the extreme; the beautiful railroad depot of the Michigan Southern and the Rock Island railway companies, also that of the Illinois Central and the Michigan Central railroads; the court-house and the chamber of commerce; the Sherman, Tremont, Briggs, Palmer, Bigelow, Metropolitan, and several other hotels, as well as the gigantic Pacific, which was in process of construction; all the great newspaper establishments; the Crosby opera-house, McVicker's theater, and every other prominent place of amusement; the post-office, telegraph offices, Farwell hall, the magnificent Drake-Farwell block, the stately dry goods palaces of J. V. Farwell & Co., Field, Leiter & Co., scores of elegant residences in Wabash and Michigan avenues, numbers of elevators in which were stored millions of bushels of grain; in fact, all that the hand of man had fashioned or reared was completely swept away, as the fire madly rushed to the north.

With tremendous force, the mighty and uncontrollable element, rushing to the main channel of the river, near its entrance into Lake Michigan, consumed the bridges, and attacked the north division with relentless fury. All day, on Monday, and through the succeeding night, it waged its work of devastation, advancing, with wonderful speed, from block to block, and from street to street, over a vast surface, sparing scarcely anything. The destruction of palatial residences and magnificent churches continued, while stores and dwellings by the hundreds, together with the costly water-works, the north side gas-works, Rush medical college, the Chicago and North-western railway depot, several immense breweries, coal yards, lumber yards, and manufacturing establishments of various kinds, and in great numbers, yielded to the resistless enemy.

By midnight, nearly the entire population of the city had been aroused, and the streets, for an immense distance surrounding the scene of the disaster, were thronged with excited, swaying humanity, and with all descriptions of vehicles, pressed into service for the hasty removal of household goods and personal effects; loading and unloading, here, and there, and everywhere, was going on in promiscuous confusion. Invalids and cripples were carried away on improvised ambulances; aged women and helpless infants were hastily borne to places of supposed safety; people who were utterly overcome with excitement and fatigue were seen sleeping on lounges, trunks and tables, in the street; and empty houses were forcibly broken open and taken possession of by homeless wanderers, made desperate by the awful surroundings.

One of the most fearfully thrilling scenes of the great conflagration, as narrated, occurred in the eastern section of the north division. When it became apparent that all hope of saving the city was lost, after the flames had pushed down to the main branch of the river, the citizens of the north side, who were over to see the main theater of the fire, thought it time to go over to their own division, and save what they could. Accordingly, they beat a rapid retreat toward the tunnel and bridges. The former of these thoroughfares was impassable at three o'clock. Clark street had not been opened for some time, and State street was in a blaze from one end to the other. Rush street bridge proved to be the only means of getting away from the south side, and over that bridge the affrighted fugitives poured in thousands. Their flight was not quicker than was the advance of the flames. The latter jumped the river with miraculous swiftness, and ran along the northern section like lightning. So rapid was the march of the fiery element, driven by the heavy gale, that the people were glad enough to escape unscathed. Everything was abandoned. Horses and wagons were used merely as a means of flight. Few persons in the direct course of the fire thought about saving anything but their lives and those of their families, such were the speed, and power, and omnipresence of the destroyer. Having reached Chicago avenue, the conflagration took an eastward turn, and cut off from flight northward all who remained in the unburned section lying between Dearborn street and the lake. The inhabitants of that district flattered themselves that their homes might escape the general destruction. But the gale changed its course in a few minutes more toward the east, and the entire quarter of the city specified became a frightful pen, having a wall of fire on three sides and the fierce rolling lake on the other.

And now a scene transpired, which, as described, was scarcely ever equaled. The houses were abandoned in all haste. Into wagons were thrown furniture, clothing, and bedding. Mothers caught up their infants in their arms. Men dragged along the aged and helpless, and the entire horror-stricken multitude beat their course to the sands. It was a hegira never to be forgotten.

Even the homes of the dead were sought for as food by the all-devouring element; for, after ravaging to the limits of the city, and with the wind dead against it, the fire caught the dried grasses, ran along the fences, and in a moment covered in a burning glory the Catholic cemetery and the grassy stretches of Lincoln park. The marbles over the graves cracked and baked, and fell in glowing embers on the hot turf. Flames shot up from the resting places of the dead, and the living fugitives, screaming with terror, made, for a moment, one of the ghastliest spectacles ever beheld. The receiving-vault, solidly built, and shrouded by foliage, fell under the terrific flame, and the corpses dropped or burst from the coffins, as the fire tore through the walls of the frightful charnel-house.

On the fire obtaining strong and overpowering headway, the flames seemed to go in all directions; in some places, like huge waves, dashing to and fro, leaping

up and down, turning and twisting, and pouring, now and then, a vast column of smoke and blaze hundreds of feet into the air, like a solid, perpendicular shaft of molten metal. In other places, it would dart out long streaks or serpentine shapes, which swooped down over the blazing path into some of the yet unburnt buildings, which seemed pierced, and kindled instantaneously. There were also billows of flame, that rolled along like water, utterly submerging everything in their course. Here and there, when some lofty building became sheeted in flame, the walls would weaken and waver like india-rubber; they sometimes swayed almost across the street, and immediately fell with a direful crash; a momentary darkness followed, and then fresh glares of light from a newly kindled fire. The kerosene-oil stores made an awful but sublime display, as the towering flames rolled aloft, seeming to penetrate the very heavens.

The huge iron reservoir of the gas-works exploded with tremendous force and sound, demolishing the adjacent buildings, and the very earth seemed actually belching out fire. The walls of white marble, the buff limestone of Illinois, the red and olive sandstones of Ohio and Marquette, the speckled granite of Minnesota, and the blue Lockport limestone of New York, all appeared to suffer about alike in the ravaging element. Everything the power of wind and flame could level met that doom; everything it could lift was swept away. The furious fire consumed its own smoke, leaving but few traces of stain upon the bare standing walls.

In a comparatively short space of time, nearly all the public buildings were either consumed or in flames,—hotels, theaters, churches, court-house, railway depots, banks, water-works, gas-works, and thousands of dwellings, stores, warehouses, and manufactories, with all their vast and valuable contents, were whelmed in one common vortex of ruin. The fire engines were powerless. The streams of water appeared to dry up the moment they touched the flames. An attempt was made to blow up the buildings, but this availed little, the high wind carrying the flaming brands far across the space thus cleared away. To add to the horrors of the scene, the wooden pavements in some places took fire, driving the firemen from stations where their precious efforts might possibly have been available. But nothing could long resist the terrible heat of the flames, which seemed to strike right through the most solid walls. Buildings supposed to be absolutely fire-proof burned like tinder, and crumbled to pieces like charred paper. Engines and fire-apparatus had arrived from seven different States, and the working force was prodigious, but all this was of no avail.

According to the most reliable estimate, the number of acres burned over in the West Division of the city, where the fire originated, was nearly two hundred, including sixteen acres which were laid bare by the fire of the previous evening. This district contained about five hundred buildings, averaging four or five occupants each. These buildings were generally of the poorer class, and comprised a great many boarding-houses, saloons, and minor hotels, with a few factories, also several lumber and coal yards and planing mills, a grain elevator, and a depot.

In the South Division, the burned area comprised some four hundred and sixty acres. With the exception of the Lind block, on the river bank, between Randolph and Lake streets, it included all north of an irregular line running diagonally from the intersection of Polk street with the river, to the corner of Congress street and Michigan avenue. This district, though comparatively small in extent, was by far the most valuable in the city,—the very heart and head of Chicago as a commercial center. It contained the great majority of all those structures which were at once costly in themselves, and filled with the wealth of merchandise that made the city the great emporium of the North-west. All the wholesale stores of any considerable magnitude, all the daily and weekly newspaper offices, all the

BURNING OF CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8 AND 9, 1871.

principal banks, the leading hotels, many extensive factories, all the offices of insurance men, lawyers, produce brokers, etc., the custom-house, court-house, chamber of commerce, all the prominent public halls and places of amusement, many coal yards, the monster Central railroad depot, with its various buildings for the transaction of business of the Illinois Central, Michigan Central, and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroads, &c., &c. There were nearly thirty-seven hundred buildings destroyed in this division, including sixteen hundred stores, twenty-eight hotels, sixty manufacturing establishments, and the homes of about twenty-two thousand people.

In the North Division, the flames swept nearly fifteen hundred acres, destroying thirteen thousand three hundred buildings, the homes of nearly seventy-five thousand people. These structures included more than six hundred stores and one hundred manufacturing establishments, including McCormick's reaper factory, a sugar refinery, box mills, etc. The lake shore, from Chicago avenue north, was lined with breweries. The river banks were piled high with lumber and coal, three grain elevators stood near the fork of the river, and near them the Galena depot. Many hotels, and private storehouses for produce and other property, also existed in this neighborhood, and the wholesale meat markets on Kinzie street were a busy center of trade. North Clark, Wells, and North and Chicago avenues, were principally occupied by retail stores.

The total area burned over was two thousand one hundred and twenty-four acres, or almost three and one-third square miles. This area contained about seventy-three miles of streets, and seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty buildings, the homes of nearly one hundred thousand people. All this transpired in the brief space of thirty hours, and the aggregate loss was not far from $200,000,000. But saddest of all was the great loss of life, the precise extent of which will probably never be known.

For a city thus suddenly and tragically overwhelmed in ruin, the sympathies of the whole civilized world were spontaneously poured forth, and, in response to the cry for help that went up from her borders, instant and abundant relief was sent from every part of the Union. The national government, at the instance of Lieut. Gen. Sheridan,—whose activity in endeavoring to stay the progress of the conflagration, and, subsequently, in preserving order, was so conspicuous,—sent thousands of tents and army rations; societies and private citizens sent money, clothing, and provisions; railroad companies dispatched special trains laden with these gifts; and in every city and town, public meetings were held, and money raised to aid the homeless and suffering. From Canada and Europe, too, came assurances of sympathy and proffers of assistance. The total value of the charities thus bestowed, in provisions, clothing, and money, amounted to millions of dollars, all of which was distributed with such promptness and wisdom that despair was forestalled, epidemic disease prevented, and hope kindled in the hearts of all.

To narrate more than a few of the many instances of heroism, affection, tragedy and crime, incident to a disaster so widespread and awful, would be simply impossible. Gangs of armed ruffians were everywhere patrolling about, hunting for plunder, and breaking into safes with impunity,—remonstrance was met with a deadly blow, and few had the temerity to interfere. Heated with whiskey and excitement, they caused a complete reign of terror, and, though the mayor had issued a proclamation directing the closing of the saloons, no attention was paid to it, and the disorderly element had its own sway.

In Wabash and Michigan avenues, and, indeed, in all the places where the richer classes lived, the scenes enacted were unparalleled. Women who had never known what a care was, and consequently were, as would be supposed, utterly incapable of bearing with courage such a calamity as the destruction of their homes, displayed

instances of heroism and love worthy to be written of in story and song. Thus, a prominent lady of Wabash avenue had been deserted by her servants as soon as it became certain that the house was doomed; they went off, taking with them whatever they could lay their hands on. She, her daughter, and her invalid husband, were alone in the house, and the flames were rapidly approaching. There was not a moment to spare, and the two women carried away in their arms the sick man, and brought him in safety beyond the reach of the fire.

The most pitiable sights were the sick children, half dead, lying crouched on the sidewalks, in many cases with barely any covering on them. A pathetic scene was noticed on the corner of La Salle and Randolph streets, where two little girls were lying, terror-stricken, by the side of their dead sister, whose remains presented a harrowing spectacle. She had been too late to escape from under a falling building on Clark street, and had then been extricated and borne away to the corner by her almost perishing sisters.

The preservation of Mr. Ogden's residence, solitary and alone, in the very heart of the fire, was one of the most memorable incidents in the history of this great disaster. The happy result in this case was accounted for by the fact that the house, a large and comfortable frame structure, was in the middle of a block, all the other lots of which formed its elegant garden. On the streets upon its four sides were not many large buildings; while just as the fire approached it from the south-west there was a slight lull in the fury of the wind. This allowed the flames to shoot straighter into the air, and, before the fiery tempest had again bent them forward in search of further fuel, the structures upon which they were immediately feeding had been reduced to ashes, and a break made in the terrible wall of fire. The exertions of Mr. Ogden and his family, in covering the roof and walls of the house with carpets, quilts, and blankets, which were kept constantly wet with water from a cistern which happened to be in his place, also aided materially in the saving of their home, which was the only unharmed building for miles!

One of the most notable events was the fate of the *Tribune* building, erected at great cost, and, as it was supposed, with undoubted fire-proof qualities. A wide space had been burned around it, and its safety was thought to be assured. A patrol of men swept off live coals and put out fires in the side walls, and another patrol watched the roofs. Up to four o'clock in the morning, the reporters had sent in detailed accounts of the fire. At five o'clock the forms were sent down. In ten minutes the two eight-cylinders in the press-room would have been throwing off the morning paper. Then the front basement was discovered to be on fire. The plug on the corner was tapped, but there was no water. The pressmen were driven from their presses. The attachés of the establishment said good-bye to the finest newspaper office in the western country, and withdrew to a place of safety. In a very short time the building was enveloped in fire, and by ten o'clock the whole magnificent structure was a mass of blackened ruins.

LXXVII.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE MOVEMENT.—1872.

Popular Organizations in the Interests of Labor.—Changes Sought in the Relations between Producers and Consumers.—General Declaration of Principles and Aims.—A System of Universal Co-operation Proposed.—Results to be Realized by such Combinations.—Patrons of Husbandry and Sovereigns of Industry.—Initiative Proceedings in 1867.—First Grange Founded in Washington, D. C.—Agriculture the Grand Basis.—Mutual Protection and Advancement.—Small Encouragement at the Beginning.—Immense Growth in Five Years.—Activity in the West and South.—Social and Moral Aspects.—Plan of Business Action.—Partisan Prejudices Disavowed.—No Political Tests Involved.—Opinions of Eminent Leaders Cited.—Views of Foreign Publicists.—Vital Point in the New System.—Commercial and Financial Theories.—Grain and Cotton Products.—Alleged Errors in Trade Customs.—Individual *vs.* Associated Efforts.—'Middlemen' a Disadvantage.—Substitute for Their Intervention.—The Case Illustrated.—Difficulties and Remedies.

"The ultimate object of this organization is for mutual instruction and protection, to lighten labor by diffusing a knowledge of its aims and purposes, expand the mind by tracing the beautiful laws the great Creator has established in the universe, and to enlarge our views of Creative wisdom and power."—CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

ONE of the most active and vigorous co-operative bodies which have been organized, on a popular basis, within the last few years of the national century, and which now has its associate representation in almost all parts of the country, is what is known as the National Grangers—and, similarly, Patrons of Husbandry, and Sovereigns of Industry,—devoted, as these names imply, to the interests of agricultural labor, and kindred industries. Their greatest strength is found in the western portion of the republic, though by no means confined to that section, affiliated branches of the order being found, in a more or less flourishing condition, in the southern, eastern, and Pacific regions, as well.

Though dating the initiative of its existence no earlier than 1867, it was not, in fact, until 1872, that the order became sufficiently formidable in numbers and influence to attract wide-spread attention. As illustrating, however, the rapid growth which, in time, characterized this movement, it is stated that, in August, 1867, Messrs. O. H. Kelley and William Saunders, at that time connected with the government departments in Washington, D. C., and known as intelligent and far-seeing observers of public affairs in

their relations to business and labor,—both gentlemen having been farmers, and long identified with that class,—conceived the idea of forming a society, having for its object their mutual instruction and protection.

In this view, they were joined, on consultation, by others, and a circular was drawn up, embracing the various points it was deemed desirable to embody, in presenting the plan of the Grange to the country. On the 4th of December, 1867, in Washington, D. C., the first Grange was organized, being officered as follows: William Saunders, master; J. R. Thompson, lecturer; Rev. A. B. Grosh, chaplain; O. H. Kelley, secretary. This became the National Grange. Soon after, a subordinate grange was established in that city, as a school of instruction, and to test the efficiency of the ritual. This grange numbered about sixty members. In April, 1868, Mr. Kelley was appointed to the position of traveling agent. The first dispensation was issued for a grange at Harrisburg, Pa.; the second at Fredonia, N. Y.; the third at Columbus, O.; the next at Chicago, Ill. In Minnesota, six granges were organized. Thus, the whole number during the first year was but ten: in 1869, thirty-nine dispensations were granted; in 1870, thirty-eight; in 1871, one hundred and twenty-five; and during the next year, more than eight hundred dispensations for subordinate granges were issued from the headquarters at Washington, and the total increase during 1872 was rising eleven hundred.

The declaration of principles put forth, authoritatively, by the national grange, leaves no room for doubt as to the character and purposes avowed by this now powerful order. Starting with the proclamation of union by the strong and faithful tie of Agriculture, with a mutual resolve to labor for the good of the order, the country, and mankind, and indorsing the motto, 'In essentials, unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity,' the following specific objects are set forth as those characterizing the order and by which the cause is to be advanced, namely:

To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among those constituting the order; to enhance the comforts and attractions of home, and strengthen the attachment to their pursuits; to foster mutual understanding and co-operation; to maintain inviolate the laws, and emulate each other in hastening the good time coming; to reduce expenses, both individual and co-operate; to buy less and produce more, in order to make their farms self-sustaining; to diversify crops, and crop no more than can be cultivated; to condense the weight of exports, selling less in the bushel and more on hoof and in fleece; to systematize work, and calculate intelligently on probabilities; to discontinue the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy; to meet together, talk together, work together, buy and sell together, and in general act together for mutual protection and advancement, as association may require; to avoid litigation as much as possible, by arbitration in the grange; to constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, and vital brotherhood, and to make the Order perpetual; to endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, and all selfish ambition.

In regard to the principles and aims of this organization in respect to business,—concerning which much public discussion has taken place,—the statement is made by the order, authoritatively and explicitly, that it aims to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers, into the most direct and friendly relation possible, and, in order to fulfill this, it is necessary that a surplus of middlemen be dispensed with,—not in any spirit of unfriendliness to them, but because such a class is not needed, their surplus and exactions diminishing the raiser's profits.

Emphatically disavowing any intention to wage aggressive warfare against other interests, the grangers assert that all their

acts and efforts, so far as business is concerned, are not only for the benefit of the producer and consumer, but also for all other interests that tend to bring these two parties into speedy and economical contact; hence, they hold that transportation companies of every kind are necessary, that the interests of such companies are intimately connected with the welfare of the grange, harmonious action being mutually advantageous,—keeping in view one

While declaring themselves as not the enemies of railroads, navigable and irrigating canals, nor of any corporations that will advance industrial welfare, nor yet of any laboring classes, the grangers are opposed to such spirit and management of any corporation, or enterprise, as tend to oppress the people and rob them of their just profit; and, while not enemies to capital, they oppose the tyranny of monopolies, and urge that the antagonism between capital

SYMBOLS OF THE CO-OPERATIVE LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

of the primary bases of action upon which the order rests, namely, that individual happiness depends upon general prosperity.

To this end, the order advocates for every state the increase, in every practicable way, of all facilities for transporting cheaply to the seaboard, or between home producers and consumers, all the productions of the country, the fixed purpose of action being, in this respect, to open out the channels in nature's great arteries, that the life-blood of commerce may flow freely.

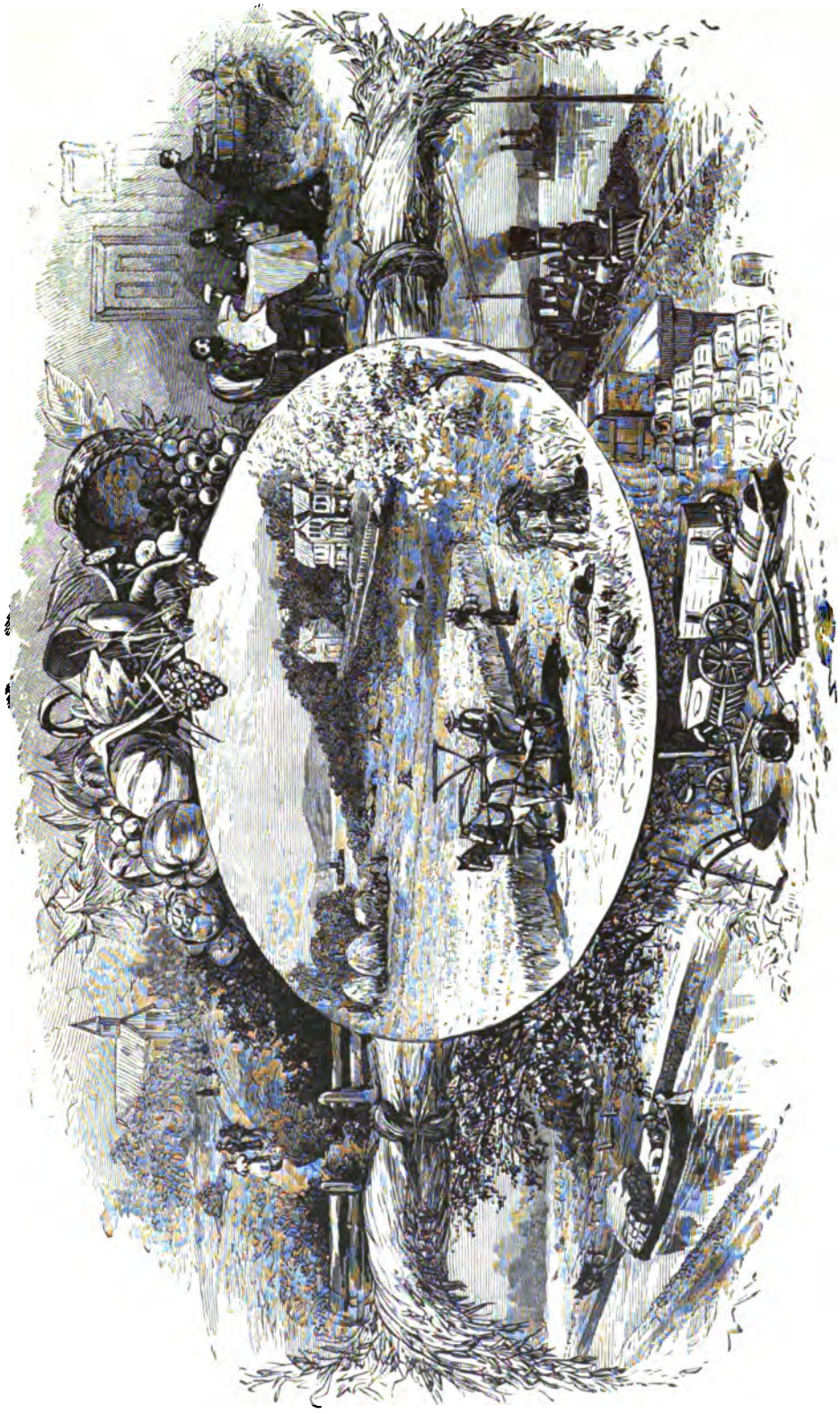
and labor be removed by common consent, and by enlightened statesmanship worthy of the nineteenth century. Opposition is declared, also, to excessive salaries, high rates of interest, and exorbitant per cent. profits in trade, as greatly increasing the burdens of the people, and bearing no proper proportion to the profits of producers.

The relations of the grange movement to political parties and questions have formed, almost from the first, the subject of universal criticism. It is emphatically

declared, however, as the oft-repeated truth taught in the organic law of the order, that the grange, national, state, or subordinate, is not a political or party organization; and yet, while no grange, if true to its obligations, can discuss political or religious questions, nor call political conventions or nominate candidates, nor ever discuss their merits in its meetings, the principles enunciated by the order are, it is claimed, such as underlie all true politics and all true statesmanship, and, if properly carried out, tending to purify the whole political atmosphere of the country; that, though seeking the greatest good to the greatest number, no one by becoming a grange member gives up that inalienable right and duty which belong to every American citizen, to take a proper interest in the politics of his country. On the contrary, the grange pronounces it to be the right and duty of every member to do all in his power legitimately to influence, for good, the action of any political party to which he belongs; that it is his duty to do all he can, in his own party, to put down bribery, corruption, and trickery,—to see that none but competent, faithful, and honest men, who will unflinchingly stand by the interests of the order are nominated for all positions of trust,—the governing principle in this respect to be, that the office should seek the man and not the man the office. The broad principle is acknowledged, that difference of opinion is no crime, and that progress towards truth is made by differences of opinion, while the fault lies in bitterness of controversy. A proper equality, equity and fairness, protection for the weak, restraint upon the strong,—in short, justly distributed burdens, and justly distributed power,—the grange holds to be American ideas, the very essence of American independence, to advocate the contrary being unworthy the sons and daughters of an American republic. Cherishing the belief, too, that sectionalism is and of right should be dead and buried with the past, the order declares its work to be for the present and future, and consequently recognizes in its agricultural brotherhood, and its associational purposes, no north, no south, no east, no west, and to every member is reserved the freeman's right to affiliate with any party that will best carry out his principles.

The wonderful growth of the grange movement, especially throughout the west, is asserted by Mr. J. K. Hudson, an intelligent and reliable authority, to have been without a parallel in the history of associational movements in this country; and this fact he attributes to the condition of the public mind which existed at the time of the founding of the movement,—the prevailing feeling of distrust towards the organized interests of every kind then existing, the common indignation against the injustice of the unfair distribution of profits, the prevailing discrimination against agricultural labor which was, year after year, constantly kept alive in the minds of the farmers of the west by the fast *decreasing* profits, buying goods sold at *heavy* profits, paying burdensome taxes brought upon them by unscrupulous rings which had squandered and stolen the public funds, while the result of the year's product and sale showed a loss to honest labor.

Such a remarkable feature in American life as the rise and progress of this movement has not failed to attract attention in foreign lands, and particularly in England. Thus, at the Social Science Congress of Great Britain, assembled in 1875, the Earl of Roseberry, president of the association, after speaking of the various 'Unions' to be found in the United States, such as the Sons of Toil, the Brethren of Labor, etc., characterized as incomparably above these, "the gigantic association of Patrons of Husbandry, commonly called the Grange, a great agricultural, co-operative, independent union. Its progress has been amazing. Its first grange, or lodge, was formed in the last month of 1867; there are at this moment 20,500, with 1,311,226 members, and at the end of the year it is certain that they will have thirty thousand, with two million members. The order is practically identified with the agricultural



SPIRIT OF THE GRANGE MOVEMENT.

population of twenty-six states, and with two-thirds of the farmers in ten others. In Missouri alone there are said to be 2,150 granges; they are making their way in Canada. Pennsylvania began the year with six lodges, and at this moment she has eight hundred." In regard to the cause of this prodigious increase, the earl thinks it easily accounted for, in view of the fact that, as alleged, the membership adds not less than fifty per cent. to the income of the order; and their enterprise and importance are further made manifest by the fact, as stated, that the California grangers have their own fleet, and ship their corn direct to Liverpool, by which they saved two million dollars, in freights, in a single year,—their vessels bringing, as return cargoes, tea, sugar, coffee, silk, and other commodities, which are retailed to members at cost price, and a system is being organized by which their ships return with loads of every foreign article which the members may need, thus making them an independent mercantile nation. In a similar strain, it is remarked by Mr. Leavitt, an ardent advocate of the order, that, although the fact be a disagreeable one to some classes of non-producers, it is none the less undeniable that the rugged health of the movement arises from its direct bearing upon the pockets of its members,—the chief advantage being the wholesale buying and selling which is done through the machinery of the order, differing, of course, in different states; thus, in the west, a large part of the gain is from the wholesale disposal of grain, and its handling through grange elevators, while, in the south, planters have saved large sums by using the grange agents in disposing of their cotton.

This last named consideration appears to be a vital point in the principles and aims of the grangers, and is urged very strongly in the writings of those who are the acknowledged spokesmen of the order. According to the argument of Mr. Aiken, a leading member at the south, the philosophy of the order is based upon the idea of affording mutual benefit to the producer and consumer by bringing them together. This position he enforces by stating the disadvantage the farmer labors under, by the system of trade at present carried on. To dispose of his crop as he pleases, says Mr. Aiken, is an enjoyable privilege, and, when he exchanges his products for the cash in hand he experiences a satisfaction not suggested by the receipt of bills of sale made at a distance; those who buy from the farmer in a home market, however, are most generally speculators, or 'middlemen' of the genuine stamp; they buy simply to sell at a profit, and if they, by their better judgment and astuteness, can realize a handsome profit upon their investment, they should not be condemned as tradesmen. If A buys B's crop, and nets fifty per cent. upon the purchase, he was no more to blame than B was for selling to him; both transactions were legitimate, but the result would show there was something erroneous in this method of dealing—the error was that farmer B did not properly comprehend the 'tricks of trade,' he had not studied the difference between wholesale and retail, between local and through freights, between individual and combined efforts, between isolation and co-operation. The purchase of a single article, the shipment of a single crop, the efforts of a single individual, are all alike in their results, and of minor importance to tradesmen; but where the purchases are made by wholesale, crops are grouped together for shipment, and the entire transaction submitted to a single disbursing agent, the commission on sales is diminished, the cost of transportation is reduced, and the aggregated profits become a handsome amount. Just so the 'middleman' acts; he buys individually, but groups his purchases and ships collectively,—is his own disbursing agent, and pockets the results of his profitable labors. It is exactly in this capacity that the grange proposes to act for the farmer.

Similar in its spirit and principles of fraternity and co-operation is the organization, so increasingly prosperous, known as the Sovereigns of Industry. As defined

by Mr. Alger, a prominent exponent of the society's aims, its members maintain that the true desideratum is to raise the quality and quantity of every sort of useful production to the maximum, and to reduce the cost both of creation and distribution to the minimum; and, with this end in view, holding that men should be producers of good in some form, and that their sum of goods will be perfected by equitable exchanges, they have already begun the systematic organization of a method of bringing all kinds of producers and consumers into direct contact, for their common gain and to the universal advantage,—the system being intended to prevent the waste of labor, and to put an end to the exaction of profit without any correspondent creation of value or use, and to swallow up the bitter rivalries and animosities of labor and capital and trade in an inclusive harmonizing of them all. In the further declaration of the purposes of the order, upon which its action as above indicated is based, it is urged that the master principle of a true civilization must be the direct application of labor to the production of the goods of life. In utter opposition, however, to this, is the application of artifice to obtain money from those who possess it, in order that the obtainer may command the goods of life without producing them. The only real remedy, —says the declaration of this order,—is the overthrow of the existing monopoly and gambling concentrated in the present system of money, and the assignment of its just prerogatives to productive labor; an end must be put to all those forms of speculation which simply transfer money from hand to hand without any use or equivalent, and an end must be put also to the enormous profits exacted by the distributors of goods who create no value but get rich out of the earnings of productive labor.

LXXVIII.

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION OF THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC.—1876.

Year of Jubilee, Festival, and Pageant, throughout the Land.—Prosperity, Power, and Renown of the Nation.—A Union of Nearly Forty Great Commonwealths and Forty Million People.—Anticipations of the Coming Anniversary.—Legislation by Congress for its Patriotic Observance.—A Grand Exposition of the Century's Growth and Progress, the Principal Feature Decided Upon.—Vast Work of Preparation.—The Whole World at Peace, and All Countries and Climes in Sympathy with the Republic and its Auspicious Era.—Ushering in the Year's Ceremonials.—Every City, Town, and Village, Covered with Gay Streamers and Waving Flags.—Pomp, Parade, and Universal Fraternization.—Wondrous Microcosm of Civilization Concentrated at Philadelphia.—The Culminating Art and Skill of Sixty Centuries of Human Advancement, and the Products of Every Quarter of the Globe, Displayed in their Richest Illustrations.—An Unprecedented Scene: President and Emperor Receiving the Salutations of the American People.—Oratory, Music, Poetry, Bells, Illuminations, Cannon, Regattas, Banners, Hallelujahs and Huzzas.—The Beauty, Utility, and Magnificence of the Orient and Occident, in Boundless Combinations.—The "Glorious Fourth," All Over the Land.—Congratulatory Letter from the Emperor of Germany.

"The completion of the first century of our national existence should be commemorated by an Exhibition of the natural resources of the country and their development, and of its progress in those arts which benefit mankind."—PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

HOUSE IN WHICH THOMAS JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

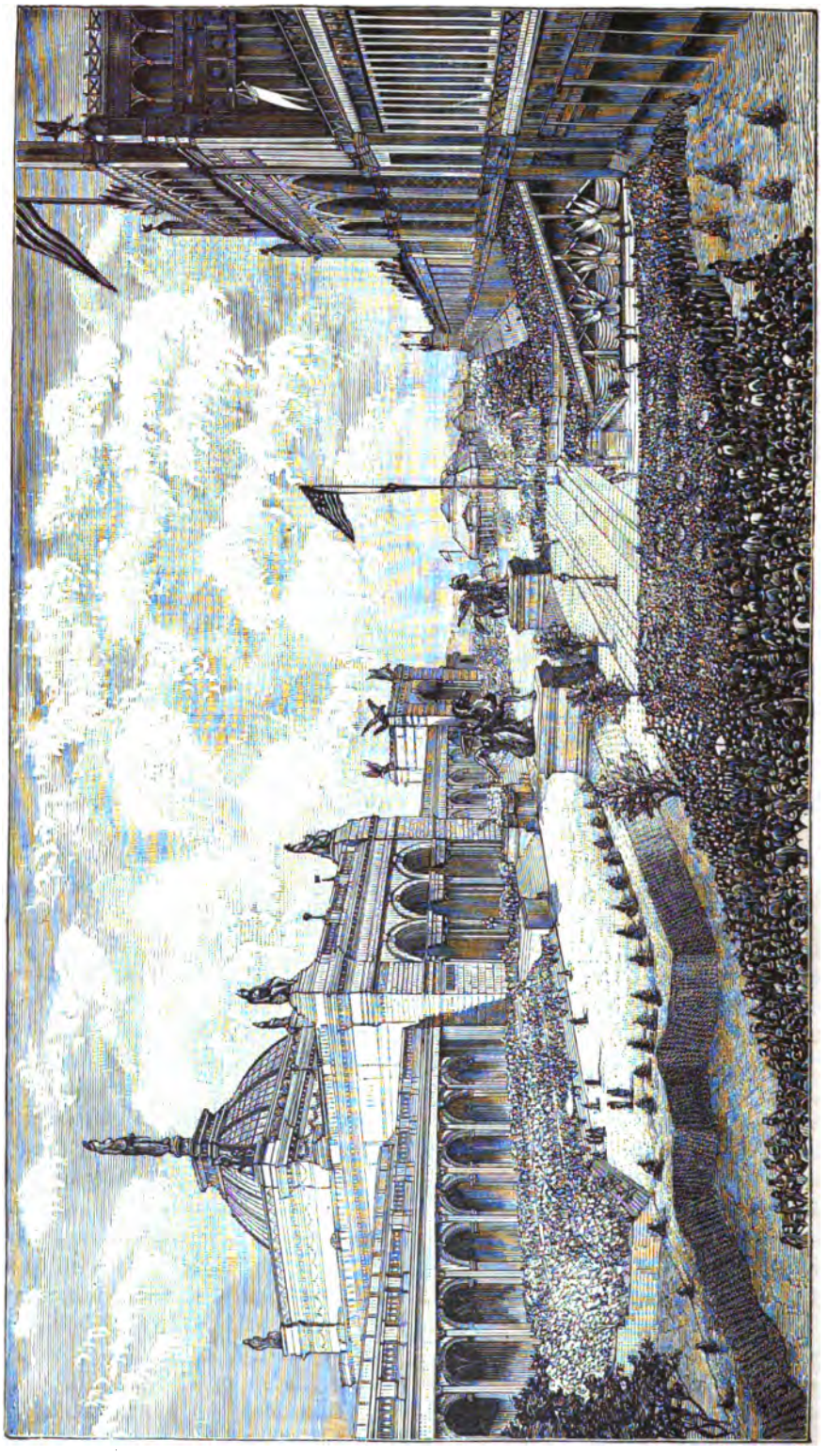
ONE hundred years after the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, which great event gave birth and national sovereignty to a new Republic, the centennial commemoration of that august act filled the land with such festival and pageant of joy, as only a free people—prosperous, powerful, and renowned,—could be expected to exhibit. From a feeble beginning, of thirteen weakly colonies, with a scattered population of three million people, struggling with war and debt, they had now attained to the colossal growth of nearly forty great commonwealths and forty million inhabitants, and, in respect to whatever relates to man's material and moral advancement, found themselves unexcelled by any empire or kingdom on the face of the wide earth.

Anticipations of the coming anniversary had long been prominent in the minds of the people, and, in view of the peculiarly national character of the event, it was at an early stage of the discussion brought before the assembled wisdom of the republic, in the halls of congress, the result of which was the adoption of the idea that had for some time become widely popular, namely, that an exhibition of American and foreign arts, products, and manufactures be held, under the auspices of the government of the United States, in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1876. To this end, the centennial commission was appointed—two commissioners from each state and territory, nominated by their respective governors, and approved by the president. Under this organization, the vast work of preparation commenced, and, on the fourth of July, 1873, the ground set apart for the purpose was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The result of the succeeding three years of labor on the part of the commission, showed that not only from every section of our own land did the choicest contributions accumulate in every department of art, science, and mechanism, but that all foreign countries also,—in response to the invitation extended to them by the American government,—were in sympathy with the Republic and its auspicious era; so that, at the time designated for the grand ushering in of the year's ceremonials, there was presented the most wondrous microcosm of civilization ever concentrated in one locality. There was, in fact, the culminating art and skill of sixty centuries of human advancement, and the products of every quarter of the globe, displayed in their richest illustrations,—the beauty, utility, and magnificence, of the Orient and Occident, in boundless combinations.

On the day of the formal inauguration of the exposition, and at which were present hundreds of thousands of joyous spectators, with dignitaries from both hemispheres, the occasion was appropriately introduced by the vast orchestra performing the national airs of all nations, as follows: The Washington March; Argentine Republic, Marche de la Republica; Austria, Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser; Belgium, La Brabansonne; Brazil, Hymno Brasileira Nacional; Denmark, Volkslied—den tappre Landsoldat; France, La Marseillaise; Germany, Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland; Great Britain, God Save the Queen; Italy, Marcia del Re; Netherlands, Wie neerlandsch bloed; Norway, National Hymn; Russia, National Hymn; Spain, Riego's Spanish National Hymn; Sweden, Volksongen—Bevare Gud var Kung; Switzerland, Heil dir Helvetia; Turkey, March; Hail Columbia.

Following this musical prelude, the bold chords of Wagner's centennial inauguration march filled the air with floods of richest harmony; solemn prayer was offered by Bishop Simpson; and then a superb chorus of nearly a thousand voices, accompanied by orchestra and organ, sang Whittier's centennial hymn, set to music by John K. Payne. Formal presentation being now made of the building to the United States Centennial Commission by the president of the board of finance to General Hawley, president of the centennial commission, a cantata was sung with fine effect, the words by Lanier, of Georgia, and the music by Buck, after which the ceremonial presentation of the Exhibition to the President of the United States was made by General Hawley, in an eloquent address, to which General Grant responded in a eulogistic speech of acceptance, reviewing the progress of the century, bidding the whole world welcome, and declaring the exhibition open. On this announcement, the orchestra, chorus and great organ burst forth into triumphal strains of the 'Hallelujah,' from the "Messiah," acclamations and huzzas rent the air; and the unprecedented spectacle was witnessed, of an American President and a crowned Emperor—the emperor of Brazil being present, and at President Grant's side,—receiving the enthusiastic salutations of the American people.

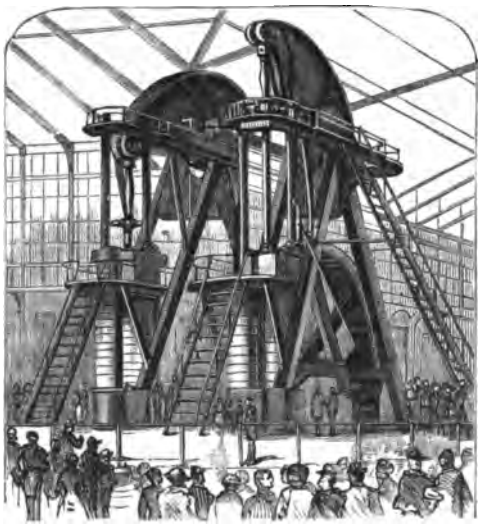
The case of Dom Pedro, it may be here remarked, furnishes the only instance in



OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.

the history of our century, of a reigning crowned head visiting the United States, with the exception of Kalakaua, king of the Sandwich Islands, whose tour occurred in 1874–5.

And here may be cited one of the most notable scenes which transpired on this wonderful occasion, namely, the starting of the stupendous engine constructed by Mr. Corliss, which was to move the fourteen acres of machinery, comprising some eight thousand different machines, in the building devoted to that specialty. This starting operation was performed jointly by President Grant and Emperor Dom Pedro II., under the direction of Mr. Corliss. These two great personages took the



THE CORLISS ENGINE.

positions assigned them by Mr. Corliss, who explained by a motion of the hands and a word or two, as to how the engines were to be started by the single turning of a slender steel arm, like the brake of a street railway car,—this action opening the throttle valve, and then the vast but quiet building would be instantly alive with all the functions of every kind of a factory in full practice. The time had arrived for the movement, and a most imposing array of eminent officials surrounded the president and emperor. "*Now*, Mr. President," said Mr. Corliss. "Well," said the president, quietly, "how shall I do it?" The answer was, "Turn that little crank around six times." President Grant made a motion with his fingers, inquiringly, "This way?" "Yes." In another half minute, the screw was turned by the president, the colossal machine above him began to move, the miles of shafting along the building began to revolve, innumerable steel and iron organisms were set going, and a visitor who retraced his steps could examine the processes of half the important manufactures on the globe. At the wave of Mr. Corliss's hand, the emperor gave a sharp turn of his wrist and started his engine a moment in advance of the president; but the response of the machinery at the single touch of these two men—countless wheels turning, bands beginning their rounds, cogs fitting into their places, pistons driving backward and forward and up and down, performing their infinitely varied functions—was so almost simultaneous, that few suspected that the Brazilian monarch had outstripped his host. This engine weighs eight hundred tons; will drive eight miles of shafting; has a fly-wheel thirty feet in diameter and weighing seventy tons; is of fourteen hundred horse-power, with a capacity of being forced to twenty-five hundred; has two walking-beams, weighing twenty-two tons each; two forty-inch cylinders, a ten-feet stroke, a crank-shaft nineteen inches in diameter and twelve feet in length; connecting rods twenty-four feet in length, and piston rods six and one-fourth inches in diameter; height from the floor to the top of the walking-beams, thirty-nine feet. It was in vastness, power, and ingenuity, the mechanical marvel of the exhibition.

The plan of construction for the accommodation of the several grand features of the exposition, comprised five main buildings conveniently located at different points on the five hundred acres devoted to centennial purposes, being about one-sixth of the area of Fairmount Park, on the Schuylkill river, than which no more delightful locality could have been selected. These structures consisted, respectively, of

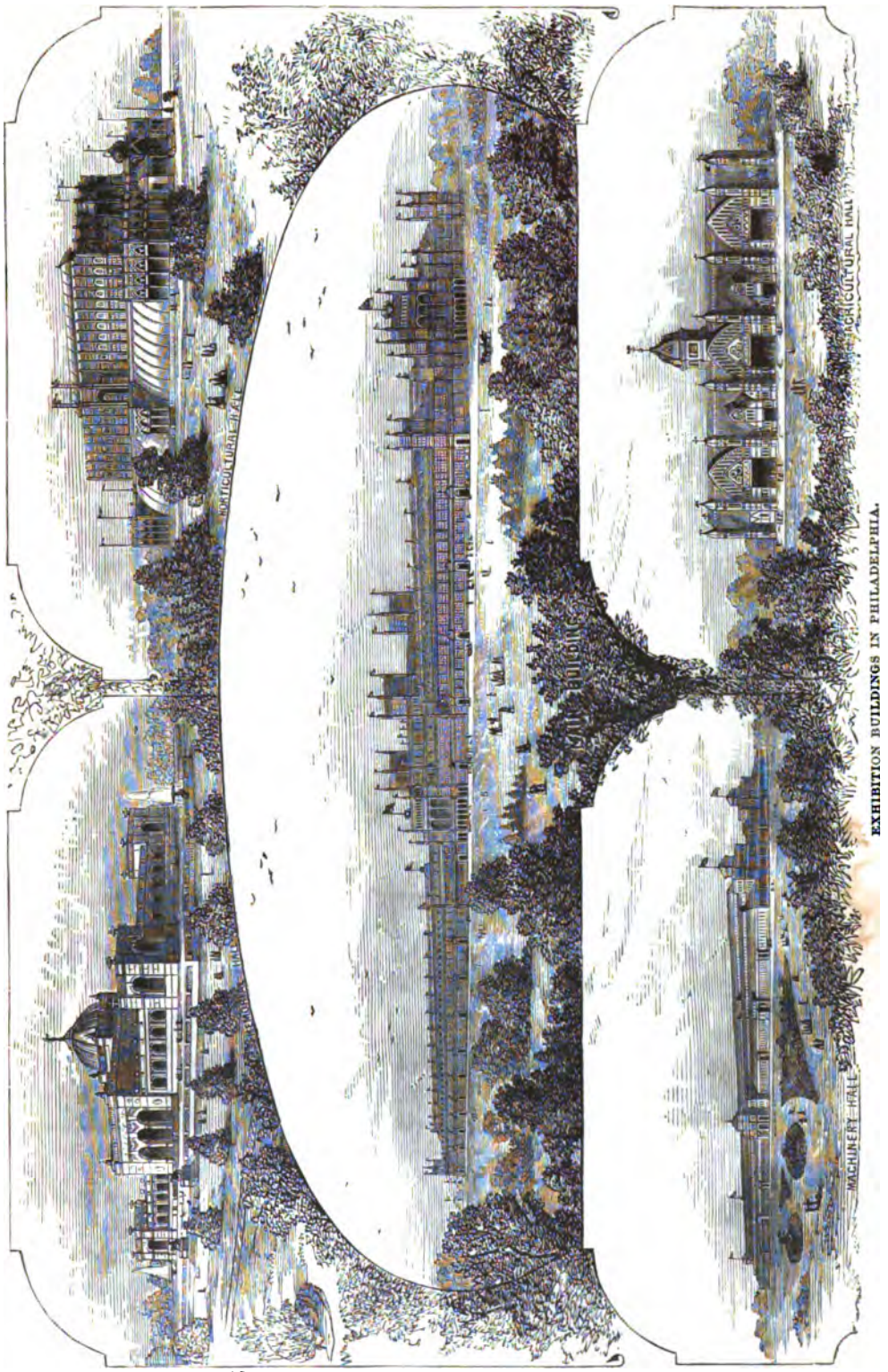
the main building, having an area of about twenty-one and a-half acres; that for machinery, fourteen acres; for agriculture, ten acres; for horticulture, one and a-half; for art, one and a-half. In addition to these, the number of special structures, including the memorial hall, and those erected by the United States government, by foreign nations, by the different States, by the women, etc., etc., was among the hundreds. Many of these were of great cost and striking architectural beauty, and, with statues, fountains, flower plots, and other decorative objects innumerable, produced a scene of surpassing attraction.

The variety of special celebrative events, in combination with the wondrous display of every marvel and masterpiece gathered from art and nature in the four continents, attending this centennial commemoration, may be judged of by the following programme: Harvesting display; trials of steam plows and tillage implements; exhibition of horses and mules,—of horned cattle,—of sheep, swine, goats, and dogs, —of poultry; national gathering of the Order of Good Templars; international regatta; yacht regatta; gathering of the Sons of Temperance; the Grand Army of the Republic; Knights Templars; women's temperance union; Am. musical association; international series of cricket matches; congress of authors in Independence Hall; parade of Roman Catholic societies and dedication of their magnificent fountain; parade of military organizations; parade of the Knights of Pythias; international rowing regatta; international rifle matches; international medical congress; parade of the Odd Fellows; reunions of the army of the Potomac, Cumberland, and James; etc., etc.

Memorial Hall, or the art gallery, a most beautiful structure, was erected at the expense of the state of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia, as a permanent commemoration of the centennial. In its construction, nothing but granite, brick, glass and iron, were used. Its superb hall, pavilions, galleries and arcades, are surmounted with a dome of crystal and iron, terminating in a colossal bell, and, at the apex, Columbia rises, with protecting hands. Within these walls, the treasures of painting and sculpture displayed were almost beyond enumeration—certainly beyond description.

The colossal proportions of the main building struck every visitor's wondering attention,—relieved, however, by its exquisitely artistic form and endless expanse of complementary colors,—and, within, a universe of the wonderful and beautiful, such as the eye of man never before beheld nor his hand created. The position of the nations in this vast structure was an interesting matter to determine, being finally decided as follows: Within the line of railing extending across the entrance, to the north of the nave, the pavilions of Italy; passing east, the arrangement comprised Norway, then Sweden, with the English colonies as a neighbor; Canada adjoined, and then the mother country, Great Britain, occupying a large space down to the transept; beyond England was France, and the next in line, still on the north of the nave, Switzerland; near the eastern end, and covering as much room as France, Switzerland, Belgium, Brazil, the Netherlands, and Mexico combined, the United States exhibited her wonderful progress, in innumerable illustrations; opposite to Great Britain, appeared the German Empire, alongside Austria, and Hungary in the rear; approaching still towards the west, but on the south side of the nave, came Russia and Spain, and, along the nave, followed Egypt, Turkey, Denmark, and Sweden, while in the rear of these were Tunis, Portugal, and the Sandwich Islands; in the front rank was Japan, facing Norway and Sweden, and next to the latter, and back of her, was China; Chili had a place near the entrance from the west, and, near by, was the Argentine Republic. These were the locations of the principal nationalities.

Handsome, and grand in its amplitude, and tasty in its harmonies of form and color, the machinery building fairly be-



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

wildered both the eye and mind of the observer, by its ever-varying contents, while the prevalent somberness of its acres of iron and steel construction was pleasantly relieved by the cheerful coloring. Horticultural hall seemed like some fairy palace, with its light and airy design, and delicate ornamentation, the grand conservatory alone constituting a world of beauty to all lovers of nature; in the flower beds surrounding this structure, more than thirty thousand hyacinth and tulip bulbs were planted, to display, with thousands of other beautiful plants, their full bloom on the opening or inauguration day. Agricultural hall was entirely different in appearance from any of the other structures; was built almost entirely of wood and glass, and the color a delicate whitish tint throughout,—no effort, however, being made in the way of ornamentation, but simply to have a structure suitable for the purpose and in keeping with the character of the exhibits. The woman's building, or pavilion, devoted entirely to the results of woman's skill, was an attractive structure, covering some thirty thousand square feet, and filled with the *dulce et utile* from all lands. The government building, of substantial and elegant design, contained a revelation of wonders connected with the army and navy, the department of agriculture, the post-office, patent office, signal service, ordnance bu-

INDEPENDENCE HALL, JULY 4, 1876.

reau, light-house board, and all the subordinate departments and bureaus in any way connected with the government.

In making reference to special objects of interest, brief mention is due in the case of a magnificent piece of silver bullion, in one mass, valued at a prodigious sum, and showing, in a conspicuous manner, the metallic riches yet to be unearthed in the remote West.

The Smithsonian Institution showed every kind of American bird in an immense group by itself, also every kind of fish, mollusk, reptile and quadruped.

Queen Victoria's personal contributions comprised a number of etchings by her own hand, also table napkins spun by herself, and drawings and embroideries from her princess daughters.

The Pennsylvania Bible Society circulated the scriptures in the language of every nationality represented on the grounds, a pure white flag floating from the top of its pavilion, bearing the words of Jer. xxii, 29: "O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of the Lord!"

Among the evidences of Connecticut's skill was the huge centennial time-piece, —a clock weighing six tons and having eleven hundred pieces, with wheels four feet in diameter.

A collection of models, sent by Massachusetts, of the various marine craft which have been employed in her waters, since the first settlement of Plymouth colony —some fifty or sixty, most elaborately executed, and all perfect in type—from the Indian birch canoes and first fishing boats used on the coast, up to the most improved modern iron-clad, attracted much notice. From the Pennsylvania coal mines came two blocks of coal, weighing, respectively, about two and one-fourth and five tons; and, from her steel works, a solid ingot of steel weighing 25,000 pounds, also a perfect steel rail, rolled, 120 feet long, and weighing 62 pounds per yard.

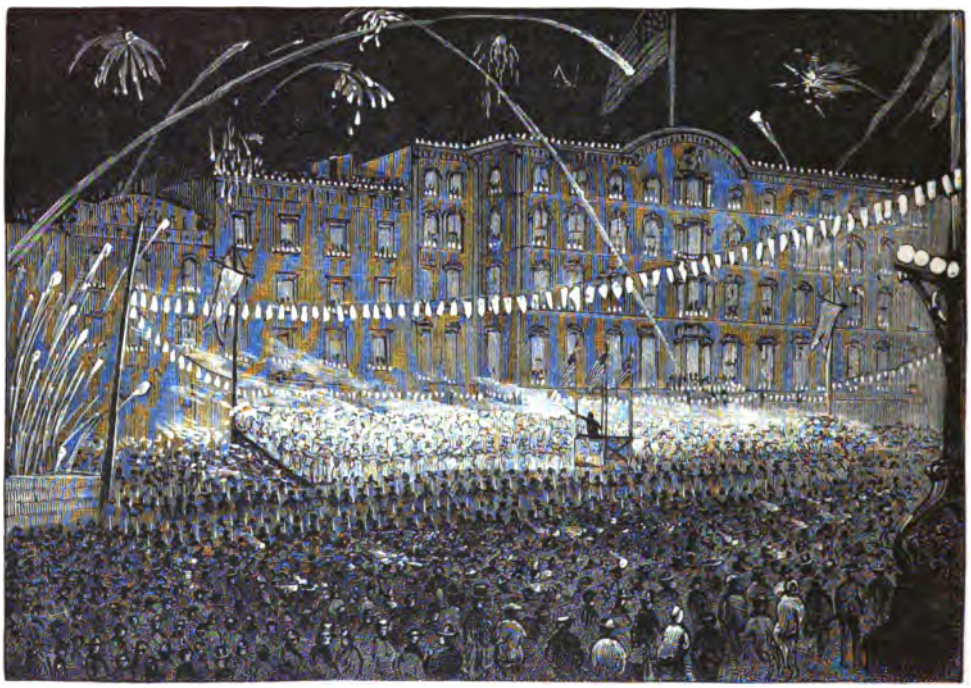
In the navy department, the government exhibited curious specimens of shot and shells, small arms of all kinds, ships' guns and howitzers, Gatling guns, and other terrible instruments of warfare; marine engines and boilers, showing the improvement made in marine engineering; immense cables, with mammoth iron links; likewise, beautifully finished models of every class of ship on the naval list, including lines of the famous craft on which Lawrence, Decatur, and McDonough fought and conquered, and the original appearance of "Old Ironsides" was finely reproduced. The patent office poured forth its treasures and curiosities — devices that have revolutionized labor the world over. More than one case was filled with relics of the great Washington—the clothes worn by him on memorable occasions, his swords, camp furniture, tents, etc. A complete set of maps showed the different areas of the United States where farm improvements have been made, where woods are most abundant, — every tree, shrub, flower, root, cereal and fiber, in their respective sections,—the fungi that destroy the different plants,—and so on.

Louisiana's products included a tree loaded with the somber, hanging moss, that renders some of her landscapes so gloomy, but which is now being used as a substitute for hair in mattresses and upholstery. California sent gold quartz of surpassing richness, and wonderful grain and cacti as well. Of the Indian races, the leading features were aptly epitomized, and their habitations, manners, and customs, represented by delegations from different tribes. Of universal interest, of course, was the original draft of the Declaration of Independence—to be looked at, not touched. Whitefield's portable pulpit, which he usually took with him, and from which, he once said, the gospel had been preached to more than ten millions of people, was another interesting relic; also, General Stark's spurs, John Alden's desk, Governor Endicott's folding-chair, the silver pitcher used by Lafayette in Boston, etc.

The inventions and handiwork of boys included, among other things, a heavy ten-wheel draft locomotive, cylinder eighteen by twenty-two inches, and all of consum-

mate finish. The kindergarten plan of teaching was most fully illustrated in all its appliances and methods.

Massachusetts sent, among its rich and varied contributions, an organ of gigantic proportions, having fifty-nine stops and four banks of keys, its longest pipe being thirty-two feet and the shortest less than one inch; also, industrial designs, of striking character, from the Massachusetts institute of technology. Noticeable as a most sumptuous article of taste, was a hundred thousand dollar necklace from



UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1876.

New York city, also the Bryant vase; and, from Providence, the 'century vase,' of solid silver, being five feet four inches in length and four feet two inches high, and weighing two thousand ounces. Each State and section, in a word, presented its special exhibits, in superbest examples and endless profusion, tiring the eye and baffling description.

Glancing a moment at the countless riches in every department of nature, art, and mechanism, which flowed from foreign nations of every zone, mention may first be made of Egypt—the most ancient people on the globe,—with her thousands of specimens of corn, cotton, sugar, her woods, fruits, honey, perfumery, scimetars; Australia, her mineral and agricultural products, tin, iron, wool, wood; Canada, her row-boats, furs, iron-work; Scotland, her cut stones and precious gems, in every form of exquisite jewelry; Switzerland, her watches of world-famed beauty; Norway, and Sweden, their glass-work, wood carvings, porcelains, irons and steels; Holland, her magnificent models of sea-coast works, bridges, dams, aqueducts; Belgium, her curiously carved balustrades, cornice ornaments, statues; China, her jars, vases, and other specimens of ceramic art; Japan, her multitudinous porcelains and bronzes; Cuba, her palms, agaves, cact, and other tropical plants; Italy, her fine art contributions, including rare and priceless gems from the vatican, sent by Pius IX.; France, with its selectest elaborations in almost every department of knowledge and handicraft, not least among which being its Gobelin tapestries and Sevres fabrics; Great Britain, her infinitude of woolen, cotton and silk goods, carpetings,

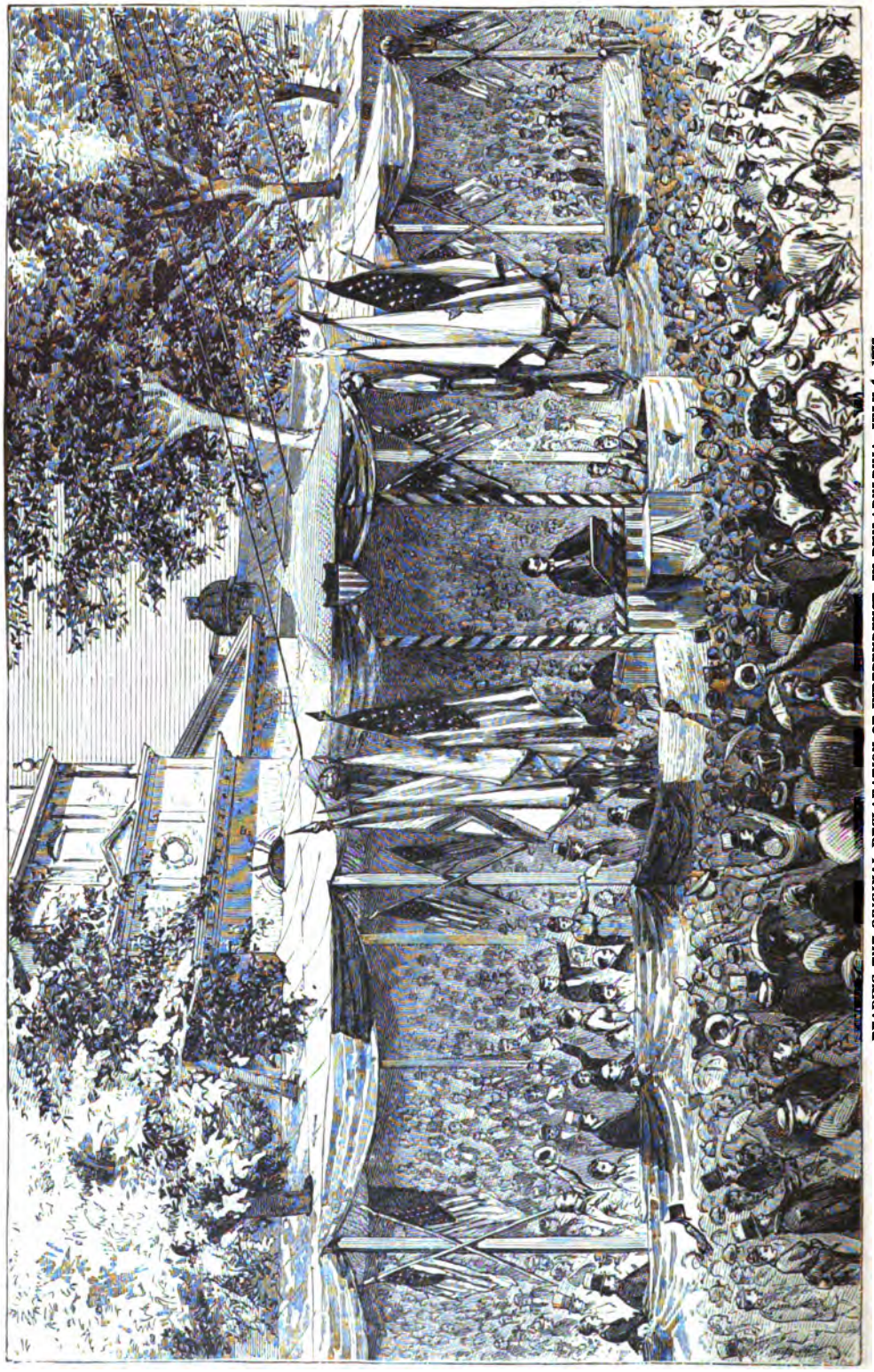
hardware, and paintings from illustrious artists;—and so followed on, in magnificent array, Austria, Germany, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Turkey, Brazil, and others of the great family of nations, with the choicest products of their mines and looms, foundries and workshops, lapidaries and ateliers.

But why commence, even, the impossible task of describing fifty teeming acres of templed wonders from every clime—the marvels and masterpieces of nature, science, and art, in bewildering variety and richness. No traversing, in fact, at all equal to the occasion, can here be essayed. It will require, indeed, all the copious volumes intended to be issued under official auspices, adequately to elaborate and portray the genius and results presented in a display so unexampled in the history of man.

Nor would it be scarcely less impossible, in the scope of a single chapter, to sufficiently characterize the enthusiasm, wide-spread as the continent, which ushered in and prolonged the observance of the Anniversary Day in especial, — JULY FOURTH,—which numbered the first hundred years of the greatest republic upon which the sun ever shone. To say that the festal ingenuity of nearly forty great States and forty millions of people, with their tens of thousands of cities, towns, and villages, fairly spent itself, in efforts to suitably commemorate the Wonderful Anniversary, is only faintly expressing the fact. It was a festival of oratory, music, poetry, parade, bells, illuminations, regattas, cannon, banners, hallelujahs and huzzas.

At Philadelphia, the central point of historic interest and centennial ovation, the resources of a whole nation's pomp and glory seemed drawn upon, on a scale eclipsing, in extent and variety, any celebrative occasion in the annals of the republic. Congress, sitting in its halls in the capitol at Washington, had a few days previously passed a resolution of adjournment to meet, on this wonderful day, in Independence Hall, where, one hundred years before, occurred the birth of the nation, and where, subsequently, was framed that immortal instrument which gave to the republic a constitutional government, the wisest and most admirable ever conceived by uninspired men.

That the celebration in this city was, in every respect worthy of an occasion so august and of a spot so historically sacred and national, was universally admitted. A parade of troops, societies and officials took place in the morning, ending at Independence Hall. The Centennial legion of troops from North and South was commanded by General Heath, formerly of the confederate army, and the procession in various other ways reflected the strength of the renewed feeling of national unity and fraternity. In Independence Square, the vice-president of the United States, Hon. Thomas W. Ferry, presided; prayer was offered by Bishop Stevens; Dr. O. W. Holmes's 'Welcome to the Nations' was sung; Bayard Taylor read his national ode; Hon. William M. Evarts pronounced the oration; the Declaration of Independence was read by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, from the original document, which President Grant had intrusted for the purpose to the mayor of Philadelphia. The faded and crumbled manuscript, held together by a simple frame, was then shown to the assembled multitude facing the platform, cheer following cheer, at this rare spectacle. There was also sung the "Greeting from Brazil," a hymn composed for the occasion by A. Carlos Gomez, of Brazil, by the request of the Emperor, Dom Pedro. After the ode, the orchestra performed a grand triumphal march, with chorus, "Our National Banner," the words being by Dexter Smith, of Massachusetts, and the music by Sir Julius Benedict, of England. On the orator retiring from the speaker's stand, the Hallelujah chorus from the "Messiah" was sung, and then the whole of the vast throng united in singing the Old Hundredth Psalm. The magnificent spectacle presented by the procession was, however, the scene witnessed and enjoyed



READING THE ORIGINAL DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, IN PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

with most general interest and admiration. It was miles in length, and in its ranks every one of the thirteen original States had a picked corps, and it was very evident, from the hearty manner in which General Heath,—in the absence of General Burnside,—formerly commanders, respectively, on the field of battle, of 'the boys in blue' and 'the boys in gray,' but now knowing but one color and one flag—was received, that the fraternization of the North and the South was genuine and complete, on this great natal anniversary. The procession was under the lead of General and Governor Hartranft, and the splendid pageant was reviewed by General Sherman, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, and General Hooker, in whose company, on the guests' platform, were to be seen hundreds of official dignitaries, of civil and military fame.

In Boston, as the representative metropolis of New England, and as the spot where, almost above all others, our nation's liberties had their origin and chief support, the preparations for the anniversary had been made on a splendid scale, and these were carried out with perfect success to the end, witnessed and enjoyed by the patriotic multitudes who thronged the beautifully decorated city from the earliest hour. There were parades, concerts, regattas, balloon ascensions, fire-works, and commemorative services at the great Music Hall, under the auspices of the municipal government, the orator being the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, a direct descendant of Governor Winthrop, of colonial times, and the Declaration of Independence being read by Mr. Brooks Adams, a great-grandson of John Adams, the revolutionary patriot and leader. On the orator's platform was an article of extraordinary interest to the thousands of eyes that were intently concentrated upon it, when, as Mr. Winthrop, in the early part of his oration, said: "And here, by the favor of a highly valued friend and fellow-citizen, to whom it was given by Jefferson himself a few months only before his death, I am privileged to hold in my hands, and to lift up to the eager gaze of you all, a most compact and convenient little mahogany case, which bears this autograph inscription on its face, dated Monticello, November 18, 1825,—

'Thomas Jefferson gives this writing desk to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., as a memorial of his affection. It was made from a drawing of his own, by Ben Randall, cabinet-maker of Philadelphia, with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that city in May, 1776, and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Politics, as well as Religion, has its superstitions. These, gaining strength with time, may, one day, give imaginary value to this relic, for its association with the birth of the Great Charter of our Independence.'

Superstitions! Imaginary value! Not for an instant (continued Mr. Winthrop,) can we admit such ideas. The modesty of the writer has betrayed even the masterly pen. There is no imaginary value to this relic, and no superstition is required to render it as precious and priceless a piece of wood as the secular cabinets of the world have ever possessed, or ever claimed to possess. No cabinet-maker on earth will have a more enduring name than this inscription has secured to 'Ben Randall of Philadelphia.' No pen will have a wider or more lasting fame than his who wrote the inscription." The applause elicited by these remarks showed that the hearts of the great audience were still filled with the spirit of the fathers and founders of the republic, and that patriotic reverence for their names and deeds had suffered no decay.

Conspicuously attractive, during the whole day, to the enthusiastic throngs, were the venerable buildings, still remaining, so memorably associated with the part taken by Boston during the revolutionary struggle. In the center of the portico at the east end of the Old State House, appeared prominently a fine copy of Paul Revere's painting of the King-Street Massacre, eighteen by ten feet, showing on one side the British soldiers firing upon

the population, several of whom lie on the ground, weltering in their blood. Over the picture was a banner inscribed with the words, "Massacre of the People by the British Troops," and, on a wreath above, the date—1776. On each side of the painting stood figures of the Goddess of Liberty holding the American flag in

ENTRANCE OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.

one hand and an olive branch in the other. On each end of the portico were placed faces and flags of different nations, while above all, on the coping of a window, was perched an eagle, holding in its beak festoons of the red, white and blue. Faneuil Hall, the Old Cradle of Liberty, was another of these patriotic shrines. On its western end was placed a medallion, ten feet in diameter, in the center of which was a portrait of Lafayette, surrounded by the following sentiment, which was offered by the illustrious Frenchman at a banquet given to him by the authorities, in August, 1824, viz.: 'The city of Boston—the Cradle of Liberty; may Faneuil Hall ever stand a monument to teach the world that resistance to oppression is a duty, and will, under true republican institutions, become a blessing.' The medallion was encompassed by a glory of French and American flags, and above stood the Goddess of Liberty holding festoons of bunting. Christ Church, King's Chapel, and especially the Old South Church—within the walls of which last named building, Warren, and Adams, and Otis, and the sons of liberty, gathered and spoke—were likewise places of most attractive interest. Local celebrations were held, also, in the various capitals of the States, as well as in hundreds and thousands of other cities, towns and villages, calling forth every manner and mode of joyous festivity, on the part of old and young; and statesmen, judges, generals, the "honorable of the land," furnished abundant oratory, and a vast amount of local history of permanent value. The honor of firing the first centennial salute in the United States—that at the first instant of day-break—is claimed, in point of locality and time, for Eastport, Me.

In New York, as in Philadelphia, the jubilistic demonstrations commenced on a truly metropolitan scale, on the evening of the third. Indeed, the most vivid description would convey only a faint idea of the picturesque and imposing appearance presented in the principal squares and avenues, from nine o'clock until far into the night. In Union Square, the whole scene was one of unparalleled beauty and grandeur, and nothing could be more impressive than when the advanced guard of the monster procession marched into the square by way of the plaza. It was almost an hour after the start of the procession before the head entered the grounds and took position. The members of the Sangerfer Bund were in full force of about

one thousand, on the platform, while the many bands that took part in the procession assembled between the grand stand and the singers' stand. As soon as the immense concourse of people became settled, the singing societies performed, with grand effect, various martial and patriotic airs. Here, as in other parts of the city, the display of fire-works was magnificent; in fact, the lower portion of the city was, in this respect, a scene of bewildering splendor, Broadway being, as it were, a sea of fire from Dey street to Union square plaza. An electric apparatus at one of the lofty telegraph buildings poured a flood of light over the great thoroughfare; among the buildings particularly brilliant with illuminations were the city hall, of immense and multitudinous windows, the bank, insurance, and newspaper buildings, the hotels, places of business, and a count less number of private residences, and never before in the history of the city was there such universal and gorgeous decoration. Castle William fired a salute of one hundred guns from its prodigious fifteen-inch cannon, the church bells chimed and rang, the locomotive and steam-boat whistles screamed; while all over the city, as well as Brooklyn, Jersey City, and neighboring localities, could be seen thousands of rockets, blue lights, bombs, and other pyrotechnics. Rev. Dr. Storrs was the orator of the day.

Great parades, illuminations, and decorations, were the chief features in all the large western cities of the republic. The St. Louis Germans exhibited, in common with their intelligent and thrifty countrymen throughout all the Union, the utmost patriotic enthusiasm, the special demonstration consisting of a vast torch-light procession, and an address by the Hon. Carl Schurz. San Francisco began Monday and ran through Wednesday with its varied and magnificent festivities, which included a military review, a sham battle, with mock bombardment from the forts and ships in the harbor and bay, torch-light display, orations, music, etc. In Washington, on account of the official participation in the exercises at Philadelphia, the celebration was mainly under the auspices of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association, at the opera-house, where the Declaration of Independence — adopted when what is now the federal capital was a wilderness—was read, and an oration pronounced by Hon. L. A. Gobright; and everywhere the national ensigns, floating from staff and tower, told of the wondrous anniversary.

In the southern cities, Richmond led off at midnight preceding, by the firing of guns at five different points in and about the city, the festivities continuing far into the night succeeding; and, in Norfolk and Portsmouth, no Fourth of July had, for many years, been so generally observed. Fire-crackers and cannon were brought

STATE AVENUE.

into requisition, various societies paraded the streets, and many houses were finely decorated with flags; salutes were fired at sunrise, noon, and sunset, by the naval receiving ship and the monitors, all the government and commercial vessels were decked with bunting, and thousands of people went down to Fortress Monroe to witness the fire-works there displayed. Montgomery, Ala., bid farewell to the Old and saluted the New century of independence, in handsome style, all business being suspended, the streets and houses streaming with the red, white, and blue; a salute of thirteen guns was fired at break of day, and of thirty-seven at noon; a procession of military and fire companies and citizens marched through the streets, and commemorated by a grand banquet at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the auspices of the American legation, a large and distinguished company of citizens of the United States and their English friends being present. It was a magnificent occasion, worthy of the centennial of the greatest Republic in the world. Toasts to the health of President Grant and Queen Victoria were received with applause and music. The sentiment, 'The Day we Celebrate,' was responded to by Rev. Dr. Thompson; 'The Mother Country,' by Mr. Henry Richard, M. P.; 'The City of London,' by the Lord Mayor; 'The Army and Navy,' by Major-General Crawford; and 'The newly-appointed Minister of the United States,' by Hon Ed-

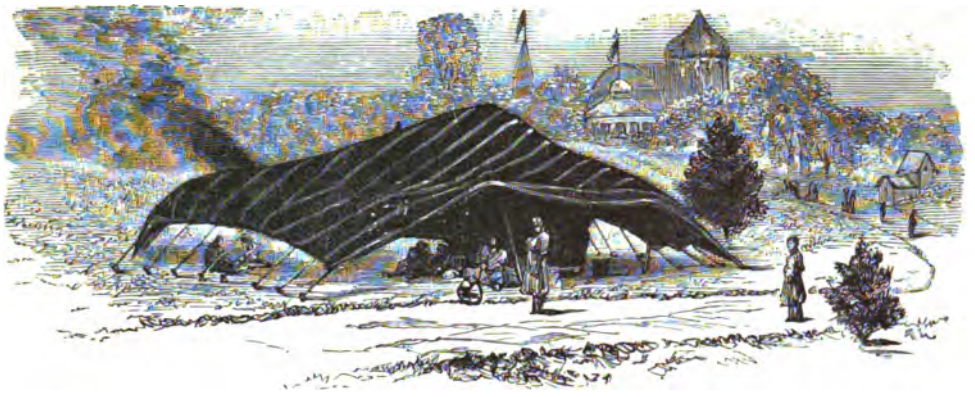
WOMAN'S PAVILION.

Ex-Governor Watts delivered an eloquent oration, the reading of the Declaration of Independence being by Neil Blue, the oldest citizen of the place, and the only survivor of those who voted for delegates to the territorial convention that adopted the constitution under which Alabama was admitted as one of the Federal Union.

Most significant, it may be remarked, was the respect paid to the occasion in foreign countries; not only the Americans, in all the European cities, joined in celebrations, some of them outwardly public and participated in by foreigners, but the daily press everywhere discussed the day and its historical lessons. In Dublin there was a popular gathering, numbering thousands, and spirited political addresses. In the city of London, the anniversary was wards Pierrepont. Extracts from Bayard Taylor's national ode, delivered by him the same day in Philadelphia, were read; and letters in response to invitations were also read from Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyle, Earl Granville, Lord Houghton, the Earl of Roseberry, the Earl of Derby, Dean Stanley, John Bright, etc.

In Paris, the American legation was superbly decorated with flags and insignia, and the American colors were profusely displayed in the principal streets.

In Lisbon, the American ambassador held a public reception, and gave a banquet in the evening; several of the city journals also noticed the day, in leading articles complimentary to the American people.



THE TUNISIAN TENT.

The Americans residing in Frankfort, Heidelberg, Offenbach, Wiesbaden, and other towns in the vicinity, met in the Frankfort Palm Garden, and there joyously celebrated the day with speeches, the reading of the immortal Declaration, a superb banquet, and closing with a concert and magnificent fire-works. In Berlin, the day was magnificently celebrated, Minister Davis presiding, and proposing 'The health of President Grant,' Mr. Fay following with a toast to 'The Emperor of Germany,' and, among others, 'American Citizenship,' 'Americans in Europe,' and 'The Day we Celebrate,'—the latter being in verse. In the evening there was a splendid *soiree* at the American ambassador's, followed by *tableaux vivants* representing revolutionary scenes, such as Washington at Valley Forge, Antoinette receiving Lafayette, etc. At Stuttgart, there were salutes, speeches, reading of the Declaration, patriotic hymns and songs, and other festivities.

Among the incidental matters, of enduring interest, pertaining to the day and event, and which are here deserving of record, may be mentioned the proclamation by the chief magistrate of our nation, in which, with becoming deference to and as reflecting the religious sense of the people, he said: "The centennial anniversary of the day on which the people of the United States declared their right to a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth seems to demand an exceptional observance. The founders of the government, at its birth, and in its feebleness, invoked the blessings and the protection of a divine Providence, and the thirteen colonies and three millions of people have expanded into a nation of strength and numbers commanding the position that was then asserted, and for which fervent prayers were then offered. It seems fitting that, on the occurrence of the one hundredth anniversary of our existence as a nation, a grateful acknowledgment be made to Almighty God for the protection and the bounties which he has vouchsafed to our beloved country. I therefore invite the good people of the United States, on the approaching Fourth day of July, in addition to the usual observances with which they are accustomed to greet the return of the day, further, in such manner, and at such time as in their respective localities and religious associations may be most convenient, to mark its recurrence by some public religious and devout thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the blessings which have been bestowed upon us as a nation, during the centenary of our existence, and humbly to invoke a continuance of His favor and of His protection." In response to this, many places of public worship were opened for morning religious devotion.

Another most notable incident was an autograph letter from the Emperor William, of Germany, to the President, conveying his imperial congratulations to the latter and to the American people. This remarkable letter was officially presented

to President Grant, on the morning of July 4th, by the German ambassador in person, and was as follows :—

WILLIAM, *by the grace of God, Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, etc.*

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES :—*Great and Good Friend*,—It has been vouchsafed to you to celebrate the Centennial festival of the day upon which the great republic over which you preside entered the rank of independent nations. The purposes of its founders have, by a wise application of the teachings of the history of the foundation of nations, and with insight into the distant future, been realized by a development without a parallel. To congratulate you and the American people upon the occasion affords me so much the greater pleasure, because, since the treaty of friendship which my ancestor of glorious memory, King Frederick II., who now rests with God, concluded with the United States, undisturbed friendship has continually existed between Germany and America, and has been developed and strengthened by the ever-increasing importance of their mutual relations, and by an intercourse, becoming more and more fruitful, in every domain of commerce and science. That the welfare of the United States, and the friendship of the two countries, may continue to increase, is my sincere desire and confident hope.

Accept the renewed assurance of my unqualified esteem. WILLIAM.

Countersigned, VON BISMARCK.

BERLIN, June 9, 1876.

On account of the great interest in this friendly document from "Fatherland," which was naturally excited among the German population of our country, (now numbering some millions of our most patriotic people,) we likewise reproduce the letter in its native language, together with an authorized fac-simile of the Emperor's autograph, also a fine portrait of the venerable monarch, and an engraving of the new national flag,—none of which features are to be found in any other volume published in the United States.

A letter of similar purport, though not received in season to be delivered to the president on the Fourth, was also sent by the Czar of Russia, also by King Victor Emanuel, of Italy, and from other nations.

Noteworthy, perhaps, above all the other inspiring incidents of the day, and which wrought up the people's patriotic sensibilities to the most fervid pitch, was the scene already briefly alluded to on a preceding page, when Mayor Stokley presented to Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, the original Declaration of Independence, —Mr. Lee's grandfather having, one hundred years ago, offered the resolution to the Continental Congress, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." On the age-dimmed but immortal parchment being exhibited, in its massive frame, to the sight of the people, men swung their hats, and cheered with almost frantic enthusiasm ; women waved their handkerchiefs, and in some instances gave audible utterances to their transport of delight ; children innumerable were held up in the struggling mass of humanity to view the venerated national relic ; and, amidst the wildest expressions of joy on every side, that ascended to and seemed to rend the very heavens, the sacred document was read. The chord of unity and sympathy, full, free, and entire, ran through the vast assemblage, as though no territorial sectionalism had ever marred the nation's harmony—or, if it had, that all by-gones were now happily buried and obliviated. And, as between North and South, nothing could have given more gracious assurance of present good will and future promise of amity and accordant purpose, than the message dispatched by the mayor of the former capital of the Southern Confederacy, as follows: "The people of Montgomery, Alabama, the birthplace of the Confederate government, through its City Council, extend a cordial and fraternal greeting to *all the people of the United*

States, with an earnest prayer for the perpetuation of concord and brotherly feelings throughout the land." And in this spirit the representatives of all sections met together in the city where the Republic had its birth, and in this spirit, too, the memorable day was ushered in and celebrated wherever floated the ensigns of American nationality; fraternization, North, South, East, and West, was universal; all hearts united in the ascription of "Glory to God in the highest," for the Past; and deep answered unto deep, in the gladsome acclaim of

Kaiser Wilhelm.

Freundschaftsbrief des Kaisers Wilhelm von Deutschland an den Präsidenten U. S. Grant.

[Letter of friendship from Emperor William of Germany to President Grant.]

Wilhelm

von

Gottes Gnaden Kaiser von Deutschland König von Preussen

etc, etc, etc.

an

die Präsidenten der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika.

Flagge des Deutschen Kaiserreichs.

Großer und Guter Freund! Es ist Mir angenehm, Ihnen bekannt zu geben, daß fünfundzwanzig Jahre seit Beginn der Regierung Meiner Person verflossen sind, während welcher Zeit Ich Mich bemüht habe, Meine Beziehungen zu den Regierungen der befreundeten Staaten in einer Weise zu gestalten, welche Mir Gelegenheit gab, Meine Liebe für den Frieden zu bethätigen. Mit Befriedigung und Dankbarkeit gegen Gott blicke Ich auf die Erfolge Meiner Regierung zurück, welche Deutschland eine Stellung unter den Völkern der Welt gesichert haben, die es vorher nicht einnahm. Mit Freuden habe Ich Mich daher auch jeder Gelegenheit angenommen, welche dazu beitragen konnte, die Freundschaft zwischen Deutschland und den Vereinigten Staaten zu befestigen. Ich bin überzeugt, daß Sie, Großer und Guter Freund, Meine Gefühle theilen, wenn Ich Sie an die Zeit erinnere, wo Ihr Vorgänger, Präsident Lincoln, und Ich, Jeder an der Spitze seines Landes, Uns gegenüber standen, und Ich Sie dann bitte, Mir zu glauben, daß Ich Mich Ihnen und Ihrem Lande gegenüber stets von denselben Gefühlen leiten ließ, welche Ich jetzt ausspreche. Ich bin überzeugt, daß Sie, Großer und Guter Freund, Meine Gefühle theilen, wenn Ich Sie an die Zeit erinnere, wo Ihr Vorgänger, Präsident Lincoln, und Ich, Jeder an der Spitze seines Landes, Uns gegenüber standen, und Ich Sie dann bitte, Mir zu glauben, daß Ich Mich Ihnen und Ihrem Lande gegenüber stets von denselben Gefühlen leiten ließ, welche Ich jetzt ausspreche. Ich bin überzeugt, daß Sie, Großer und Guter Freund, Meine Gefühle theilen, wenn Ich Sie an die Zeit erinnere, wo Ihr Vorgänger, Präsident Lincoln, und Ich, Jeder an der Spitze seines Landes, Uns gegenüber standen, und Ich Sie dann bitte, Mir zu glauben, daß Ich Mich Ihnen und Ihrem Lande gegenüber stets von denselben Gefühlen leiten ließ, welche Ich jetzt ausspreche.

Berlin, Juni 9. 1876.